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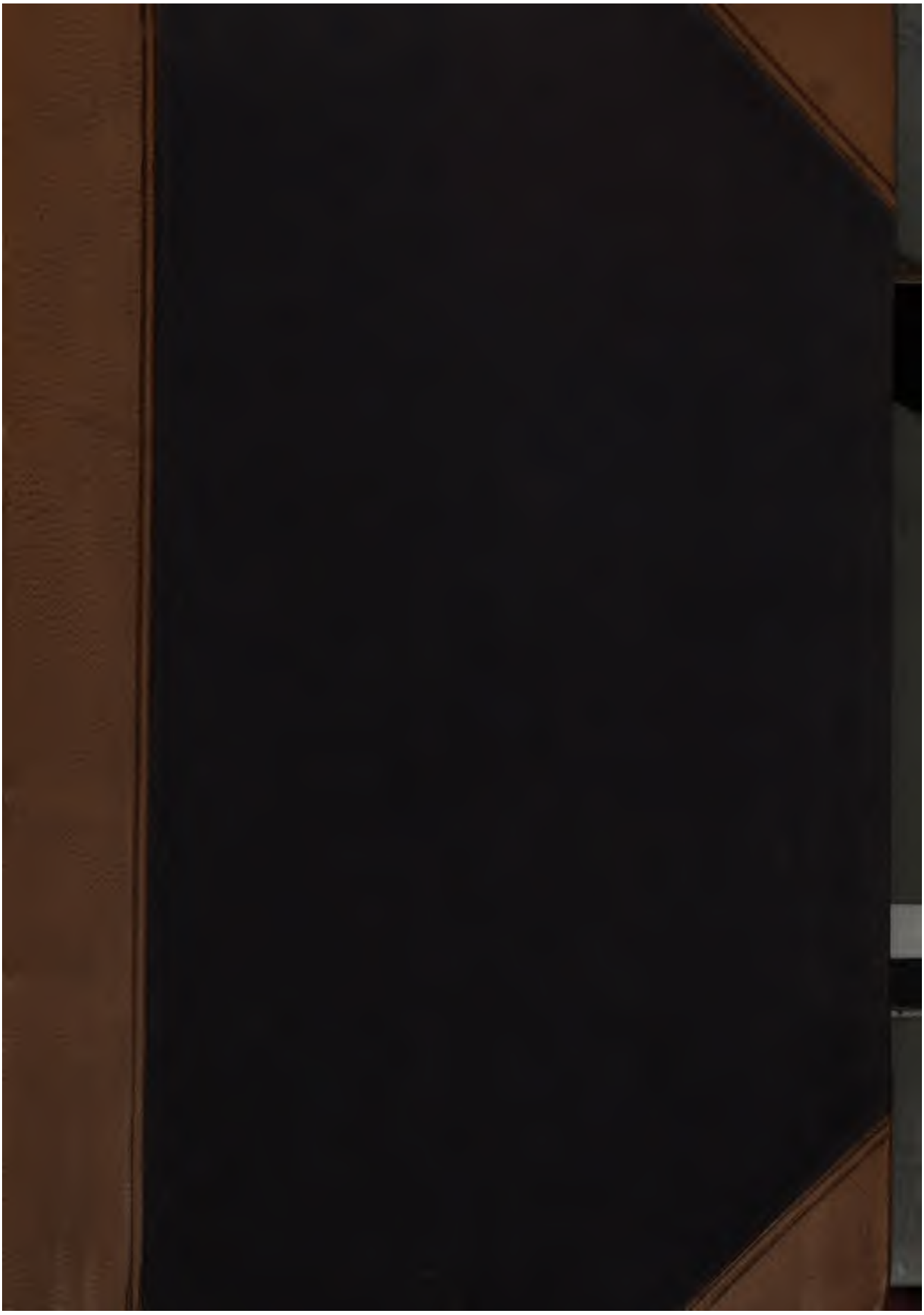

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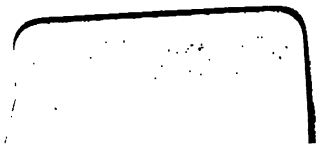

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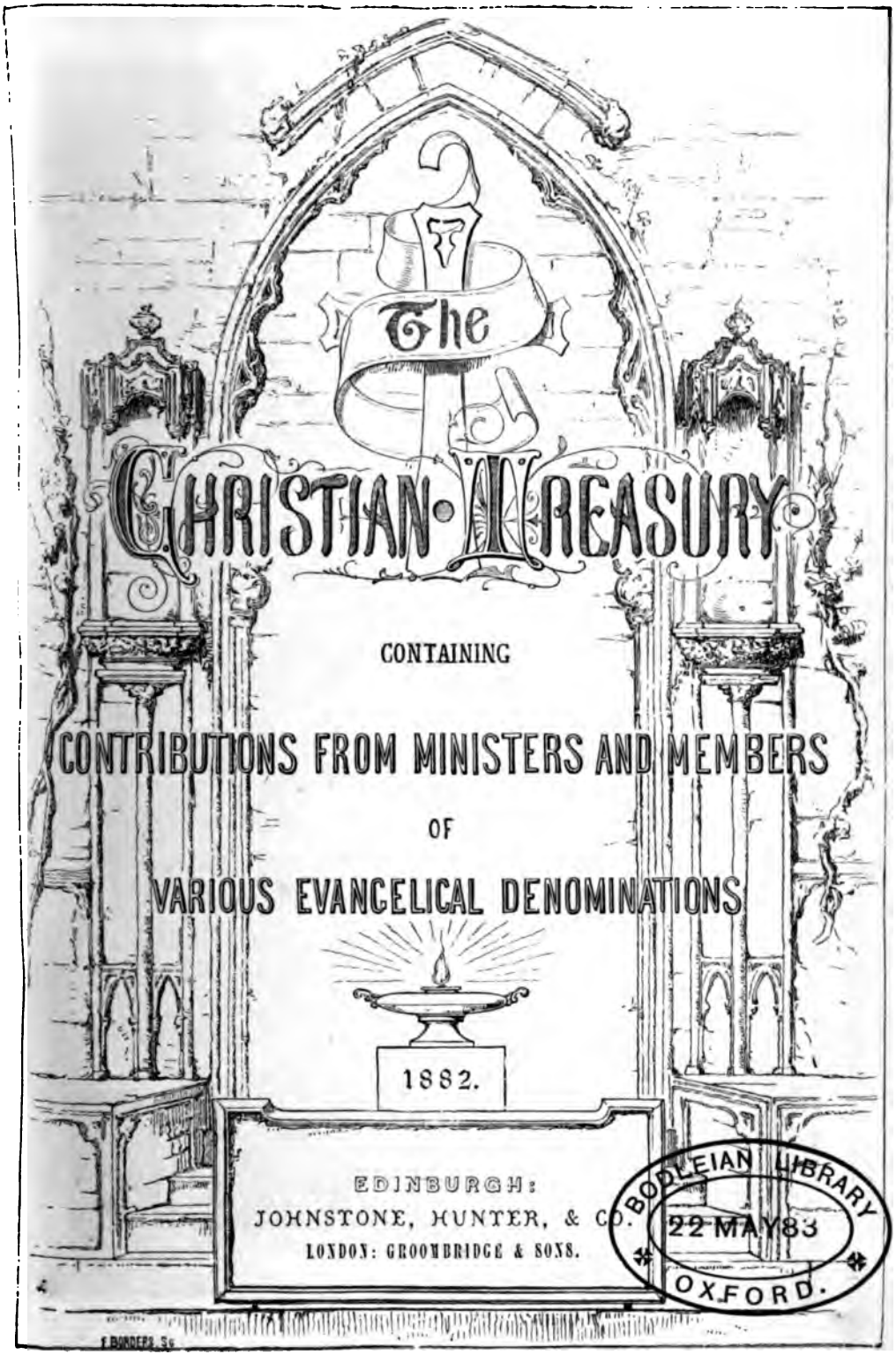
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Jarvie, Rev. John Milne
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Phelps, L. L.
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Thurber, Hon. C.
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Towert, Rev. John, B.D.
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The
CHRISTIAN TREASURY.
CONTAINING
CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF VARIOUS EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. DAVID SIMPSON, LAURENCEKIRK.

THE situation of Paul and his companions, when in the storm they 'fell into a place where two seas met,' aptly illustrates the position in which we often find ourselves in providence. They were in cross-currents with their opposing forces, or in a narrow channel connecting seas, laying them open to the fierceness ɔth; and we are often in a position in h directly opposing providences bear ı upon us, driving us in contrary direc-. One season at which we periodically into such a situation is the NEW YEAR. ı the past and the future are on us as ıg and contending gales, and the surge raise is often great.

e *must* look at the past. We cannot help ılves: our whole nature constrains us to . More than a traveller is constrained to and take one last look at scenes he rs he shall never revisit, are we impelled ke a long earnest gaze at the year just g, and as we do so many things strangely t us, drawing us back to it, and making nwilling to let it go.

ıere is *the flight of time*. It may not be fast, noticeable, as an arrow through the sky; it is constant, sure as the circuit of the ı round the sun. This time is not life; its lapse is the measure of life. A certain th gone; life is gone. 'The days of our years are threescore years and ten.' *That* has great power over us; it springs out of our love of life. And as year after year carries our *life* away, as a flowing river does the bark to the boundless sea, each as it disappears must command our thoughts and sway our feelings as few things else can.

The year *is filled with a mingled stream of privileges, mercies, failures, and sins.* God has cast into it providences, provisions, numberless and rich; and inwoven with all, as a seamless robe, giving them their lustre and value, is 'the grace that is in Christ Jesus.' We have cast into it neglect, failures, and sins. And now these dissimilar and incongruous elements are gone rolling down the flood, apparently a mere tumbling, vanishing mass. But, as we watch, one thing grips the conscience, saddens the heart, subdues the whole man. These sins are ours; and they have got their depth and tone of colouring in guilt from their very connection with the blessings God was bestowing upon us. They either rose exclusively out of, or were aggravated by, mercies slighted, providences despised, opportunities unheeded, invitations scorned, or calls to faith and work contemptuously set aside. And if sometimes we seemed to rise to the occasion, we are *now* so conscious that we have fallen far short, that by the very fascination of regret we are held to the past; its tug and strain are upon us.

The past cannot be recalled; we cannot

bring back yesterday. To-day may be like yesterday, in so far a reflection of it; but *is not it.* It is gone for ever. So it is with its mingled privileges and sins; they can never be recalled to be reproduced, or altered, or amended. As facts they stand. How much we often wish to get back blessings that we may re-enjoy them, and opportunities of good, that we may not merely undo, but reverse our conduct toward them. It is vain! Even the Eternal can never bring back the facts and opportunities of the past. The power of this, as we look at the closing year!

Yet these mingled mercies and sins and we *shall meet again*, not for repetition, and, if we please, amendment, but for judgment and award. As we see them float away, with willing phantasy we clothe them with the instability of all earthly things, and say they are like water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered. But not so; 'God requireth that which is past;' and we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to be confronted with the record of both mercies and sins, that 'every one may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.' Who can forget this, as he looks on the expiring year?

And all these considerations are enhanced and emphasised *if there has been any special dealing of God with us* during the year dying or just dead. If, on the one hand, there have been special trials and chastisement, or, on the other, special mercies—God showing us marked kindness in providence, or marked favour in grace, whether by converting ourselves or those dear to us, or by advancing ourselves or those dear to us in spiritual-mindedness, which is life and peace. Such things leave a stamp upon the year which makes it memorable in our hearts; they bind our thoughts to it as by a chain.

Thus the past, as a cross-current, pulls us with it. But *working directly against it is the future;* for the future has a fascination for us as well as the past, and often its force is just as strong. No doubt its strength is modified by age and other causes. In early life we always look forward; 'The future, the future,' is the cry. The child is always *to be* such an age at next birth-day, never *was* such an age at the last. As we grow older we gradually reverse all this; we turn our face down stream, and our back to the coming tide; we look into the past almost as much as the child does into the future. Still, when the New Year draws on, the oldest of us casts glances forward, it may be with subdued and mingled feelings, still it is with some of the freshness of early days, and the old power works mightily still.

There is *hope about it.* There are great possibilities in the New Year. It is like an infant, whose future is not yet filled up, but who may be a great man—the greatest and best that ever lived. And when casting the horoscope of the young life, why not find it good, and fill it up with every attribute and success which love can suggest? The young year may be treated as the young life: it is separate from all others. So we may begin anew, breaking with the past, with its failings, its follies, and its sins. We may commence a new course, fraught with everything noble and gracious; we may live the life of 'faith, which worketh by love;' by our integrity, spirituality, unselfishness, devotion to right and truth, do good to our fellows, and bring glory to God. Thus we may live to some purpose. So hope says, and honestly says. It does not come to us, with the new-born year, saying, 'I will say these things to them, though I do not mean that they should ever be realised.' Hope, at this season, deliberately addresses our higher nature, beckoning us onward toward the future; drawing us toward it with a power which countervails that which draws us to the past, and fills us with expectation and cheer.

Desires for what is good are begotten and intensified. It is often with us in an old year as it is with old age, when the blood becomes thin and the system dulled and sluggish: 'Desire fails.' We not only do not move with such alacrity in what is good, we almost lose the desire to move. Our spiritual system gets numbed and clogged. But with a new year comes quickened life; it is like the breaking up of frost before the sun. Desires to be good spring up strong and numerous; they lead us onward; they flush our lives with power. We will cast off the lethargy into which we have fallen, we will brace ourselves to meet and do all that is right for both God and man. So we resolve. The eagerness of early days is again upon us; it is as a favouring gale, carrying us with it. So, with our face to the future, and prepared to meet it, our motto and determination is, Let the dead bury their dead; we are once again to live and fight for right and truth.

The judgment-seat. The judgment-seat is magnetic. It draws men's hearts, holds them, and will not let them go away. And often at the New Year, the future, of which it is the

awful and final background, claims and commands, because of it, all our thoughts and attention. The past has no fact to cope with it in power; so it sways and fills our hearts and minds. Sometimes we contemplate it with hope, sometimes with dread, but never free from the feeling which the Psalmist says is ever proper to the presence of God. 'God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about Him.' Even the Apostle Paul speaks of it as 'the terror of the Lord.' And we know that wherever the force that excites that affection lies must have inconceivable power over men.

So the counter-currents of the past and future in time's tempestuous sea work around the closing and the opening year. The commotion which their collision makes within the heart is great, the surge is high, and their sound as the cries of contending hosts. At this moment the wail for the expiring year, with all that makes it dear, is heard; no sooner heard than met by the ringing shout of the glad New Year; and back again it goes as the glad New Year is drowned in the cry of the old year gone. When the builders of the temple of the Lord, in the days of Ezra, laid the foundation, 'many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy: so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people: for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off' (Ezra iii. 12, 13). Such often is the tumult of the heart as the old year and the new meet, producing their appropriate but conflicting feelings.

In this position, what are we to do? Of this the conduct of the men who sailed with Paul is a not inapt illustration. 'Falling into a place where two seas met, *they ran the ship aground.*' They did not fold their hands through indolence or despair, and let themselves drift and toss according to the whirl and boil of the wave. They saw their lives were in danger, and needed to be preserved. So, discarding all doctrine of fatalism—that a chance has brought us in, and a chance will take us out—a power superior and irresistible to us has placed us here, and only as it pleases can we be delivered; a doctrine which is the destruction of all responsibility and duty—they applied their thought, and skill, and labour, and did what was serviceable to the preserving of their lives. Similarly, when we get into the commotion connected with the New Year, we must not try to float through it as if we were either a log or a derelict; we must not say God, by an overruling providence, which there is no controlling, has brought us in and holds us here for the time, He must take us out (if ever) as He pleases. In place of the sovereignty of God being thus an absolvitor from duty, it simply brings us within the sphere within which certain duties lie, and places us face to face with them. And these duties are imminent and pressing in proportion to the force of the commotion, just as the very fierceness of the storm taught the men on board the more the need of working for their lives.

We must have our personal spiritual life made safe. There is no thought arises more naturally or strongly out of the unrest caused by the tossing and pulling of the past and future at the New Year than that I must be saved, I must be out of the danger I am in as a sinner, I must be safe in Christ, I must see to it that I get out of this storm and surge, not by being 'drowned in perdition,' but by being safe to land, where there is sure footing forever more. I must make my calling and election sure. There is no thought of equal importance to this. Like Aaron's rod, it swallows up all the others.

We must give our thoughts and minds to seeking this safety. It must be our business—our chief business. Nothing must take precedence of it; and in carrying it out, we must make renewed investigation and examination of our situation, and of the right method of being saved from it, and then with thought and plan place ourselves in the position which, by God's ordaining, leads up to life everlasting. We are not to treat ourselves, or our situation, so, that if ever we are saved, it will have the appearance that 'it was a chance that happened to us.' We must search anew, and see that God's appointed method of salvation in Christ is clear to our minds and right, and then, as the result of this, place ourselves of set purpose in Christ's hand, as the men in the ship, after the study of their situation, ran the ship aground as the means best adapted to save their lives.

We must do this in faith in God's Word. In the wreckage of past hopes, and plans, and joys, and resolutions with which the troubled surface of a New Year's time is often covered, we have the proof that we must have some stronger things than these, if we are to be kept.

from destruction. We must look up to God, whom no storms can affect, and whose purposes no change or lapse of time can cause to fail. On His promises must we lean, that, committing ourselves to Christ, we shall infallibly be saved. Before the men on board with Paul ran the ship aground, he had said unto them, 'I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night, the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer; for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me. Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island,' and observing, as they neared the land, the conditions indicated in the promise emerging, they placed themselves under it, and let it shape their course. While that ship's crew called into play all the science of their calling, they did not let it contravene their faith in God's Word that they would be saved; nay, they let their faith in God's Word dominate their science and effort, and so faith, above skill, decided the conduct of that ship's company. Similarly must we rest in the simple but sure Word of God; letting that Word regulate all our plans and movements, knowing, as we do, that there can be no issue to those who trust it but salvation.

We must do it with self-sacrifice. One thing stands out clear at a New Year: how much 'self' has stood in the way of our salvation and spiritual progress. Our own likings, purposes, plans, advancement, aggrandisement have overlaid and choked our right aspirations for eternal life and likeness to God. But now the axe must be laid to the root of the tree: all these must be cut down. We must 'crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts.' Every heart, if it get fair play at a New Year, will so speak and decide. It must be free; it will give up all for Christ. The sin which doth so easily beset must be laid aside; that which is the right hand must be cut off; that which is the right eye must be plucked out. The men with whom Paul sailed sacrificed their ship—her present value and future profit—for their lives. Not only so; they may have sailed in her long, and known all her ways. There may have been associations connected with her, through scenes and incidents in the past, which made her dearer to them than any mere gain she brought them ever could. Still, withal, she was given up. And we may have certain things not merely dear to us in themselves, but by long indulgence in which, our history, in our own minds, has become identified; and our affections have so grown and twined around them, that it is like literally tearing the heart-strings to give them up. Still, they must be parted with. And is it not wise to do so? Do we not gain by the transaction? Was it not better for the men on board Paul's ship to get safe to land than to cling to her and founder? And they acted as they did 'to obtain a corruptible crown' of life, 'but we, an incorruptible.'

We must do it with courage. It must have required no small degree of courage to enable the men on board to commit themselves—'some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship'—to that broken surf. The risk they ran was neither imaginary nor slight. The devouring deep, in merciless mood, seemed ready to swallow them. And we will have dangers—real dangers and great—in seeking life; and the means of meeting them may often seem no more in proportion to them than the boards and broken pieces of the ship on which these men escaped were to the angry sea. Still, we are not to be afraid; we are not to shrink back dismayed. We are to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Those who are without fault before the throne have come out of great tribulation, as well as washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. 'We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.' Such is the mingled dispensation into which God's children who will follow Jesus Christ are cast; a dispensation as tempestuous and threatening throughout as was the sea into which the men had to cast themselves at every spot between them and land; a dispensation which tries to the utmost every spiritual quality and grace — faith, love, patience, purity, rectitude, self-denial, and obedience. Such, too, is the spirit in which they are to meet and bear throughout these conflicts and tossings—firm, unflinching courage; as free from vaunting as from fear, and so the dauntlessness which is noble, true. And the reason why they are able to rise to this—the method which, when followed, ever

ends in success—is :—'We having the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believed, and therefore have I spoken. We also believe, and therefore speak, knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you.' Faith in Jesus Christ, the confident, unswerving conviction that, whatever be the troubles and the conflicts of the present, He will ultimately bring them out of them all, into eternal glory, is the source of their courage. 'I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.' What a strong rock in that has faith to lean on; and how grand the courage because of that it produces.

We must do all this by performing in succession the duties which the various situations in providence throughout the year show to lie to our hand, and to be our duties for the time. It is an axiom in all right living that God, in His providence, shapes our duties, and summons us to them. We must let nothing becloud or turn us aside from this maxim. Clear as day did He thus shape the duty of the men with Paul to leave their ship. There were dangers in accepting the duty, and they might have pled them. There were possibilities in that boiling sea from which they might shrink, and the consequences of their plunging in were to them unknown, and in a sense unknowable, and they might have pled that; but they pled neither. Realising that the gauge of their duty was *the known*, and not *the unknown*, they committed themselves to the deep. And we must take up the duty which, from the reading of the situation, we know to be appointed to us there and then, leaving the consequences, which no man can know, to Him who summoned us to the duty. Thus we are to begin, go on throughout, and finish the year; thus living a few more New-Year's Days, with their solemn thoughts and strong spiritual commotion, we shall be 'safe to land.' When the edict in reference to us shall be announced, 'Time shall be no longer,' it shall be accompanied with this, 'There is no more sea.'

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Mrs Wood had set her heart upon giving her mission scholars at least a happy New-Year's eve. She wished them with all her heart a happy New Year, but that she could not ensure. She could only set before them the way to be happy, and seek God's blessing upon them all.

But New-Year's eve had come. Willing hands had decorated the mission-room until it presented a beautiful appearance, its clean white walls well setting off the gay festoons of green. A merry crowd of boys and girls were there, and a plentiful tea was served; the programme of music, recitations, and speeches was duly attended to, and every boy and girl had received an appropriate present. Just then the minister of the church of which Mrs Wood was a member dropped in, to add his good wishes for the New Year. The boys and girls knew him well, and they cheered him lustily. Then Mrs Wood thought—and it was only what everybody else thought—that the minister should tell them how the New Year could be made a happy one.

'Please give us a little talk on that word "Happy,"' said Mrs Wood; and her pastor suggested that the text was a short one, and that if he divided it up at all, it must be into letters. We cannot tell you all he said, but will give a few of his thoughts.

'H-A-P-P-Y. There it is,' said the speaker, and the word was printed on the blackboard. 'H for Holy. Holiness and Happiness are twin sisters—Siamese twins, indeed—and you cannot be happy unless you seek to be holy. God the Holy Spirit can make you holy. He can give you a new heart that shall do those things that are pleasing in God's sight and of good report among men.

'A stands for Affection, and that is a mild word for Love. You must have your hearts filled with love for God and for all around you, if you are to be happy. Drive out all uncharitableness, malice, envy, hatred, revenge, and ask God to fill your heart with pure and unselfish love.

'P is for Peace. First we must seek peace with God through faith in Jesus as our Saviour. Then by trusting in God, and doing His will, there will come the peace of God; and next to these we must seek to be at peace with our fellows. We shall be, if we drive out the nest of hornets mentioned under the last letter.

'P again. That shall stand for Prayer. A prayerless life is a joyless life. Prayer keeps us near God, and God is the fountain of all happiness.

'Last comes Y. What shall we say for Y, boys and girls?' But the boys and girls could not tell. 'Well, I think we will have to make it Y for Yoke,' said the pastor. Jesus says: "Take My yoke upon you." If we do that, He promises us rest of soul. The yoke is a double collar with one part heavier than the other. Jesus always takes the heavier part, and gives us the lighter. We do not bear the yoke alone. We share it with Jesus. The yoke is a yoke of submission to God, of sacrifice and service for God and for others. May you so regard the word Happy! and, with all this meaning in it, we wish you a Happy New Year,' said the speaker as he closed.

A Portion for the Aged.

NEW.

WE enter upon a New Year, and though the line that marks the transition is a shadowy one, yet it is very real. We write a new date. The months begin a new circle. We close our accounts, and balance our books, and start afresh. We all of us enter upon a new stage in our journey from the cradle to the grave. There are some things that it may be well to mark as we begin the New Year.

We shall meet with new temptations. The history of our life in any year is never precisely that of the years that went before. To a greater or less extent new circumstances are about us. The great adversary is continually on the watch that in some way he may overcome us. So we may be sure that as we go on through the year upon which we have entered unexpected temptations will try us. We shall do well to be upon our guard. Not that we shall know beforehand just what the temptation is to be; but we must remember all the time that we are in the enemy's country, and that, if he can, he will get the better of us.

But while this is true, it is also true that we shall meet with new exhibitions of God's mercy. If we are to be tempted in ways unknown by us before, we shall find, if we but cast ourselves upon His grace, that our God stands ready to succour us in ways we have not heretofore experienced. Our Heavenly Father's resources are boundless, and though we have already had rich experience of His grace, we have not exhausted the exhaustless fountain. New help in the hour of temptation, new comfort in trial, new joy in communion, new strength for duty—how bright is the prospect in this regard, as we go forward into the unknown future!

There will be new opportunities of usefulness in the year opening now before us. We may have been lacking in diligent service in the past. Here will be opportunities of making some amend by future diligence. Only let us be warned by the sad past, and at once set our hands to the work given us to do. The year will rapidly roll away, and unless we are alert *now*, will add its record to the blurred and faulty one of the past. Perhaps, by God's grace, we may have been already in some measure faithful. We welcome, then, the New Year, because in it we may achieve new things for God and for the souls which He has made. There is this blessed feature about Christian service, that the more we do the more we delight to do. As 'workers together with Christ,' do we not then look forward with gladness into the opening year, because along its course we are sure that we shall meet with new opportunities of service to our God and King?

We have a word to say to those who enter upon this year unreconciled to God. Dear friends, shall not the time past of your life suf-

fice to have wrought the will of the flesh? A new year opens before you. It is a new opportunity to turn from your evil ways that you may live. In great mercy God has prolonged your life, and you still have opportunity of repentance. A new chance for life everlasting!—will you not accept it? And let us beg you not to cheat yourself with the deceptive promise that at some time this year you will attend to this all-important matter. You have the New Year, but you may not live to see it grow old. While you have this *new* opportunity of repentance, why not accept it? TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart!

'ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE.'

BY H. S.

THE Psalmist does not here say in a general way 'All my life.' Nor does he say all the years, or months, or weeks even, of my life; but he says, 'All the days of my life.' Each and every day of his life, goodness and mercy should follow him. They should follow him, as the waters from the smitten rock followed the Israelites in the wilderness. They should flow after him in a constant, uninterrupted stream. Each and every day he would have his peculiar necessities, but each and every day those peculiar necessities should be provided for. Not only should goodness in a general way follow him, but goodness and mercy; goodness in specific forms, as his ever-varying circumstances should require. There should be supplying, strengthening, comforting, guiding, and pardoning mercy. And it should be as constant as the manna that fell nightly about the camp of the Israelites. There would would be no day of his life that should be an exception. However long he might live, all his life he should be cared for: all the days of it goodness and mercy should attend him. So should it be to the very last, his dying day. Then he would need dying grace, but the grace should not be wanting. It should be sufficient for him. Divine strength should be made perfect in his weakness. His bed should be made in all his sickness.

Of all this the Psalmist was confident. He was troubled with no doubts concerning it. 'Surely,' he says, 'surely goodness and mercy *shall* follow me all the days of my life.' I have no solicitude about the future. I take no anxious thought for the morrow. I have a kind, faithful, Almighty Shepherd to care for me, and I shall not want. All along my pilgrimage, step by step, and day by day, to the end, He will watch over me and provide for me.

And, not only so; not only shall I be cared for so long as I am here in this world; not only shall goodness and mercy follow me all the days of my mortal life; but the road that I am travelling is leading me on to my Father's house in the skies, and there I shall dwell forever. How happy, then, should I go on my way, rejoicing, singing:

'Then let my songs abound,
And every tear be dry.'

THE HOWARD FAMILY.

A TALK ABOUT ABRAM AND LOT.

'EVEN Christ pleased not Himself,' was the verse in Susie's little text-book, next Sabbath morning. 'Then *I* must not please myself first,' she thought, and she knelt down and asked Jesus to help her that day to try to make others happy for His sake.

It was pretty hard to remember this sometimes during that morning. It was not very easy for Susie, who felt hungry all the time, now that she was in the country, to insist upon Frances and Bessie being helped first by the slow servant, even though she came to the breakfast-table before they did. It was very tiresome to read to and amuse fretful little Allie, whose mother was not well enough to come down stairs that day, when she would much rather have been reading the story about little Bruey and her work for Christ, which Cassie Reed had just lent her. But Susie was able to do it quite cheerfully; and when they all gathered together in the grove, a couple of hours before dinner, she allowed Annie Smith to rush ahead of her and take the particularly pleasant seat by the side of her father, which had already been called her own.

'"Even Christ pleased not Himself,"' Susie thought again, as she sat down on an uncomfortable rough board quite far off from the table.

Before beginning the talk about the next Sabbath-day's lesson (for Mr Howard thought it best to keep up the plan of explaining one week ahead, even though the children had no Sabbath-school to prepare for), he questioned them about what they had learned the week before. He found that even little Willie remembered some few things he had heard. Then came the talk about Abram and Lot.

'How many of those who loved God in the Bible were very rich!' said Charlie; 'and yet Christ says, "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven."'

'Yes,' replied his father, 'but these people did not let their riches stand in the way of doing right. Abram was willing to let Lot choose the best part of the land to live in, rather than have any trouble or hard feelings between the two or their families. We can certainly say of him at this time, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."'

'But it must have been so hard for him to give up when Lot was so selfish, even if he did not really care so much himself for the richest land,' said Frances.

'Yes, hard,' her uncle answered; 'but we must remember that "charity seeketh not her own," and "even *Christ* pleased not Himself," as our little text-book says this morning.'

Here Susie looked up and saw her father's eyes resting lovingly on his little daughter, whose struggles to do right he had seen all the morning.

'I can say I am *sure* that Abram was happier than Lot when they parted. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," you know. And then think what a joyful surprise it must have been when God spoke to him after Lot left him, and showed him all the great country which He was going to give him and his children forever. He found, and we shall always find too, that it is better to have the Lord choose for us than to do so ourselves. He wants us to have the best of everything always, unless it will do us harm.'

'I don't see why Lot wanted to go among such wicked people, as the Bible says the Sodomites were,' said Edward Hill, one of Charlie's new friends. 'If he had gone among them as a missionary, of course that would have been a different thing.'

'I am afraid he did not pray, "lead us not into temptation," when he made his choice,' said Mr Howard. 'I want you to notice one thing. Lot did not go to live in Sodom all at once. He first "pitched his tent toward" the city—that is, I suppose he settled down at some little distance from it, but in sight of it. The wickedness there shocked him probably very much in the beginning, but afterwards he must have got somewhat used to it, though we are told in another place that it vexed him every day. I suspect, however, he wanted to enjoy all its pleasures, and he got tired of his tent life. I suppose he thought he could mix with those wicked people and not do as they did. I think though, from what we learn of him afterwards, that he did not become a better man by living in the midst of this wickedness. It was just as dangerous for him to do so, as it would be for little Willie to amuse himself with a loaded gun.'

'Mamma said I mustn't touch Uncle John's gun *ever*,' said the little boy quickly, showing that he had understood this part, at all events, of the conversation.

'Before we go, can't we sing, "Yield not to temptation," papa?' said Susie, after half-an-hour more of talk.

'Yes,' replied her father, 'it will be a very good hymn for this lesson, only remember as you sing the chorus, "Ask the Saviour to help you" and "He will carry you through," that we must not expect to be unhurt by the evil around us, if we rush into the midst of it for no good reason. The Bible says of the way of evil men, "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."'

GOD sometimes brings His true children into positions of great difficulty and peril, and yet no difficulty or peril can be so great that He cannot make for us a way of escape.

A HINT FOR NEW YEARS.

BY MRS LUCY E. SANFORD.

MRS EDWARDS spent three summers in a very pleasant village, and was treated with much courtesy by the residents. One day she called upon a lady, whose home was new, and who had just returned from Paris. The room into which she was shown breathed of elegance and refinement in all its appointments. The soft Turkish mats toned the inlaid floor; the rich and costly draperies were from Oriental lands, and the upholstery was in harmony with them. The walls were hung with gems of art from the Continent, some of which were fine copies of earth's masterpieces, and on the etagere lay trifles that were no trifles, but spoke of Pompeii, Cyprus, Egypt, Babylon, and the Holy Land. The opening gave a bird's-eye view of a richly stored library whose home and used look told of the culture of the home circle. And beyond this was a conservatory that perfumed all the air.

'Your home is quite perfect,' said Mrs Edwards.

'Thanks. To me it is, and Mr Adams told me yesterday that I have the finest parlour in the county. I like the praise of a man of his taste and culture.'

'You may, indeed.'

'Would you like to go over the house?'

Mrs Edwards knew Mrs Wirt liked to show her house, and she herself, too, liked to see elegance, and new things, and old—so old they are new again, and said truly: 'I would be very happy to.'

From room to room they went, each fitted for its intended use, each well-nigh perfect even to the critic eye. On one bed were finely embroidered pillowshams and sheet-top.

'Parisian work?' said Mrs Edwards.

'Will you believe they were done here, and by a playmate of my childhood?'

'Indeed! by whom?'

'Mrs Johnson. You've never heard of her?'

'No, I never have.'

'She has quite a history. Let us rest a little, and I will tell you of it.'

Sinking into a stuffed easy-chair, Mrs Edwards listened to the story, of which this is the substance:—

Mrs Johnson was a pretty, sweet-tempered child, and grew up the belle of the town, and she used to wear the nicest embroideries of any of the girls—the work of her own hands. She married a merchant of the town, and all thought she had done well. But it was in the days when every storekeeper kept liquor, and he not only kept it but drank it, and led her a sorry life; but she never told any one, until it became too apparent to be concealed. He died miserably poor. Her early friends bought a little home for her, and she had supported herself by nice sewing.

Mrs Edwards wished some embroidery, and told Mrs Wirt, if Mrs Johnson were not sewing for her, she would like to secure her for a time.

'I always keep her in work, so that she never can need it. But it is only plain sewing now, and that can be laid aside any time, when she can have other work. I will be happy to have her embroider for you, for it is work she likes best, and it pays her best.'

'I wish there were more ladies like you, Mrs Wirt.'

'Thanks. I often wish I were better.'

Mrs Johnson's was a little band-box of a house, but in refinement a rival of Mrs Wirt's semi-palace. The hard walls were white, and they were white, and spotless too, but the glare was deadened by a long ivy festooned and twined with irregular grace, and many a nice engraving or friendly photograph peeped out amid the green leaves.

Mrs Johnson, though forty-seven, was extremely pretty. Her slightly grey hair curled and waved naturally about a pure white forehead, and her clear eye was almost childlike in its tint of deep, dark blue. As one looked into their serene depth, one could not realise they had been the home of tears. But the placid smile was not that of one whose life had been a sunny day, but of one whose life was hid with Christ in God, one whose walk is so above earth that its trials are felt only as heaven-sent for needed preparation before the mortal can put on immortality.

Her simple cambric dress fitted neatly, and her collar, cuffs, and apron were of polished whiteness. Her voice was smooth and sweet, but clear and pleasant, and her manner and conversation were lady-like and simple.

Mrs Edwards spoke of her beautiful ivy.

'It is fifteen years old, and a great pleasure to me. I love to wash its polished leaves, as the mother washes the face of her child.'

'It gives a charm to your room.'

'It does, indeed, to me. I have many flowers in winter.'

'I believe there will be flowers and birds in heaven,' said Mrs Edwards, for the very air seemed full of heaven, and she alluded to it easily, naturally, indeed, and the cleanness of the room led to another thought, 'but I don't fancy there'll be any flies there.'

'I like the little fly very much. He makes me work, it is true, but he keeps my air pure for me, and I am sure he is my true friend.'

Then came talk of work, and most delicately Mrs Edwards asked prices; but Mrs Johnson had risen above sensitiveness, and talked, in the most matter-of-fact, quiet way of work. Mrs Edwards left in love with her, and with the beautiful Christian faith, and love, and hope that could fill a life, else so lone and hard, so full of sweetness, and beauty, and

happiness. Mrs Edwards saw her twice after. Then came word that she was very sick, and in two days that she was dead.

From one who had been a life-long friend of both Mrs Johnson and Mrs Wirt, she heard the full particulars of that last four days of earth.

'I went to see her on Saturday evening. She looked somehow strange to me—so pale and yet so wondrously sweet. By dint of loving questions I got the truth.'

'All day,' she said, 'I have been reading my Bible, and praying, and singing hymns. Oh, if God would only take me home! He bids me wait, and I do try to wait patiently, but I am so tired, so tired of living.'

'You do not look well, or speak like yourself.'

She smiled, and said, 'My will is not lost. His holy will, you see that.'

'Aren't you sick?'

She burst into tears. 'I am *hungry!* I have had only bread and salt for three days.'

'Why haven't you told me?'

'I could not.'

'I thought Mrs Wirt kept you in work, and paid you good prices. She has often told me so.'

'She has kept me in work, but this summer their expenses have been very great, and she is, much of the time, out of purse. She has always been so generous to me, I did not like to ask her for my pay.'

'You ought to have.'

'I did last week, and she gave me all she had by her.'

'How much was that?'

She smiled faintly. 'Five shillings.'

'And how much does she owe you?'

'She is a good woman, and often sent me ice-cream and jellies and delicacies from her own table.'

'That is not an answer to my question. *How much does she owe you?*'

'Don't speak of it—£8, 14s.'

'What is eight pounds fourteen shillings to her?'

'So little that she does not realise how much it is to me.'

I took her home and fed her on the best the house could offer—indeed, had extra for my Sunday dinner on her account. The result was an acute inflammation of stomach, and death.

Every day Mrs Wirt sent her flowers, and little nice things to eat, not a mouthful of which she could eat in that disease. After she was gone, Mrs Wirt said—

'Beautiful saint! she is safe and happy now in a *mansion* prepared for her by the Son of God.'

'Yes, and you and I sent her there,' I said; 'you starved, and I crammed her to death.'

'What do you mean!' she exclaimed, but I was already sorry for what I had said, and so made myself too busy to talk. But after the funeral she came here and insisted on an explanation.

When I told her all, she sobbed out loud, and said—

'I did not think I owed her so much, or that she lived so close to her earnings. But that is no excuse. *I ought to have known;* my elegant home will hereafter be haunted by that sweet starved face.'

'She was only glad to go. It was a joy to know she was dying. "Entering life," she called it. She would not come back. Let us both think of her only as a bright saint, with a golden harp.'

'Only if I could see her long enough to ask her forgiveness. I would not have her *stay.*'

'She forgave, she more than forgave you. She appreciated all your kindness.'

'My *kindness!*'

'She understood it all, and loved you.'

'That makes it all the harder for me to forgive myself.'

She said, over and over, she should never forget the lesson, and *I know I never* shall.

'And I am sure I never shall,' added Mrs Edwards. 'How often—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart."'

How shall we promote a missionary spirit in our Sunday schools? First, by being ourselves in sympathy with missions at home and abroad; second, by making ourselves familiar with missionary progress and literature; third, by always praying that God's kingdom may come, and that the method of His command and appointment be crowned with success; fourth, by ourselves contributing, and letting our children contribute—if at the cost of self-denial, all the better—to the actual expenses of some designated mission or school, with which they and we are in correspondence. Very many Sunday-school scholars have the most hazy ideas as to why they bring money with them to school, as to who receives it, and as to what is done with it. Some fancy it pays the teachers, some think it provides the anniversary and Christmas entertainments—as it sometimes does—and so they criticise the candies and cakes, and wonder that they do not have twice as much ice-cream. A great many Sunday-school pennies never find their way into the contribution-box, but are absorbed by the peanut-man at the corner, or drop into the till of the apothecary in return for gum-drops or licorice-root. So the Sunday-school penny is a snare, by means of which the children practise deceit and break the Sabbath. For whatever purpose the funds of the school are collected, that purpose should be clearly explained and defined to the scholars. But they should be taught morality in their giving. Their consciences should be cultivated. Their sense of duty should be fostered and strengthened. They should be taught, not spasmodically, but constantly, that they and their possessions are the Lord's, and that giving to His cause is only paying a little of the debt they owe to Him; that it is a privilege, and not a cross. And there can be no easier, readier, and directer way of educating them in liberal giving to Christ, than the way of interesting them in missionary effort.—*M. S.*

ALL IN EVERY SERMON.

To me writes a clergyman far away, but quite of my way of thinking. In reference to the criticism I had made on my first sermon, that I had tried to put all the gospel into the one discourse, my correspondent says:—

'I thank you very much for the encouragement that has come to me in your mention and defence of sermons that attempt to contain and convey the whole gospel. The same criticism was made upon my first *sermon;* and I then thought that perhaps it was less blameworthy than to have "shunned to declare the whole counsel of God." Later, I came to the conclusion that a sermon that did not contain direct mention of the gospel offers and requirements, was just so much short of what it ought to be. . . . I may never see you in the flesh, but I do hope to enjoy the company of yourself and others, who labour as best they may for the good of mankind, in heaven. If heaven is anything at all, it is actual, real, personal.'

There can be no question as to the exceeding desirableness of setting before the mind of every congregation the way of life whenever a minister tries to preach the gospel. That is not the gospel which fails of this.

I preached one Sabbath evening to a congregation where I had never preached before. The next morning I was called to see a man who had been thrown from his waggon, and immediately paralysed from his neck downward. He was to all intents dead, except his head. He could speak perfectly well, and had his senses. He knew that in a few hours only he would necessarily die. Looking at me he said, 'When I heard you preach last evening, how little did I think of lying here in this condition this morning.'

He was a Christian, and was prepared to die. But I felt then that my duty would not have been done had I failed to set before *all* who heard the way of salvation.

The hopes of my correspondent of communion on high are precious to me as to him, and the expression of them is exceedingly grateful in the midst of a work that experiences more expressions of quite another kind. —*Rev. Irenaeus Prime, D.D.*

The Old Year and the New.

'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.'—Rom. xiii. 12.

Another year has passed away,
With all its griefs and cares;
With all its sufferings and fears,
Its toils and turmoils, and its tears,
Its agonies and prayers.

Another space of time has fled
Into eternity,
And carried all its record there,
Where every deed and thought must bear
The strictest scrutiny.

Full many a bright and happy home
Thy course hath made most sad;
Thine arrows sharp have shot their pang
Where erstwhile all with pleasure rang,
Where all with mirth were glad.

But not all sorrow marks thy days—
While joy thou'st turned to pain,
Thou hast to many sent the light
Which chased away the gloom of night—
Made hope revive again.

. . . . . .

Another year has passed away,
But one is sent instead;
Its primal days are with us yet,
We must not sigh in vain regret
Over the year that's fled.

But let us with a cheerful heart
Take up our work anew—
Improve each passing moment's time,
And strive to ring a merrier chime;
Our days may be but few.

Heal sorrow's smart, and [illegible] the bright light
Of heaven on all around—
Point men so sad and sick with sin
To Him who bids them 'enter in'—
And make earth holy ground.

Another year has passed away—
We dare not idly stand;
The present year may be our last,
The night is flying swiftly past,
The day is nigh at hand.

R. Lindsay, Belfast.

A Daily Portion.

JANUARY 1.

'Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.'—1 Tim. vi. 19.

It is certain that the foundation of eternity is to be laid in this life. The state future follows the former; as the upper building follows the foundation. If we live ill, that is a bad foundation; if we live well, that is a good foundation. 'This day is salvation come to this house.' This day, for it must come in the day of grace, or it will not come in the day of glory; now, or never. The penitent malefactor might say to Christ, To-day Thou art with me on the cross; and Christ says to him, To-day thou shalt be with Me in paradise. If Christ first be with us below, then shall we also be with Christ above. The kingdom of God must first come into thy heart, before thy heart can come into the kingdom of God. A wicked life doth (even on earth) make an entrance into that lower

kingdom of darkness. Interior darkness begins exterior darkness, inferior darkness. 'He that believeth not is condemned already.' —*Adams.*

JANUARY 2.

'THE WAY OF THE UNGODLY SHALL PERISH.'—Ps. i. 6.

Sin is the very threshold of hell, and the fuel of that unquenchable fire; her very 'steps take hold on hell.' Mislivers, and misbelievers; next them stands hell. So faithful goodness hath one foot already in heaven; therefore look to thy life, for we must go out of this world by the mortification of the flesh, that shall come to heaven by the vivification of the Spirit. Such is God's mercy to us, that we who have deserved punishments external on body, internal on conscience, eternal on both, should not only escape these, but have in present a gracious entrance into blessedness. But, alas! we see our wretchedness, we do not see our blessedness; we know that a picture but begun is not of perfect beauty; let us tarry till God hath finished His work. We are now the sons of God in grace and peace; we shall be the sons of God in glory. —*Adams.*

JANUARY 3.

'WHEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU IN REMEMBRANCE.'—2 Peter i. 12.

We have many remembrancers, God bless us in the honest use of them. Other countries have larger bounds, goodlier buildings, stronger bulwarks, richer soils; only England hath the best pulpits. Oh that I could also add, that England hath the best conversations! What street could I pass through, but some monstrous and manifest sin would give me the lie? We have many that hear the word all their days, yet being questioned concerning their faith on their death-beds, they answer as Ahimaaz to David, 'I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was.' So they would say, I heard a great noise, but I never knew what it meant. Some know the way twice on the Sunday to church, yet hardly learn there to know the way to heaven. But to your duty anon; first look we to perform our own. For a minister to neglect this office of remembrance is to make the devil beholden to him; the negligence of the priest is the injury of the people, as the damage of the flock is the shame of the shepherd. Now the Lord remember us to remember you, and remember you to remember Him, and forgive the forgetfulness of us all. —*Adams.*

JANUARY 4.

'WHEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE.'—2 Peter i. 12.

The business of a minister is like the husbandman's, and that is compared to a ring, because it is endless. 'I have set watchmen, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence,' for Jerusalem's sake we have no rest. Paul adjures Timothy to preach 'in season, out of season; to reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering.' We read that while men slept the enemy came and sowed tares. Let the preachers but sleep a little, how quickly will Satan cast in the seed of errors! Let Moses be non-resident forty days, though he went to fetch the law, yet in this while Israel hath carved an idol. There is nothing more easy than to decline, if Christ set not watchmen over us, to put us always in remembrance.—*Adams.*

JANUARY 5.

'WE ARE PERSUADED BETTER THINGS OF YOU, AND THINGS WHICH ACCOMPANY SALVATION.'—Heb. vi. 9.

It were to our shame indeed if we did not know God. As in countries where be the greatest plenty of fruits, they have the shortest lives, they do so surfeit on their abundance; so we have the greatest plenty of spiritual food, but we turn the fulness into loathing and contempt. We have the best pulpits, but I cannot say we have the best lives. The Indians were the most beggarly and naked people, amongst whom was all the gold; so in the midst of God's mercies, and the riches of grace, we are the most poor, naked, and miserable in our conversations. Which being true, our commendation must be turned into commination: our, In this we praise you, into, In this we praise you not; 'In this that I declare unto you, I praise you not.' But if your mind be established in understanding, your heart in affecting, your life in obeying, blessed are you; your minister shall praise you, the Church, your mother, will praise you, the angels praise you, yea, you shall be praised of Christ Himself.—*Adams.*

JANUARY 6.

'HE WENT AND PREACHED UNTO THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.'—1 Peter iii. 19.

If there be no preaching in hell, how then is it said that Christ 'went and preached to the spirits in prison?' I answer, there is no nunciation of the gospel, howsoever there may be a proclamation of judgment and a declaration of Christ's power, a publishing of what the reprobates have lost by not believing on Him. Augustine objects, If there be any preaching in hell, what needed so much regard to it upon earth? Preaching on earth is to beget repentance; if there could be any in hell, it were but to increase vengeance. Therefore remember thy *quamdiu;* preach while thou mayst, lest God stop thy mouth before thou wouldst. Tremble at that fearful judgment, 'They gnawed their tongues for pain.' Their tongues were once tied up with gains, there they shall be loosened with pains. Flattery made them (like that shameless sycophant that licked up the emperor's spittle) to lick the sores and vices of their maintainers, therefore they shall lick those unquenchable flames. —*Adams.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY THE REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

THE world in which we live is ruled by two great and powerful princes. Each is the possessor of vast territories, peopled by teeming multitudes. The entire globe is divided between them, for all the princes, presidents, and kings of the earth do but govern provinces of one or other of these two rival Empires, and along with their subjects, or citizens, render vassalage to one or other of the two supreme rulers. The name of the one of these imperial monarchs is IMMANUEL, who is the only Son of the Most High, who therefore has appointed Him heir of all things (Heb. i. 2). To show His great love and regard for His Son, He once, very long ago, said to Him, 'Thou art My Son, ask of Me and I will give Thee the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession' (Psalm ii. 8), and He crowned Him as King in Sion, which is a hill in the city which He designed to be the capital of the earth, and upon which His subjects built for Him a beautiful palace. His name, IMMANUEL, is only one of the many titles which pertain to Him as the Son of the Highest, and it was given Him to commemorate the wonderful fact that, in order to bind mankind to Himself in an allegiance of love, rather than of force, He took their nature into union with His own. When He was born as a babe in a miraculous manner of a maiden mother, they called His name Immanuel, which means, 'God with us' (Matt. i. 23).

Thus, though He was the Son of God, He became also the Son of man, and so can fully enter into the sympathies of all His faithful and loving subjects. His character is spotlessly holy and righteous. He is altogether lovely and lovable in His person, and is filled with love towards His loyal subjects, and with tender compassion towards such of them as have rebelled against His authority.

The other great sovereign is called DIABOLUS, though he likewise bears other names and titles both in the other world and in this. He is the chief of the works of God, being, so far as appears, the highest of the created intelligences. He was created, and not begotten, and in this respect he is inferior to Immanuel; but though he rules over a great portion of the sons of Adam, he never assumed their nature, so that he has no kinship with his subjects as the Son of man has. Though originally pure and holy, he rebelled against Jehovah, and is full of hatred to His Son—hating alike His person, His character, and His authority. In very ancient times he led away a large part of the heavenly host from their allegiance to the Most High, and then came to this earth, where he has succeeded in wresting a great portion of Immanuel's dominions from His sceptre. He holds his throne, as he won it, by fraud and by violence, and can produce no title to the dominion which he has usurped, except that the peoples who are under his sway prefer his rule to that of Immanuel, and this notwithstanding that in all respects it is most oppressive and injurious to them. Still, they like his laws, his customs, and the rules of his court, not knowing that the many miseries that fall to their lot all spring from these.

The character of each of these great monarchs will be brought out as we explore together some portion of those wide and populous countries, provinces, states, and territories over which they respectively exercise dominion. In making this survey, I shall draw my facts from authentic histories of these countries, and from the narratives of trustworthy travellers, as well as from personal observation. Many of my readers have, doubtless, travelled in these regions, and can thus verify for themselves the information here narrated.

1. THE COUNTRY OF CARNAL SECURITY.

This great country lies within the empire of Diabolus, and is of such extent as to contain many provinces. It comprises people of all shades of colour, from men with white skins, who are pure in their own eyes, to men with skins as black as ebony, which they often

try, by various baths and soaps, to wash to a somewhat lighter hue, but never succeed in their efforts, for I observed that these Ethiopians could not change their skin, or do good after they had been all their lives accustomed to do evil (Jer. xiii. 23). It comprises also men with various costumes, from those who wear only scanty aprons, made of fig-leaves, round their loins, to men who spend all their money in dress, which they are continually changing to keep in with the fashion of the day, but whose fine clothes, of which they seem so proud, could easily be discerned by any sharp eye to be soiled and moth-eaten (Job xiii. 28), and, indeed, when taken all in all, to be little if anything better than the filthy rags of the beggars whom they would not have deigned to touch (Is. lxiv. 6). Here, also, dwell men of all degrees of learning, from those who know all the sciences, and who glory in their wisdom, to those who cannot read the alphabet, and are destroyed for lack of knowledge (Jer. ix. 23, Hosea iv. 6).

In this country many of the mansions and cottages are built within the floodmark of the spring-tides, and the owners foolishly imagine that because the ordinary tides do not rise to their doors they are quite safe. Yet Immanuel has sent to them wise men who have understanding to discern heavenly things, and who can calculate the course of providence, to warn them that at certain conjunctions of the heavenly bodies devastating floods may be looked for; but the foolish inhabitants laugh these wise men to scorn, and go on planting their orchards and building their houses far within the limits of the predicted flood.

If the traveller hires a boat and sails along the coast, he may see, if he only knows where to look, beneath the clear water, the ruins of houses, villages, and cities, too, which once were large and famous in this country of Carnal Security, but which are now buried fathoms deep beneath the billows which rolled in to overwhelm them. Indeed, if he take a guide with him from Immanuel's land, which he ought to do, instead of engaging one of the natives (who are very ignorant even of the history of their own country), one of the first things he will ask him will be whether he has marked the old way which wicked men have trodden, which were cut down out of time, whose foundation was overflowed with a flood (Job xxii. 15, 16). For, at a very early period the entire country of Carnal Security was submerged by a great deluge, and only one man and his family were saved from a watery grave. The country was then very populous, for it was the earliest peopled of all countries; but the inhabitants had thrown off the laws of Immanuel, and each one did what was right in his own eyes. Here were palace like mansions owned by men who made their fortunes by robbery, while the wages of those who had reaped the fields of the wealthy land owners were kept back by fraud, and the cries of the famishing reapers entered into the ears of the Lord Immanuel. By the roadside might be seen the whitened bones of murdered travellers, and the murderers went at large, for as yet Immanuel had not published the law to repress murder, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed' (Gen. ix. 6).

At length the misery of the wronged became intolerable, and the cries of those that were oppressed, and who had no comforter, rose up to heaven, and Immanuel prepared a flood of waters to destroy the transgressors. But He told Noah, who was a righteous and holy man with whom He used to walk and to converse to build a great ship to save himself and his family, and a portion of all the cattle and beasts and birds that belonged to the country of Carnal Security, for these had not rebelled against Him. Now there were two heavenly messengers whom Noah entertained in his house, whose names were Godly-fear and Godly-faith, and when his neighbours and friends used many arguments to dissuade him from building this ark, as soon as they stopped their talk, he would relate all that they had said to Godly-fear and Godly-faith, and these two, by their solid discourse and arguments, persuaded him to obey the voice of Immanuel, and to build the great ship, although it was near no sea where it could be launched, or on which it could sail. So this man went up into the forest and hewed down great trees of gopher wood, and sawed them into planks, and seasoned the timber, and in due time began to build the ship according to the plan that had been given him by Immanuel. He spent a long time in this work, and all that time he preached to the people, and urged especially those whom he hired as carpenters to build the ship to flee for refuge, and to enter with him into the great vessel.

But though the Holy Spirit Himself strove with these men, we are not told that His striving was effectual with any, such a bewitching influence did Diabolus exercise over the hearts and consciences of the inhabitants. They would even put their fingers into their ears when the Holy Spirit pleaded with them, and some of them deadened the nerves of hearing

with drugs or with hot irons, lest at any time they should hear with their ears and be converted and saved. So Jehovah recalled His Spirit from His fruitless striving with these hardened men, and He winged His flight like a snow-white dove to the bosom of God, from whence He had descended. The people laughed Noah to scorn; and, being carnally secure, they went on buying and selling, and planting and building, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away, for the world that then was, even the whole kingdom of Carnal Security, being overflowed with the water, perished; but the Ark (for so was the vessel called) floated on the angry flood, with its little world of life within it, and the two Heavenly Ones as Noah's guests, until it bore its passengers and freight to a place of safety in Immanuel's country of Peace, where it stranded upon a spur of one of the mountains of that land (Gen. viii. 4).

Then I asked my guide how this ill-omened province ever came to be peopled again at all. Whereupon he told me that some of Noah's own family, even some of his sons and grandsons (Gen. ix. 22–25), as soon as the country was dried, returned to their old land and their old abodes. For this region has always been attractive to all who walk by sense, and who are unwilling to dwell with Godly-fear and Godly-faith. Thus was the region colonised anew, and its population has increased with the increase of the years.

In the Alpine valleys of this fair country may be seen farmhouses and gentlemen's seats built under overhanging avalanches, and that in spite of the warnings of the old men who have witnessed fearful catastrophes caused by this foolhardiness in times past, and of the scientific men who have studied the laws and nature of these agents of destruction, and who have assured the foolish natives that these rocklike mountains of ice are held back from hurrying down and burying the villages and homesteads beneath them by the single thread of the forbearance of God, and that this cord may snap at any moment. Immanuel once sent one of his most trusted servants to preach in these valleys, and his message was, 'The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night' (2 Peter iii. 9, 10). A few took heed to his warning, and removed their dwellings to a safe locality, but the greater number would not be persuaded, and thus they perished. Yet I saw cottages and mansions planted again under the same overhanging avalanches of judgment.

In another portion of the wide territory of Carnal Security may be seen towns and villages, surrounded by fields, gardens, and vineyards, all laid out upon the sunny slopes of a fiery volcano. This volcano is for long periods as if asleep, yet it is never extinct, and in the day-time thin wreaths of smoke, and at night a lurid light may be descried overhanging the crater's mouth. The summit of the mountain is strewn with mounds of ashes, while the gullies are filled with lava, still retaining enough of heat to blister the skin of any one who touches it. Some rash travellers have ventured down into the cavity of the crater, where they have been suffocated by the sulphurous fumes. Others have survived to return and tell the dwellers round the mountain's base of what they had suffered from the fire and the fumes from the pit, and also how they had gazed upon the bleached skeletons of not a few previous adventurers who had lost their lives in their daring defiance of this fierce fire. But they were laughed at by the secure natives, who thought they were either trying to frighten them, or were themselves the victims of some hallucination or religious mania. The local physicians consider that this is a disease incident to men who have inhaled these noxious fumes, but other physicians from a distance, of much greater experience in the treatment of mental disease, have testified that these persons were not insane, and were not labouring under any delusion, but were speaking words of truth and soberness, and giving a true report of what they had witnessed. They say that any excitement in their deportment was simply owing to their sense of the great danger from which they had escaped, and the appalling sight which met their eyes when they gazed upon the carcases of the men who were slain. These latter physicians, it may be observed, hold their diplomas from famous colleges in Immanuel's Land, and, moreover, they have themselves all visited the mountain, and looked down into the burning gulf.

The name of this mountain is Mount Sinai. The main highroads leading into the land of Immanuel pass round its base, or over its ridges, so that all fugitives and emigrants from the kingdom of Diabolus have seen the mountain, many of them have climbed a considerable portion of it, and not a few have gazed down into the awful crater on the top. As this mountain is situated not far from the

border of His own territory, Immanuel has more than once visited it, and on one occasion He summoned His rebellious subjects by sound of trumpet, and in their hearing He published from it, as from a throne, His fiery law. There was then a great eruption from the volcano, for we are told that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, so that all the people trembled. For Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly (Ex. xix. 16, 18). And yet, so carnally secure were these people, that in less than six weeks after they had witnessed this awful exhibition of Immanuel's power and majesty they made gods of gold, and sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play. Then Immanuel was very wroth with them, and while they danced and played, He sent His officers, who slew of them 3000 men (Ex. xxxii. 11–28).

History tells us of another great eruption of this mountain about 1800 years ago, when two famous cities, situated within the range of its fires, were overwhelmed by the lava and ashes that issued from its bowels. Their names are Pompeii and Herculaneum. We know the character of the inhabitants, for 'the stone still cries out of their walls.' Those who visit the excavated ruins of their chambers, halls, palaces, markets, and temples, behold undeniable evidences of the luxury, gaiety, revelry, and horrible sin of those who lived in these burghs of Carnal Security. In the now cold stream of lava that once rolled its burning billows over them may be seen the petrified remains of a man fleeing from the fire with a bag of money in his hands, and many other sights fraught with solemn warning to those who after should live ungodly, saying, 'Where is the promise of Immanuel's coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation' (2 Peter iii. 4). Other cities also, both in more ancient and more modern times, have been destroyed by this volcano, among which were Sodom and Gomorrah, which were once cradled among the richest fields and gardens, even like the garden of the Lord, but now, under a deep layer of brimstone and asphalt, suffer the vengeance of eternal fire.

There are ancient prophecies given by Immanuel's servants that at the close of this age of the world this burning mountain will again send forth its streams of fire and brimstone, and that on a grander scale than ever before, so that when that day comes, 'the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up' (2 Peter iii. 4). It seems strange that, with this terrible doom awaiting them, these cities of Destruction, and this whole realm of Carnal Security, should be so densely peopled. My guide told me that the reason of this foolhardiness is that the inhabitants do not believe Immanuel's predictions, but are hoodwinked by the crafty lies of their own chosen prince, Diabolus, who has assured them, 'No evil shall come upon you' (Jer. xxiii. 17). So some of them think that these sure words of prophecy are only old wives' fables, and others think that even if they turn out true, they will have plenty of time to escape with their lives at least, and perhaps also to carry off their goods and chattels, although Immanuel has told them that He will in that day give them no more warning than a midnight housebreaker.

In this country the preachers preach 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace (Jer. vi. 14), for you must know that in this part of the world they have churches and ministers as well as elsewhere. Though there is a well-laid out and straight road leading out of this land into the country of True Peace, these preachers will neither walk on this road themselves, nor will they direct their hearers to walk therein. They have no liking for the Prince who made it, so they have planned and laid out crooked by-paths and cross-roads that all turn back into the very heart of the country out of which they seem to lead, and of which Immanuel has said, 'Whosoever goeth therein shall not know peace' (Is. lix. 8).

This ignorance of theirs is the more inexcusable since the road leading into Immanuel's land is both well made and well kept. It is carefully fenced, especially where it passes through the thick forests near the border, so as to protect the wayfarers, who have often to travel on it after nightfall (such is their haste to flee), from the lions and other beasts of prey that haunt those jungles, and it is so easily distinguished by these fences from all the cross-roads of the country, that though the traveller were a fool, he could not by any mistake lose his way (Is. xxxv. 8, 9). It is also regularly kept clear of mud and all uncleanness by surfacemen in the employ of Immanuel, so that although those who journey on it do require, ere they enter the New Jerusalem, the Holy City, to wash their feet, they can yet, while they travel, keep their garments un-

spotted from the pollution of the world (James i. 27).

Immanuel, out of pity to the poor deluded people of this country—who, even while they are eating and drinking to excess, say, 'We shall have peace, though we walk in the imagination of our own hearts, to add drunkenness to thirst' (Deut. xxix. 19)—has from time to time sent faithful preachers to deliver to them His own message. Some of these ministers were natives of the province, who had emigrated from the land of their nativity and settled in the country of True Peace, where also they studied in Immanuel's Royal College, under the training of a great Teacher appointed by the Prince, of whom He said, 'He will guide you into all truth' (John xvi. 13). These preachers, knowing well their old mother tongue, can preach to the people without an interpreter. One of them preached often from this text, 'There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked' (Is. xlviii. 22). His name was Isaiah, and though he has been long in his grave, his sermons are printed and published in that country, and widely circulated, and by these, he being dead, yet speaketh. Indeed, it is said that many more persons have been induced to leave that land through reading his book than through his living voice; for though he was of royal lineage, and preached fluently and eloquently, when he returned to tell his Master of the result of his mission, he said, 'Lord, how few have believed our report!' (Is. liii. 1).

Another great preacher sent by Immanuel was a near relative of His own. He came clothed in a camel's hair robe, and with a leathern girdle round his waist. A stout axe was in his hand, with which he felled the trees to prepare a way for his Master (Matt. iii. 3, 4)—for a great portion of this country is covered by dense forests, which shut out the light of day, so that many intending emigrants lose their way in these leafy labyrinths. As this great preacher was busy with his axe, he cried out to the onlookers, 'Flee from the wrath to come.' Now, it so happened that this man, being naturally very eloquent, and being gifted with a voice which was both strong and musical, and so suited for open-air preaching, drew great crowds round him from the cities and villages, and even from Jerusalem, which was then the capital of Carnal Security, and he preached many sermons from the same text, 'Flee from the wrath to come!' (Matt. iii. 7). Among the crowds came numbers of the soldiers, and revenue officials of Diabolus' kingdom, and also of the learned men who studied or taught in his colleges, and some of these last still pretended to be subjects of Immanuel but to have found out a way by which they could serve two masters. When he saw all these coming he took a new text, and preached, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand' (Matt. iii. 2); and so rousing were his appeals to their consciences, that it is recorded of him in the archives of Immanuel that 'many of the children of Israel did he turn to the Lord their God' (Luke i. 16). As he felled the giant trees and let the light of heaven into the dark recesses of the forest, he urged those who dwelt under this shadow of death (for the rays of the Sun of Righteousness had not been able to penetrate the thick screen) to hasten towards the sunny and fruitful land of Shalom. For a landmark to guide them until they got out of the forest country into the King's highway, he pointed them out a distant hill called Calvary, which had an altar and a cross erected on its top, instead of a cairn, and he told them to keep this in their eye, and make straight towards it, and that when they reached it they would find a fire burning on the altar, and for a sacrifice a lamb provided, which was without spot, and was called 'The Lamb of God' (John i. 36).

So great a stir did his preaching make in the country that Diabolus began to tremble for the safety of his throne, and accordingly he deputed one of his lieutenant-governors first to throw the preacher into prison, and then (for he could not imprison his burning words, and all the people counted him a prophet) to have him executed. Sad to say, this bloody deed was done at the request of the Queen of the country, and the preacher's gory head was brought by the executioner on the Viceroy's own birthday into the royal banquet hall on a salver, and handed to the Queen's daughter, who, to the shame of her sex, carried it with her own hands in triumph to her mother (Mark vi. 26).

But although the preacher, whose name was John the Baptist, was murdered, the work which he had begun went on, and has gone on ever since, and never a year passes but multitudes flee from the cities of Destruction and the land of False Peace to the sceptre of Prince Immanuel. And as it has been in the past, so we have good reason to expect that it will continue to be, until the numbers who have left the rule of Diabolus, and are dwelling under the safe and beneficent sway of Immanuel, form a great multitude that no man can number' (Rev. vii. 9).

(To be continued.)

THE LINDSAYS OF REDKNOCK HAUGH.

BY MARY DOIG, AUTHOR OF 'ROSALIA VANDERWERF,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

'Gorgeous was the time, yet brief as gorgeous.'
—SIGOURNEY.

IT is a day late in September, the sun shining with a soft misty radiance on the harvest-fields, and on the trees, which are changing from brownish green to the bright tints of autumn, as Lindsay, laird of Redknock Haugh, rides to the town of Borrowstounness to learn the truth of the tidings which have reached him, of the defeat of the Covenanters at Aberdeen and the atrocities there being perpetrated by the troops of Montrose.

As he reaches the height above the town, the Firth of Forth lies beneath him, still and glassy as an inland lake, on which snowy-breasted sea-gulls are resting, or rising in crowds and filling the air with their wild screaming joy. On the other side of the Firth he sees the village of Torryburn lying in beauty on its bay, and further west the town of Culross, with its Culdee ruins, while to the north the Ochils bound the landscape with their soft misty outline.

Arrived at the town, he stables his horse at the inn, and proceeds to the house of his uncle, Mr Bothwick, whose daughter Sarah, seeing his approach, runs to meet him at the door. Sarah has long been the sole companion of her father—her sisters being married and her mother dead. She is a pleasant-faced maiden, with smooth dark hair and quiet ways; but the Kirk and Covenant are what lie nearest her heart, so she is less calm than her wont as she relates to her cousin the deeds of blood which have been described to her father by the captain of a ship from Aberdeen now in the harbour of Borrowstounness.

Ere long Mr Bothwick comes in, and when hours have passed in discussion of the state and prospects of the country, Lindsay proposes to ride homewards. By this time, however, it is late, and he is persuaded to wait till the following morning.

It is a bright morning as Lindsay again looks from the heights above the town. A slight breeze has blown away the early mist, the Firth in little broken waves glitters in the sun, his eyes rest on the bare green Saline Hills and the Ochils, beautiful in light and shade, while further off Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi rise to view, and in the distance the lofty mountains of Argyleshire appear.

It is a scene of grandeur and loveliness, and it seems strange that in a world of so much beauty such a wail of agony should be ascending from the persecuted and the oppressed.

As he rides along, the light breeze makes pleasant rustling among the stooks in the harvest-fields, and sets the thistle-down flying; the berries on the wild rose-bushes look rich and bright in the autumn sunshine, while here and there a late white butterfly may be seen sporting in the air.

As he approaches the gate of Redknock Haugh, a tall graceful figure may be seen running to meet him. Mrs Lindsay—'for it is she'—ere her marriage, was looked on by many merely as a beauty, and it was thought by these that the quietness of Redknock Haugh would seem dull to her after her gayer life in her Edinburgh home. But there was far more in Marion than was generally supposed; indeed, so happy was she with the young Covenanting laird, that the first year of her life in the West Lothian country-house had flown away as swiftly and joyously as a summer day.

CHAPTER II.

'It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.'
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Three months have passed, and a wild wintry storm is raging; the sleet dashes against the window, and the wind makes a creaking and groaning in the old tree in the garden, as Mrs Lindsay walks to and fro in her chamber, listening to the fierce blast and thinking of the lonely hut in Argyleshire where her husband now lies wounded and helpless among strangers.

The troops of Montrose have been devastating the lands of Argyll, and many of the gentlemen of Scotland have been fighting under the standard of the Marquis, Lindsay among the rest. A bloody battle has taken place, at which he has been wounded, and has been carried from the field to the nearest place of shelter.

How his wife longs to be with him, yet how can she leave her infant boy, who now lies smiling in his sleep, rocked in his cradle by a rosy young woman, Nellie by name, who, seeing the distress of her mistress, suggests that John Futheringham's wife might take the child to nurse instead of her little twin-girl, who has died the night before.

No sooner does Mrs Lindsay hear this suggestion than she wraps her plaid around her, and hurries to the cottage in the hamlet near. When the proposal has been made and agreed to, she takes the little red-haired boy who is to become the foster-brother of her little Ralph in her arms, and gets a sight of the tiny image in white lying so quietly on a table in the corner of the room, and then retraces her steps homewards, there to wait impatiently for the morning, when she intends going to Borrowstounness to consult Mr Bothwick as to her journey.

The snow is deep on the ground, and Mr Bothwick knows that travelling at this season is difficult and even dangerous; but he sees that Mrs Lindsay is determined to go, and resolves to accompany her. After that tedious and hazardous journey, they at last reach their destination, and after much searching discover the hut where Lindsay lies. An old woman sits by the peat-fire, and on a rude bed they see Lindsay, who, however, seems quite unconscious of their presence. Ere long his consciousness returns, and the hopes of his wife are high that he will yet recover; but when a few days have passed these hopes seem vain, for his life to all appearance is ebbing fast away. Meanwhile Mr Bothwick has taken up his abode at a farm in the neighbourhood, but comes daily to see his nephew, although his walk over the wreathed snow is no easy matter for him. The old woman at whose house they are lodged does what she can to show kindness to the strangers, but it is with difficulty that suitable provisions can be procured, and their hardships are great.

Marion Lindsay has risen from her weary watch by the apparently dying man, her heart is full to bursting, and, opening the door, she gazes on the white wide, wild scene stretched out before her. The shadows on Lindsay's face are deepening day by day, her infant boy is far away; what if even now he is lying cold and white in his foster-mother's cottage, as the sheep are away there on the moor, where they died last night! But the little birds are chirping and fluttering, and feeding on the crumbs which are scattered round even that lonely door, and remembering the words, 'Are ye not much better than they?' turns her wild weeping into softer tears, for she knows that her Heavenly Father will never leave her—the Elder Brother will never forsake her. Still the days pass on; the full moon that looked on the bloody struggle has waned, and now a weird crescent moon wades through the black masses of riven clouds hurrying up from the sea, a great south wind has risen, and the earth's white winding-sheet is being folded by.

Inside the hut the peat-fire burns on the hearth, the walls and rafters glow red in the firelight, saving where long dark shadows are projected across them. Lindsay raises himself on his lonely bed. 'Marion,' he says; 'Marion, this is the hour for worship;' then, opening the Bible which lies beside him, he adds, 'Let us worship God by singing to His praise in the 118th Psalm.

'I shall not die, but live, and shall
The works of God discover.
The Lord hath me chastised sore,
But not to death given over.

'O set ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness;
Then will I enter into them,
And I the Lord will bless.

'This is the gate of God, by it
The just shall enter in.
Thee will I praise, for Thou me heard'st,
And hast my safety been.'

And Lindsay and his wife sing this psalm together to a right joyous tune, and the old Highland woman, though she scarce knows a word of English, croons the air low by the peat-fire, and the psalm goes up through the storm to the Father's house above, where the singing is always loud and joyous.

. . . . . .

The winter has gone, the snow has disappeared from the earth, only the tops of the mountains are still white and glitter in the spring sunshine, the birds mingle their songs with the rush of the streams, which are now all alive again, a faint sweet scent of buds and springing grass comes from the ground, and all seems to accord with the joy of returning health which Lindsay now feels, and the deep gratitude of his wife, as she thinks of the terror she experienced on her journey to Argyleshire; and now they are leaving the scene of their exile, and are returning home.

When they reach Redknock Haugh, the blackbirds are singing in the woods, the primroses are flowering on the banks, the great watch-dog comes bounding to meet them, Jean Futheringham appears with the infants, Ralph and Halbert, in her arms, and they are home.

CHAPTER III.

'The heart of childhood is all mirth;
We frolic to and fro
As free and blithe as if on earth
Were no such thing as woe.'

—KEBLE.

Years pass, and the infants are now boys—Ralph, a tall, fair, blue-eyed child, brave and playful, yet less boisterous than many of his age; while Halbert, or Hab, as he is usually called, is a sturdy, independent little fellow, with curly red hair and merry black eyes. Other children the Lindsays have had, who have gone to sleep early in the old kirkyard—one in the long white robes of infancy, while two, after having played in the sunny garden and chased the lambs in the fields, have folded their little hands and gone to rest; and the morning sun shines and the gloaming greys, aye, and the wild wintry wind and rain beat on their little green graves, and still they sleep on that long sleep which *has* a waking.

Ralph and Hab play much together, sailing their little boats on the duck-pond, or gathering brambles on the moor in company. If by any chance Hab falls into the pond, he comes out as scathless as the ducks themselves; or, if he gets into any mischief, Ralph stands up so stoutly for him that no ill comes of it, so that it is a common saying of his mother's, 'Our Hab's like the cats, he aye fa's on his feet.'

Hab's grandmother is of a somewhat weird aspect, and has many a strange tale to tell of witch and wandering ghost, of wraith and warning dream.

After nightfall, those who pass by her lonely cottage are wont to hear her shrill, cracked voice reading the Bible aloud to herself to keep off the assaults of evil spirits, which she

affirms she has seen in bodily shape. The cottage is a favourite resort of the two boys—for what child is there who does not wish to hear stories which make him keep closer to the fire, and fear to look at the dark corners of the room? Grannie relates, also, that 'lang syne, when she was a wee lassie herdin' the kye on the whinny brae, she saw the fairies wi' their lang yellow locks an' their green kirtles comin' out o' the green stan'in' corn.'

This is the only supernatural story which granny tells, which is not of a frightful nature, so that if the boys stay late with her on a winter afternoon, or spring or autumn evening, the terror which they experience on their way to their respective homes makes them pay dearly for their pleasure, for to Ralph every bush on these occasions assumes the appearance of something unearthly, which he passes in fearful silence, while Hab whistles defiantly to keep his courage up.

Meanwhile the storms which are soon to overspread the land are gathering fast. The divine right of kings has been asserted, the sovereignty of the monarch over ecclesiastical as well as civil affairs has been affirmed, so that in the pulpits of the faithful ministers of the Kirk of Scotland it is declared that the rulers of the land are resolved to take the crown off the King of Zion and place it on the head of Cæsar.

The Marquis of Argyll, who has been the foremost in his support of the civil and religious rights of his country, now lies in Edinburgh Castle awaiting his trial, and his friends throughout the land wait the decision with the utmost anxiety. At last, however, the end comes, and he is condemned.

May is far advanced, and the whins are in their yellow glory on Arthur Seat and the sunshine of early summer on the city, as the Marquis of Argyll is led from his place of confinement in the Tolbooth to his place of execution. In prison, he has taken farewell of Guthrie of Stirling, who is so soon to follow him; and as he walks amid the noblemen and gentlemen who accompany him, his step is firm and his countenance calm. He delivers his dying speech with composure and dignity, and, in spite of his natural timidity, gives evidence of the truth of his saying, 'I could die as a Roman, but choose rather to die like a Christian.' Among the crowd who have come to witness the death of the Marquis is Lindsay of Redknock Haugh, who, years before, so nearly lost his life while fighting under Argyll, and who has now brought with him his young son, that he, too, may behold the death of the martyr; nor do they witness it in vain.

THE SHORT WINTER DAYS.

I WAS talking this morning with a little woman who keeps a baker's shop near my house. She told me that she could not 'catch up' with her work. She had planned to do certain things to-day, but she had been so interrupted and interfered with that she saw she could not accomplish her purposes. 'Oh, well,' I said, consolingly, 'the days are short just now.' She answered pithily, 'They have the same number of hours in them they always have had.' It reminded me of the reply given by some wise body to a person who complained she had no time for certain pursuits, 'You have all the time there is.'

There are just as many hours, it is true, in a brief winter day, with its narrow span between the morning and evening twilights, as there are in a long summer one, which begins with bird-notes before the grey dawn breaks into pearl and rose, and melts into moonrise or starbeam after a long, lingering dusk. But somehow the fact does not impress us as it ought, and so we make excuses for this and that neglect of duty by saying that the days are short, that the storms are frequent, and the cold is rigorous.

There are just as many hours in January, from sun to sun, as in June. How shall we fill them with good work for the Master? How shall we live that in every one of them we may consciously be near to Him?

We ought to count that day lost, whatever else it may bring us, that does not pulsate somewhere with the feeling of the Divine presence. It is strange that we so often rest contented in the gloom and chill of absence from the Beloved. There are hours enough in every day when we should be seeking Him, kneeling at His feet, reading His word, and doing something in His name.

I was told last summer of an ardent disciple who resolved that never, in any interview, either in a social call or on a business errand, would she refrain from saying something about Jesus or for His cause before she left. Her course had not commended itself, as she had doubtless hoped it would, to those with whom she had met. To some her zeal had seemed officious, to others her advice appeared ill-timed, and to others still her words assumed a perfunctory form. She was continually challenging criticism and arousing dislike where she wished to incite to love. My conclusion was that she had not discovered the best way of speaking for the Master. Living is more than talking. Being is deeper than acting. What we are everywhere is more potential than what we say. And yet the lily, the rose, the carnation, or the violet, needs not announce itself anywhere as sweet. Its perfume tells what it is, and subtly pervades the atmosphere about it. So, in all the hours of all the days, through all the years of our tarrying here, a Christian's life should be fragrant with heaven; so modest, so meek, yet so decided, that it shall not require spoken words always to show where it is, and yet in its least and lightest acts it should be on the right side. Let us take this thought home now.

IT does not follow that, because the Saviour is so persistent, therefore none will be lost; for after all is done which God can do, it still remains that the sinner must himself repent.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL'S PRIMARY CHARGE.

DR RYLE, the well-known tract writer and commentator on Holy Scripture, and Bishop of Liverpool, delivered the first portion of his primary charge in the Pro-Cathedral of St Peter's, Liverpool, on the 19th October, and the second portion in the Parish Church of All Saints', Wigan, on the 20th October. It has since been published by Messrs Hunt & Co. in a post 8vo pamphlet of 106 pages. It is written with the author's wonted earnestness and fervour. As might be expected, a good deal of it relates to the condition and work of the diocese. There are many passages, however, which good men in all branches of the Church will read with interest and profit. We select two of them.

WHAT IS NEEDED IN MISSION WORK.

The first thing needed is not buildings, but living men—men ordained, if you can get them, men not ordained, if you can get no other agents; but in any case, men who have the grace of God and the love of souls in their hearts, and will go in and out among the roughest classes in a friendly manner, and win their confidence. For, after all, the clergyman of the worst and blackest parish in a district must never allow himself to despair. The darkest-looking and most uncouth-looking collier, or iron-worker, or chemical works labourer, is a man just like ourselves by nature, and differing only in outward appearance, from the circumstance of his position. Like ourselves, he is open to kindness and sympathy. Like ourselves, he has a heart that can feel sorrow and trouble, and a body liable to sickness, and disease, and death. Like ourselves, he can often be got at through the simple avenue of attention to wife, or children, or parents, or brothers, or sisters, or friends. I charge my reverend brethren to keep all this continually in mind. Colliers and iron-workers and all their companions are flesh and blood, and have souls, affections, and consciences like you and me. They are to be won for Christ, if we go to work in the right way, and have God's blessing. The last day will show that collieries have not only sent up coals for our fires, but have also produced some bright jewels for our Redeemer's crown. Multiplication of right-minded living agents is the first external remedy that I must always recommend to the incumbents of great colliery parishes. By constant importunate application to those valuable institutions, the Pastoral-Aid, the Additional Curates, and the Diocesan Church Aid Societies, try to get ordained helpers if you can, and lay-agents if you cannot. Encourage and invite every right-minded layman near you to come forward and give you his help. Never, never be afraid of enlisting the aid of the laity. Cast away for ever the old tradition that religious work is to be left to the clergy alone. Boldly make use of 'lay' talent, and you will never be without 'lay' talent to use. Trust the laity, and the laity will trust you. Stir up every Christian man and woman in your congregation, who has a few hours to spare in the week, to give you some voluntary aid. Break up your huge parish into well-organised territorial districts, and give to each helper his own special district. Urge them to get together people whenever they can, in a shed, or a cottage, or a barn, and to give the simplest and most elementary Christian instruction, plain, kindly talk about Christ, simple extempore prayer, and hearty, lively singing. Do this, and persevere in doing it, and I am sure you will not labour in vain. Do this, and persevere in doing it, and, in the process of time, the mission-room, the church, and the regular parochial district will be the happy result, and, what is far better, a harvest of saved souls. Everything, however, I hope I need not remind you—everything depends on the message which your living agents proclaim. They must know what they have got to do. If they only go about telling men not to get drunk, not to fight, not to gamble, not to swear, not to break the Sabbath, they may just as well stay at home. If they want to do good, they must tell men to believe as well as repent. They must tell the story of the cross of Christ. They must magnify that grand article of the Apostles' Creed, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins.' They must make much of that doctrine which fits the empty heart of man just as the right key fits the lock—I mean the doctrine of free and full pardon of sin through faith in the vicarious death of Christ. This is the glorious doctrine that was the strength of the Apostles when they went forth to the Gentiles to preach a new religion. They began, a few poor fishermen, in a despised corner of the earth. But in a few years, without money to bribe adherents or arms to compel assent, they turned the world upside down. They changed the face of the Roman empire. They emptied the heathen temples of their worshippers, and made the whole system of idolatry crumble away. And what was the weapon by which they did it all? It was free forgiveness through faith in Jesus Christ. This is the doctrine which brought light into Europe 350 years ago, at the time of the blessed Reformation, and enabled one solitary monk, Martin Luther, to shake the whole Church of Rome. Through his preaching and writing the scales fell from men's eyes, and the chains of their souls were loosed. And what was the lever that gave him his power? It was free forgiveness through faith in Jesus Christ. This is the doctrine that revived our own Church in the middle of last

century, when Whitefield and the Wesleys, and Berridge and Venn broke the wretched spirit of slumber which had come over the land, and roused men to think. The sermons of these men, no doubt, were often rough and unpolished. But the matter they contained was 'life from the dead' to myriads of souls. They began a mighty spiritual revolution, without the patronage of Church or State, and with little seeming likelihood of success. They began, few in number, with small encouragement from the rich and great. But they prospered, and produced results for which the ungrateful Church of England has never been sufficiently thankful to this hour. And why? Because they preached free forgiveness through faith in Christ. This is the doctrine which is the true strength of any Church on earth at this day. It is not orders, or endowments, or liturgies, or learning, or grand cathedrals that will keep a Church alive. Let free forgiveness through Christ be faithfully proclaimed in her pulpits, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Let it be buried, or kept back, and her candlestick shall soon be taken away. When the Saracens invaded the lands where Jerome and Athanasius, Cyprian and Augustine, once wrote and preached, they found bishops and liturgies, I make no question. But I fear they found no preaching of free forgiveness of sins, and so they swept the Churches of those lands clean away. They were a body without a vital principle, and therefore they fell. Let us never forget the brightest days of a Church are those when Christ crucified is most exalted. The dens and caves of the earth, where the early Christians met to hear of the love of Jesus, were more full of glory and beauty in God's sight than ever was St Peter's at Rome. The meanest barn at this day, where the true way of pardon is offered to sinners, is a far more honourable place than the Cathedral of Cologne or Milan. A Church is only useful so far as she exalts free forgiveness through Christ. This is the doctrine which, of all others, is the mightiest engine for pulling down the kingdom of Satan. When the Kingswood colliers, near Bristol, first heard it from Whitefield's lips, they wept till their black faces were seamed with white lines of tears. The Greenlanders were unmoved so long as the Moravians told them of the creation and the fall of man; but when they heard of redeeming love, their frozen hearts melted like snow in spring. Preach salvation by the sacraments, exalt the Church above Christ, and keep back the doctrine of the Atonement, and the devil cares little—his goods are at peace. But preach a full Christ and a free pardon, and justification by faith, and then Satan will have great wrath, for he knows he has but a short time. A famous divine of the last century said that he went on preaching morality and nothing else, till he found there was not a moral man in his parish. But when he changed his plan, and began to preach the love of Christ to sinners, then there was a stirring of the dry bones, and a mighty turning to God. My reverend brethren, I know that these are ancient things. But in days like these it is good to be reminded of them. I am thoroughly persuaded that we want no new doctrine in order to do good to souls. We want nothing but the old paths. Walk in them steadily. Make much of Christ. Pray continually for the quickening influences of the Holy Ghost. Settle it in your minds, that where He is nothing is impossible. Work on steadily on these lines, and you may live to see miraculous changes. The Lord God of St Paul, the God who raised up flourishing churches in such dark places as Rome and Corinth and Ephesus, is not dead, but alive. The blackest spiritual wilderness in the colliery districts of Lancashire may yet become a garden of the Lord.

EVANGELICAL DOCTRINE NECESSARY IF PREACHING IS TO BE SUCCESSFUL IN WINNING SOULS.

I invite any opponent of dogmatic theology to name a single instance of a country, or town, or people, which has ever been Christianised by merely telling men that Christ was a great moral Teacher; that they must love one another; that they must be true, and just, and unselfish, and generous, and brotherly, and high-souled, and the like! No! no! no! Not one single victory can such teaching show us: not one trophy can such teaching exhibit. It has wrought no deliverance on the earth. The victories of Christianity, wherever they have been won, have been won by distinct doctrinal theology; by telling men of Christ's vicarious death and sacrifice; by showing them Christ's substitution on the cross and His precious blood; by teaching them justification by faith, and bidding them believe on a crucified Saviour; by preaching ruin by sin, redemption by Christ, regeneration by the Spirit; by lifting up the brazen serpent; by telling men to look and live—to believe, repent, and be converted. This, this is the only teaching which for eighteen centuries God has honoured with success, and is honouring at the present day both at home and abroad. Let the clever advocates of a broad and undogmatic theology—the preachers of the gospel of earnestness, and sincerity, and cold morality, show us at this day any English village, or parish, or city, or district, which has been evangelised without distinct doctrinal teaching by their principles. They cannot do it, and they never will. Christianity without dogma is a powerless thing. It may be beautiful to some minds, but it is childless and barren. There is no getting over facts. The good that is done in the earth may be comparatively small. Evil may abound, and ignorant impatience may murmur and cry out that Christianity has failed. But, depend on it, if we want to do good and shake the world, we must fight with the old apostolic weapons, and stick to 'dis-

tinct doctrine.' No dogma, no fruits! No positive doctrine, no evangelisation!

In the last place, let us turn to the death-beds of all who die with solid comfort and good hope, and appeal to them. There are few of us who are not called on occasionally, as we travel through life, to see people passing through the valley of the shadow of death, and drawing near to their latter end, and to those 'things unseen which are eternal.' We all of us know what a vast difference there is in the manner in which such people leave the world, and the amount of comfort and hope which they seem to feel. Can any of us say that he ever saw a person die in peace who did not know distinctly what he was resting on for acceptance with God, and could only say, in reply to inquiries, that he was 'earnest and sincere?' I can only give my own experience: I never saw one. Oh, no! The story of Christ's moral teaching, and self-sacrifice, and example, and the need of being earnest and sincere, and like Him, will never smooth down a dying pillow. Christ the teacher, Christ the great pattern, Christ the prophet, will not suffice. We want something more than this! We want the story of Christ dying for our sins, and rising again for our justification. We want Christ the mediator, Christ the substitute, Christ the intercessor, Christ the redeemer, in order to meet with confidence the King of Terrors, and to say, 'O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?' Not a few, I believe, who have gloried all their lives in rejecting doctrinal religion, have discovered at last that their 'broad theology' is a miserable comforter, and the gospel of mere 'earnestness' is no good news at all. Not a few, I firmly believe, could be named, who at the eleventh hour have cast aside their favourite, new-fashioned views, and have fled for refuge to the precious blood, and left the world with no other hope than the old-fashioned doctrine of faith in a crucified Jesus. Nothing in their life's religion has given them such peace as the simple truth grasped at the eleventh hour—

'Just as I am: without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.'

I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

EDDIE was very busy looking over his New-Year presents, while his mother sat by hushing baby Helen to sleep.

'How pretty my card is,' Eddie said. 'Mamma, I read what was on it the moment I saw it, though the letters were so queer looking. "I wish you a Happy New Year." Of course I'll be happy with such lots of presents. I guess there'll be enough to make me happy till the year is old.'

'Did your Christmas presents make you so, even that one day, Eddie?' asked his mother, as she quietly rocked the baby.

Eddie looked rather ashamed. He recollected how cross he was, Christmas morning, because Helen had knocked down the great house he had built with his new box of blocks, and how, in the afternoon, he had to be sent to his room for an hour because he was so naughty when his mother thought it was too damp for him to take his new sled out.

No! presents did not make him happy *that* day. Would they another time? Just then from the parlour below came up Jane's voice, singing softly as she dusted the furniture—

'Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.'

'There, Eddie,' said his mother, 'that is the only way for even little children to be really happy. If you begin this year asking Jesus to wash your sins away, and to make you His loving child, you will be happy with playthings or without them. I suspect Jesus remembered how He used to play when He was a little child like you. I think it is very probable that He played in Joseph's shop very often with the blocks and shavings, just as you do with your blocks. I know He never felt or looked angry if any one interfered with Him, though. Who knows but that He helps along the play of little boys who are trying to please Him! He helps grown people with their work, and you can ask Him to bless your play.'

Eddie kissed his mother, and went quietly back to his toys, but he did not forget that New-Year day talk.

A Daily Portion.

JANUARY 7.

'MY PEOPLE DOTH NOT CONSIDER.'—Is. i. 3.

Men live without considering themselves; whence they came, where they are, how they do, whither they go; that all these mathematical lines have earth for their centre. Whence came we? from the earth. Where are we? upon the earth. How live we? unworthy of the earth, or any blessing in it. Whither go we? to the earth. Earth to earth. We are composed of four elements, and they strive in us for the mastery; but the lower gets the better, and there is no rest till earth have the predominance. Yet wicked men live as if there were no earth to devour their bodies, nor gulf lower than earth to swallow their souls. Man's life is a spark, a breath, a smoke; a spark in the heart, a breath in the mouth, a smoke in the nostrils. A drop of water will quench that spark, a little hair can choke that breath, a little air take away that smoke. Look to thy ways, thou livest in a tabernacle, quickly dissolvable; the dart may light upon thee next.—*Adams.*

JANUARY 8.

'AS WE HAVE THEREFORE OPPORTUNITY, LET US DO GOOD UNTO ALL MEN.'—Gal. vi. 10.

Every man must do good in his time. Let us hear the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls: 'I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.' Occasion is happily taken, easily lost. While a minister is in his tabernacle, let him preach; he is now a movable, hereafter he shall be fixed. There shall be no sermons in heaven, for there all are full of grace; there shall be none in hell, for there all are past grace; therefore, so long as I am in this tabernacle I will preach. 'Shall Thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave? or Thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall Thy wonders be known in the dark? and Thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?'—*Adams.*

JANUARY 9.

'I THINK IT MEET, AS LONG AS I AM IN THIS TABERNACLE, TO STIR YOU UP.'—2 Peter i. 13.

The Apostle compares his life to a tabernacle; a little shed or tilt wherein the immortal soul dwells. The metaphor is taken from soldiers, pilgrims, and shepherds, who for the better expedition of their affairs are said to have movable seats. We are soldiers, and must dwell in tents till we have got the victory. We are travellers, and must sleep in pavilions till we come to our city. We are shepherds, and must lodge in the fields, in the folds, to look to our flocks, till the drought consume us in the day, and the frost by night, and our sleep depart from our eyes. This teacheth us the frailness of our life, which is still movable from one part of the earth to another till it be removed to heaven; there it shall abide immovable forever.—*Adams.*

JANUARY 10.

'WE THAT ARE IN THIS TABERNACLE.'—2 Cor. v. 4.

Why art thou proud, O man, that considerest thyself, whose conception was sin, birth a misery, life a punishment, and death a torment? The soul indeed that dwells in this tabernacle is an immortal guest, created by God's hand, formed to His likeness, redeemed with His blood, beautified with His grace, and adopted by His Spirit. She requires not soft lodging and curious food of thee, but thy body's obedience to her, that she may give obedience to Christ; that she be not forced to serve which should rule. For the servant to rule and the mistress to serve is a preposterous overture.—*Adams.*

JANUARY 11.

'JUDE, THE SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST.'—Jude 1.

Jude placeth his service among his titles. He might have urged other things to render himself honourable to the world, but he doth not stand upon those things; it is enough for him to say, 'Jude, a servant.' As Jude, the Lord's cousin, calleth himself His servant, so doth Mary, the Lord's mother, style herself His handmaid, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord.' And the Apostles generally urge it as one of the fairest flowers in their garland, the honour of being Christ's servants; yea, Christ Himself counteth it no dishonour to be styled God's servant. The meanest offices about princes are accounted honourable; to be a groom there is better than to be a lord elsewhere. It is royal and kingly to be God's servant; indeed, every servant there is a king, as Zeba and Zalmunna said of Gideon's brethren, 'They each one resemble the children of a king,' so all these are spiritual kings.—*T. Manton.*

JANUARY 12.

'YE ARE BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.'—1 Cor. vi. 20.

If a man had bought another out of captivity, or he had sold himself, all his strength or service belonged to the buyer. Christ hath bought us from the worst slavery, and with the greatest price; no thraldom so bad as bondage to sin and Satan, no prison so black as hell; and certainly Christ's blood is better than a little money. So that to live as if we were at our own disposal is to defraud Christ of His purchase. Thus we are Christ's by creation and redemption; but now, if we would be His servants, we must be His by voluntary contract and spiritual resignation: 'Yield up yourselves.' Christ loveth to have His right and title established by our own consent. We take Christ for Lord and Master, and give up ourselves to Him, that we may be no longer at our own disposal, and therefore it is not only robbery, but treachery and breach of covenant to seek ourselves in anything.—*T. Manton.*

JANUARY 13.

'I AM THY SERVANT; GIVE ME UNDERSTANDING, THAT I MAY KNOW THY TESTIMONIES.'—Ps. cxix. 125.

David beggeth for knowledge as God's servant. A faithful servant would not willingly offend his master, and therefore would fain know what is his will. They plead with God, and search themselves, and all to know His pleasure; and not only to know it, but to do it, otherwise they are worthy of many stripes by Christ's own sentence. The Master's will should be motive enough. If God will have it so, if Jesus Christ will have it so, it is enough to a faithful servant. The very signification of God's will carrieth with it reason enough to enforce the practice of it. Yea, you must equally comply with every will of God, not only with the easy and pleasant ways of obedience, but such as cross lusts and interests. When two men go together, a man cannot tell whom the servant followeth till they part. When God and our lusts or our interests command contrary things, then you are put to the trial whether you are God's servants.—*T. Manton.*

MORAL TRUTHS AND REVEALED TRUTHS.*

BY EUGENE BERSIER, PASTOR OF THE REFORMED CHURCH OF PARIS.

'If I told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you heavenly things?'—JOHN iii. 12.

A PHARISEE, one of the rulers of the Jews, had come to Christ by night. Nicodemus was evidently sincere; the impression that the person of Christ had produced upon him must have been very powerful ere it could triumph over the prejudices of his caste, and he come to consult a Master that the synagogue already regarded with an eye of hatred. Nevertheless the question that Nicodemus put to Jesus Christ, and the answer of Christ, show that in the eyes of Nicodemus religion was a science above all others in which he wished to instruct Him. With His first words Christ scatters this error. He speaks to the Pharisee of the necessity of an inner transformation, of a moral regeneration, of a veritable new birth, in order to enter into the kingdom of God. Nicodemus does not understand this, and Jesus utters those words which address themselves to men of science in every age and in every school: 'Art thou the teacher of Israel, and understandest not these things?' But it is by these things that he must commence; otherwise, all further revelation of divine truth will be useless, and will not be understood. And, pressing still further this thought, Jesus utters these profound words: 'If I told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you heavenly things?' It is to these words that I desire to-day to draw your attention.

There are, then, according to the formal declaration of Jesus Christ Himself, two parts in His teaching, the one relating to earthly things, the other to heavenly things. What must be understood by this expression—*earthly* things? Manifestly the reference here is not to those curious researches upon nature with which all the philosophers of antiquity were captivated. Jesus Christ never gave Himself out as a revealer of science; it is in another sphere that He is constantly found. Moreover, the reference is not to political or social questions, nor to those problems of law or of jurisprudence which the casuistry of the doctors of Israel loved to search into. Jesus Christ distinctly refused to place Himself upon this platform. The 'earthly things' to which He here refers are those which we call morality, or the duties of man looked at from the point of view of the natural conscience. We can, in effect, in the teaching of Jesus, separate morality from religion properly so-called, although, in reality, as we shall immediately show, He has united them more closely than any one. We can, in other words, above all look at the religion that He preaches in its practical applications in the idea that it gives us of our duties, in the direction that it assigns to our entire activity. It is this that may be called its terrestrial side, in opposition to its celestial side—that is to say, to all that Christ reveals to us of God, of His nature, of His will. These two aspects under which the teaching of Christ presents itself to us have more or less struck different Christian generations. There have been epochs when what has laid hold of man has been the revelation of the divine love, the work of redemption, such as it is presented to us in the Apostolic teaching, especially in the Epistles of Paul. There have been other epochs—the eighteenth century, for example—when, wearied of hearing about religious doctrines, men have preferred to look at the practical side of the gospel, and have approached it above all on the terrestrial and human side. This diversity may be equally observed in the manner in which the gospel has been understood by men of different character. Some have been attracted by that which less moved others. Now, the gospel, in order to be rightly understood, must be laid hold of in its entirety. I wish, by divine aid, to point out to you to-day, first of all,

* Translated from the French for the *Christian Treasury*, by permission of the author, from the sixth volume of his sermons. Paris: M. Fischbacher. 1879.

that Jesus Christ, as a preacher of the moral law, has a right to the sovereign authority that He wishes to exercise over our consciences; in the second place, that he who gives his adhesion upon this point is logically conducted to recognise in Him the revealer of religious truth, the Son of the living God.

First, the moral teaching of Jesus Christ imposes itself upon, or requires submission from, every enlightened conscience. This teaching I cannot now examine in its entirety. I shall, therefore, present only some of its features. In this teaching there is not a shadow of a hesitation, of a doubt, or of a trouble. We do not here perceive the effort of a sincere spirit in a condition of inquiry, nor the exaggeration of a soul that enthusiasm carries to extremes. It is language which comes from above with unequalled authority, with the undoubting conviction that it is about to impose itself upon the world, and rule over the centuries.

Where will you elsewhere find expressed in a manner more clear and certain the idea of the eternal and sovereign value of law? Jesus Christ spoke to one of the epochs of the world in which justice suffered the most outrageous affronts. It was the epoch of Tiberius, and this name says everything. Now, Jesus Christ affirms that not one iota of the moral law is destroyed, and cannot be annihilated; that there is nothing secret that shall not be revealed, that every man shall render an account of his words and of his acts; that all outside deception will not prevent the evil and the good producing their natural fruits. There is in the very simplicity with which this universal law is affirmed an indescribable power, which penetrates the soul. Ordinarily the idea of the last judgment is presented in a manner that specially seizes the imagination, that creates trouble and fear. Here it is affirmed with an unostentatious authority which is the true expression of a just conscience. No one would entertain the idea of raising the voice to express the mathematical laws which govern the physical world; men announce them, and this is all. It is in the same manner that Jesus in His discourses, in His parables, in His minor utterances, asserts the existence of eternal justice.

What I have said of justice I can also say of holiness. Here again Jesus expresses what ought to be. You know with what energy He combats the systems that place holiness in rites, in ceremonies, in external acts. It would doubtless be an error to claim that what Jesus said upon this point was absolutely new. At all times enlightened consciences have realised that holiness ought to be internal. But it would not the less be an error if we did not recognise that nowhere, as in the teaching of Jesus, has the accent been put upon the moving power which gives to actions their true value, upon that which constitutes the good and the evil. Arbitrary, conventional, and legal prescriptions are of no value in His eyes; it is the intention that He looks at. With a people and at an epoch in which casuistry had invaded every circle, when the doctors gravely disputed as at what hour and in what place prayer must be made in order to be efficacious, in what manner every kind of food must be prepared, what was the particular touching the unclean that defiled a man, how many days were necessary to purify him, what distance one might travel on the Sabbath-day, Jesus Christ ceaselessly comes back upon the idea that it is out of the heart that good or bad actions proceed; that it is the heart that must be pure before God. He places evil in the thought as well as in the act, He sees adultery in the look, and murder in the feeling of hatred; He shows that legal alms, prayer, and outward fasting are nothing if they are not the expression of the inner life. And He thus saps at the very root the Pharisaism which lies at the foundation of all religions, because it is at the foundation of every human soul.

But if it is the intention, above all, which constitutes the moral value of an act, a strange abuse might be drawn from this principle. It might be said that the intention is the essential matter, and that an act done with holy intention becomes holy by this very intention. In other words, it might be said that the end sanctifies the means—a dangerous sophism, into which casuists in all ages have fallen, from the Sophists that Socrates bantered, to the Pharisees of Jerusalem, down even to the Moralists that Pascal fought against. Now, you know what light Jesus sheds upon these dark maxims. The Pharisees of His time, for example, taught that every gift made in the Temple, and which in Hebrew was called *Corban*, freed those who offered it from their duties to their families—the service of God being above every natural sentiment. You remember with what energy Jesus combatted this deviation from the first commandment. It is the same also in all His teaching upon the Sabbath, where, in opposition to the holiness which claims to honour God at the expense of man, He ceaselessly presents the true interests of humanity.

Holiness such as He has enjoined has nothing about it contrary to nature, and it is again by this that His teaching is profoundly original and true. He insists upon internal harmony, and the submission of the flesh to the spirit. This had been said a hundred times before Him by the Jewish Essenes, as by the Hindu ascetics or by the Buddhists. But all those who had said it had fallen into ascetic rigorism. In preaching renunciation they made an attack upon nature itself, and their ideal had always been that of monastical holiness, which isolates itself from the world, which it abandons to its destinies, and thus becomes a principle of death for human societies. With Jesus Christ there is nothing of the kind: He sanctifies nature without ever mutilating it. His will is that His disciples be the salt and the light of the world; which supposes that they were not at all to isolate themselves from it, and not at all to curse it. He blesses marriage. He laid his hands upon the little children that had been brought to Him. He so little affects rigorism that His enemies called Him a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber.

Remark another contrast closely connected with that just noticed. No one preached more than Christ the necessity of suffering for righteousness, and of sacrificing oneself for the truth. A man must lose his life in order to save it. This is one of His familiar utterances, and it may be said without a shadow of exaggeration that the gospel has been the grandest school of martyrdom that the world has ever seen. I do not here speak merely of external martyrdom, I speak of that immolation of egotism, of pride, of vanity, which is indeed as heroic as death itself. To look only at the enthusiasm with which self-sacrifice has therein been enjoined, one would be tempted to believe that the gospel holds for nothing the value of the individual; and, meanwhile, where has humanity been more respected than in this book, that might be styled the epic poem of the despised of this world? For the first time man has there been honoured as man. The gospel has no consideration for the artificial and factitious grandeurs which then, as in all times, blinded and seduced humanity; of all which then occupied the world, it does not say one word, but what solicitude and what an ardent interest for the people of no estate, for the humble, for the despised, for whom no one cared! How the value of man there appears to be great! how his life is there clothed with a solemnity hitherto unknown! It is not only in the parables of Jesus Christ, and in their humble heroes, that I observe this feature, it is in the intercourse of the Master with the most degraded of men and the most miserable pariahs of humanity. There are there touches of an exquisite delicacy, of a tenderness which, after eighteen centuries, still moves and penetrates us. We feel that humanity has never been so loved and respected.

If we now study the teaching of Christ upon the relations of men with each other, upon the bonds of justice and compassion which ought to unite them, we arrive at the same conclusions. Jesus Christ has made love the sovereign law of humanity. From a precept which reposed in Deuteronomy liked a withered mummy, He has made the summary of law; He has placed the moral world upon its true axis, He has inaugurated a new order in history.

And He did this not only by words. But what is extraordinary and truly without parallel, He himself exemplified all that He taught. There is not one of His precepts that has not been realised in His life. With all others, and even with the best of men, there is between the theory and the practice a want of harmony, so much the more pitiable as the ideal entertained is so much the greater. They are the holiest of men who have given utterance to the most humiliating avowals of their imperfection and of their misery. With Jesus Christ there is not the slightest trace of this contrast: that which He teaches He Himself is. His life has been submitted to the most searching examination that the love and the hatred of men could devise; and men have discovered nothing therein, I do not say of a crime, of a fault, of a stain, but of a failing, of a feebleness, of a mere vulgarity. Let no one say to me that such a figure has been invented. To invent such a figure, it would need to have been conceived; and where is the sublime unknown who could have conceived it? Moreover, how has this figure come to us? In the scattered fragments of four small biographies, drawn up without art, and without any apparent design, and of which men would be tempted to say that they are manifestly incomplete. It is meanwhile on these pages that we find a perfectly living and popular character, whose words and acts have a stamp of reality that defies all critics. And this character realises a perfection which rules all time and all races; it exists after the most skilful and the most passionate attacks, it stands up before us as the ideal of justice, of purity, of compassion: these are facts that no

one can set aside. They suffice to prove what we affirm—namely, that Christ, the preacher and model of the moral law, has a right to the authority that He claims to exercise over our consciences; in other words, and to employ the expressions of my text, when He speaks to us of earthly things, He has a right to be believed.

I have said that this conclusion imposes itself upon all. I do not say that all accept it. It would be simplicity indeed to sustain such an affirmation. It has often been asserted that the morality of the gospel would easily unite all men, whatever be their divergences upon doctrines. I wish I could believe this. But nothing is less true. The preaching of morality stirs up many other antipathies than that of doctrine does; it specially offends the intelligence, but the preaching of morality encounters the secret, the profound, the unavowed opposition of the heart. Reckon up, if you can, all that spontaneously leagues itself against it in human souls: first, the thoughtlessness that leads the majority of men never to put to themselves the question of their real destiny, never to take duty too seriously to heart; then the resistances that each of the commandments, to which we subscribe in theory, meet with in our habits, in our sluggish wills, in our fleshly minds; then the sophisms by which we reassure ourselves, finding in what concerns ourselves extenuating circumstances, presenting excuses which we would never take seriously with regard to others. He must, indeed, be blind to believe that a law which enjoins the most absolute truth, purity, humility, and the spirit of self-sacrifice will be spontaneously received by beings inclined to corruption, to falsehood, to pride, to egotism. We must, then, look for a separation among the hearers of the moral teaching of Jesus Christ. There will be frivolous souls, who will not take it seriously for a moment; there will be enthusiasts of an hour, who, after having admitted it in theory, will abandon it in the hour of sacrifice; there will be perverse persons, who will close the eyes to the light, and will curse the truth which condemns their whole life. But, on the other hand, at all times you will see men that this teaching will reach, will stir, will convince, who will accept it in spite of what it has for them of the severe and terrible, who will find a profound correspondence between this outward law and the inner law of their conscience. These men will follow Jesus Christ as the preacher of the moral law, and will believe in Jesus Christ, the revealer of religious truth; for if unbelief in regard to the first leads to unbelief in regard to second, we may reason the same way wh is faith that acts.

(*To be continued.*)

Heaven and Prayer.

(See Rutherfurd's 'Christ Dying and Draw Sinners to Himself.' 1647. Pp. 172-174.

When souls are in a praying frame,
The heav'nly post has wings,
And from the throne of God with spe
A gracious answer brings.

Prayer's Agent's in the court of heav'n
And God have open ears;
Solicitors we have with Him,
In sighs, and groans, and tears.

Good care Christ takes that audience
These messengers be giv'n;
Indeed, to intercede for us,
He ever lives in heav'n.

As with the dead, when He was laid,
Heav'n to His bedside came;
So, in His saddest, hardest straits,
His comfort was the same.

The saints have daily traffic there,
Because it is the land
Where their dear Brother, Factor, Fri
Is set at God's right hand.

Apostles, prophets, angels, saints,
In numbers great are there;
Yet no Days-man have we but Christ-
The fairest of the fair.

From thence comes ev'ry perfect gift,
Like manna, day by day;
Our home's on high, though here we l
In bits of groaning clay.

If in a land on earth there were
No sickness, death, nor fear,
But trees of life their apples bore
Twelve summers ev'ry year;

Where all the stones were sapphires p
Or diamonds bright and clear,
And all the dust was Ophir gold,
Who would not for it steer?

But heav'n is such a land as this,
Yea, better ev'ry way;
No winter blight, nor darksome night,
But one eternal day.

Its fruits are grace, peace, righteousne
Joy in the Holy Ghost;
And He is e'en the Tree of Life
Who came to save the lost.

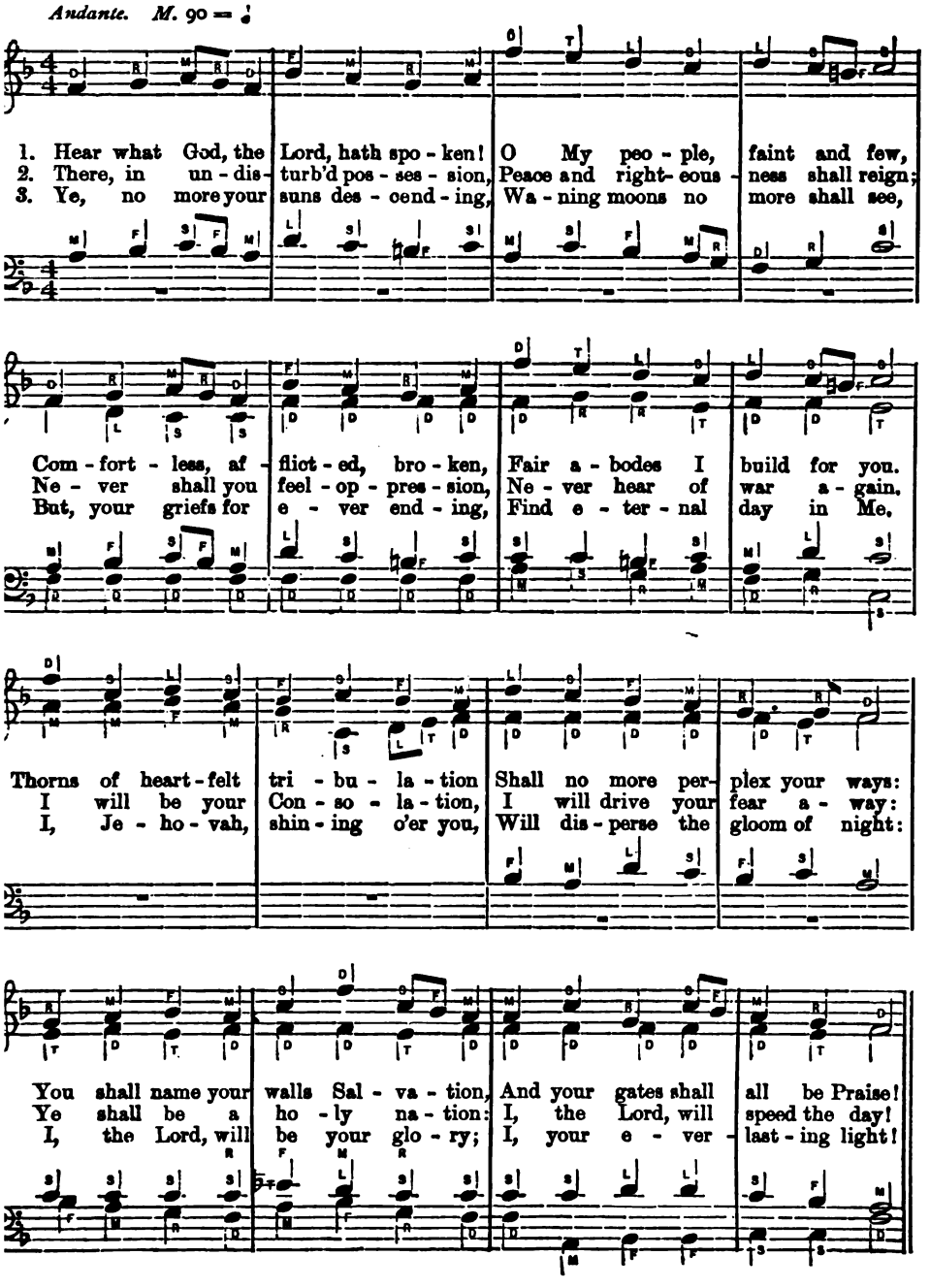
Grace cheaper is than aught of earth—
No need of money there—
Then let us sojourn in that land
By frequent, faithful prayer.

D. Hay Flemi

Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken.

Words by
COWPER.

Huguenot Melody.

Andante. *M.* 90 = ♩

1. Hear what God, the Lord, hath spo - ken! O My peo - ple, faint and few,
2. There, in un - dis- turb'd pos - ses - sion, Peace and right- eous - ness shall reign;
3. Ye, no more your suns des - cend - ing, Wa - ning moons no more shall see,
Com - fort - less, af - flict - ed, bro - ken, Fair a - bodes I build for you.
Ne - ver shall you feel - op - pres - sion, Ne - ver hear of war a - gain.
But, your griefs for e - ver end - ing, Find e - ter - nal day in Me.
Thorns of heart - felt tri - bu - la - tion Shall no more per- plex your ways:
I will be your Con - so - la - tion, I will drive your fear a - way:
I, Je - ho - vah, shin - ing o'er you, Will dis - perse the gloom of night:
You shall name your walls Sal - va - tion, And your gates shall all be Praise!
Ye shall be a ho - ly na - tion: I, the Lord, will speed the day!
I, the Lord, will be your glo - ry; I, your e - ver - last - ing light!

THE MARTYR GRAVES OF THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, BY LOCKERBIE.

CHAPTER I.

DUMFRIES.

THE South-Western Railway from Glasgow speedily took us away from the iron and the coal district of the west of Scotland to the pastoral valleys of the Nith. It was the close of April, and the cold north wind had kept back all growth, so that the ground was as bare as it well could be. Around Glasgow the farmer does his best to clear the surface of the stones that will crop up after the frost of winter. As we came near Dumfries, the quantities of small stones lying, as if sown broadcast over the fields, showed that here the farmer must follow an opposite practice, and find it for his profit—possibly to warm the cold soil—to keep them on the surface in plentiful abundance.

The neighbourhood of Dumfries has much about it that is beautiful. The pastoral hills in the distance, the winding waters of the Nith, the richly-wooded nature of the landscape, and the villas that peep out every here and there from among the trees, combine to make it pleasant to the eye, and not unworthy of the title its citizens love to give it—the Queen of the South. Dumfries itself has the air of a prosperous market town. It is a place of some antiquity; its earliest charter is from Robert III., and is dated 28th April 1395; but time has spared little of its ancient buildings. Perhaps its oldest relic of the past is the bridge of Devorgilla, the wife of John Baliol. She died in 1289. This venerable-looking structure had originally nine arches, but three have been removed to give more room on the street now formed on the Dumfries side of the Nith. The six arches that remain are each somewhat different the one from the other, and are evidently the product of a time when builders were students of nature, and regarded its boundless variety as more worthy of imitation than the dull uniformity so characteristic of many public buildings in the age in which we live. Dumfries has had ample justice done to it by its local historians. The most recent of these—Mr William M'Dowall—has perhaps been the most diligent of them all. In a volume entitled 'History of the Burgh of Dumfries' (Edinburgh, 1867), of upwards of nine hundred pages, he has left not a stone unturned in order to illustrate its history and condition from early times to our own day. In a smaller volume, 'Memorials of St Michael's, the Old Parish Churchyard of Dumfries' (Edinburgh, 1876), he has chronicled, so far as known, the story of many of the inmates of this venerable resting-place of the dead. It was this churchyard, with Mr M'Dowall's book as our guide, to which we now directed our steps. It lies to the south-east of the town. It is crowded with monuments of all shapes and sizes, but, as a whole, their inscriptions, with one or two marked exceptions, are somewhat prosaic and commonplace for a district that has had its poets of no mean fame.

The grave-stones we were in search of are near the centre of the churchyard. They lie close to a prominent granite obelisk, erected in 1837 to commemorate the martyrs whose mortal remains rest under them. Two of the stones are on the north side of this obelisk. When we visited the stones in 1870, they lay level with the ground, and were much worn, and partly chipped away. In 1873 a subscription was raised, very much through the exertions of Mr M'Dowall, and they were repaired, or rather renewed, in their present form. All their old features have been carefully retained, with the addition that, with a view to their better preservation, they were raised on supports about two feet from the ground.

The larger of the two stones is about six feet long by two feet four inches broad. The lettering of the inscription is deeply cut in the manner of Old Mortality, and in letters of about two inches in length. The inscription is—

WERE RE-ERECTED

HERE LYES WILLIAM
GREIRSON PENTLAND
MARTYR FOR HIS
ADHERING TO THE
WORD OF GOD AND
APPEARING FOR CHRI
STS KINGLIE GOVERME
NT IN HIS HOUSE AND
THE COVENANTED WO
RK OF REFORMATION: A
GAINST PERJURY: AND
PRELACY EXECUTED
JAN. 2 1667: REV: 12.11

THIS AND THE NEIGHBOURING TOMBSTONE
SHALL JUDGE THEIR JUDGES
BY SUFFRAGE SAINTS
THESE HELLISH DRUGES
WHEN HE CONDEMNS
KINGLIE RIGHT
SINCE MARTYR'D FOR HIS
SIGHT
YET PRECIOUS IN IMMENUL'S
DUST SACRIFICD TO TYRANY
DOTH LY
UNDER THIS STONE LO HERE

AND REPAIRED BY VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION

IN MARCH 1873-

The smaller stone is about the same length, but is not more than two feet in breadth. The letters are of the same size as those on the other, and are also very deeply cut. The inscription is—

HERE LYES WILLIAM
WELSH, PENTLAND
MARTYR, FOR HIS
ADHERING TO THE
WORD OF GOD AND
APPEARING FOR
CHRISTS KINGLY
GOVERMENT IN HIS
HOUSE AND THE CO
VENANTED WORK
OF REFORMATION:
AGAINST PERJURY
AND PRELACIE EXE
CUTE JANR 2:
1667 REV: 12. 11.

STAY, PASSENGER, AND READ,
HERE INTER'D DOTH LY
A WITNESS GAINST POOR
SCOTLANDS PERJURY,
WHOSE HEAD ONCE FIX'D UP
ON THE BRIDGE PORT STOOD
PROCLAIMING VENGEANCE
FOR HIS GUILTLES BLOOD.

REPAIRED MARCH 1873

The third stone is about twelve paces to the orth-west of the obelisk. It is about seven et in length by two in breadth, and in its ttering and form is similar to the other two. he inscription is—

HERE LYES JAMES
KIRK A MARTYR,
SHOT DEAD UPON
THE SANDS OF DR
UMFREIS: FOR HIS
ADHEREING TO THE
WORD OF GOD CHR
ISTS KINGLY GOVE
RMENT IN HIS HO
USE: AND THE COV
ENANTED WORK OF
REFORMATION AG
AINST TIRRANNIE,
PERJURIE; AND PR
ELACIE. 1658. REV:
12 11 MAR

BY BLOODY BRUCE, AND WRETCHED
WRIGHT
I LOST MY LIFE: IN GREAT DESPIGH
T
SHOT DEAD, WITHOUT DUE TIME
TO TRY,
AND FIT ME FOR ETERNITY,
A WITNESS OF PRELATICK RAGE
AS EVER WAS IN ANIE AGE.

Little is known of William Grierson and William Welsh. Both had surrendered themselves as prisoners after the battle of Pentland. With a view of terrifying the west of Scotland from ever attempting a similar rising, they, with other ten (for a full account of whom see 'Martyr Graves of Scotland,' vol. ii. p. 213, &c., and p. 243, &c.), were tried at Ayr, 24th December 1666, and found guilty of treason, and on January 2, 1667, they were executed at Dumfries.

James Kirk, or James Kirko, as he is called by the 'Cloud of Witnesses' and Wodrow, belonged to the parish of Keir. It would seem that he had not been attending the parish church, and to avoid the Oath of Abjuration disowning the Society's Declaration against Informers, he had left his house, and was in concealment in the parish of Holywood. Here a James Wright professed great kindness to him, and directed him to a hiding-place not far off, where he would be in safety. Meanwhile Wright gave information to the soldiers in Dumfries that there were wanderers not far from his house. A Captain Bruce, with a party of dragoons, speedily came and seized James Kirk in his hiding-place. Bruce offered him the Abjuration Oath, which he modestly refused, as 'inconsistent with his solemn oaths to God.' He was now ordered to prepare for death, when he sung—

'I'll of salvation take the cup,
On God's name will I call;
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord,
Before His people all.
Dear in God's sight is His saints' death,
Thy servant, Lord, am I:
Thy servant sure, Thine handmaid's son,
My bands Thou didst untie;'

and read a portion of Scripture, and prayed. The dragoons pressed him to tell them the haunts of his fellow-wanderers, and his life would be spared; but he replied he dare not redeem his life at so dear a rate.

After this they seem to have taken him to Dumfries, and kept him prisoner there for a night. In the morning he was brought out to the sands, where Captain Bruce put some more questions to him, which he declined to answer, and he was ordered immediately to be shot. He begged that his life be spared for another day. 'No, no,' was Bruce's reply; 'no more time, the devil a peace you can now get made up.' Kirk calmly answered, 'Sir, you mistake it; you cannot mar my peace with God.' At this Bruce got into a rage, and cried to the soldiers, 'Dogs, make ready, for the devil a peace shall he get more.' 'Some gentlewomen' now interceded for his life, but it was of no avail, for he was immediately shot, without giving him time to pray. The 'Cloud of Witnesses' records that Dalziel of Binn's second son was one of those that shot him, although he had not been ordered to do so.

THE gospel is not a revolutionary, disorganising element; but was designed to eliminate what is evil, and to exalt and purify what is in itself indifferent.

SHEET ALMANACS.

THE approach of the New Year has brought round the Almanacs again. Their makers must have been busy during the summer, and in most instances for the instruction and profit of their readers. Comparing them with almanacs of forty years ago, the change is immeasurably for the better. The tone, the variety and fulness of information, the artistic beauty of nearly all of them are worthy of high commendation. It is a wonder to us, who live away from where such things are produced, how they can be sold for the price they are published at. To review the Almanacs of the year would be a Herculean task, so many are they in number. We simply propose to look at four of one class — the Penny Sheet Almanacs.

First, we take one of the oldest, if not the oldest, and still one of the best of its class—the *Sheet Almanac of the Religious Tract Society*. It has fully the average amount of almanac information, but the daily texts have been selected according to a special and very useful plan. After a text for the Lord's Day, a word is selected, and the other days of the week are other passages where this word is used. For January it is—

1	S	From this day will I bless you.
2	M	The Lord shall *guide* thee continually.
3	Tu	I will *guide* thee with Mine eye.
4	W	My Father, Thou art the *Guide* of my youth.
5	Th	For Thy Name's sake lead me, and *guide* me.
6	F	He will be our *Guide* even unto death.
7	S	The meek will He *guide* in judgment.
8	S	As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
9	M	See then that ye *walk* circumspectly.
10	Tu	*Walk* before Me, and be thou perfect.
11	W	*Walk* as children of light.
12	Th	They shall *walk* with Me in white.
13	F	*Walk* worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing.
14	S	*Walk* in newness of life.
15	S	The Lord knoweth them that are His.
16	M	*Keep* yourselves from idols.
17	Tu	*Keep* the door of my lips.
18	W	I...will *keep* thee from the hour of temptation.
19	Th	He will *keep* the feet of His saints.
20	F	*Keep* yourselves in the love of God.
21	S	*Keep* thy tongue from evil.
22	S	Let us go on unto perfection.
23	M	I *know* that my Redeemer liveth.
24	Tu	Cause me to *know* the way wherein I should
25	W	I *know* thy works. [walk.
26	Th	For I *know* whom I have believed.
27	F	I *know* that Thou canst do everything.
28	S	I am the Good Shepherd, and *know* My sheep.
29	S	Fear thou not,...I will help thee.
30	M	*Ask*, and it shall be given you.
31	Tu	Whatsoever we *ask* we receive of Him.

The British Workman Almanac is a larger sheet, and with larger pictures than that of the Tract Society's, although it does not contain so much of the information usually sought for in an almanac. But its selection of Scripture passages is also excellent, and its paragraphs on savings banks, on the broken jar, on Sabbath work in the Post Office, and cabs, are as appropriate as they are likely to do good. We transfer its texts for February, and a paragraph on how to stop the delivery of letters by the postman on the Lord's Day:—

1	W	It is the Spirit that beareth witness.
2	Th	He will guide you into all truth.
3	F	I will render praises unto Thee.
4	S	The Lord...will preserve me.
5	S	Let brotherly love continue.
6	M	Commit thy way unto the Lord.
7	Tu	God...will also raise up us.
8	W	The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich.
9	Th	If one died for all, then were all dead.
10	F	The...righteous speaketh wisdom. [word.
11	S	Strengthen Thou me according unto Thy
12	S	Follow Me.
13	M	As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
14	Tu	Godliness with contentment is great gain.
15	W	Affliction cometh not forth of the dust.
16	Th	Walk ye in Him.
17	F	Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.
18	S	Do all things without murmurings.
19	S	Lay hold on eternal life.
20	M	Fight the good fight of faith.
21	Tu	Have ye received the Holy Ghost?
22	W	Teach me Thy way, O Lord.
23	Th	See that ye love one another.
24	F	Lead me in a plain path.
25	S	Having food and raiment let us be...content.
26	S	Behold the Lamb of God.
27	M	To be carnally minded is death.
28	Tu	He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.

'I HAVE BEEN CARRYING PEOPLE THEIR LETTERS INSTEAD OF GOING TO CHURCH.'

These words were uttered with deep feeling by a rural postman, just as the congregation were leaving the village church. For four hours the man had been on his 'round.' Over twelve miles of ground he had tramped with his letter-bag that Sabbath morning. On entering into conversation with him, I found that from the 1st of January to the last of December he had 'NO *Sabbath rest*.'

What public servants are entitled to our sympathy and help more than postmen? London gives *its* postmen the rest of the Sabbath; but in the provinces they have to toil Sunday and week-day alike! *The public have the power of giving this boon to the postmen at once*, without any appeal to Parliament! If every parishioner will write to his postmaster and say, 'Please don't deliver my letters on the Sunday,' the Sunday work of the letter-carriers will cease.'

The Band of Hope Almanac is, like the British Workman Almanac, issued by Messrs S. W. Partridge & Co., and is, like it, and, indeed, all their publications, remarkable for the beauty of its illustrations. It is just the almanac for the wall of the nursery. We transfer its daily texts for March, and a paragraph on The Half-way House.

1	W	Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.
2	Th	Examine yourselves. [tion.
3	F	Blessed is the man that endureth tempta-
4	S	As much as lieth in you, live peaceably.
5	S	Ask in faith, nothing wavering.
6	M	My son, give Me thine heart.
7	Tu	He only is my rock and my salvation.
8	W	Present your bodies a living sacrifice.
9	Th	Mercy rejoiceth against judgment.
10	F	Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.
11	S	Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive.
12	S	The Lord loveth the gates of Zion.
13	M	Be not conformed to this world.
14	Tu	Fret not thyself because of evil men.
15	W	Receive with meekness the engrafted word.
16	Th	Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord.
17	F	Every tree is known by his own fruit.
18	S	He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity.
19	S	Take heed...how ye hear.
20	M	Pride goeth before destruction.
21	Tu	The thought of foolishness is sin.
22	W	Let love be without dissimulation.
23	Th	Trust in the Lord, and do good.
24	F	O Lord, how great are Thy works.
25	S	See that none render evil for evil.
26	S	Buy the truth, and sell it not.
27	M	If ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin.
28	Tu	The way of transgressors is hard.
29	W	Render...to all their dues. [me.
30	Th	I will call upon Thee; for Thou wilt answer
31	F	Is any thing too hard for the Lord?

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

S. Warren, Esq., Q.C., the well-known author of 'The Diary of a Late Physician,' and other works, once addressing the Grand Jury of the Hull Easter Sessions, said, in his capacity as Recorder, 'A dram-shop has always appeared to me, ever since I began to take an interest in criminal matters, and that is now many years ago, *as simply the half-way house to Norfolk Island or the hulks.* Two-thirds of the crime committed is committed by persons who intentionally, or unintentionally, have placed themselves beyond control by the liquor they have drunk.'

Mr Spurgeon's *John Ploughman's Almanac*, like everything he does, bears the stamp of genius. It must now be in its tenth or eleventh year, but it shows no falling off; indeed, perhaps it has never been better than in the one for 1882. Its collection of proverbs is as racy as ever. In one of its short notes Mr Spurgeon pleads very characteristically for the Stockwell Orphanage. There will very soon be five hundred children in it. They need money to support them, and he asks his readers to get an order on the Post Office, and send it on at once. 'It will do you good to do good, and the blessing of them that are ready to perish will come upon you.' As a specimen of the riches in John Ploughman's Almanac, we transfer the Proverbs for April, and The Ploughman's Belief:—

1	S	He who knows everything is a fool but does [not know it.
2	S	Sin kisses and kills.
3	M	A small house is big enough for love. [aim.
4	Tu	To speak without thinking is to shoot without
5	W	When things are at their worst they will
6	Th	Judge a daughter by her mother. [mend.
7	F	Do not throw the handle after the hatchet.
8	S	Hear both sides or none.
9	S	As is God's majesty such is His mercy.
10	M	Too much sail suits not a small boat.
11	Tu	Call a fig a fig. [a worse supper.
12	W	Dependence on others is a bad breakfast and
13	Th	Leave it alone if you cannot improve it.
14	F	Those in the same boat should row together.
15	S	Ill weeds grow apace; folly runs a rapid race.
16	S	Learn to hear and hear to learn.
17	M	It takes all sorts of people to make up a world.
18	Tu	Mind your courting does not end in court.
19	W	He who is full of care lives like a hare.
20	Th	Money spent on brain is never spent in vain.
21	F	Time enough is little enough.
22	S	Beware of the time when 'the door is shut.'
23	S	Christ took the burden of our misery to give us
24	M	No bees, no honey. [the benefit of His mercy.
25	Tu	He that hath no wife is poor.
26	W	Wear your greatcoat till May, for fickle is
27	Th	Never meet troubles half way. [the day.
28	F	Before you get a bird provide a cage.
29	S	Empty tubs are easy rolled; bald heads are [quickly polled.
30	S	We must not let crosses load us down, but we must lift them up and carry them.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S BELIEF.

I believe that there is a God, and that He sees me and knows all that I do. I am sorry to say He must have known me do a great deal that is wrong. I feel sure that His pure mind has been grieved with me for the faults of my living, and therefore I dare not trust to my good works, or my prayers, or anything I can do. I have read in the Bible, which I believe to be the Word of God, that God sent His own Son into the world, born of a woman, to take up our cause and make amends for our sins; and this I do firmly believe. Then I find that Jesus Christ saves all those who put their trust in Him, and as He is God as well as man, and has offered a great sacrifice for sin, I feel that I can safely rely upon Him. Since I have done so, I have become quite a new man: whereas I was blind, now I see. Either the world has grown new, or else I have; and as I find my old companions are much the same as they used to be, I feel pretty sure that the change is in me. A rare change it is, for I love the things I once hated, and I hate the things I once loved. I seem to see all things in a fresh light; and one thing I know, I have a feeling that God is all around me, and that in Him I live. Some

ways this is a check to me, for it keeps me back from sinning; and other ways it is a kind of spur, and urges me on to do my best as in God's sight.

I believe that God hears prayer, and certainly He has answered mine, weak as they are. I believe that His providence takes care of all His people, and I am sure He has watched over me in many ways, for which I bless His name. I believe also that He has given His Holy Spirit to dwell in renewed hearts, and I have known His secret power on my poor heart, to guide and comfort me. I believe that though I die I shall rise again, and in my flesh shall see God, and I am persuaded that the Lord whom I trust will keep me to that day, and give me a place among His risen ones. Wherefore I am of good cheer, and patiently wait till the Lord Jesus shall come to take me to Himself. I meet with some who try to shake me out of my belief, but it is of no use, for the gospel of God is the life of my soul, and I would sooner part with all things than give up my only hope. I sigh and cry because my fellow-ploughmen reject the truth which is so precious to me, and I pray God that these few words of mine may show some of them the way, and may God's blessed Spirit lead them in it. Amen.

THE GRACE OF MERCY.

THE FIFTH BEATITUDE.

BY MARY C. WYETH.

'MAMMA,' said Lina, 'I should think Mr Ray had forgotten that there ever was a promise made to the merciful. He shows no pity for any one's weakness, and has no mercy upon any one who fails to come up to his standard. His boys, his own children, avoid him, simply because they never meet him that he does not blame them for something. No matter how small the offence, he never excuses it, or makes the least allowance for it. He just makes all there is to be made of it, and censures without regard to one's feelings. I would hate to have my father treat my faults as harshly as the Ray boys' father treats theirs. I don't believe I could love him as well. Phil Ray says his father doesn't know what it is to have mercy. He sets your sins in array before you, and then just scorches you with his words of condemnation. It doesn't do the boys a bit of good either. Isn't it too bad?'

Mrs Lacy sighed. She had often yearned over her neighbour's sons, bright, lovable lads, whose young hearts were becoming hardened, and their lives soured by the strict and censorious treatment of their harsh and almost tyrannical father.

'I'm afraid that poor Mr Ray seldom thinks of the sweet promise,' she said, 'or if he does, he fails to feel his lack of title to the blessing. There will come a time, however, when he will need the mercy he is so reluctant to extend to others. I hope he will learn, by some process, the excellent lesson of the blessedness of mercy, before that times comes. None of us are so perfect that we have never need of the merciful consideration of our fellows. None of us are so conditioned that we find never occasion to show mercy. Our loving Saviour, to teach us the duty of cherishing a merciful spirit, has included in the Beatitudes a special promise to the merciful. We shall surely need mercy, the mercy of man, and God's mercy. The promise is that if we deal mercifully with our fellow-men, God will bless us by conferring on us His sovereign mercy. It is strange indeed that any are willing to shut themselves off from the mercy of God, by hardening their hearts against their fellow-beings, and treating them with censoriousness and cruelty.'

'God is merciful,' said Lina. 'His mercy endureth for ever. The Bible tells us that He delights to show mercy.'

'Yes,' replied her mamma. 'And in nothing do we imitate God more than in showing mercy. We read in the Psalms that mercy is an attribute of all good men. "The righteous is ever merciful." And how many were the blessings pronounced upon Israel of old "when he showeth mercy."'

Lina slowly repeated the words of Jesus, 'Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.' Then her thoughts turning again to the Ray boys, and their severe father, she said thoughtfully, 'I wish some one would put Mr Ray in mind of this beatitude.'

'Let us learn the sweet lesson of gentle mercy ourselves,' said her mother. 'It may be that by so doing we may recommend, by our example in daily life, the heavenly virtue to others. Let us not blame harshly or unreasoningly those whom we deem blameworthy, lest by so doing we exhibit the very lack of the quality of mercy that we so much deplore in others. We must have merciful thoughts toward all, if we would truly attain to the state of happiness spoken of by our blessed and mercy-loving Lord. In His mercy He makes opportunity for us to do good to others. We may obtain the mercy of such opportunity to benefit our neighbour Mr Ray, if we earnestly seek it from Him who has promised that the merciful shall obtain mercy.'

Blind Bartimeus.

BY KATHLEEN MARY SMITH, AUTHOR OF 'ORPHAN LOTTIE.'

'He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness.'

Blind Bartimeus sat by the gate
Thronged with the high, the rich, and the great,
But no one heedeth his lonely cry,
His hollow cheek and his sightless eye;
And thus he is sitting day by day,
Begging an alms from the rich in the way.

The wayside beggar is old and blind,
He has no father, no mother kind,
Perchance no son, neither daughter dear,
His age to brighten, his life to cheer;
No loving friend unto whom he can say,
'Lead me onward, and show me the way.'

His form is bent and his locks are grey,
He never knows the night from the day.
But ah! far worse! he is blind within,
His soul is sightless and full of sin;
He does not even know how to pray,
'Jesus, my Saviour, show me the way.'

But now, as he sits in the gathering crowd,
He hears the multitude clamouring loud;
He raises his voice in this joyful cry,
'It is the Saviour who passeth by.'
He knows 'tis the Saviour; he will not stay,
Though the crowd are angry that throng the way.

'Jesus of Nazareth, pity me!
Open mine eyes, so that I may see!'
'What wilt thou have?' saith the Prince of Light.
'Lord, that I might receive my sight.
O Lord, I am weary day by day;
I have no friend who will show me the way.'

'If then thou believest,' the Lord replies;
He toucheth him gently, He opes his eyes.
He is blind no longer, oh, wondrous sight!
His spirit is filled with a new-born light;
He worships his Saviour, he hears Him say,
'I am the life, the truth, and the way.'

The wayside beggar is blind no more,
He sees as he never saw before;
He has not been given the riches of earth,
But a treasure in heaven, a second birth,
And a loving friend, unto whom he can say,
'Lead me onward, and show me the way.'

If any there be who are blind within,
Whose souls are sightless and full of sin,
Who have never rejoiced in the living light,
But who walked alone in the shadows of night,
Oh! kneel to the Saviour, kneel and pray,
'Lead me onward, and show me the way.'

The Friend of the beggar will lend an ear,
If the prayer is earnest the Lord will hear;
'Those who will come unto Me in faith
I will save to the uttermost,' Jesus saith.
The gentle Saviour to thee will say
'Follow thou Me, for I am the way.'

WHAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE?—Suppose the enemies of Christianity should succeed in destroying it. This is what they mean, if they mean anything. Suppose the Bible burned, the churches closed, the pulpits silenced, all Christian schools of instruction stopped, all Christian institutions of whatever kind overthrown, all Christian doctrines, Christian piety, Christian duty, Christian worship, Christian influence, Christian life in public and in private, in the church and in the family, by individuals and communities, to be wholly a thing of the past, and no trace of them permitted to remain anywhere in all the land. This would be the result if they should succeed in their insane crusade against Christianity. What would we choose instead? What systems now prevailing anywhere in the wide world would we adopt in place of discarded Christianity? Where would we look for a better system than that which we would so wholly renounce? We have cut down this tree; where do we find another that bears better fruit? Let us look around and see what systems prevail in the world, and under whose control large numbers of the people are now living. Which would be selected in place of Christianity renounced?—*E. Greenwald, D.D.*

A Daily Portion.

JANUARY 14.

'THE WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.' —Eph. iii. 15.

As we have a glorious Master, so consider your fellow-servants, the glorified saints and we make but one family. And the angels themselves are called His ministers: 'Ye ministers of His that do His pleasure;' they are a part of God's attendance, and wait upon their Master's person. When we have such fellow-servants, we should not count our work a slavery and baseness; it can be no disparagement to us to be in the same rank and order with the angels and saints departed. Value the honour that you have by Christ's service; as that emperor counted it a greater privilege to be a member of the Church than head of the empire. Look upon duty as an honour, and service as a privilege. And if ever you be put to your choice, either to enjoy the greatest outward honours, or to serve Christ with disgrace, choose the latter. Moses 'refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter when he came to age.' Galeacius Carraciolus left the honour of his marquisate for an

obscure life and the gospel at Geneva. Indignities and dishonours done you in the way of duty are honours; 'reproaches for Christ's sake' are treasure. One of Paul's honorary titles is, 'Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ;' and elsewhere he holdeth up his chain in a kind of triumph: 'For the hope of Israel am I bound with this chain.' Whatever befalleth us in and for our service to Christ, be it never so disgraceful, it is rather a mark of honour than a brand of shame.—*T. Manton.*

JANUARY 15.

'BLESSED BE THE GOD AND FATHER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, WHO ACCORDING TO HIS ABUNDANT MERCY HATH BEGOTTEN US AGAIN UNTO A LIVELY HOPE BY THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST FROM THE DEAD.'—1 Peter i. 3.

It is a cold, lifeless thing to speak of spiritual things upon mere report. But they that speak of them as their own, as having share and interest in them, and some experience of their sweetness, their discourse of them is enlivened with firm belief and ardent affection; they cannot mention them, but their hearts are straight taken with such gladness as they are forced to vent in praises. Thus our Apostle here, and St Paul (Eph. i), and often elsewhere, when they considered these things wherewith they were about to comfort the godly to whom they wrote, they were suddenly elevated with the joy of them, and broke forth into thanksgiving; so teaching us, by their example, what real joy there is in the consolations of the gospel, and what praise is due from all the saints to the God of those consolations. This is such an inheritance that the very thoughts and hopes of it are able to sweeten the greatest griefs and afflictions. What, then, shall the possession of it be, wherein there shall be no rupture, nor the least drop of any grief at all?—*Leighton.*

JANUARY 16.

'THE EXCELLENCY OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST JESUS MY LORD.'—Phil. iii. 8.

The sun seems less than the wheel of a chariot; but reason teaches the philosopher that it is much bigger than the whole earth, and the cause why it seems so little is its great distance. The naturally wise man is as far deceived by this carnal reason in his estimate of Jesus Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, and the cause is the same, his great distance from Him, as the Psalmist speaks of the wicked, Thy judgments are far above out of his sight. He accounts Christ and His glory a smaller matter than his own gain, honour, or pleasure; for these are near him, and he sees their quantity to the full, and counts them bigger, yea, far more worth than they are indeed. But the Apostle Paul, and all that are enlightened by the same spirit, they know by faith, which is divine reason, that the excellency of Jesus Christ far surpasses the worth of the whole earth, and all things earthly.—*Leighton.*

JANUARY 17.

'THE PATH OF THE JUST IS AS THE SHINING LIGHT, THAT SHINETH MORE AND MORE UNTO THE PERFECT DAY.'—Prov. iv. 18.

Still making forward, and ascending towards perfection, moving as fast when they are clouded with affliction as at any time else; yea, all that seems to work against them furthers them. Those graces that would possibly grow heavy and unwieldy by too much ease are held in breath, and increase their activity and strength by conflict. Divine grace, even in the heart of weak and sinful man, is an invincible thing. Drown it in the waters of adversity, it rises more beautiful, as not being drowned indeed, but only washed; throw it into the furnace of fiery trials, it comes out purer, and loses nothing but the dross which our corrupt nature mixes with it.—*Leighton.*

JANUARY 18.

'ABOVE ALL, TAKING THE SHIELD OF FAITH.'—Eph. vi. 16.

Faith will be of more use to us than any grace. As an eye, though dim, was of more use to an Israelite than all the other members of his body, not a strong arm or a nimble foot; it was his eye looking on the brazen serpent that cured him. It is not knowledge, though angelical, not repentance, though we could shed rivers of tears, could justify us; only faith, whereby we look on Christ. Without faith it is impossible to please God; and if we do not please Him by believing, He will not please us in saving of us. Faith is the condition of the covenant of grace; without faith, without covenant; and without covenant, without hope.—*T. Watson.*

JANUARY 19.

'HOLDING THE MYSTERY OF THE FAITH IN A PURE CONSCIENCE.'—1 Tim. iii. 9.

Faith is in the soul as fire among metals, it refines and purifies; morality may wash the outside, faith washeth the inside. Having purified their hearts by faith; faith makes the heart a sacrary, or holy of holies. Faith is a virgin-grace, though it doth not take away the life of sin, yet love of sin. Examine if your hearts be an unclean fountain, sending out mud and dirt, pride, envy; if there be legions of lusts in thy soul, there is no faith. Faith is a heavenly plant, which will not grow in an impure soil.—*T. Watson.*

JANUARY 20.

'I BESEECH YOU THAT YE WALK WORTHY OF THE VOCATION WHEREWITH YE ARE CALLED.'—Eph. iv. 1.

Walk compassionately. Pity such as are yet uncalled. Hast thou a child that God hath not yet called, a wife, a servant? weep over their dying souls; they are in their blood, under the power of Satan. Oh pity them! let their sins more trouble you than your own sufferings; if you pity an ox or ass going astray, will you not pity a soul going astray! Show your piety by your pity.—*T. Watson.*

MORAL TRUTHS AND REVEALED TRUTHS.

BY EUGENE BERSIER, PASTOR OF THE REFORMED CHURCH OF PARIS.

(*Continued from page* 28.)

WE thus arrive at the second part of my text. Jesus Christ, who has the right—this is our first conclusion—to be believed as a preacher of the moral law, claims the same faith in Him as a religious revealer.

It is this point that we are now about to examine. Jesus is not only a master of morality, He speaks not only of earthly things; He gives Himself out as having come from above. 'No man,' He says, 'hath ascended into heaven but He that descended out of heaven, even the Son of man.' He speaks with authority of things which absolutely go beyond our human horizons. He reveals God to us, and speaks of Him as a Son speaks of His Father. He teaches us what is the government of God, what is His providence towards His creatures, what are the designs of His compassion for the salvation of humanity; He announces beforehand His death, and explicitly teaches us that He will offer Himself for the salvation of the world. In the same conversation from which I have taken the text on which we are now meditating, He sets forth in a few wonderful words the whole plan of redemption. 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life.' He knows that this death is to draw all men unto Him. He announces at the same time His resurrection and His triumph. He speaks of His person as being the living manifestation of God; He presents Himself to souls as the Person in whom they must believe, whom they must love above all other objects, in whom the world will find its life; He announces the judgment to come, and He tells us how this judgment will take place.

In the presence of these affirmations our situation is altogether different from what it is in the presence of His moral teaching. So long as He kept Himself to this we could judge of it, for we found in our own conscience a sure criterion by which to appreciate its truth. Every precept of the Sermon upon the Mount, every parable, awakened an echo in us. This inner witness was enough to convince us of the truth of the words of Christ, and if our own consciences were rightly exercised, and our hearts open to pure affections, the more this conviction would affirm itself in us.

Here, on the contrary, all changes. We hear sovereign declarations that it is impossible for us to check by counter statements. At first sight there is nothing in us that can render testimony to them. Nothing absolutely proves to us that they are true. We are shut up to believe Christ upon His word. Until hitherto, in following Him, we have marched upon the firm ground of experience, but here we launch out after Him upon a deep ocean, with horizons that are boundless. We exercise an act of faith. Two questions here present themselves to us: 'Have we the right to exercise this act of faith? Must Jesus Christ be believed?'

To the first of these questions the answer is easy. Suppose that we in advance and systematically set aside faith as a means of access to religious truth, no other way by which to arrive at it will remain to us. Upon all the questions relating to our origin and to our destiny, to sorrow, to evil, to pardon, to our relations with God, to a future life, science has nothing to tell us. Never, perhaps, has she confessed this more frankly than to-day. It would be easy for me here to cite its avowals, as numerous as they are peremptory. I do not discuss the attitude that it takes in presence of all these problems; but, to be frank, I believe its reserve exaggerated. It seems to me that it could, with the aid of its merely natural resources, penetrate more deeply into these questions than it has done. I simply state this fact, that pure science is radically incapable of calming the remorse of conscience, of giving to the heart a love worthy of itself, of consoling us in our sorrows, of bringing to us any certainty in regard to our eternal destiny. Such powerlessness, so distinctly

stated in the very age in which science has gained its most brilliant triumphs, is a phenomenon which must strike every intelligent mind.

This being recognised, what are we to do? Are we to cease to lift up the veil from our destiny, and shut ourselves in within the present life, like the Epicureans, for self-enjoyment; like the Stoics, to obey the law of duty, without knowing anything beyond, without daring to affirm anything, without hoping anything in regard to God, in regard to the great unknown which perhaps awaits us? Men have tried this course, men have tried it a thousand times, but they have never gained anything thereby. Humanity is religious in its very nature. Positivism may please one or two generations which pass by; it will never be the doctrine of humanity.

It is here that Jesus appears to us with the authority that belongs only to Him. He gives Himself out as a revealer come from God, and He sheds light upon all the obscure parts of our destiny. He does not search, He does not reason, He does not discuss, He affirms; and when the Jews reproach Him with bearing witness of Himself—that is to say, in modern language, of affirming without proofs, He answers by these words: 'My witness is true, for I know whence I came and whither I go' (John viii. 14).

And see what has happened. Some men have believed this affirmation of Jesus, then others have believed it upon their testimony, and this belief has become to-day that of the most enlightened and the best part of humanity. We ourselves are Christians—that is to say, that which we know for certain about God, about providence, about pardon, about eternal life, we derive from Jesus Christ. We have believed on Jesus Christ 'telling us of heavenly things,' in Jesus Christ the revealer of religious truth. Have we reason for believing in Him? Is Jesus Christ a witness worthy of our faith?

I remark, in the first place, that the very tone in which these affirmations are made has something about it of a character to make us reflect. No one has ever spoken with authority equal to His. No one has ever said, as He has, 'I am from above: ye are of this world: I know whence I came, and whither I go; I am the way, and the truth, and the life; I am the light of the world; he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.' Such affirmations are not to be got rid of. We have no right to lessen their range. They betray either a prodigious error or a veritable inspiration. We must choose between these two explanations. There is no third, and it appears that anti-Christian criticism in our day clearly recognises this. It does not fear to say that Jesus Christ is the most sublime of hallucinated persons.

It is not we who should complain of the distinctness of these declarations, however saddening they may be to our hearts. We have everything to gain by seeing all equivocation here disappear.

You and I believe in the affirmations of Jesus Christ. In the words of my text, we believe in Him when He speaks to us of 'heavenly things,' because He has always said truly when He has spoken to us of earthly things. This is a presumption, I own, and nothing more; but this presumption suffices us. Behold a Being of whom men have said that He has led humanity astray into the most fantastic of illusions, and this Being, in all His declarations upon those subjects that we could check, has said the truth, absolute truth. He has not partaken of any of the prejudices, of any of the moral errors of His time, nor yet of His people; He has depicted humanity such as it is; He has given to justice, to duty, to compassion their eternal formula. Upon all these points it has not been possible either to refute or to go beyond Him. In listening to Him we not only feel that He says the truth, but we feel that the truth which He has formulated rules us, that it presents itself before us as an ideal which at once binds us, attracts us, and condemns us. And throughout the centuries the power of this word is such that it exercises an irresistible ascendency over millions of men, and these the best of our race.

This consideration alone would be enough to prove that we do not thoughtlessly believe when we accept what Jesus Christ tells us of the invisible world, which is beyond our gaze. Think carefully of this. All human society rests upon mutual confidence. The number of truths that we accept upon the testimony of others is immense; if we must check every one, we would hardly make one step in advance, and the work of humanity would recommence with each individual. Now, when has our confidence been better placed than when we believed in Him, whose word has been the very incarnation of moral truth? If we do not believe Him, whom should we believe?

But, more than this, and we here touch upon the very kernel of the question; if we believe in the religious truths revealed by

Jesus Christ, it is not only because that, having spoken truly in all moral things, He merits our confidence; it is not only because He is in our eyes the Holy and the Just: it is still, and especially, because that these religious truths are the complement and the necessary crowning of the moral truths which our conscience binds us to believe; so that, in accepting the one, we are led by an irresistible logic to accept the others. There is not a moral truth of the gospel which does not extend itself and expand itself into a religious truth. See, in passing, the reason which will never permit us to accept for a moment the theory of an independent morality, for, in the eyes of every Christian, morality and doctrine are narrowly and indissolubly united. What, in reality, is doctrine, if it is not the affirmation of the relations which ought to exist between God and us? and what is morality, if it is not the practical consequence of these relations? If I have just now distinguished between Jesus Christ, the revealer of the moral law, and Jesus Christ, the revealer of religious truth, you have all instinctively felt that it was only a temporary distinction, which corresponded to nothing real, and that the personality of Jesus Christ is absolutely one and indivisible.

Take, indeed, the principal features of the moral teaching of Jesus Christ. He recommends to His disciples the inner peace, the calm and the victorious gentleness which have nothing in common with the fatalistic resignation of the Buddhist or with the affected apathy of the Stoic. But how is this inner disposition possible without faith in a just God—a God who knows all, who sees all, and without whose permission nothing takes place? He affirms that under the apparent disorder of things there is a profound order, that not an iota of the moral law can be annihilated, that man will sow what he reaps. But these affirmations every day receive in the reality of history the most insolent denial; they are miserably derisive if we do not believe in God, who sanctions the law that He has made, and who will judge the world with righteousness. He announces to the most polluted souls a possible elevation, a complete restoration, a future of joy and of purity. But how can all this be realised without a full recognition of the rights of divine justice, without an expiation having been accepted and undergone, without a redemption having been accomplished? He announces the triumph of the kingdom of God in justice and in truth, not merely as an ideal to which humanity will perhaps arrive in twenty or fifty centuries, but as a reality of which each conscience will be the witness. But does not this suppose a future life and the reparation of all iniquities here below? He teaches us to see in grief a sanctifying trial, a trembling with joy in the midst of tears. But will this have a meaning if the love of God is not the refuge of our hearts that the world has deceived and broken? I have, then, the right to say that Christ, the revealer of the moral law, leads to Christ the Redeemer and the Saviour; that the Sermon on the Mount appeals to, and has a presentiment of, the cross of Calvary; that all leads to the gospel; and that man cannot separate what God has united.

My brethren, you have often repeated with sincerity, but with anguish, the prayer of the disciples: 'Lord, increase our faith.' You have often asked us how this faith can be strengthened? An erring genius, who was at his end a sincere deist, wrote these profound words: 'If thou wishest to believe in God, live in such manner that thou hast always need that God exists.' These words of Rousseau were only the commentary upon this declaration of the Master of masters: 'If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching whether it be of God.' Do you believe in Christ, the revealer of the moral law? Do you believe in the inflexible necessity of duty, do you believe in inner holiness, do you believe in eternal law for all, do you believe in the necessary reparation of every injustice, in consolation for every sorrow—in fine, do you believe in the kingdom of God? We must choose between these things and the fatalistic doctrines that on all sides spread over the world their dark shadows. If Jesus Christ is your master, if you know that He has said the truth when He has spoken to you of earthly things, you will listen to and believe in Him, when He will announce to you 'heavenly things.' After you have followed Him upon the Mount of Beatitudes, where He gave to the world the map of the kingdom of heaven, you will follow Him upon Calvary, where He has founded this kingdom by the virtue of His expiatory sacrifice; after you have said to Him, like Peter, 'Lord, Thou hast the words of eternal life,' you will add, like him, 'We have believed, and know that Thou art the Holy One of God.' Amen.

False doctrine can no more stand the test of the day of judgment, than hay or stubble can stand a raging conflagration.

'DOLLIE GIVEN, MISSIONARY.'

BY ADA CARLETON.

'I'D like to be a missionary,' cried Dollie, glancing up from her book just long enough to shake back her brown curls.

She was in the bay-window reading the 'Lives of the Three Mrs Judsons'—this little Dollie Given with her brown, earnest eyes; and opposite to her sat Grandmother Houghton in her straight-backed rocking chair.

'You may be, my dear, if you will.'

Dollie looked up again, brightly, at the sound of that dear old voice.

'Oh, I can't, grandma—not now anyway. I'm only thirteen and a half, you know, and I'm not out of the grammar school yet.'

'But you may be a missionary, for all that, Dollie'—Grandmother Houghton folded her wrinkled hands over her knitting work, to look lovingly at her granddaughter—'and you're none too young to begin.'

'I know what you mean now, grandma,' said Dollie, 'but I don't mean that. I want to be a really truly missionary, and go off to Persia, or Africa, or somewhere, and tell the heathen about the Bible. And then people would praise my goodness and'—Dollie looked at her book again—'and heroic devotion, and fortitude, and maybe somebody would write a book. What are you laughing at, grandma?' For there was a serious tender smile on Grandma Houghton's face.

'Then it is fame and the commendation of mankind you would seek rather than the welfare of benighted souls and the approbation of the Father,' she said.

Dollie's cheeks grew red as any rose.

'Now, grandma,' she cried, in some confusion, 'I didn't mean to say just that. But it must be pleasant, it seems to me, to be so much thought of and prayed for.'

'Yes, my dear.'

'And I *would* like to go out for a missionary, grandma; I am sure of it; and I mean to some time.'

'Why not begin now, Dollie—as a home missionary?'

Dollie laughed. 'I haven't any field, grandma. You don't need me; neither does papa nor mamma. There's nobody else but Norah, and I have heard you say she is the most conscientious girl you ever knew.'

Grandma Houghton shook her head with a little meaning smile.

'In the desire to do good to others lies, I think, the true missionary spirit,' she said. 'And you may see opportunities for doing good every day, if you open your eyes to them, and do not, like the priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side.'

'Do I, ever?' asked Dollie, doubtfully.

'My dear,'—Grandma Houghton rose and laid her hand softly on Dollie's brown head—'I think I have heard you say you disliked going to see Maggie Stinchfield, because her home is so comfortless——'

'So it is,' interposed Dollie. 'Such a barn of a home, with nothing nice nor pretty, unless it is in the parlour, and Mrs Stinchfield never lets Maggie take her company there. It ain't a mite like home,'—and Dollie glanced contemptuously around the neat room, and out of the side window at the stand of plants upon the sunny piazza—all her own, they were, and she took an especial pride in keeping them fresh and blooming. 'Maggie's room is horrid, too—a little, dismal, bare place. She never has anything like other girls.'

'And yet when she called here last night, and, looking at your flowers, said she would like to have some slips of them, you turned another way and pretended you did not hear.'

Dollie's face flushed painfully under Grandma Houghton's calm, searching gaze.

'But I knew she couldn't take care of them, and likely as not her mother wouldn't let her keep them anyway.'

'That was not your business. You refused, too, in a very gentle manner to be sure, but still you refused to loan her the card-receiver, which she admired so much that she wanted to make one like it for herself—for that little, dismal, bare room, Dollie.'

The quick tears sprang to Dollie's eyes, more out of sympathy for Maggie than at the implied rebuke in grandma's words.

'I'm real sorry now I didn't,' said she, penitently. 'I was afraid it might get hurt; there are so many children there, you know. I'm a regular Levite, grandma—just a priest and a Levite. I'm not fit for any kind of a missionary.'

Grandmother Houghton smiled, and took up her knitting-work again without a word more. She was a wise, thoughtful grandmother, who was always contriving, one way and another, to send some suggestion of practical good home to Dollie's impulsive little heart. Dollie herself sat quite still, with her eyes fixed upon her book, thinking it all over. It was really a pity, she acknowledged, that Maggie should be deprived of any means of possible enjoyment—so little she had to make her happy, poor child!

'I could have given her a few geranium and rose slips as well as not,' Dollie thought. 'And as for the card-receiver—well——'

Right here the light of a kindly purpose dawned in her brown eyes, and the thought grew into speech—

'I'm going on a mission, grandma,' she laughed, laying down the book.

Five minutes later she went through the garden under her big sun-hat, carrying the treasured card-receiver carefully in one hand, and in the other a little paper cornucopia, out of which peeped tender, fragrant sprigs of

green, representatives of the choicest plants in her little collection.

'Bless the child,' murmured Grandmother Houghton, gazing after her with moist eyes. 'She only needed to be set right.'

Down the street went Dollie. It was not a great distance to the tall, weather-beaten, shaky house which Maggie Stinchfield called home. Maggie herself, a frail, patient-looking girl, with a peaked face and big solemn eyes, was sitting on the door-step, holding a baby more than half as large, it seemed, as herself, when Dollie pushed open the gate and went up the untidy walk.

'I've brought those slips, Maggie,' said she, 'and I—I want you to forgive me for not cutting them off for you last night.'

How Maggie's eyes lighted at sight and sound of Dollie.

'Forgive you,' said she, with a smile so bright that her pinched pale face looked all the more pale and pinched by contrast; 'why, I haven't anything to forgive. If I had I'd forgive you a thousand times.'

'I've brought the card-receiver, too.' continued Dollie. 'After we get the slips potted let's go up in the grove and make yours.'

'Oh, if I could,' cried Maggie, clasping her hands. 'But I'm afraid I can't; the baby——'

'I'm going to ask your mother,' interposed Dollie, decidedly.

Mrs Stinchfield was a tall, hard-featured woman, and Dollie stood somewhat in awe of her sharp speech and decisive manners. But she put on her brightest smile and did her errand bravely.

'Please'm, mayn't Maggie go up to the grove with me a little while?'

'No,' said Maggie's mother, 'I can't have her dawdling in the the woods. There's the baby to mind.'

At any other time Dollie would have accepted this answer as conclusive. Now, she thought of poor, patient Maggie, waiting on the step—and of her mission.

'Couldn't the baby go to sleep?' she asked, half frightened at her own temerity.

Mrs Stinchfield looked into Dollie's bright, eager face, and met the gaze of Dollie's bright, earnest eyes. The hard face relaxed into something like a smile.

'He could if he wanted to,' she said, meaning the baby; 'and if she'll get him to sleep she may go a little while,' meaning Maggie.

'O, thank you,' cried Dollie, delighted.

But Maggie only smiled a little wearily when this conditional consent was repeated to her.

'The baby won't go to sleep,' she cried; 'I've been trying all the afternoon. He's teething, and that makes him fussy.'

'Let me try,' said Dollie. 'He looks like a real heavy little bunch, and I know you're tired. It'll be fun for me, because I don't have any babies to hold, ever. You can be potting the slips.'

So Maggie, protesting a little, gave the baby into Dollie's arms; and, while she filled a good many old tin oyster-cans with loam, ar the cuttings, and watered them, and put in the shade, under Dollie's directions, herself crooned softly to the baby, un last the lids fell over his round blue eye he was fast asleep.

Then Maggie's mother came, and, w smile, which there was no mistaking time, carried the baby off to his crit Maggie was at liberty.

Such a happy hour as they spent, the swinging maple boughs in the g They mocked the birds with little bur laughter and song, and they chattered to the music of the running, dimpling When at last the card-receiver was fin as like the pattern as one pea is like an they walked home together in the y sunset. At her own gate Maggie c Dollie's hand, and caressed it impulsivel

'You don't know how much good y done me,' cried she, between a smile tear. 'I was so discouraged when you and it did'nt seem as if anybody cared me; now—O, you don't know!'

Sitting in the soft twilight, after tea, told Grandmother Houghton all about it

'I'm so glad I did,' she concluded. real pleasant to be that kind of a missic and I mean to keep right at it.'

Just then a newspaper rustled gently b the sofa-screen. Dollie did not hea neither did grandma, who rested one like a benediction upon Dollie's brown But not many mornings after there app amongst Dollie's plants on the piazza a new tea rose, attached to which was a bearing the inscription: 'Dollie Given sionary;' and when Dollie's father was tioned concerning it, he only smiled a little smile, without a word.

I would be Thine.

O God, I would be Thine!
And for it daily pray,
Yet need a hand divine
To keep me in the way.

I'm happiest when with Thee—
My Teacher, Friend, and Guide
Yet life oft smiles on me,
And lures me from Thy side.

But ah! how soon its charms
Refuse to satisfy;
And then to Jesus' arms
For joy and safety fly.

All this I've known and know,
And asked it o'er and o'er,
'Why have I wandered so?
Why should I wander more?'

I shall stray oft, I know,
Without Thy hand to guide,
Though I *do* love Thee so,
Above all else beside.

Hon. C. Thur

THE LINDSAYS OF REDKNOCK HAUGH.

BY MARY DOIG, AUTHOR OF 'ROSALIA VANDERWERF,' ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

'Stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Arise and read the anointed Shepherd's lays.'
—GRAHAM.

IT is Sabbath, the last Sabbath on which Mr Ogilvie is to preach from the pulpit which he has so long occupied, for a decree has gone forth that all ministers who refuse to submit to receive admission from the bishop before the 1st of November shall be banished from their churches, manses, and parishes.

It is therefore with much sadness that the Lindsays take their way to the church. From the distant farm of Muir Dyke, a cart may be seen approaching, in which is seated the patriarchal-looking old farmer, Saunders Galbraith, his white hair floating in the breeze, his son, daughter-in-law, and grandchildren around him. The old man has long been an elder in that church, but though he has acted as such for the last time there, he is not utterly cast down, for he knows that his God is not confined to temples made with hands. From the village comes John Aikenside, also an elder, a tall, hard-favoured old man, who is loud in his denunciations against all who shall enter that door after it has been shut against his minister, and against all the godly of the flock; and he seems almost to expect the roof to fall on the hireling who shall succeed him, 'who entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way.'

There is a deep solemnity over the congregation as the minister rises and reads the psalm, which is sung to one of the most plaintive of tunes, and as the sermon proceeds, many a rough hand wipes tears from eyes but little used to weeping. Then, when all is over, the kirkyard, where the people wait to get one last shake of the minister's hand, is a scene of bitter sorrow.

Ere long the curate is installed in the church, where he preaches to many empty seats. He is a large, unwieldy, weak, and pompous man, and at first seems fitted to call forth hatred rather than love. By-and-by, however, he makes it evident that he is by no means lacking in a persecuting spirit, and the fines which are imposed on those who refuse to attend the parish church make the more worldly of the parishioners glad to obey the commands laid upon them. There are not a few, however, who will not be induced to acknowledge the existing establishment as the Kirk of Scotland, nor its curates as their ministers.

Meanwhile Mr Ogilvie does not forget his people, but comes from time to time in the darkness of night to Redknock Haugh, where he remains in concealment till it is made known to the people that he will preach to them there. These assemblages are attended with much difficulty and danger, for Spence of Moss-bog, laird of the neighbouring property, is bitterly opposed to the Covenanters, and would, if he discovered that Mr Ogilvie has entered his parish, be eager to give information of the fact.

CHAPTER V.

'They stood prepared to die,
A people doomed to death.'
—GRAHAM.

It is an August morning, a Sabbath stillness rests on the earth, its stillness broken only by the deep hum of the wild bee and the gladsome song of the lark, as he rises from his grassy bed soaring and singing, as Mr Ogilvie and Lindsay together take their way to the appointed place where the sacrament is to be dispensed.

A great congregation has already assembled in this wilderness of purple heather, and never have the people so felt the majesty of the 68th Psalm as when the outed minister reads—

'O God, what time Thou didst go forth
Before Thy people's face,
And when through the great wilderness
Thy glorious marching was;'

and in the assembled multitude there is not one voice which does not help to swell the song of praise.

From the other side of the Firth of Forth, Stobow, farmer of Ashes, and his wife have come with their infant for baptism, and ere the communion services begin, Lilias is received into the Church—the church in the wilderness.

Then as the minister breaks the bread in the name of his Master, for whose sake he has left all things, many feel that this purple moor is for them the very gate of heaven; and when the 103d Psalm rises to the tune of Coleshill, as it has done so often since in our Scottish Zion, like transient sunshine on a bleak or commonplace landscape, many a plain face is lighted up with a passing look of beauty,—a glimpse, perchance, of what such faces may be when mortality is swallowed up of life,—while on some, beautiful even by nature, the radiance of the heavenly crown seems already reflected.

'Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down,'

the worshippers are singing, when a company of troopers appear, led to the spot by Spence of Moss-bog, and surely one has not taken a random shot, for Lindsay falls, dyeing the robe of the newly-baptised child with his life-blood. A shriek of agony rends the air, and

rife tries to raise him in her arms, but alls his name in vain, for he has already to receive the martyr's crown.

CHAPTER VI.

'I marked a rainbow in the north.'
—KEBLE.

ars have passed, and in the house of Red- k Haugh Mrs Lindsay is sitting quietly rk. In her face there is an expression tells plainly that life for her has not a summer's day, nor is it the past alone h casts its deep shadow over her; but s also much disturbed by present fears, for h has determined to take arms and join ompany which has been gathering from outh and west, resolved to fight for Scot- s Covenanted rights; nor would she say d to deter him from so doing, for she s it is but right that her son should v his father's steps, even should it lead s father's death.

is a mild November day, with a sky of steel colour, a sudden gleam of sunshine s out, and a rainbow of wondrous beauty the darkness of the north, beneath whose a flock of gulls appear, their snowy ts glittering with unearthly whiteness. Lindsay allows her work to fall from her s, and as she gazes on the fair bow in louds, she thinks of how the ark of old d on the waste of waters, and the bow omise seems to say to her that, although and be doomed to a deluge, not of water, f blood, yet the Kirk must ride safely gh it, guided by Him who says to the s, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no er.'

s is, however, roused from her reverie by ound of voices under the old tree, now ss, but the seed-pods of which have it the light of that transient gleam, and like tassels of gold. The same light is e fair hair of her son Ralph, who is dis- ng with Hab how many of those on the s of Redknock Haugh are likely to join resent rising. She looks from the win- and as she does so, her thoughts go back ie time when she saw the two infants d in the arms of Jean Futheringham.

s long, they are joined by Richie, the g shepherd, who says little, but whose ncholy grey eyes—that make one think e misty hills where he tends his flock— lainly, that for the crown rights of Sion's he would willingly die, unworthy as he s himself of a martyr's death; while his w collie dog, which sits gazing up in his declares, with his look of wondrous ion, that he at least will gladly follow aster wherever he goes.

is arranged that Hab is to remain at nock Haugh, for Ralph fears to leave his er unprotected, since robbery, or even er, if committed by the King's troops, ased to be a crime punished by law, if the houses robbed belonged to any one connected with the Covenanting cause.

The army of Covenanters is now at Lanark, from whence, on account of pressing letters from Edinburgh, they intend to march to that city through the Lothians, expecting to obtain many recruits in these counties.

It is a day of incessant rain as they take their way through the moors to Bathgate, where they hope to find shelter for the night; and it is at that town that the West Lothian recruits are to join the army—Ralph Lindsay among the rest. As the darkness falls, the wind rises to a hurricane, and it is found no easy matter for the men to keep together, or to make their way through the swampy moors to their destination.

Arrived at Bathgate, they seek in vain for shelter, and, with the enemy behind, they find it impossible to retrace their steps. After prayer and consultation by the leaders of the army, it is resolved that, in spite of the wildness and darkness of the night, they must proceed to Edinburgh, hoping that they may be met by a large body of friends from that city ere the enemy overtake them. As they again proceed through the moors, the darkness is so intense that it is impossible to keep each other in sight, and the wind rages so wildly that voices are drowned in its roaring, horses sink to their saddles in clay, and those who are worn out by long marching on foot, finding that they have got separated from the company, sink wearily down to wait for the morning light. Every stream, too, is swollen to a roaring river, so that the soldiers of that sorely diminished army, when they reach New Bridge, near Edinburgh, hungry, wet, and weary, have but little the appearance of fighting men. At last, however, the stragglers come up, and once more the army numbers nearly a thousand men. They are within five miles of Edinburgh when they learn, to their consternation, that that city, as well as Leith, is in arms against them. Much lacking in officers, they know not well where to turn; they, however, resolve, in the first place, to march to Colinton.

On the following day they began to turn the north-east end of the Pentland Hills. It was evidently the mind of Wallace, their skilful general, that the best course now to follow was to put the Pentlands between the Royal troops and his followers, and under their covert quietly to disperse for their homes. They had reached as far as Rullion Green, and for greater safety Wallace had brought them together, and encamped on the higher ground, when about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the report came that the Royal forces were approaching, and that, instead of turning the spur of the Pentlands, they were coming through the glen from Currie, in order to cut off the flight of the Covenanters if they took to the hills. But the skill of Wallace had put his army on the safe side of the glen. The Royal cavalry were soon seen advancing on its north side. They tried to cross, but the glen was

too deep. A detachment of about fifty now retraced their steps, in order to cross where the glen was less steep. Preparations were now made to receive them. The ministers prayed, and Ralph long remembered the Psalm that was sung. It was that which the inspired Hebrew poet had sung when he beheld Mount Zion laid waste by the enemies of God:—

O God, why hast Thou cast us off?
Is it for evermore?
Against thy pasture sheep why doth
Thine anger smoke so sore?
O call to Thy remembrance
Thy congregation,
Which Thou has purchased of old;
Still think the same upon;

The rod of Thine inheritance,
Which Thou redeemed hast,
This Sion hill, wherein Thou hadst
Thy dwelling in time past.
To these long desolations
Thy feet lift, do not tarry,
For all the ills Thy foes have done
Within Thy sanctuary.

Do Thou, O God, arise and plead
The cause that is Thine own;
Remember how Thou art reproach'd
Still by the foolish one.
Do not forget the voice of those
That are Thine enemies;
Of those the tumult ever grows,
That do against Thee rise.

Wallace now ordered about the same number of men to meet them, and prevent their crossing. For a short time there was a sharp contest, and at last the enemy ran. Wallace sent a party of infantry to where they had retreated, but they withdrew and crossed the glen, and waited the coming up of the main part of the army. It speedily appeared—a body of more than three thousand well-equipped men. Dalziel drew them up in order of battle, 'thinking,' Wallace said, 'to provoke us to quit our ground, and to fight them on even ground.' Ralph's heart beat as he saw them from the high grounds of Rullion Green, and he almost wished that the order had been given to advance; but he forgot that they were four times his numbers, and that he would have to go down into the glen, and then climb up the opposite side before they could be reached. Happily, Wallace knew better, and remained where he was. Twice in succession Dalziel tried to dislodge them by sending a party of horse, but twice over the detachment sent was driven back. When a third and larger squadron was sent, Learmonth, the Covenanting officer, retired to his post on the hill.

In these three contests several hours had been passed, and, in all, the Covenanters had had the advantage, and the November day was now far spent when Dalziel brought forward the whole of his left wing upon the right of the Covenanters posted on the lower ridges of Rullion Green. Here Wallace had only thirty horse, and Ralph was among them. He eagerly waited the advance of the Royal cavalry, that he at once saw were far more numerous and better armed than his friends around him. He did his best; but soon overpowering numbers carried the day, and with a sore heart he saw himself compelled to retire, leaving some of his companions dead on the field. From where he retired he saw the Royal troops advance on the left wing. The resistance was spirited, but as the sun set, here, too, the far greater Royalist force entirely broke the Covenanters, and compelled them to flee. The flight became general. Many lie dead on the field, or are taken prisoners—the rest escape to the hills, favoured by the darkness of the night, some of these only to meet a more cruel fate at the hands of those with whom they sought shelter.

Ralph leaves his horse dead on the field of battle, escaping himself but slightly wounded, and at midnight reaches a barn, where, after sleepless nights of riding through rain and wind, he sinks to rest.

GRANDFATHER'S HOLIDAY TALK:

HE PREACHES A LITTLE TO THE OLD FOLKS AS WELL AS THE YOUNG.

BY REV. IRENAEUS PRIME, EDITOR OF NEW YORK OBSERVER.

'GRANDPA, I should think you would be *so* tired of writing.'

'Why, my darling; are you ever tired of playing?'

'No, grandpa; but it looks as if you are working, and that makes people tired. You are always writing, writing, writing.'

'Not *always*, dear; I am not writing now, and I am always ready to stop when you come to see me.'

It was her holiday recess, and the sweet child, with her gentle, loving ways, her soft brown curls, and bright, laughing eyes, had come to spend the glad days at the old homestead. The winter day was melting into evening. Out of doors it was rough and cold. Within, the cheerfulness of home, and books and children's plays, made it summer. In the library grandpa was writing in his study-chair. The blazing wood-fire on the open hearth and the pots of flowers between the heavy curtains of the front windows gave brightness and fragrance to the room, which a little art converted, for the season, into a study for the old man and a playhouse for the children.

The child climbed into his lap, took the pen out of his hand, and began to make pot-hooks on his paper—laughing, while he looked on with dismay.

'Grandpa, how long have you been writing

vay? Ever since I was a little dot
been writing, writing, every time I
)id you always write just so?'
tell you, my dear, but I will thank
top spoiling my paper; besides, if I
ılk to you, I want you to attend, and
ng else.'
will, and I am sorry I did not before.'
first piece that I ever wrote for the
rk Observer was printed in that paper
1838. From that time to this, about
ır years, with a brief interval, I have
iting every week, and almost every
the *Observer*. It is curious to see
ch one writes in such steady work.
a minister writes sixty pages every
making his sermons (less than ten
lay, and he can easily write ten pages
ır or two), he will write three thousand
a year, thirty thousand in ten years,
dred and twenty thousand in forty.
ritten, on an average, more than five
each week for forty years, or ten
l columns in all; at least one hundred
of four hundred pages each.'
randpa, I don't keep up with you; I
mixed.'
lear; but you wonder now more than
t I do not get tired of it. You see
eat books standing in a row; those
bound volumes of the *New York*
. Every word that I have written in
e, all printed out; and every word to
ered for before God! How many of
ls I would like now to recall! If for
le or foolish word we speak we must
ount, how much more for every one
and print! When I look at those
umes with broad leaves, and think of
life-work set down in order—all
out—I think of that other Book of
)rance which is kept in another world,
ll our thoughts, words, and actions
ten down, and kept for ever.'
, dear grandpa, are mine all written

eans, my precious child, that we are
ı the sight and hearing of our Heavenly
who remembers us with tenderness
; helps us when we are young or old;
) us when we pray to Him or talk to
her; pities us when we are in trouble;
s us more, more—more than I love
darling. When we do wrong, when
impatient and fretful, when we say
words that grieve others, or do what
t not to do, God is grieved, and He
)rget our sin. If it were written and
in the *New York Observer*, it would
ıore sure of being remembered. That
His "book of remembrance" means.'
dpa, I try to be good, but I do get
metimes; don't you? I wish you
y you do.'
my dear, what is it that we live for?
too young to reason much about it,
ow what you mean by getting tired.
m sad and discouraged, and almost
despairing at times, because so little comes after trying to do so much. With my work, it is "line upon line," that's all—just writing one line and then another, from one year's beginning to its end; but I can tell you what we live for, or ought to. Child as you are, you can understand it; and if you live to be as old as your grandfather, you will have nothing else worth living for than what I am about to tell you.

'You see that beautiful painting? That is a copy of Murillo's "Virgin." Dou you suppose he was ever tired of painting? One of the greatest of modern sculptors told me that he had got beyond working for money: his Art was his Life. To do good and to give pleasure to others in going good—that is what every one ought to live for. If it be painting a picture, or cutting a marble, or making a shoe, or building a house, or buying and selling to get gain—whatever we do, it should be done with our might, to please God in the good we give and do. You will learn to play on instruments of music. If you play to show how smart you are, your playing will never please God, and never please yourself; for, others playing better than you will make you envious and unhappy. But, if you try to please your parents and friends, not to speak of your old grandpa [here a little kiss came in], if you would make home brighter and sweeter, you will do good, and have the blessedness of giving, even in childhood.

'In this be a child always—a good child. Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst of His disciples, to reprove them when they were wanting to know who should be the greatest. To be good and to do good, that is the first and last thing for a child to learn, and it is a lesson to be learned afresh each day from infancy to second childhood.

'That's a long sermon for the holidays, is it not, my dear child?'

'No, grandpa, dear, it is not long, and I understand every word of it. To-morrow will be New-Year's Day, and I mean to try and remember it all the year through.'

'Good for you, darling; now kiss me good night, and I will take a new sheet in place of this one you have spoiled, and write the little sermon all out for the young and the old who read my next week's letter, the first one in the New Year.

LEARN to say no, and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—*Spurgeon.*

THAT instrument will make no music that hath but some strings in tune. If, when God strikes on the strings of joy or gladness, we answer pleasantly; but when He touches upon that of sorrow or humiliation, we see it not; we are broken instruments that make no melody unto God. A well-tuned heart must have all its string, all its affections, ready to answer every touch of God's finger. He will make everything beautiful in its time. Sweet harmony cometh out of some discords.—Owen.

THE MARTYR GRAVES OF THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, BY LOCKERBIE

CHAPTER II.

IRONGRAY.

IRONGRAY CHURCHYARD is about five miles to the north-west of Dumfries. We left Dumfries, and crossed the Nith by the new bridge to Maxwelton. The street that first met us to the right of the crossing was College Street, so named from Lincluden College, to which the street or road leads. A mile and a-half's walk brought us to Lincluden. It is beautifully situated on a tongue of land formed by a bend of the Cluden at its junction with the Nith. What was once the choir is nearly all that remains of the college, and it is roofless, and the stone-work of the windows has all but disappeared. The frame alone remains. On the north wall of the choir is the spot where the body of Lady Margaret, daughter of Robert III. and Countess of Douglas, was interred. But the tomb has been opened, and its architectural magnificence has long ago disappeared. A recumbent statue of Lady Margaret was placed over the tomb. When Pennant, in his tour in Scotland in 1769, visited the college, the statue was still in existence, although mutilated; and so little respect was then paid to the deceased, that he says he saw 'her bones' lying 'scattered about in an indecent manner by some wretches who broke open the repository in search of treasure.' The inscription over the tomb has recently been deepened, but it might have been made deeper still.

In keeping, however, with the neglect into which the whole building has fallen for many a day, visitors, eager to give their unknown and ephemeral existences a local connection with something likely to be more enduring than themselves, have carved their names all over the wall above the tomb. Since our first visit any addition to this state of matters is at an end, for, on visiting the tomb in December last (1881), we found the proprietor had caused the floor of the building to be cleaned out, and an iron gate has been put upon its entrance, and visitors can now only see the tomb through the grating from the outside.

The abbey stands on a kind of plateau above the river, and the view from it is worth the trouble of the walk, independent of the attraction of the ruin itself. Close by the abbey there is a fir-covered mound or hillock, from the summit of which the view is still finer.

From the abbey we retraced our steps, passing by Lincluden House, and gained the road which leads to Irongray. Irongray Churchyard is about five miles to the north-west of Dumfries. For the latter half of the way the road keeps close to the Cluden Water. Irongray Church is of modern structure. The one object of interest in its churchyard is the gravestone erected by Sir Walter Scott over the mortal remains of Helen Walker, the prototype of one of the finest of the novelist's creations—Jeanie Deans. It is easily found, near the north gable of the church.

The graves we were in search of were not in the churchyard. We had five minutes' walk until we came to them, in a field about a hundred yards off the road, at the east end of what looks like a long tumulus. It is planted over with fir-trees. We counted at least forty. The graves were enclosed in 1832, when a new grave-stone was put alongside the old one, and the inscription transferred to it. The inscription is—

HERE LYES EDWARD GO
RDON AND ALEXANDER
M^{C}CUBINE MARTYRES
HANGED WITHOUT
LAW BY LAGG AND CAP
BRUCE FOR ADHEREING
TO THE WORD OF GOD
CHRIST'S KINGLY GOVER-
MENT IN HIS HOUSE
AND THE COVENANTED
WORK OF REFORMATION
AGAINST TYRANNY
PERJURY AND PRELACY
REV. XII. 11. MAR 3 1685

AS LAGG AND BLOODIE
BRUCE COMMAN'D
WE WERE HUNG UP BY
HELLISH HAND
AND THUS THER FURIO
US RAGE TO STAY
WE DYED NEAR KIRK
OF IRON-GRAY
HERE NOW IN PEACE
SWEET REST WE TAKE
ONCE MURDER'D FOR
RELIGEON'S SAKE.

The stones have been enclosed within a railing. They lie upon the ground, while behind them, and facing the spectator, is an upright slab of stone, with an inscription detailing the circumstances that led to its erection, and the name of the preacher, at the close of whose sermon a collection was made to defray the expenses incurred. The monument is said to be 'designed to express the respect cherished by the present generation for the memory and principles of the martyrs whose ashes repose on this spot.' The inscription, however, is occasionally misspelt, and the two heads, supposed to represent the martyrs, are grotesque in appearance and somewhat defaced Its writer has forgotten that Edward Gordon and Alexander M'Cubine were hanged, and not burned, and that hence it is their mortal remains, and not their ashes, that repose beneath the stone. He says a great deal more about the collection,

rmon, and the preacher, than about
s themselves. As a whole, there-
ntrasts unfavourably with the old
hose inscription it calls attention.
a short notice of the two sufferers in
of those Killed in the Fields' in the
Witnesses,' and Wodrow tells their
a more detail. On February 19,
tain Bruce, a captain of dragoons,
ty of his soldiers, surprised six 'of
ng wanderers' in the lonely muir of
, and shot four of them, as is told in
pter. The other two were Edward
nd Alexander M'Cubine. Gordon
to Galloway, and M'Cubine was a
Glencairn. Bruce took them some
ie south, to the Bridge of Urr, where
of Lagg was busily occupied in urg-
bjuration Oath upon the country
On their arrival, Grierson would
ly have sentenced them to death,
s insisted that since the four had
narily executed, a jury be summoned
rial of the two. Grierson would
o jury, and swore that all who had
oath had sworn these men's doom.
ast succeeded in getting the matter
till next day. Next day, 20th
according to the old style, but March
g to the new style, as on the grave-
y were taken by Grierson to Iron-
'hanged upon an oak-tree near the
rongray, at the foot of which they
ied.' When brought beneath the
nd asked M'Cubine if he had any
o send to his wife. He replied, 'I
and the two babes upon the Lord
s promise, "a Father to the father-
a Judge of the widows is God in His
tation."' When the hangman asked
s, he said, 'Poor man, I forgive thee
en. Thou hast a miserable calling
h.' 'Both died,' says Wodrow, 'in
posure and cheerfulness.
rnside, of Urr, in 1832, preached a
Hallhill, a farm to the west of the
trees, and raised the money needed
e the monument. The sermon was
s published. In it he gives the tra-
the neighbourhood respecting the
He says the reason why the mar-
executed near the Kirk of Irongray
it might be in sight of Hallhill, at
occupied by a family of the name of
, well known for their attachment to
ples of the Covenanted Reformation.
t of the execution, it was hoped,
ve them into silence, if not into
But it acted otherwise. A young
of the family waited on the martyrs
ought to the tree on which they
be hung, and she tied the handker-
r their eyes. She was in consequence
from her native country. She went
a, where she married a carpenter.
her husband lived to a great age.
rears after this execution, on the 1st
nber 1755, on the day of the great
earthquake, that has been vividly described by Davy,* when the city was all but entirely destroyed, and sixty thousand people lost their lives, she was sitting on a plank by the river-side, and talking to her husband. While thus sitting, the sea came up, 'rising, as it were, like a mountain.' Multitudes of people it took back with it, as it retired, to a watery grave, but it carried her on before it, and left her high and dry upon the land.

The stationmaster at Elvanfoot, on the main line of the Caledonian Railway, is a descendant of Alexander M'Cubine, and bears his name. He still possesses the martyr's Bible. It is in good preservation. It is a small folio, and is dated 'Edinburgh: Printed by Andro Hart, and are to be solde at his Buith, on the North Side of the Gate, a litle beneath the Crosse. Anno Dom. 1610.' According to Principal John Lee, in his wonderful collection of literary information about books and printing in Scotland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in his Memorial for the Bible Societies, the Old Testament is the Genevan version, but the New Testament is not. It is from an edition first published in 1576, by Laurence Tomson, an under-secretary to Sir Francis Walsingham. It contains quite a different set of annotations from those in the Genevan version. These annotations are said to be taken from Beza, Joachim Camerarius, and P. L. Villerius, and are generally much longer, and not always more valuable.

The volume is interesting as an illustration of how long the Genevan and other versions of the Bible continued to be used in Scotland after the publication of the authorised version in 1611. On turning up and reading the first chapter of John, it was impossible not to be struck with the large extent to which the authorised version is based on the versions that went before it. It really is altered less from this old Bible of Alexander M'Cubine, than the Revised Version is from its pages.

* See 'Letters Addressed chiefly to a Young Gentleman upon the Subject of Literature,' by the Rev. Charles Davy. 1787. The description itself, one of the most graphic in English literature, will be found in vol. ii. of Charles Knight's 'Half-Hours with the Best Authors.'

The Field.

Our field is the world: whether sowing or reaping
Or gleaning the handfuls that others have passed,
Or waiting the growth of the seed that with weeping
On rocky and desolate plains we have cast;
Yet each for his toiling, and each for his mourning,
Shall some time rejoice when the harvest is won,
And know, in the flush of eternity's morning,
That the toil, the reward, and the glory are one.

A Daily Portion.

JANUARY 21.

'TO YOU THAT BELIEVE HE IS PRECIOUS.'—1 Peter ii. 7.

Faith is a Christ-prizing grace; it puts a high valuation upon Christ. To you that believe He is precious. Paul did best know Christ. Have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord? Paul saw Christ with his bodily eyes in a vision, when he was wrapped up into the third heaven; and saw Him with the eye of his faith in the holy Supper; therefore he best knew Christ. And see how he styles all things in comparison of Him. I count all things but dung that I may win Christ. Do we set a high estimate upon Christ? could we be willing to part with the wedge of gold for the pearl of price? Greg. Nazianzen blessed God he had anything to lose for Christ's sake.—*T. Watson.*

JANUARY 22.

'THE OBEDIENCE OF FAITH.'—Rom. xvi. 26.

Faith melts our will into God's; faith runs at God's call; if God commands duty (though cross to flesh and blood), faith obeys. By faith Abraham obeyed. Faith is not an idle grace; as it hath an eye to see Christ, so it hath a hand to work for Him. Faith doth not only believe God's promise, but obeys His command. It is not your having knowledge will evidence you to be believers; the devil hath knowledge, but wants obedience, and that makes him a devil. And the true obedience of faith is a cheerful obedience; God's commands do not seem grievous. Have you the obedience, and obey cheerfully? what say you to this? Do you look upon God's commands as your burden, or privilege; as an iron fetter about your leg, or a gold chain about your neck?—*T. Watson.*

JANUARY 23.

'HE THAT LOVETH NOT KNOWETH NOT GOD; FOR GOD IS LOVE.'—1 John iv. 8.

Never was a more important declaration made than this; never was more meaning crowded into a few words than in this short sentence—God is love. In the darkness of this world of sin—in all the sorrows that come now upon the race, and that will come upon the wicked hereafter—we have the assurance that a God of infinite benevolence rules over all; and though we may not be able to reconcile all that occurs with this declaration, or see how the things which He has permitted to take place are consistent with it, yet in the exercise of faith on His own declarations we may find consolation in believing that it is so, and may look forward to a period when all His universe shall see it to be so.—*A. Barnes.*

JANUARY 24.

'WHO HATH CALLED US WITH AN HOLY CALLING.'—2 Tim. i. 9.

Yours is an holy calling. You are called to be saints. Show your vocation by a Bible conversation. Shall not flowers smell sweeter than weeds? shall not they who are ennobled with grace have more fragrancy in their lives than sinners? As He who hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation. Dishonour not your high calling by any sordid carriage. Though pagans and loose Christians take liberty to sin, yet it is not fit for them who are called out of the world, and have the mark of election upon them, to do so. You are consecrated persons, your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and your souls must be a sacrary, or holy of holies.—*T. Watson.*

JANUARY 25.

'BEING JUSTIFIED FREELY BY HIS GRACE'—Rom. iii. 24.

The cause, the inward impellent motive or ground of justification, is the free grace of God; so in the text, justified freely by His grace, which Ambrose expounds, not of the grace wrought within us, but the free grace of God. The first wheel that sets all the rest a-running is the love and favour of God: being justified by His grace; as a king freely pardons a delinquent. Justification is a mercy spun out of the bowels of free grace. God doth not justify us because we are worthy, but by justifying us makes us worthy.—*T. Watson.*

JANUARY 26.

'BUT YE ARE SANCTIFIED, BUT YE ARE JUSTIFIED.'—1 Cor. vi. 11.

Whomsoever God justifies He sanctifies. The Papists calumniate the Protestants; they report, we hold that men continuing in sin are justified; whereas all our Protestant writers affirm that righteousness imputed—viz., justification and righteousness inherent—viz., sanctification—must be inseparably united. Holiness, indeed, is not the cause of our justification, but it is the concomitant; the heat in the sun is not the cause of its light, but it is the concomitant. It is absurd to imagine that God should justify a people and they go on in sin. If God should justify a people and not sanctify them, He should justify a people whom He could not glorify. God, as He is a holy God, cannot lay a sinner in His bosom. The metal is first refined before the king's stamp is put upon it; first the soul is refined with holiness before God puts the royal stamp of justification upon it.—*T. Watson.*

'CONTINUE STEADFASTLY IN PRAYER, WATCHING THEREIN WITH THANKSGIVING.'

(Col. iv. 2.)

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, LOCKERBIE.

IN these words the sacred writer comes back to general exhortation. He had been charging wives, husbands, children, fathers, servants, and masters to the performance of their respective duties, and he now again speaks of what is incumbent on all who bear the Christian name.

)NTINUE STEADFASTLY IN PRAYER.

t is, *Persevere in prayer.* The word ed in the authorised version 'continue d 'continue steadfastly' in the revised a, literally signifies to persist in a and if duty, to keep at it, so that no- comes between us and its performance. ord occurs in connection with prayer veral parts of the New Testament. the employment of the eleven in the al between the Ascension and the Day ntecost is described in the words, e all *continued* with one accord in '—in revised version, 'These all with :cord *continued steadfastly* in prayer' i. 14). When the Apostles desired the en to choose out of their number men the office of deacon, they said, 'Look ye mong you seven men of honest report, f the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom ay appoint over this business. But we ive ourselves *continually* to prayer'—in vised version, 'We will *continue stead-* in prayer'—'and to the ministry of the ' (Acts vi. 3, 4). It occurs in the pre- '*Continuing* instant in prayer'—revised n, '*continuing steadfastly* in prayer' . xii. 12); and in a substantive form in ord 'perseverance,' in praying alway all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, atching thereunto with all *perseverance* supplication for all saints' (Eph. vi. The idea presented in these different ges is much the same in them all. It is of ardent and untiring constancy in

prayer until the object sought for be obtained. There is nothing unusual in this injunction to perseverance. It arises from the very nature of prayer. Prayer is worship, and worship is ever due to the God that made us, and from whose bountiful hand all our blessings flow. Prayer is fellowship with God, and this fellowship we must seek constantly to maintain. Like Enoch, we must walk with God. And prayer is a presenting of our wants before God, and these wants we must present until supplied. But so long as we are on this side of the grave we are needy creatures—ever needing sprinkling with the blood of atonement, as well as renewing grace and divine strength to keep us from falling. Therefore it is that we are charged, 'Continue in prayer,' that is to say—

Make use of all the opportunities afforded for prayer. As the business of life has to be attended to, as we have to work for our daily bread, prayer can only be engaged in at intervals. To continue in prayer, is to make a prayerful use of these intervals or natural seasons for prayer so often as they come round. The morning and evening occupy a first place among these seasons. They are, as it were, pauses in our existence, intervals between our active and non-active state, which call to prayer. To continue in prayer is to take care that as the day opens and closes with us we call upon God, and worship His name. Before taking food is another of these intervals. We then, for the time being, cease to labour, and proceed to take what will enable us again to resume labour; and in the transition we have surely a season that calls us both to acknowledge the hand that gives us day by day our daily bread, and to ask His blessing on His gift, that it may tend to our maintenance in life, and fit us for the performance of life's duties. What is true of the period immediately preceding our partaking of food is not less true of that which immediately follows. It is a season that specially calls

us to express our sense of the goodness of Him on whom the eyes of all wait, and who gives them their meat in due season, who opens His hand and satisfies the desire of every living thing. 'When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which He hath given thee' (Deut. viii. 10). The Sabbath is specially a time for prayer. One of its chief ends is to give us an opportunity for worshipping God, and contemplating His character and work, without the distracting cares that often characterise our working days. Just as the Sabbath is devoted to this end will we make progress in holiness, in religious knowledge, and in acquaintance with God. Spend the time God has given us for the contemplation of His character and acquaintance with Himself in what is called amusement, and the certain consequence will be ignorance in spiritual matters. Hence the low state of religion in many parts of Europe. The Sabbath is devoted to other ends than those for which it was given, and as a natural result their religion is often little better than a mockery of the name. To continue in prayer is to act very differently, is to make the Sabbath a day into whose holy exercises prayer in the closet, in the family, and, above all, in the sanctuary, largely enters.

'With saints I'll sanctify the day
The Lord has called His own;
I'll go where they are wont to pray
And worship at His throne.'

Cultivate a praying spirit. There is much in the world calculated to unfit us for prayer. The reading of evil books, keeping company with evil associates, the frequenting of places whose associations and objects are alien to holiness, will certainly occupy the mind with other thoughts than thoughts of God. It is true we cannot always be praying, but we are not to frequent the society in which prayer would be looked upon as an intrusion, and altogether out of place. We are not to read the books that unfit us for prayer. The books that we find pollute the mind, suggest to it unholy thoughts, and thus unfit us for religious exercises, are best employed when closed and put out of the reach of harm either to ourselves or others. The sooner this is gone about the better for all concerned. If we would continue in prayer, we must avoid everything foreign to its nature. Our books must be such as will suggest thought for prayer, and our companions must be such as are desirous, by their intercourse with us, to cultivate a praying spirit, rather than to dissipate it or send it away.

WATCHING THEREIN.

The word here rendered 'watch' is of frequent occurrence in Scripture, although this is the only instance where it is used in connection with prayer. The precept requires—

Liveliness in prayer. A watchman asleep is a watchman useless for the end for which he has been appointed. In the army, for a watchman or sentry to be asleep is to incur the punishment of death. To watch in prayer is to be lively in its performance, is to make it not a form of words listlessly spoken, but the utterance of the heart, the outpouring of a living soul rejoicing in the exercise as communion with God.

To be on our guard against all enemies to prayer. The watchman is expected to be on the alert that no one enter the premises to steal or destroy the property under his care. In like manner we too must be on our guard that no enemy take away or destroy our opportunities for prayer. Prayer has not a few such enemies. Thus, with family prayer, there is the business of the world, that would often seize for its ends the few minutes in the morning and in the evening needed for the household to worship the God of the families of Israel; there is sloth, the folding the hands together for sleep, after the natural time for sleep is past, so that not seldom there is no time for worship, unless we expose ourselves to the world as too late in beginning the work of the day; there is the fear of being mocked by our neighbours if we be heard in united prayer; there are the amusements of the world, and even the meetings that good people sometimes hold, that, each in their own way, are enemies to family prayer; for not a few of the world's amusements unfit us, or take up the time required for its performance, and public religious meetings are sometimes supposed to be a becoming substitute. To watch in prayer, is to be on our guard against all these enemies; is to suffer not one of them, not even a church meeting, save on very rare occasions, to prevent for a single morning or evening the offering of the sacrifice of prayer on the family altar.

Secret might seem to be more easily gone about than family prayer; but it, not less, has enemies waiting to destroy or snatch away the opportunities for its performance afforded us in our daily life. Sometimes sloth, sometimes the pressure of business, and sometimes even forgetfulness, would attack us and gain

the mastery. But to watch in prayer is so to overcome sloth, is so to arrange our time, is so to keep duty before us, that nothing comes between us and obedience to the command, 'Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret.'

Ever to be ready for prayer. The watchman is expected to be always at his post, ever ready for whatever may happen. Just so is it with prayer. We are to pray without ceasing—that is, we are always to be in a praying frame; to be at nothing in which prayer would be out of season; to be in no place where, if the call were given, we could not becomingly engage in prayer. In the house and by the way, in the sanctuary as well as behind the counter, the bench, the desk, or the loom, we are always to be in a frame for prayer. It is to be with prayer as in some trades it is with fire. The fire is not always blazing in its full strength. When the workman is otherwise occupied it is allowed to go down, yet never so far but that when needed it may, in a few moments, be raised up to the intensity required. From the necessities of life we cannot always be praying, yet we are ever to be in such a condition, in such a state of mind, at such occupations, that a few moments consideration will be enough to enable us to send up fervent prayer to God.

The precept 'watch in the same' thus instructs in the nature of prayer; but it at the same time tells us of prayer as a means of protection and defence against our foes. These foes are stronger than we, for they are the world, the flesh, and the devil. Let them attack us, and they are victors, but only so long as we trust to strength of our own. Watch against them in prayer, and an arm stronger than that of any creature protects us—Christ the power of God comes to our aid; and greater is He than all that can be against us. Watch against them in prayer, and we are strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, and so stand above Satan and all his devices.

WITH THANKSGIVING.

The pronoun here rendered 'with' is the same as that in the preceding clause translated 'in,' so that the clauses may be rendered uniform, Watch in the same *in* thanksgiving. The thanksgiving is therefore not secondary to the watching, but of equal importance. Our watching in prayer is to be gone about in thanksgiving.

Much of Scripture is expressed in the language of thanksgiving. The book of Psalms, while a book of praise, is largely a book of thanksgiving. This is true even of the Epistles of Paul. He seldom writes on any theme at length without every now and then breaking out into thanksgiving. Our prayers, not less than our songs, are to be made in thanksgiving; and the reason doubtless is, because thanksgiving enlarges our conceptions of the kindness of Him from whom cometh every good gift and every perfect gift; is a delightful way of dwelling upon the love of Him who is the God of our salvation, and calls forth in the heart and life one of the loveliest of Christian graces—humility. It is no wonder, therefore, that thanksgiving should be often enjoined upon us. 'Offer unto God thanksgiving' (Ps. l. 14). 'Giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to God, even the Father' (Eph. v. 20). 'In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus to you-ward' (1 Thess. v. 18). Our thanksgiving is to take a wide range. Everything we possess is to lead us to gratitude; and we have but to reflect for a moment to see how wide may be the range and how ample the material for thanksgiving. Our spared lives, our health, the possession of reason, our daily bread, our civilisation, our freedom, our Protestantism, our open sanctuaries, in which the gospel of the grace of God is so largely preached, our noble religious literature, our missions, the many opportunities afforded us to do good, and, above all, salvation through Christ, the love of God in sending His Son to save us, and the grace of the Lord Jesus in becoming poor that we through His poverty might be made rich, the victory he has achieved for us, so that we can look upon death as overcome, and say, 'O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ'—will each and all furnish us with matter for thanksgiving.

Are we obeying the injunction of the text, 'Continue steadfastly in prayer, watching therein in the same *in* thanksgiving'? Is prayer not sometimes neglected? Does not a trivial matter sometimes put it aside? Let it be so no more; and let us rise to a proper conception of the character of prayer as worship, as communion, as a chief means by which blessing is conferred. Let us seek the aid of the Spirit, whose office it is to teach

us to pray, to give us delight in prayer, and to make us feel it to be our highest duty as well as our highest privilege to pray to our Father in heaven.

The prayerless are the godless, unfit for heaven, and ready only for hell, where prayer is unknown. What meanest thou, O prayerless one? arise, call upon thy God. He is the hearer of prayer. He is ready to pardon, He is mighty to save, He is ready to create a clean heart and renew a right spirit within you. Put Him to the proof, and you will find, as multitudes before you have found, that He gives the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him; and if this gift be yours, you will believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; you will turn Godward, and cry, 'Abba, Father'; prayer will be your delight—a delight that will grow upon you until prayer gives way to praise, and the intermittent worship of earth, with its clouds and darkness, concealing Him whom we serve from view, will give way to the unceasing adoration within the veil of heaven itself, and we form a part of the great multitude before the throne of God and the Lamb.

IRENE.

THE SEVENTH BEATITUDE.

A BITTER war was raging in the land when the soldier's little daughter was born. As the mother folded her new treasure to her loving heart, and wept tears of mingled joy and grief upon the baby brow, joy for the gift of the precious soul intrusted to her care, and grief because of the absent father, exposed to danger and death, she breathed a prayer that God would give a speedy peace to the distracted country, and return the dear loved one to his home and household treasures.

'Poor little baby blossom,' she whispered to the unconscious infant, 'you come in a time of war, but your name shall speak to us of blessed peace. And she called her baby Irene, signifying peace.

As the little one grew, it became evident that her lovely name was well chosen. The child was in truth a peacemaker. Angry words and frowns and harsh actions could not continue long where this little peace-lover was. She had a soft answer for every wrathful word, and the soft answer turned away the wrath. In her childish play she was never quarrelsome, and the disputes and contentions of other children grieved her gentle heart. Her large, soft eyes would widen in wonderment at the angry voices, and fill with tears as the unkind words fell from her playmates' lips.

'See, you are making Irene cry,' one said. 'It is mean to tease Irene so. She never vexes any one.'

'It is you who began it,' answered the other. 'You are the one who ought to be ashamed.'

'Please stop,' said Irene. 'I will give you my apple, Laura, and you, Ada, shall have my string of shells if you will not fuss any more. Jesus says, "Little children, love one another."'

'What a good little thing you are, Irene,' said Ada. 'If I were like you I could get along better with Laura, but she is provoking. Why should she contradict me so?'

'But if you did not answer back again,' Irene said, in her gentle voice, 'there could be no quarrel. Try to forgive Laura when she provokes you, and she will soon learn to love you.'

'I love you, dear little peacemaker,' said Laura, 'and I'm sorry for my part of the quarrel. I will make friends with Ada if she will.' And the little girls gave up their contention, and began again to play amiably.

'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God,' said the teacher, who had heard and seen all.

And a true child of God this dear little girl was. Everywhere her voice was for peace and love and kindness. Her life was like her speech, full of gentle piety, of kind actions, and generous thoughtful efforts for the good of those about her. Some people, though they do not often quarrel and strive themselves, yet take no special pains to prevent strifes among others, or to bring about a reconciliation between those who are at variance—these cannot be truly called the children of God. God is a peacemaker. He gave His only Son to make peace for sinners, 'through the blood of His cross.' Christ died to reconcile us to God, even as He lived on earth to preach a gospel of peace. At His birth the angels sang the beautiful meaning of His coming.

Peace on earth, good will to man. It is not enough to live peaceably, and to love peace ourselves, we must put forth active effort to promote the peace of others, if we would be numbered among those whom Jesus pronounced blessed in being known as the children of God. Both by our lips and by our lives we are called to adorn the gospel of peace. 'Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.' He who exerts himself to prevent strife, to smooth away frowns, to hush the angry words, helps to subdue the powers of evil. He is a worker with God against Satan. He is a child of the loving Father. 'And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.' It was true of Irene that many blessed fruits of righteousness were sown by her loving hands, as all her life she sought faithfully to 'follow peace with all men.'—*Mary E. C. Wyeth.*

SOME NEW BOOKS.

'Betrothal'* is a book from the practised pen of Mr H. K. Wood, the Glasgow merchant. Mr Wood's theme is the union between Christ and His people. The mode he has taken to illustrate his theme is one difficult to sustain, and we are not persuaded, when other methods less fraught with difficulty and danger are open for choice, that it is the one that ought to be chosen. But Mr Wood's loftiness and purity of purpose cannot be doubted. In fact, he is most successful when he escapes from the amatory language of the first part of the book, as he really does in the latter chapters. We doubt, however, the propriety of the personal written covenants that he presents for the imitation of young people. They are apt to become a snare, and to be trusted in rather than the Redeemer Himself; and they invest the act of faith with a conception of elaboration and verbosity that is foreign to the simplicity of the duty required of us held forth in the gospel message. 'My Beloved is mine and I am His' present us with an exercise that needs no written lengthened document. Why should not he or she who reads these lines behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and exemplify it now? Faith is the immediate duty of every sinner to whom come the good tidings of great joy that there is a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

'Modern Missions'† is an account of the progress of evangelical missions in Asia, Africa, and the South Seas. Mr Young, as assistant secretary to the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church, has lived at a missionary centre, and has enjoyed unusual opportunities for gathering information about the history and condition of the Christian missions sent forth by our evangelical churches for the conversion of the heathen. The field of modern evangelical missions is so wide, so many different churches are employed upon it, and so many remarkable men and women have been or are engaged upon it, that ordinary readers have not the time and the means to know about it. There is therefore a call for men in Mr Young's position to utilise their knowledge for the general good. Mr Young's volume has much the appearance of having been first delivered in the form of addresses at missionary meetings, and it is well suited to afford materials for such addresses still. It is written in full sympathy with mission labour, and is a carefully-drawn synopsis of what has been done in the fields it describes. Mr Young proposes another volume, to complete his survey. This volume is to take up missions in Greenland, Labrador, South America, Syria, Persia, Egypt, and among the Jews. The two will then be a cyclopædia of modern missions that will be of great utility to the churches.

'Hymns for the Church and the Chamber,'‡ by Canon Bell, is a volume of melodious verse that the reader will delight to go to again and again until he finish it. Canon Bell has a very vivid realisation of the truths of the gospel, and he presents them with no ordinary skill and beauty in this volume. The volume is so excellent throughout that it has been no easy task to select a specimen of its contents. We have selected now one piece, and now another, and then set aside both in favour of the following gem:—

REST IN THE LORD.

(Psalm xxxvii. 7.)

Rest in the Lord: oh! words of love
So pure, so sweet, so true;
They fall on hearts from heaven above,
Refreshing as the dew.

Rest in His grace, before His cross
Thy load of sin lay down;
He bore for thee shame, anguish, loss—
For thee the thorny crown.

Rest in His love, and cast away
Each anxious doubt and care;
Thy griefs, thy sorrows, on Him lay—
The burthen He will bear.

Rest in His truth, and thou shalt find
That perfect peace is thine;
The peace that keepeth heart and mind,
And guards them as its shrine.

Rest in the Lord; He cannot fail,
His promise standeth sure;
Though stars shall die, and suns grow pale,
His word shall aye endure.

Rest in the Lord, and trust His grace,
And He will lead thee on,
Till thou shalt see Him face to face,
And know as thou art known.

'Follow the Leader! and other Papers'§ are a volume of happily put addresses on the Christian life. Mr Everard is vicar of St Mark's, Wolverhampton, and has quite a practised pen, for the volume contains at its close two pages of a list of books written by him. He has strong evangelic sympathies, that appear very pronouncedly in this volume.

'Strong and Free'‖ is a volume by Mr

* Betrothal. By H. K. Wood. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 108. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1881.

† Modern Missions: Their Trials and Triumphs. By Robert Young. With Introduction by Rev. J. H. Wilson, M.A. Cr. 8vo, pp. 418. London: Marshall, Japp, & Co. 1881.

‡ Hymns for the Church and the Chamber. By Rev. Charles D. Bell, D.D., Rector of Cheltenham, and Hon. Canon of Carlisle. Post 8vo, pp. 151. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1882.

§ Follow the Leader! and other Papers—Counsels on the Christian Life. By Rev. G. Everard, A.M. 16mo, pp. 223. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1882.

‖ Strong and Free: a Book for Young Men. By Rev. G. Everard, M.A. With a Recommendatory Letter by the Earl of Shaftesbury. 16mo, pp. 192. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1882.

Everard of excellent addresses for young men. The sins and dangers to which young men are exposed are unmasked, and their real character presented. We have been especially struck with the chapter, 'Bitten by Four Rattlesnakes,' and what he says about the evils of betting. He quotes the following wise letter of Canon Kingsley to his son, a public school boy:

'My Dearest Boy,—There is a matter which gave me much uneasiness when you mentioned it. You said you had put into some lottery for the Derby, and had hedged, to make safe.

'Now all this is bad, bad, nothing but bad. Of all habits, gambling is the one I hate most and have avoided most. Of all habits, it grows most on eager minds. Success and loss alike make it grow. Of all habits, however much civilised men may give way to it, it is one of the most intrinsically *savage*. Historically, it has been the peace excitement of the lowest brutes in human form for ages past. Morally, it is unchivalrous and unchristian.

'1. It gains money by the lowest and most unjust means, for it takes money out of your neighbour's pocket without giving him anything in return.

'2. It tempts you to use what you fancy your superior knowledge of a horse's merits—or anything else—to your neighbour's harm.

'If you know better than your neighbour, you are bound to give him your advice. Instead, you conceal your knowledge to win from his ignorance; hence come all sorts of concealments, dodges, deceits—I say the Devil is the only father of it. . . .

'I hope you have not won. I should not be sorry for you to lose. If you have won, I shall not congratulate you. If you wish to please me, you will give back to its lawful owners the money you have won.

'Recollect always that the stock argument is worthless. It is this: "My friend would win from me if he could, *therefore* I have an equal right to win from him." Nonsense. The same argument would prove that I have a right to maim or kill a man if only I give him leave to maim or kill me if he can and will.

'I have spoken my mind once and for all on a matter on which I have held the same views for more than twenty years, and trust in God you will not forget my words in after life. I have seen many a good fellow ruined by finding himself one day short of money, and trying to get a little by play or betting—and then the Lord have mercy on his simple soul, for simple it will not remain long.

'Mind, I am not the least *angry* with you. Betting is the way of the world. So are all the seven deadly sins under certain rules and pretty names, but to the Devil they lead if indulged in, in spite of the wise world and its ways.—Your loving father, C. Kingsley.'

The Earl of Shaftesbury prefixes a recommendatory letter to the book. He says: 'It is among the very best I know for the instruction and guidance of young men.' This is high commendation, but it is not more than it merits.

'The Clerical World: A Paper for the Pulpit and the Pew,'* is a new candidate for public favour. It contains a vast quantity of matter, the teaching of a great variety of schools. Addresses by Broad Churchmen, in which the gospel is quite misstated, occur alongside those of quite an opposite character. For those desirous to see all sides of things it will be useful, but we doubt the propriety of introducing such a warring chaos of opinions into a Christian household. The December part keeps up the character of that of November. It contains a vast quantity of matter; and for those who wish to know the character of the preaching given by distinguished preachers in the great cities of England, it is the very book. We must own that, if these two parts fairly represent the usual preaching in the leading pulpits of England, there is room for great improvement. It is hard to see, from some of the sermons here given, able though they be, how any sinner could be saved, or any saint really be edified under them. It seems that it is still as necessary as ever to remind men that the one theme of the Christian ministry is Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Messrs Wm. Walker & Sons, Otley, Yorkshire, have sent us twelve different issues of 'The Sabbath-School Reciter,' containing original dialogues and select pieces, adapted for recitation at school anniversaries; twelve different issues of 'Temperance Dialogues and Recitations,' and the same number of their series of 'Humorous Dialogues for Festivals and Anniversaries.' Each of the Sabbath-school Reciters contains thirty-two pages, and the others sixteen. Our time has not permitted us to read all of them, but we have run over fully about the half of them, and found all of them to be of an elevating character, although a class of books that we have not met anywhere in Scotland; and, indeed, most school anniversaries that we have been at would have been a little startled at the plans followed out in these books. They proceed upon the principle that the children are to do nearly all the speaking at their anniversary meeting, and they furnish the speeches they are to make. Sabbath school superintendents will find something new and instructive in them, even although they should not adopt them. They have had a large sale. An accountant who has examined the books of Messrs Walker reports that from May 1878, to March 1881, 187,200 copies of the Sunday-school Dialogues, and 95,040 of the Temperance Dialogues, and 399,000 of the Humorous Dialogues have been sold.

'The Biblical Kaleidoscope'† is an ingeni-

* The Clerical World: A Paper for the Pulpit and the Pew. Large roy. 8vo, pp. 120. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1881.

† The Biblical Kaleidoscope, for the use of the King's Daughters at Noontide. By J. M. M. Cr. 8vo, pp. 162. London: E. Stock. 1881.

ous collection of papers for a month on the women of the Bible. Each person is regarded as illustrating some particular grace. The book professes not to interfere with any of the collections of morning and evening Daily Readings already in existence. It claims to be for 'noon-day.' It is a pleasant and profitable book.

'The Garden of Gethsemane'* is a devout and loving contemplation of an all-important and never-to-be forgotten chapter in our Lord's history.

'Lessons from the Life of Luther'† is a specimen of the good use a Christian minister may make of his holidays. Mr Andrew, an indefatigable Free Church minister in Glasgow, visited Lutherland last summer, and in this little book for the New Year he tells the story of what he saw, and its lessons. It is just the book to give to young folks at this season.

'Notes of Mission Work in Madagascar,'‡ by the Rev. Thomas T. Matthews, a ten years' missionary in the island, is an unpretentious-looking book, but it is one of much value. After a brief introduction upon the past history of Madagascar, Mr Matthews writes in the first person, and gives an autobiographical account of his labours in Vonizongo, the district in Madagascar in which he was located. His account is full of interest, and gives a graphic conception of the difficulties and successes of an earnest Christian missionary in an island that, in our own century, has furnished some of the most remarkable illustrations Church history has yet given of the power of our holy religion to sustain and nerve men and women in the severest and most terrible forms of persecution. Mr Matthews adds an appendix of ten pages, containing a list of the congregations and schools under his care. It vividly shows what an amount of work a missionary must go through in Madagascar. The appendix also contains three pages of a list of books and writing materials sold by him to his people during his ten years' labours. It tells what a large quantity of Christian literature Madagascar already possesses. Mr Matthews is about to return to Madagascar, and he is desirous to get the salaries of two or three schoolmasters from the profits of his book. He says, 'Our share of a schoolmaster's salary is only £2, 10s. a-year.' All who read his book will wish him a large sale, and it is to be hoped continued success will attend his missionary labours in Madagascar.

* The Garden of Gethsemane, By Rev. G. Philip, M.A., Free St John's, Edinburgh. Post 8vo, pp. 198. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

† Lessons from the Life of Luther. By Rev. Alex. Andrew. 32mo, pp. 32. Glasgow: C. Glass & Co. 1882.

‡ Notes of Mission Work in Madagascar. By Rev. T. T. Matthews. 8vo, pp. 164. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1881.

'Earth's Work and Heaven's Rest'§ is a book by Mr Philip of Fordoun. It treats of 'work eagerly sought, specially given, energetically done, fully accomplished, and finally rewarded.' It is earnestly and picturesquely written, and suggests much that is fitted to be useful in a world in which man has been made to work.

§ Earth's Work and Heaven's Rest. By Rev. J. Philip, M.A., Fordoun. Post 8vo, pp. 175. Edinburgh: A. Elliot. 1881.

NATURAL RELIGION.

THAT department of polite literature called Natural Religion leads nowhere, and profiteth nothing, so far as we could ever ascertain. It fills the air with volatile sentiment, and expresses itself in lackadaisical phrases about 'the benevolence of the Creator,' 'the beauty of His works,' or 'the traces of design that are scattered through the universe.' Simple theism is a paltry subterfuge. What these poor souls need is saving faith. Why should we dally with their prejudices? The first postulate is this, 'He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.' The second postulate is, 'He that believeth in God must accept Christ as a Mediator.' And the third postulate is, 'He that accepteth the one mediator between God and men must receive the atonement.' Or otherwise, should the honest sceptic be persuaded to acknowledge a deity, he cannot possibly rejoice in God, or sing praises unto the Lord with the spirit and the understanding. For a Christian minister to plead with an infidel to become *a theist* sounds preposterous to us. If it is only an initiative, yet it is such an initiative as one might use in attempting gradually to reform criminals, by entreating burglars not to carry fire-arms. The ministry of the Holy Spirit knows no half measures.—*C. H. Spurgeon, in November Sword and Trowel.*

By Day and by Night.

When stars grow pale in day-dawn light,
And herald clouds, in red and gold,
Come springing up with banners bright,
The glorious sunrise to unfold,
To Thee I lift my prayer and song,
Thou Day-star of heaven's shining throng.

When winds begin to blow, and rain
Dulls the pure colour of the morn,
Storms cannot check the grateful strain
That from my heart of hearts is borne;
To Thee I lift my song and prayer,
In rain and shine, in joy and care.

When stars grow bright again, as day
Drops down the portals of the sky,
And o'er the arch of purple gray
Those beaming orbs keep watch on high,
To Thee I lift my prayer and song,
To whom sun, moon, and stars belong.

HOW TO READ THE *CHRISTIAN TREASURY.*

1. *READ it with prayer.* Pray for the Editor and for all who assist him in making up the weekly issues, that they may have the guidance and blessing of God upon their labours. Pray that each copy may be made a means of grace to all who see it, turning their hearts to Christ and instructing them in holy things. Pray that you yourself may rise from its perusal a better man than when you sat down.

2. *Read it with care.* It has been prepared with great care, with a sense of deep responsibility to God, and with a strong desire to promote His cause—the cause of truth and right. It deserves your attention.

3. *Read it with patience.* Do not get angry or out of temper when you come to a sentence or a paragraph or an article that jars a little with your taste, or runs counter to your opinion. It is a valuable part of education to see how a matter seems to an honest man who differs from you, and to look his ideas fairly, calmly in the face. Answer his arguments if you can. It will be a good mental exercise. Find the fallacy in his syllogisms. Account for the mental bias of prejudice that he appears to you to have. Reflect that truth is mighty and will prevail in the long run, that things will adjust themselves all right even if this babbler is permitted to have his say; and that possibly he may be right after all, and you wrong.

4. *Read it with kindly charity.* The Editor is very human, and frequently makes mistakes. He errs in what he puts in and what he leaves out, in what he says and the way he says it, in the things he clips from other papers, and in the things he fondly calls 'original,' in his 'spicy paragraphs,' and in his more laboured editorials. No one knows it better than he. He continually laments his deficiencies. But, after all, he does the best he can, and he tries to learn to do still better. So be kind to him, and make some allowance. Possibly you might do no better if you were in his difficult place. Do not set him down as quite a fool or a knave until you are absolutely driven to. The printers, too, make mistakes, and the proof-readers or press-correctors do not note them all before it is too late. None lament them more than the editor and publishers. Be charitable.

5. *Read it for others.* If you find a good thing, do not keep it to yourself. Make haste to tell it to somebody. Talk over the topics you read about at the table or in the social circle. It is ever so much better than gossip or talking about people. Your own ideas will gather clearness and force as you try to express them. You will remember a fact or a thought that you have mentioned to others, twice as long as if you had not. Be a distributer. 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth,' is particularly true of the impartation of knowledge. One way of imparting is by sending the *Treasury* to others when you are through with it, and by inducing others to subscribe for it themselves. Do not tear up a good number that has been a blessing to you. If you do not file it or in any other way preserve it, lend it or give it away where you think it will be most appreciated.

6. *Read it for yourself.* It contains a message from God to *you*. It is not, of course, inspired in the sense that the Holy Scriptures are; yet it is largely built upon and drawn from the Scriptures. Even where there is no verbal reference to the Bible, it is Bible truth which is taken and applied to the varying conditions of modern life. It is written with believing prayer that God would guide the pen and use the type. He does. And there is many a practical lesson or suggestion in every number just adapted to your good. Do not give it *all* away to other people. Take it home. It means *you*. Think it over seriously with self-examination, and ask yourself before God if you ought not to do something about it. Perhaps a good cause is mentioned as needing funds. Well, can you not spare a little? Perhaps the evils of some bad habit are shown up. Are you addicted to it, and can you not leave it off? Perhaps some high attainment in Christian grace is explained. Is it not for you, and should you not claim it now? This is the way to read a paper with the most profit. Are there many that do it?

7. *Read it for God.* We leave off in much the same strain as we began. The first and the last in all we do should be God. Whether we eat or drink, or work or play, or sing or read, it should be to His glory. We are the better or worse for every book or paper we look through. There is responsibility before heaven about it. Everything takes hold on eternity. If our mind is better cultured, if our stores of information are increased, if our ideas of truth are made clearer, we can do better work for the Lord. Next to the Bible, on every Christian's table should be a good earnest religious paper or magazine; and he should read it with prayer, with care, with patience, with kindly charity, read it for others, for himself, and for God.—*Adapted from the Lucknow Witness.*

THE man who revenges every wrong that is done him has no time for anything else. If you make your life a success, you can afford to let the dogs bark as you go by.

PEOPLE should not place their confidence in ministers who belong to the Church, and not the Church to them. To the interests and consummation of the Church all things, visible and invisible, are made subservient.

FADING LEAVES.

AN AUTUMN SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

BY L. L. PHELPS.

THERE is a great deal said in the Bible about trees and the leaves of trees. In the first book, Genesis, which tells the story of the first things, we hear about a beautiful garden in which were two wonderful trees, the tree of knowledge and the tree of life. And in the last book, Revelation, we read again about the tree of life, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations. In the first Psalm, a good man is said to be 'like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season.' In Jude 12 the wicked are called 'trees whose fruit withereth. Jesus, too, in the Sermon on the Mount, compares people to trees, and tells us 'we shall know them by their fruits.' Just as we tell an apple from a pear-tree, or a cherry from a plum-tree, by the fruit that grows on it, we tell a Christian man or woman, boy or girl, by the way they act.

'Mamma, I do think Charlie Hunt is a Christian,' said a little boy to his mother, not long ago.

'Why do you think so, my son?' she asked.

'Oh, because he plays like a Christian.'

'What do your mean by that, my son?'

'Why, mother, he never cheats when we are playing marbles, nor pushes when we are playing ball, and when any of the boys get mad and say wicked words, he always goes away and leaves them.'

We also find a good deal in the Bible about leaves. The first clothes were made of leaves, for we read that Adam and Eve 'sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons.' When Noah was in the ark, and wanted to know if the waters were dried up, he sent a dove out of the ark, and when she came back she brought an olive leaf in her mouth, and so Noah knew the waters were drying up. In Leviticus, God speaks of those who disobey Him, and says, 'the sound of a shaken (or rustling) leaf shall chase them, and they shall flee when none pursueth.'

But I cannot tell you now all that the Bible says about leaves. I want to tell you something Isaiah says about the leaf. I wonder how many children can tell who Isaiah was. A prophet to the Jews, who lived almost 800 years before Christ came into the world. This prophet foretold more about Christ than any other. In the 64th chapter of Isaiah and the 6th verse we read, 'We all do fade as a leaf.' This is my text.

What is it we do? Fade. How many? All. How? As a leaf. Only a few months ago, those trees on the other side of the street were covered with beautiful green leaves. How lovely they were as they danced in the sunshine. Where are they to-day? Faded—all faded—every one, large and small, withered and dead. Isaiah says that we all, men and women, boys and girls, do fade as a leaf. Now, how does a leaf fade? I am going to tell you four things about the fading of a leaf, that I want you to remember.

1st, A leaf fades beautifully. All summer we watched the trees full of green leaves, that looked so cool and shady in the hot days, that we envied the little birds who could live in the boughs. But one frosty morning this fall we got up, and lo! the leaves had all changed. Some were red, some yellow, some golden brown. So many different shades and tints. 'Oh, how beautiful, how lovely!' we exclaimed. 'See how the frost has turned the leaves!' people said. See how the leaves have ripened! they ought to have said. Just as an apple changes from green to red, yellow, or russet, and falls off when it is ripe, so do the leaves. Which is the more beautiful, the green or the ripe fruit? The ripe, of course, you say. So the ripened leaves are more beautiful. That is the way our lives ought to be. They ought to be growing more beautiful every day. We cannot all have beautiful bodies in this world, but we may all have beautiful souls. Loving Jesus, trying to please Him, speaking kind words, doing kind acts—all these will make the soul beautiful; a soul full of love to Jesus will be a lovely soul. Now, whenever you see the autumn leaves, say to yourself, 'A leaf grows more lovely as it fades, and so my life ought to grow more lovely every day.'

2d, Some leaves fade early. Last August I was walking up Main Street, and I noticed several leaves on the sidewalk. I picked them up, and found they were leaves that had ripened early, turned yellow, and fallen. So there are some lives that fade early. Children, and even little babies, finish their lives early, and the dear Saviour takes them to His beautiful home, to be happy with Him forever. Only a few weeks ago I met a gentleman who told me of his baby, only three months old, whom Jesus had taken home. Let me tell you a true story of a little boy who finished his life early. I will tell it to you just as his mother told it to me.

She said, 'I began to tell my little boy about God before he was quite a year old, and almost the first words he uttered was the name of his Father in heaven. When he began to put words together, he would often say, "Dear God, Bertie 'ove God." In the summer, when he could play out of doors, he spent hours in the field behind the house, among the flowers. Sometimes he would bring in great handfuls to me, saying "God's f'owers. God made pitty f'owers for Bertie. Good God. Bertie 'ove God." He seemed fond of saying, over and over again, "Bertie

'ove God.' When winter came, and the snow covered up all his "pitty f'owers," his little heart seemed broken, till I assured him they had only gone to sleep under the snow, just as he slept under his white quilt at night, and God would wake them up again. One day he was standing at the window, looking earnestly up into the sky from which the white flakes were falling. Suddenly he turned to me, laid both hands in my lap, with the palms folded together, a way he had when very much in earnest, saying, "Mamma, Bertie want to see God."

'Well, Bertie shall see God some day,' I said.

'"No, Bertie want to see God quick; go up in 'ky, see God," he pleaded.

'Why, Bertie, you are all the little boy mamma has. You don't want to go and leave her all alone, do you? Don't you love mamma?'

'"Yes, Bertie 'ove mamma. Bertie kiss her twenty times. But Bertie 'ove God so *much*. Bertie do want to go up in 'ky quick, see God. Please, mamma, let Bertie go."'

To pacify the little fellow, I told him he should go quick when God sent for him. In just two weeks from that day God did send for little Bertie, and he went away to live with God. So, if we fade like a leaf, some of us will fade early. That is the second thing to remember.

3d, A leaf always fades at the right time. Now, you know that besides giving beauty to the trees, leaves are very useful. They are to a tree what our lungs are to us. They help to keep the tree alive. They help to circulate the sap and make the tree grow. But in the winter the sap does not flow. The tree does not grow in winter, and so the leaves are not needed, and they fall off. In the spring, when the tree wakes up from its long winter's sleep, it will need its lungs again, and new leaves will grow; which, when they are no longer needed, will fall off in turn. This is the third thing I want you to remember. A leaf falls at the right time—that is, when the tree has no further use for it; so our lives will not fade till the right time—that is, when God has no further use for them in this world. I will tell you a fable to show you what I mean.

Once there was a maple-tree full of beautiful green leaves. When autumn came the leaves began to change to red and orange, till the whole tree looked like a great cluster of gay flowers. Then they began to fall off and fly away. On the very topmost twig was a bright-red leaf. When it saw its companions flying off with the wind, it would shiver and say, 'Oh, dear Maple, do not send me away with the cold north wind; I love you, and I want to stay with you always.' Then the maple would answer, 'Don't fret, dearie, you shall not leave till you want to go.' So, while its mates were flying off every day, this little leaf only held on more tightly to the tree; it was so afraid. But one morning it found it was all alone. All the rest had flown away. It grew very lonely up there on the topmost twig alone, with no one to speak to. It began to wish it had gone with its mates. By-and-by the south wind came along and kissed its cheek. 'Good-by, old maple,' said the leaf, 'I'm going now;' and it just let go and fluttered gently away with the wind.

There is one thing more I want to tell you about the fading of a leaf. What becomes of the leaves after they fall? They wither and die, you say. Yes, and they lie on the ground, and the snow comes and covers them up. But is that the end? Oh no. When spring comes, we find they have rotted. These rotted leaves sink into the soil, and make it rich and fertile, as we say, and where these decayed leaves have lain all winter, the new young grass starts up green and fresh. We often go into the woods in the spring, and get leaf-mould to make our gardens grow better. This leaf-mould is nothing but soil made from the old leaves that have lain under the snow all winter. So you see that a leaf has a new life after it fades, and it helps to make the earth rich and fertile. If we fade like a leaf, and our lives grow more lovely every day, we shall make the world richer and better for having lived in it. And, better than all, fading will not be the end of us, but we shall have a new and better life with God.—*Boston Watchman.*

In Memoriam.—Rev. J. M.

His Master's voice hath called him into rest,
And now no more he treads this world of sin;
The everlasting gates have lifted up,
That God's own chosen one might enter in.

Brave, mighty battler for the truth! thy work
Lives on, and it shall never, never die;
The souls thou pointed'st to the heavenward road
Shall gem thy crown of bliss in yonder sky.

No more we hear those loving, tender tones,
Telling of joys which are at God's right hand;
Thy faithful, burning words no more shall show
The awful state in which the guilty stand.

Ambassador for Christ! all peaceful now,
And now he leaneth on his Saviour's breast,
And now his hottest conflicts in the strife
Are changed for God's own everlasting rest.

'Safe in the arms of Jesus'—such bright words
He wished his friends to sing around his grave;
Safe in His arms—ah! then, no room for tears,
For He hath only taken home who gave.

God's way is best—we dare not mourn always,
For Truth's broad flag shall be again unfurled;
And Christ's own banner of the cross held up
Before the gaze of a sin-darkened world.

R. Lindsay, Belfast.

Intelligence.

E WORK IN CHINA.—At a recent meet- Glasgow of the Western Directors of tional Bible Society of Scotland, Rev. ı John, of Hankow, stated he had ɜd in China for the past twenty-six China proper was now entirely open missionary and the colporteur, with the exception of one provincial capital— Hunan.

DEN — RELIGIOUS STATISTICS. — The of December 31, 1879, reports 4,578,901. ɜe 4,162,087 are Lutherans, 3999 are ts or Methodists, 190 are Reformed, and re Jews. These smaller numbers, how- ıre disputed, for in 1878 the Baptists d to be 13,778. There is a good deal very unpleasant to read about in the r of the National Swedish Church in ıntury, from the stern measures it has to put down all evangelical movements its borders. It is only so recent as hat legal toleration has been extended ɔtists and Methodists.

ıH CHURCH MISSIONS.—The Committee Irish Church Missions has put forth an for increased support, as recent agita- ave greatly reduced the income of many ɜed liberally to support their missions. ɔciety is at present unable to meet the ıg demands daily made upon it for more ır even to keep up its present staff of ł agents. All their mission buildings blin have been enlarged this year by donations for the purpose, and are ɔtended by crowds of Roman Catholics, ıs to know the way of salvation.

TZERLAND—ITS RELIGIOUS STATISTICS. tzerland and Germany are the two ɔies in Europe in which Protestantism omanism come most into contact. The tants in Switzerland form nearly three- of the population, and the Romanists ths. The numbers are—Protestants, 347; Romanists, 1,084,369; various ian sects, 11,435; Jews, 6996. The ıs of Zurich, Vaud, Schaffhausen, and Appenzell are nearly all Protestant, Zug, Luzern, Schwyz, Uri, Tessin, , Inner Appenzell, Unterwalden are all ıtirely Romanist. In Neuchatel, Bern, ł, Basel, Thurgau, Grisons, Aargau the ıty are Protestants. In Geneva, St ı, Freiburg, and Solothurn the majority ɔmanists. Geneva was formerly a Pro- t canton, but the influx from the slug- Romish cantons, where there is little or the population, has changed the pro- ɲ, and it now contains 47,868 Romanists 3,639 Protestants. The Protestants belong to the National Reformed hes in their cantons, but there exist ant Free Churches in the cantons of and Neuchatel, Geneva and Bern. In ɲ Switzerland there are theological schools at Basel, Bern, and Zurich; and in French Switzerland at Lausanne, Geneva, and Neuchatel. In these last three cities there are also theological schools in connection with the Free Church. The Jesuits and affiliated societies are not allowed to exist in Switzerland, and the formation of new convents and new monastic orders is forbidden.

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES. — Twenty years ago there were less than 30 medical missionaries in the field. To-day there are more than 100. Not the least useful of these are the female medical missionaries, who have free access to the homes of the people of the East.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—This Society has added nineteen missionaries to its staff during 1881, or one more than in either 1879 or 1880. The committee ask for four additional missionaries to take up work provided for already by the Extension Fund and special gifts—viz., two for the Niger, one for Persia, and a medical man for Gaza; also to fill vacancies, one for Shaou-hing, one for East Africa, five for the Nyanza Mission, one for Agra, one for Madras, and a lady for Sierra Leone; also a minister of experience for Palestine.

NORWAY — RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.—Like Sweden, Norway is a strictly Lutheran country. Of its 1,806,900 inhabitants, 1,799,662 are Lutherans. At the close of last century the Norwegian Church was largely permeated with Rationalism imported from Germany. It owes its recovery to a peasant, Nielsen Hauge, who, from about 1796, held religious meetings throughout the country, and called forth a powerful religious movement among the people. The rationalist pastors did everything to prevent this movement spreading, Hauge was several times imprisoned, but all their efforts failed, and, according to the most recent intelligence, the great majority of the Norwegian Church has gradually come back to its ancient faith.

GOSSNER MISSION AMONG THE KOHLS.—The statistics of this flourishing mission have recently been issued. There are now 31,253 church members scattered over 1052 villages, in 134 communities. Of 111 catechists, 16 are employed at the stations, leaving 39 communities as yet without them for want of funds to secure their services. Their salary is from 10 to 14 shillings a-month. There are 7 stations, 7 native preachers, 13 candidates, 134 teachers. Last year 2459 children were baptized, 971 were confirmed, and at present there are 2970 candidates for baptism. A magazine, *The House Friend*, is issued fortnightly from the mission press. Each number contains a sermon and short religious papers, with a closing page of intelligence. The four gospels are printing in the language of the Kohls.

A Daily Portion.

JANUARY 27.

'LOVE IS OF GOD.'—1 John iv. 7.

In the midst of all that occurs on the earth of sadness, sin, and sorrow, there are abundant evidences that God is love. In the original structure of things before sin entered, when all was pronounced 'good;' in the things designed to promote happiness, where the only thing contemplated is happiness, and where it would have been as easy to have caused pain; in the preservation of a guilty race, and in granting that race the opportunity of another trial; in the ceaseless provision which God is making in His providence for the wants of unnumbered millions of His creatures; in the arrangements made to alleviate sorrow, and to put an end to it; in the gift of a Saviour more than all, and in the offer of eternal life on terms simple and easy to be complied with —in all these things, which are the mere expressions of love, not one of which would have been found under the government of a malignant being, we see illustrations of the sublime and glorious sentiment before us, that 'God is love.' Even in this world of confusion, disorder, and darkness, we have evidence sufficient to prove that He is benevolent, but the full glory and meaning of that truth will be seen only in heaven. Meantime let us hold on to the truth that He is love. Let us believe that He sincerely desires our good, and that what seems dark to us may be designed for our welfare; and amidst all the sorrows and disappointments of the present life, let us feel that our interests and our destiny are in the hands of the God of love.—*A. Barnes.*

JANUARY 28.

'KNOWING THAT SHORTLY I MUST PUT OFF THIS MY TABERNACLE.'—2 Peter i. 14.

I must: it is personal; I. The Apostle out of that general necessity wisely collects a particular, a proper conclusion to himself, I. These singular deductions out of universal propositions are profitable to men, and acceptable to God. All men are sinners; and I am the chief, saith Paul. All men are mortal; and I must shortly die, saith Peter. No degree of men is privileged from death; not a patriarch, not a prophet, not an Apostle, could plead exemption: 'Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?' Abraham, a great patriarch, Moses, a great prophet, David, a great prince, Samuel, a great priest, John, a great evangelist, Peter, a great Apostle, where are they? Their souls live in bliss, their bodies are dead in the grave.—*Adams.*

JANUARY 29.

'TO WHOM BE GLORY FOR EVER.'—Rom. xi. 36.

Adore the infinite wisdom and goodness of God to find out such a way to justify us, by rich grace and precious blood. We are all involved in guilt; none of us could plead not guilty; and, being guilty, we lay under a sentence of death. Now that the Judge Himself should find out a way to justify us, and the creditor himself contrive a way to have the debt paid, and not distress the debtor; this may fill us with wonder and love. The angels admire the mystery of free grace in this new way of justifying and saving lost man, and should not we who are nearly concerned in it, and on whom the benefit is devolved, cry out with the Apostle, 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!'—*T. Watson.*

JANUARY 30.

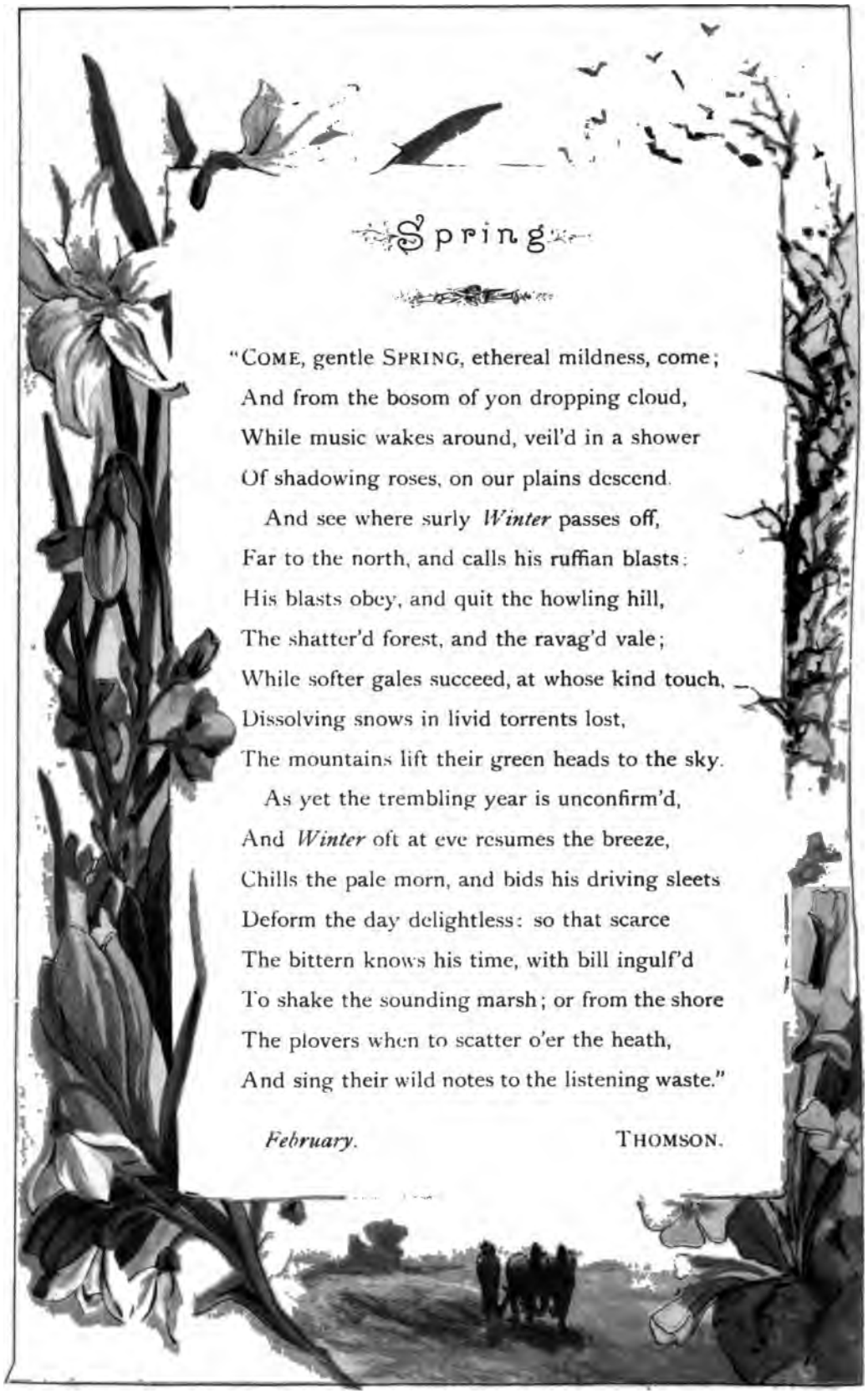
'I MUST PUT OFF THIS MY TABERNACLE.'—2 Peter i. 14.

This necessity all must undergo, but with a diverse event. To the wicked, death is the beginning of sorrow; to the elect, the end of pain. The death of the wicked, saith Bernard, is evil in the loss of this world, worse in the separation of life, worse of all in the torture of quenchless fire. Death to the godly is good in the cessation of pains, better in the renovation of all things, best in the immutability of happiness. Therefore the saint that desires to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, that man doth not only die patiently, but he lives patiently, and dies joyfully. He loves Jesus Christ but a little, that doth not rejoice to go unto Him.—*Adams.*

JANUARY 31.

'SHORTLY I MUST PUT OFF THIS MY TABERNACLE.'—2 Peter i. 14.

This is the dissolution, wherein I consider four circumstances. First, the personality; *I*, though a preacher, though an Apostle, one that have seen the Lord Jesus in the face; *I*. Next, the necessity, I *must;* there is no evasion, no prevention: I must lose a tabernacle, no mansion, a thing not worth keeping. Thirdly, the liberty, voluntariness, and willing heart of the Apostle to do this; which he calls a deposition, or *laying down* of his tabernacle. It is not a thing violently extorted from me, but laid down with a quiet and temperate mind. Lastly, the instance and vicinity of it; it is not long a coming, but approaching so near that I see it and feel it. The sands are almost out of the glass; but a few moments, and I depart; *shortly.*—*Adams.*



Spring

"COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
And see where surly *Winter* passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And *Winter* oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulf'd
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste."

February. THOMSON.

VINE FORBEARANCE: ITS ABUSE AND USE.

LATE REV. WILLIAM SYMINGTON, D.D., GLASGOW, AUTHOR OF 'THE ATONEMENT AND INTERCESSION OF JESUS CHRIST,' ETC.

'Or despisest thou the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?'—ROM. ii. 4.

HESE words are spoken by way of expostulation with the Jews. The grand design of the Apostle in this epistle is to establish the doctrine of justification by faith, without the works of the law. In prosecution of this object, he adduces an argument, in the first chapter, from the state of things e *Gentiles*, whose condition, in point eligion and morality, is depicted in darkest colours. With the second he commences another argument, m the state of things among the *Jews*, he addresses himself both in the way and expostulation. He expostulates a on the folly, vanity, and unreason- of expecting to escape the judgments a account of their relation to Abra- ile they were themselves guilty of things for which they condemned And in the text he advances another tion, on the danger of inferring nocence or safety from the impunity h they had hitherto been regarded; sing the forbearance of God, and g up to themselves wrath against the ath, and revelation of the righteous of God: 'Despisest thou the riches odness, and forbearance, and long- ; not knowing that the goodness of th thee to repentance?'

ound of expostulation is an abuse of cter and conduct of God; His good- neral, and His forbearance and long- in particular. Three terms are here in depicting the divine character :— s,' or bounty, kindness, benignity, in forbearance,' or that form of good- ifested in holding back, checking, g indignation ready to burst forth; -suffering,' literally long-mindedness, me's mind to one's self long before ut in punishment, slowness to anger, being not easily provoked. The two last are closely allied, nearly synonymous indeed, and present us with that modification of goodness to which the Apostle's expostulation has reference. The *degree* of this feature of divine character is indicated by the double term, and also by the word 'riches,' which is prefixed to all the three: 'The riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering.' This word gives intensity to what follows; marks the greatness or abundance of the qualities spoken of. It is the same which is employed elsewhere by the Apostle to give an idea of magnitude :—'The abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the *riches* of their liberality' (2 Cor. viii. 2). 'According to the *riches* of His grace' (Eph. i. 7). 'The exceeding *riches* of His grace' (Eph. ii. 7). The noun has thus all the force of an adjective, as if the Apostle had said, 'Despisest thou His *rich*, exceeding rich and great, goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering?'

Now, such a view of the divine character had been illustrated in the history of the Jews. Their iniquities were great and manifold, having been chargeable with idolatry, rebellion, apostasy, discontent, persecution, and gross immorality. Yet God had borne with them long; had renewed from time to time His mercies towards them; had restored them once and again from captivity; and had given them many opportunities of recovering themselves. Indeed, not till they had manifested the most hardened obduracy—not till they had become formal, hypocritical, worldly, and had filled up the measure of their iniquity by crucifying the Son of God—did He cast them off, and proceed to execute upon them His righteous judgments. Nevertheless, they 'despised,' slighted, misconstrued, the forbearance of God; 'not knowing,' not considering, recognising, acknowledging, that the object of the divine long-suffering is not to encourage men in sin, but to lead them to repentance.

What happened with the Jews of old is taking place every day among ourselves. We are the monuments of long-suffering mercy. Numerous and aggravated are our sins; yet is God taking occasion therefrom to manifest the exuberance of His goodness and forbearance. Minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day, and year after year, is He suspending the execution of His threatened wrath, and giving us time and opportunity to repent. And not slight is our danger of falling into the error of the Jews, of despising the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth to repentance; and so, after the hardness and impenitence of our hearts, treasuring up unto ourselves wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.

It may, therefore, not be unprofitable at this season* to spend a little time in reflecting on such a passage as that which I have read as my text. There are three points here brought up for consideration: The *fact assumed*—'The riches of God's goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering;' the *charge preferred* of abusing this fact—'Despisest thou,' 'not knowing;' and the proper *use* and *design* of it hinted at—'The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.' Such, then, is the plan of this discourse: to consider the *fact assumed*, the *abuse charged*, and the *design hinted at*, of the divine forbearance towards sinful men. The theme is deeply interesting in itself, highly suitable to the occasion on which we are met, and thoroughly practical in its tendency. Let me entreat your undivided and serious attention.

I. THE FACT ASSUMED:—'The riches of the goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering of God.'

What this language means has already been explained. It describes that aspect of the divine bounty, that feature or attribute of the Deity, which disposes Him to bear with the sins of His moral subjects, and to suspend for a while the punishment due to them. He forbears to visit immediately with their due award the offences that are committed against His moral government; and He does so with respect both to the sins of the impenitent wicked, and to those of His own children. The sins of both are equally deserving of punishment, and in suspending or delaying for a time this punishment, the long-suffering of God is manifested alike to both. Consider the evidence of this fact.

The fact here assumed is distinctly affirmed in other parts of *Scripture*, 'The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth' (Ex. xxxiv. 6). 'But Thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth' (Ps. lxxxvi. 15).

Nor is there any want of illustrations and confirmations of this fact in the *history of God's providential dispensations towards mankind*. Every age of the world, from the beginning of time to the present hour, furnishes examples in point. And it may serve a good purpose to take a rapid glance at the evidence thus afforded of the fact assumed in the Apostle's argument.

Go to Eden and consider the state of things consequent on the disobedience of our first parents. The covenant under which they were placed was enforced by the sanction of death. 'In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' Regardless of this, they ate of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Was the awful sentence carried into immediate execution? did the thunderbolt of wrath leap instantly from the impending cloud and strike the transgressors to the ground? did death—temporal, spiritual, and eternal—befall in a moment the unhappy victims of satanic temptation? or did God spare them a little—only till, having dragged them forth from their vain retreat, exposed their criminality, and passed a formal deed of condemnation, the infliction should be rendered more conspicuous and severe? No; none of these, you know, marks the course of divine procedure. And why? Why, but because of the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering. True it is, that the moment man sinned he may be said to have died *legally*. But in the case of Adam, even the temporal death was suspended not less than 930 years; and the legal death—the second death—that which properly gives to the other all its horrors, was not only suspended, but, through the seed of the woman, remitted altogether. That voice which broke the awful silence that ensued on man's fall, which vibrated so ominously throughout the bowers of Paradise, and which must have made the bosoms of the guilty pair heave with alarm, 'Adam, where art thou?'—that voice was not the cry of incensed justice demanding its victim, but the intimation of goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering; and the very first sinner, continuing on earth nearly a thousand years after his sin, is surely a striking proof of divine forbearance.

* 'The commencement of a New Year.'

st-born of Adam and Eve, the notori-
a, furnishes another example. The
effects of moral degeneracy were
dered apparent in the atrocious crime
g his brother. Without any provoca-
l with no previous example to lessen
e of horror, he could be stimulated
a malignant hatred of goodness.
the manslayer, the fratricide, the
r of a godly brother. Such a one we
ave expected that vengeance would
r to live; but, in the riches of God's
s and forbearance, the very reverse is
; for, while 'driven out a fugitive and
nd on the earth,' that he might be a
nt of long-suffering, a special mark is
a him, and the fence of this divine
s thrown around him, 'Therefore who-
layeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken
evenfold' (Gen. iv. 15).

ext conspicuous fact in the early re-
istory of our race gives another in-
f the same thing. The wickedness of
become great in the earth; the earth
with violence—all flesh has corrupted
. It repents God that He has made
id He says, Behold, I will destroy
m the earth. The mode of destruc-
termined on is a deluge. But were
ntains of the great deep broken up,
windows of heaven opened forthwith?

Before even the purpose is made
Noah is directed to prepare an ark, to
shelter from its consequences to such
ld choose to avail themselves of it.
ilding of the ark occupies 120 years,
all which time Noah, as a 'preacher of
isness,' is warning and beseeching men
it. When, at the end of this period,
lened impenitence of men renders the
n of the purpose inevitable, the catas-
did not come even then in a moment.
in was upon the earth forty days and
ights;' the falling drops and the in-
depth of water giving gradual warn-
nen to flee for refuge to the ark. Well
Peter say, 'The long-suffering of God
in the days of Noah, while the ark was
ring' (1 Peter iii. 20), and even long
was prepared, may we not add?

, again, there is the case of the Canaan-
They were idolaters, offering religious
on to creatures—mean, impure, infam-
ruel, and inhuman—offering human
es, and causing their own children to
hrough the fire to Moloch; grossly
us, practising every species of crime
among men, and some which cannot
even be told, without risk of the narrator being involved in the same condemnation. Yet, in the exercise of His forbearance, the times of this ignorance did God wink at, suspending for 400 years the execution of His righteous retribution, 'for the iniquity of the Amorites was not yet full' (Gen. xv. 13-16).

To the case of the Jews we have already, in part at least, adverted. They were a people favoured highly above all the nations that lived on the earth. Their sins were great, numerous, aggravated, oft-repeated, and long persevered in. The worst crimes that stain the moral character of men were found in their skirts—idolatry, rebellion, persecution, murder. Yet what monuments of divine forbearance! Forty years did God suffer them in the wilderness. It was long after their settlement in their own land before they were carried into captivity. From that captivity they were restored, their temple was rebuilt, and themselves were reinstated in their privileges and blessings. The formality, coldness, hypocrisy, and worldliness into which they afterwards sank did not prevent the first offer being made to them of a Saviour. After they had rejected this Saviour, and imbrued their hands in His blood, forty years more expired before their final destruction as a nation. And to this day their descendants are scattered over the whole earth, monuments not more of the righteous displeasure than of the long-suffering patience of God. 'Behold, then, the goodness and severity of God!' (Rom. xi. 22).

Nor are there wanting examples of more recent date, both collective and individual. France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey, and Britain, are all so many national monuments of divine forbearance; while, of individual instances, there is no end to the enumeration. Think of the number of individuals who are constantly practising oppression, fraud, lying, lewdness, enough to bring down the judgments of heaven, which nevertheless are suspended and delayed.

Need we go beyond ourselves for examples? We are all the living monuments of divine long-suffering. Which of us but may say, 'Innumerable evils compass me about'? Who can understand our errors? But for the riches of God's goodness and forbearance, where had we been? In the place of woe, where He has forgotten to be gracious, and where His mercy is clean gone. Were He even now strict to mark iniquity, which of us could stand? Looking even at the sins of the year so lately fled, even should there have been no atrocious

outbursts of immorality, how many warnings have been disregarded, how many calls unheeded, how many offers of salvation rejected, and with what contempt have Christ and His gospel been treated by many, by all! And yet we are *here*, spared to enter on the Sabbaths of another year, instead of being *somewhere else*, as we deserve to have been.

Besides the Scripture statements and historical illustrations already submitted, there is evidence of the fact of the riches of God's goodness and forbearance *in the manner in which He executes His judgments.*

They are ever preceded by warnings. They are not summarily inflicted. The case of Noah, already spoken of, is in point; so also is that of Jonah, perambulating the streets of the guilty city, and crying, 'Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed' (Jonah iii. 4). There are drops before the shower of divine wrath. The sky lours before the thunderbolt is discharged. Hidden murmurings are heard before the earth reels and opens its mouth, before the volcano sends up its liquid fire. Before a guilty Belshazzar is slain, and his kingdom is taken from him, the finger of God traces a handwriting of coming doom on the palace wall—*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!* In short, the word and providence of God are full of warnings to sinners, every one of which bespeaks the divine forbearance.

God's judgments are proceeded to with reluctance. Not only are they long delayed, but interrupted often after they are begun. Judgment is His work—His strange work, as it were. He does not afflict willingly; rather does He pursue the retiring fugitives with the call, 'Turn ye, why will ye die?' And over the backsliding culprit does He pour the bewailings of a yearning heart, 'How shall I give thee up? How shall I deliver thee? How shall I make thee as Admah? How shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within Me, My repentings are kindled together' (Hos. xi. 8).

Nay, even a degree of moderation is manifested in the infliction. God 'stirs not up all His wrath' (Ps. lxxviii. 38). 'In wrath He remembers mercy' (Hab. iii. 2). 'He exacteth less than men's iniquities deserve' (Job xi. 6). 'He stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind' (Is. xxvii. 8). And when He is, as it were, compelled reluctantly to let fall His stroke, He tempers it with the assurance, 'I will not execute the fierceness of Mine anger, I will not return to destroy: for I am God, and not man' (Hos. xi. 9).

On what an immovable basis, brethren, rests the fact assumed in the text, 'The riches of God's goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering.' How does it affect you? Not, we hope, as it did the Jews, by whom it was 'despised.'

(*To be continued.*)

BURNING UP OLD SERMONS.

BY REV. IRENAEUS PRIME, D.D., EDITOR OF NEW YORK OBSERVER.

THE Rev. Dr Duryea, of Boston, was, a few years since, a very popular and greatly beloved pastor in this city, and then in Brooklyn. A few weeks ago he delivered a lecture before the Boston Ministers' meeting on the relation of 'Self-Culture' to the 'Sermon.' It fills some six columns in the *Congregationalist*, and that paper well says the reader will wish there were more when he has read it. Having forcibly defined the ways and means by which the preacher will keep his faculties ever bright and active, so that he may bring fresh material into the pulpit, Dr Duryea reaches the climax and conclusion of the whole matter in this the final passage of his eloquent discourse:—

'I have often sat down beside the heroic majesty of old Dr Prime, father of the senior editors of the *New York Observer*. He took his barrel into the back-yard, made a bonfire, and slowly and deliberately put one sermon after another into the flames, and watched them curl up, until he sang the doxology over the ashes! Depend upon it, brethren, the "dead line" of fifty is the lazy line.'

This fact in the private life of my honoured father was always well known to his children, who heard him mention it often to his brethren in the ministry. But I had not supposed Dr Duryea to be familiar with it. To have the fact thus improved as an example and illustration by such a preacher as Dr Duryea, in such a city as Boston, and before Boston ministers, is personally exceedingly gratifying. It is also another proof that deeds live though men die. My father little thought when, in a retired rural parish in the northern part of the State of New York, he, a young man, was burning up a lot of old sermons in the back-yard of his house, that the deed would point a moral in the climax of a *concio ad clerum* of Boston, twenty-five years after his decease. When I read Dr Duryea's allusion, it occurred to me that in my father's sermon on the fiftieth anniversary of his ministry he would probably have mentioned the circumstance. Turning to the manuscript, I find it written:—

; now settled in Cambridge, Washounty, N.Y., and twenty-eight years , competent salary (it was one hunl twenty pounds sterling, and he had ıd three children), and with a large xtending six or seven miles in every ı, I felt the importance of setting lown to study. And yet from the esire of the people to see their new , and my own wish to become ac- with them, I was induced to spend me in visiting. After pursuing this or three or four months, relying on tock, I found I had economised time only ten sermons. Under the deep ɔn that this would not answer, I perın act which, from the benefits resultn recommend to every young minister anging his field of labour. Taking ny old sermons—now amounting to ndred and fifty—and selecting about s specimens of my early sermonising, ı bonfire of the residue. It was the act on my own behalf I ever per- and, I presume, no loss to any one; process of burning gave more light most of the material had ever done Young men may be slow to believe ne of the best ways to convert poor into good ones is to commit the old he flames. I am so fully convinced dvantage, that I have repeated the ent several times since, and calculate again. I thus placed myself under ssity of spending three or four days k in my study, as I had determined ı a sluggard in the Lord's vineyard.'

rm *heroic*, which Dr Duryea applies to who made this holocaust of his serıs well applied; but even more was it ɔ that persevering life-work through ı never ceased from his labours, his pt fresh and vigorous by its genial and abreast of the age by large polishing his intellect by the disci- daily writing. He would write and ı sermon, and write it again. When o pastoral charge, and there was less ıis preparing a new discourse, it was ure to take a text on which he had ritten, and build on it a fresh disı no respect inferior to those of his ınhood. He brought forth fruit in ıge. He spoke and wrote with the ɛrgy at seventy as at forty. And he this practice to the day of his death. writing, in the evening, one more sere theme was the Love of God; he had l into the middle of the discourse, n quoting these words, 'He that in love, dwelleth in God and God in laid down his pen and went to bed. els came for him, and when he fell ıey bore his spirit to the bosom of ɔse love he celebrated with the last his mind and pen.

ıryea has done nothing better fitted eful in the world of Christian work than by giving counsel to his brethren to be always moving on and up in the study and outgiving of God's truth. There is no such thing as perfection in any art or science; what is well done can be done better, and he who rests content with what he has done will soon find that he loses what he hath; the very ability of doing well will fail him, unless he tries to do better. It is not so in the ministry only; it is the same in every calling.

Nearly forty years ago I stumbled upon this sentence by Ferguson: 'The lustre which a man casts around him, like the flame of a meteor, shines only when his motion continues. The moments of rest and obscurity are the same.' I copied the remark, committed it to memory, repeated it over and over again, and tried to get it into the warp and woof of the mind, 'shines only when in motion'; it was a spur and stimulus to ceaseless labour to do better. 'Rest and obscurity' are twins. In this day, of all days, unceasing effort is the price of success. Never a day without something learned. Never a day without something done.

The lawyer or the physician who imagines himself perfect in the art and science of law or medicine soon sees, to his dismay, the world going ahead and leaving him with abundant leisure and few clients. The professor in college or seminary who, having composed his formal lectures, thinks he is now able to take his ease, becomes prosy, tedious, intolerable; his resignation is ardently desired, and his death not particularly lamented. Many pastors are amazed at the decline of interest evident in their preaching; they preach the same sermons they wrote thirty years ago, but the people do not enjoy them. They are crowded out of their pulpits by an 'ungrateful' people, who have itching ears and want a younger man. Often (not always) the fault is with the preacher himself. He did not grow old gracefully. If his heart is young, he should flourish in his old age like a green bay tree; rejoicing in the Lord and his friends; mingling with the young, and entering into their innocent pursuits, as he himself did when a young man; above all things, he must keep his mind bright and burning by friction with the mind of the age. His piety mellowed in the declining sunlight; his intellect filled with the ripe, rich fruit of life's harvest; his vigour preserved by temperance and exercise; his bow abides in strength. Confidence, a plant of slow growth, has become his strong support in the hearts of his people. Their love has risen into veneration. The children 'pluck his gown,' and put their little hands into his. The pastor becomes the patriarch and prophet. 'He points to heaven and leads the way.'

Dr Duryea's counsels, honestly followed, would make long pastorates, filled with usefulness and crowned with honour. My best wish for him (and it is a prophecy) is that his children may live to hear him spoken of, twenty-five years after his death, in such grand words as it has pleased him to speak of one who gave me the name of IRENAEUS.

A Portion for the Aged.

MORNING THOUGHTS FOR 1882.*

BY JOHN CHARLES RYLE, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

1. LET me think about *Sunday*. This is the day that I ought to keep holy. It was a law of God from the beginning, that men should give Him one day in every week. This law Christ never altered. It is a day in which I ought to give up all worldly work and business as far as possible, and give special attention to my soul. The best men in every age have always kept God's day holy. It has been found good for body, mind, and soul to do so. Now, what do I do with my Sundays? Do I keep them holy? If not, why not?

2. Let me think about *God*. There is One in heaven whose eyes are upon me morning, noon, and night. He is most holy: He cannot bear sin. He is a searcher of hearts: He knows all I think, and say, and do. He is of almighty power: there is no escaping Him. He will be my Judge one day: I must reckon with Him for all my ways. Now, is God pleased with my daily conduct? Am I living like one of His friends? Do I try to please God? If not, why not?

3. Let me think about *the Bible*. God has mercifully given me this Book to make me wise unto salvation. It shows me what to believe and what to do; how to live and how to die. If I read it in a proper way, I cannot fail to find out what I am, and what God is, and how to get to heaven. The best men everywhere read this Book, live by it, and find it a light in this dark world. Now, what do I do with my Bible? Do I read it at all, and use it aright? If not, why not?

4. Let me think about *Jesus Christ*. He is the eternal Son of God, who came into the world eighteen hundred years ago to save sinners. He suffered for my sins on the cross, and paid my debt to God by His blood. He rose again on the third day after His death, and went up to heaven to be my Saviour, my Priest and Friend. He has promised that all who trust in Him, and follow Him as their Leader, shall have all their sins pardoned. They shall have peace and hope in this world while they live, and glory and perfect happiness in another world when they die. Now, do I trust in this Jesus Christ? Are my sins pardoned? If not, why not?

5. Let me think about the *Holy Ghost*. I find that He dwells in the hearts of all who trust in Christ, and makes them true Christians. He can change men's hearts, alter bad natures, cause old things to pass away, and make all things new. I find that He is ready and willing to do all this, and that if people pray for the Holy Spirit, He will hear and come to them. Now, have I the Spirit? Is my heart

* These Morning Thoughts have been published as a broadsheet, at sixpence the dozen, by Messrs Wm. Hunt & Co., London. They are very suitable for the walls of cottages or workshops.

changed? Am I renewed and converted? If not, why not?

6. Let me think about *Holiness*. It is the mark of all real Christians. Without it no man shall see the Lord. It is God's special stamp on all His people. It may be seen in their doing: they try to do what God approves, both at home and abroad. It may be seen in their bearing: they try to be patient under all circumstances. Now, do I know anything of this character? Is there any holiness about me? If not, why not?

7. Let me think about *Things to Come*. I shall die some day: I cannot live always. I shall rise again one day: when I am buried there will not be an entire end of me. I shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ one day: if I will not go to His Church I must go to His bar. I shall go to heaven or hell for ever and ever: there is no third place; to one of the two I must go. Now, am I ready for all this? Am I likely to go to heaven when my turn comes to die? Am I pardoned, justified, converted, sanctified, a friend of God, and fit to die? If not, why not?

'SIMPLY TO THY CROSS I CLING.'

THESE precious words are inscribed upon the tombstone of one of God's dear children, which I often pass. I find them as a motto on the walls of many a dwelling that I enter; they constitute a line of one of our most precious hymns. And 'I would transcribe and make them mine.'

I would cling to the *cross*. I would glory in that. I would trust for my acceptance with God in the crucified One. I would rely for my salvation on the obedience unto death of the Son of God. I would put my sin-polluted soul beneath the droppings of His blood, that cleanseth from all sin. I would now and for ever make it my song,

'In the cross of Christ I glory.'
'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'

And *simply* to the cross would I cling. I would make that, and that alone, my refuge and my hope. With Paul would I say, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Nothing else meets my wants, as a sinner, nothing else gives peace to my guilty conscience. Here, and here alone, I find reconciliation with God. Here, and here alone, I gain the sweet assurance that all my sins, many and aggravated as they have been, are pardoned, and that my worthless name is recorded in some humble place beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

And simply to the cross would I *cling*. I would hold on to it with a firm grasp, as the drowning man clings to the rope that is thrown to his rescue, or as Joab clung to the horns of the altar when his life was in peril. I would cling to it as a man, in imminent danger, clings to that which is his only hope. I feel that my everlasting all is in peril, and that the cross alone can save me from endless ruin; and on no consideration would I loosen my grasp.

'Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm my heart should lie,
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die.'

H. S.

THE MARTYR GRAVES OF THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, BY LOCKERBIE.

CHAPTER III.

TINWALD.

TINWALD lies between Amisfield and Locharbriggs Station, on the Lockerbie and Dumfries Branch of the Caledonian Railway. We chose the Amisfield Station. The road to Tinwald goes nearly south from the station. Amisfield Town, as it is called—a hamlet made up of a row of a score or more of cottages—we passed a quarter of a mile from the station. The railway is marked upon the Ordnance Map as 93 feet above the level of the sea, but from the station the road begins to rise, and continues to rise until, when we reach Tinwald, in a mile's walk further on, it is marked 200 feet. The plain through which the Nith flows lay at our feet, and it was clothed in the green of June. In the distance were the well-called 'bonnie hills of Galloway.' Tinwald church has the appearance of being built last century. It is long, low, and narrow. Its bell, the beadle told us, is dated 1701. The stone we were in search of we found in about the centre of the northern part of the churchyard. An obelisk, erected in 1844, stands at its side. The obelisk has an inscription telling of John Corbet, but giving about equal prominence to the persons who erected it. It bears to have been erected in 1844. The old stone is about five feet and a-half in length, and three in breadth. It was lying flat upon the ground, with the soil rising up around it, and the moss had largely spread over its face and filled up the letters. The work of decipherment was a tedious and difficult matter. Indeed, it took the gravedigger, who became quite enthusiastic in the matter, and ourselves fully an hour to make out the inscription. Some of the letters had nearly altogether been effaced by the ravages of time. We resolved that something should be done for the re-lettering and preservation of the stone. An application to the parish minister, the Rev. James Vallance, for the use of the church to preach a sermon and raise a collection to repair the monument, at once brought back the response that the church was at our service on the day named, at twelve o'clock noon. It did not suit us to come at twelve, for we had service of our own at home, but it was arranged that it be at five o'clock. On Sabbath, July 11, 1880, we preached to a congregation made up of the Christian denominations in the district, and that filled the parish church to overflowing, on the great principles for which the Reformers and Martyrs contended. There were £2, 3s. of a collection. Another pound was added from the balance of a collection in the hands of the Free Presbytery of Dumfries, made after a sermon by the Rev. William Milroy, of Penpont, on a similar theme, July 1, 1880, a day on which many services commemorative of the Scottish Reformers and martyrs were held throughout Scotland. The money thus contributed was applied to deepening the letters and cleaning and repairing the stone. When we again visited the churchyard, December 1881, we found that the stone had been thoroughly put to rights, that the once shallow and fading-away letters had been cut deeply, after the manner of Old Mortality, that the stone had been set upon stone-supports some twelve inches up from the ground, that the whole had received a coating of oil, so as the better to withstand the changes of weather, and that the deepened letters had been painted black. It was plain that the workpeople concerned in the matter—the stone-cutter and the gravedigger—had worked with a will, and made the money go as far as it would go. It was now easy to read the inscription. It was—

HERE - LYES - THE - CORPS - OF - JOHN
CORBET - WHO - DIED - THE - 17 - OF -
MARCH - 1706 - AND - OF - HIS - AGE -
63 - YEARS - WHO - WAS - TAKEN -
IN - THE - YEAR - 1684 - BY - A - PARTI
OF - CLAVERHOUS - HIS - TROUPE -
AND - WAS - BANISHED - BY - THE -
WICKED - COUNSELL - OF - SCOTLAND
TO - EAST - JARSEY - 1685 - AND -
RETURNED - THE - YEAR - 1687 -

LET - THIS - STON - SPEAK - WHEN - SPEECH - IS - FROM
HOW - GOD - ME - LEDD - WHEN - I - WAS - FAR - FROM - HOME
BANISHT - J - WAS - FOR - COVENANTED CAUSE -
AND - NON - COMPLYANCE - WITH - THEIR - WICKED - LAUES
GOD - WHOM J SERVED MADE - ME - THER - FIRM - TO - STAN -
BROUGHT - BACK AGAIN UNTO - MY - NATIVE - LAND -
MY - SOBER WALK IN EACH - PLACE - OF - ABOAD -
MADE - ME BELOVED OF - ALL - THAT - LOVED - GOD -
GAINST - ALL - ASSAULTS - FROM - FIRST - UNTO - THE LA [ST
ASISTED - ME J - GOT - NOT - A - WRONG - CAST -
HIS - PRECIOUS - TRUTH - FRAGRANT - THOU - WAS TO [ME
FROM - FIRST - TO - LAST - AS - J - LIVD - SOE - J - DY
ONCE - MORE - JL - LIVE - AND - NEVER - DY - AGAIN
AND - SING - HIS - PRAISE - IN - A - TRIUMPHANT ST [RAIN

HE GONE

According to the inscription, John Corbet was taken 'in the year 1684 by a parti of

ous his troup.' His name first occurs
books of Council, according to Wod-
der date February 16, 1685. 'The
ee about the prisoners' are recom-
, February 11, to meet and report the
those in the prisons of Edinburgh and
ate. On February 16, they report:
ake the test and are set free.' A 'Mr
M'Millan desires time to deliberate
he prerogative, having no scruple about
egiance, but stands at his Majesty's
acy in ecclesiastical affairs,' is 'con-
Two others are 'remitted to the
.' But there are twelve, and John
is the eleventh on the list who 'refuse
, and are to be sent to the plantations.'
nths afterwards he must still have
prisoner, for, under August 17, he and
two others are described as 'now
rs in the Tolbooth of Leith.' He and
hundred more, among whom are the
of twenty-eight women, are 'to be
d to Mr George Scot of Pitlochrie,
him transported to his Majesty's
ons in East New Jersey, in the ship
n the road of Leith, now bounding
'

tory of the beginnings of New Jersey
e seventeenth century, and of the times
Stuarts. The Dutch settled in New
early in the century. The Swedes
d, but their settlements were taken
on of by the Dutch. In 1664 Charles,
disregard of the Dutch claims, granted
ntry, along with New York, to his
, the Duke of York, afterwards James
t the Duke of York characteristically
hat had been granted him to Lord
y and Sir George Carteret. In 1674
tch regained their old territory, but at
nclusion of the war the country was
l to the English. Lord Berkeley and
orge Carteret found a purchaser of
aims to New Jersey in William Penn.
peedily attracted colonies of Quakers
Scotsmen to his new possessions. At
d of these Scotsmen was the Earl of
The Earl was a friend of William
nd in 1682 prevailed upon Penn and
er 'proprietors' to appoint as governor
ryman, Robert Barclay of Urie, the
iter who put the views entertained by
akers in a readable form. Barclay did
nself go to New Jersey, and used his
s governor to appoint a deputy in his
His two brothers went there to settle,
of them died on the passage across,
tely in the eventful voyage of the ship
cot of Pitlochrie freighted with the
d prisoners gifted him by the Govern-
Patrick Walker was one of the
rs, but, happily for him, he escaped
e ship as it lay in Leith Roads, and
o write, many years afterwards, his
rkable Passages.'
hip sailed on the 5th of September, but
of the flesh which the captain of the
d provided for the prisoners began to
stink before they sailed,' and 'in a few days it was not eatable.' With such a beginning, it is not wonderful that the sickness some of the prisoners brought on board with them from the foul vaults and dungeons out of which they had come grew into a fever, and fever of a malignant type, and spread over the passengers, the prisoners, and the crew, until 'few or none in the ship escaped.' Twenty-two of the prisoners died, and about fifty of the others, including the most of the crew, and Pitlochrie himself and his wife. Sailing in September, they caught the equinoctial gales, and the ship was twice 'at the utmost hazard' by the springing of a leak. At last they arrived at New Jersey in the middle of December, a fifteen weeks' passage of an ocean that is now easily crossed by steam in from seven to ten days.

It was proposed, before landing the prisoners, to exact from them what, by a misnomer, was called 'a voluntary declaration' of four years' service. But the prisoners would not listen to such a proposal, and they had all to be landed as they were, without conditions. On landing, they seem to have been left to shift for themselves, and to have suffered hardships until they got 'a little way up the country,' to a town not named, 'where there was a minister settled.' Here the people showed them no small kindness, and gratuitously supported them for the winter.

In the following spring, Johnstone, the son-in-law of Pitlochrie, on the strength of the gift of his father-in-law, claimed them as his property, and had them all cited before a court of the province. The governor referred the matter to a jury. A jury made up of the followers of William Penn and Robert Barclay were likely to be of a different type from the craven-hearted and obsequious jurymen that in Scotland did the bidding of tyrants. It is not surprising, therefore, that they found that the accused had not of their own accord come to the ship, had not bargained with Pitlochrie for money or service, and, therefore, according to the laws of the country, they were free to go where they chose.

Nothing now seems further to be known of John Corbet after this decision, save that, according to the tombstone, he returned to his native land. Judging, however, from the narrative of John Mathieson, a fellow-sufferer, whose story will be told when we come to Closeburn, he must have had his difficulties and trials ere he found his way back to Tinwald.

The tombstone bears no date, but from the style of lettering, it looks like the work of the first quarter of last century. William Wilson, of whom we have already given some account in 'Martyr Graves,' vol. i. p. 161, had some connection with Tinwald, and he was a man fond of writing a species of doggerel rhyme. He wrote the inscription on Samuel Rutherford's tombstone at St Andrews. We have his 'News from Abbotshall,' 'printed in the year 1752,' but it looks like a reprint from an

edition of an earlier year. Its motto is a fair specimen of its rhyme—

> 'I count the person not worth a groat,
> That for self-interest turns his coat.'

We have before us a quarto manuscript volume written by him in a bold legible hand. Its title-page is, 'Some Excellent Sermons Preached by Several Great, Faithful, and zealous Men, Ministers of Jesus Christ, and some of Martyrs for the same cause, which all of them contended for, and held to their death. Their names are Masters William Guthrie, Adam Kae, Donald Cargill, Richard Cameron, James Renwick, ministers. Written, Anno Domini, 1723.' On the back of the title-page he has written: 'This book belongs to the true Presbyterian Correspondence of Tinwald, who are distinct from that other correspondence, who have in a great measure resiled from their integrity and constancy, and are at present following Mr John M'Millan in a course of defection and backsliding from the honest cause formerly owned by them all.

'This distinction I thought necessary, because both parties are for ordinary designed one way.

'The following sermons transcribed from the correct copy written by that zealous champion for the cause of Christ, Sir Robert Hamiltoun.'

It is, therefore, very likely from this connection with Tinwald that the inscription is his work.

From the tombstone of John Corbet we turned to survey the churchyard. The stones seemed all to be of the red sandstone, for which the quarries of the district are famed, and a sandstone evidently of a lasting character, for we noticed a flat stone with the date 1616 upon it. On the south side of the churchyard we came on the following inscription, in which the son not very humbly commemorates his own deed as well as his father:—

> WHO ERE THOU BE THAT DOTH GO BY
> KNOW JOHN M^{C}VITIE HERE DOTH LIE
> INTERRED UNDERNEATH THIS STONE
> BY GAVIN M^{C}VITIE HIS ELDEST SON.

At the west end of the church is a monument to a minister of the parish, who had an unusually long ministry. He is described as 'Rev. Mr Alexander Robison, Pastor of this parish from the year 1697 to the year 1761'—*i.e.*, a ministry of sixty-four years. He is said to have been marked by 'diligence and zeal in his office, and steady moderation in the affairs of the church.' This latter clause is somewhat suspicious, and throws light upon the tradition that he was put in by a company of soldiers. A few feet west of this monument is that to 'the Rev. Mr John Courtas, of the cong^{n}. of Ref. Presb. Dissenters of Quarrelwood, who died on the 31st day of Jan. 1796, in the 72 year of his age, and 40th of his ministry.'

THE TEACHER'S ART OF PUTTING THINGS.

THE teacher has the *matter* of next Sabbath's lesson in his mind. How shall he so *state* it, *question* his class, *illustrate* and *apply* the truths, that the lesson shall have the greatest effect? *The first quality of style is clearness.* We should endeavour so to speak that the class cannot help understanding us. 'Write the vision and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it' (Hab. ii. 2). The example of our Lord Himself, whom the common people heard gladly, and of Paul, who used great plainness of speech, and who commands us to give milk to babes, teaches us, above all else, in our style to aim at clearness. Paul says, 'I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue' (1 Cor. xiv. 19).

The second quality of style is force—i.e., energy, liveliness, and strength.

The third quality of style is beauty.

To acquire clearness, form in your mind clear ideas. Whenever you think clearly, and your heart is in it, you will teach clearly. Use plain words and good illustrations. Study the style of the Bible, especially the style of Jesus; from Christ learn to state truth concretely—not abstractly.

Sometimes use hard words to make your scholars *think*. Afterwards explain them, and pray for great plainness of speech.

To acquire force, so turn over the truth in your mind that, as you muse, the fire will burn. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Seek the aid of God's Spirit to demonstrate the truth with power to you and to the class, and deeply imbue yourself with the energy of the Bible style.

To acquire beauty of style, read prayerfully the most beautiful passages of the Bible; cultivate love for your scholars, and let it form your style; yet never sacrifice clearness or force to beauty.—*Westminster Teacher.*

Re-Union.

I think, sometimes, when sitting all alone,
What would it be to see the faces blest
Of those who long since entered into rest,
Whose brows with light celestial long have shone;
What would it be to hear again the tone
Of voices that erst thrilled me through with love,
Whose music long since joined the choir above,
And left me silent in a wordless moan;
What would it be to hear the light steps steal
Over the threshold of my solitude;—
Oh vain, fond fancies of a yearning heart!
Be patient, and in heaven thou yet shalt feel
That chief among the joys of life renewed,
Are the re-unions that can never part.

Caroline May.

THE HOWARD FAMILY.

LOT'S ESCAPE FROM SODOM.

CHARLIE and Susie's last Sabbath-day in the country had come. They had made so many friends among the other girls and boys that many of them felt very sorrowful as they came together for alk about the lesson. They could not ɔut of doors that day. There was a rain falling, and it would have seemed gloomy if it had not been for the blaz-od-fire in the little parlour where they ɪtting.

ɔther lesson about angels,' said Charlie. much they have to do with this world! ɔse it is just the same now, but some-ɪever think of them, unless I read about ɒ the Bible or other books.'

ɜ New Testament,' Mr Howard replied, hey are *still* ministering spirits to those ɜe to be saved. It is a very pleasant o think of.'

ɦould think they would have got very ɔf waiting on Lot,' said Frances. 'I ɜe why he wanted to stay where he was, he was in so much danger. *I* would ɜarted off just as soon as the angels told ɔut it.'

ɜ world is full of people,' said her uncle, ɪave to be urged and entreated to fly worse destruction than that the wicked ites met with. It is very strange, when so anxious to have us escape it, and to ɜ and happy, that so many of us *will* as Lot did, and almost insist on being How God must love us, to take such ɾith us! Lot's case reminds me of some-read about a village in the mountains tzerland. Overhanging this little vil-ɪ a huge crag or rock, which has been ɔourse of centuries gradually loosened he mountain. Every year the crack larger, and it seems likely to fall at any If it should, it would bury all the in its ruins. Engineers are very fre-ɾ sent to examine it, and they report nger, but the people only shake their ɪnd say, "It has lasted so long, it will ly not fall in our time." So they go their work and their pleasure, and lie to sleep at night, free from anxiety. ɪre a good many Lots still in the world. this is as nothing compared with the to the soul, about which half the world ɜareless.'

lesson reminds *me* of the "Pilgrim's ss,"' said Susie, 'only Christian did ve to be urged to leave the City of ction. I suppose the difference is that not half believe what was said to him. ɜt he tried to persuade his sons-in-law ɪith him.'

ɦaps his being only half-persuaded him-his finding it so difficult to leave his goods, made it seem to them as if he were mocking or jesting,' said Mrs Howard. 'Only those who are really in earnest themselves, as Christians, can do much good to others.'

'It seems very strange to me,' said Edward Allen, 'that though Lot saw God was so anxious to save him, almost against his will, yet he was not willing to have Him do so in His own way. He seemed to think that God was going to save him from death in the city in order to have him die in the mountain.'

'How sure we ought to be, if we are trusting God and willing to obey Him, that He will hear our prayers,' said Mr Howard. 'Lot was only half-obeying and half-trusting Him, and yet He gave him all he asked, even of earthly blessings. How much more willing He must be to give His loving children spiritual ones.'

Susie's bright little face looked still brighter as her father spoke, for she was thinking how earnestly she had asked God to bless Charlie and her other young friends.

'How could Lot's wife be turned into a pillar of salt?' asked Cassie Reed. 'That has always puzzled me so.'

'We don't suppose her whole body was turned into a solid mass of salt,' said Mr Howard. 'Probably, as she stood still, looking back, she was killed by the fiery vapour with which the air was filled, and then afterwards she became covered over with the salt spray and mist from the Dead Sea, which very quickly formed into a hard crust. Even now, objects very near this sea become very soon covered in this way. Our Saviour tells us to remember her; that is, not to neglect too long to obey God and to seek refuge from the storms which will, in the end, overtake the wicked.'

Many more things were said by Mr Howard on this subject before they separated, which were not forgotten by those who had not yet begun to love Jesus. Charlie, especially, was very thoughtful for days afterwards. Let us hope that he will never forget his father's words until he, too, like Christian and little Susie, turns his back on the City of Destruction, and starts on the path to the Celestial City.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.—To write an anonymous letter is the outcome either of fear or of evil intent. It is not modesty that dictates the deed. If you are afraid or ashamed to put your name to what you have written, destroy it at once. Especially is this advice important for the young. Let them be taught to be outspoken, brave, truthful, candid. Never do anything on the sly. Never write an anonymous letter.

A Daily Portion.

FEBRUARY 1.

'OUR INWARD MAN IS RENEWED DAY BY DAY.'—2 Cor. iv. 16.

There must be a daily putting off the old man, and a putting on the new, a renewing the inward man day by day. And though at the first regeneration there is the forming all the essential parts of grace, yet afterwards there is a daily augmentation—the Galatians were both knowing God and known of Him, yet of these did the Apostle travail till Christ was formed again, till the design of Christ be fully complied with, and the soul grown up to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, by the participation of His nature. As providence is a continued creation, so growth is a continued regeneration. As a man grows in reason by new improvements, so ought a Christian in grace by new additions. Things are not ripened at once. The spirits in raw and immature bodies are depressed by gross and earthy mixtures with them, till they are encouraged by the sun and showers, and thereby able to digest the crude parts and arrive at perfection.—*S. Charnock.*

FEBRUARY 2.

'THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL HOLD ON HIS WAY, AND HE THAT HATH CLEAN HANDS SHALL BE STRONGER AND STRONGER.'—Job xvii. 9.

The new nature can no more stand at a stay than a living tree can, till it come up to the measures of its nature. It is the nature of seed to propagate itself, and spread its virtue into branches and fruit. It will be aspiring to that perfection which nature hath allotted to it. If you do not grow, it is a sign there is no life in you. It is but a common gift or a common grace at best; the counterfeit, not the reality, of the new creature. Living natures do thrive; pieces of art stand at a stay. He is no member of Christ, but as a wooden leg or arm; not knit by any vital band, but some extrinsic ligaments; not fed with the increases of God, because he doth not grow. To content ourselves with a low degree of grace makes us unworthy of the benefit of regeneration, and below those that pretend to a likeness to God.—*S. Charnock.*

FEBRUARY 3.

'WHEREBY ARE GIVEN UNTO US EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS PROMISES: THAT BY THESE YE MIGHT BE PARTAKERS OF THE DIVINE NATURE.'—2 Peter i. 4.

Study the promises, and plead them before the Lord, for 'by these you are made partakers of the divine nature.' Resist not any divine impressions by a sluggishness and a listlessness. Be not in love with your spiritual death, nor cherish the bondage to sin in your will, when God makes motions to enliven and enlarge you. Welcome the breathings of the Spirit. Open your souls, as some flowers do for the sun; drink in the drops of heaven, as the earth doth the rain; and when the Spirit quickens you by its influences, quicken the Spirit by your earnest supplications; make much of Him, persuade His stay. Breathe, O blessed Spirit, upon this wilderness. Never leave till it be changed into a fruitful garden, both pleasant to, and fruitful for, my blessed Creator and gracious Redeemer.—*S. Charnock.*

FEBRUARY 4.

'YE ARE OF GOD, LITTLE CHILDREN, AND HAVE OVERCOME THEM: BECAUSE GREATER IS HE THAT IS IN YOU, THAN HE THAT IS IN THE WORLD.'—1 John iv. 4.

God, who dwells in your hearts, and by whose strength and grace alone you have been enabled to achieve this victory, is more mighty than Satan, who rules in the hearts of the people of this world, and whose seductive arts are seen in the efforts of these false teachers. The Apostle meant to say that it was by no power of their own that they achieved this victory, but it was to be traced solely to the fact that God dwelt among them, and had preserved them by His grace. What was true then is true now. He who dwells in the hearts of Christians by His Spirit is infinitely more mighty than Satan, 'the ruler of the darkness of this world;' and victory, therefore, over all his arts and temptations may be sure. In his conflicts with sin, temptation, and error, the Christian should never despair, for his God will insure him the victory.—*A. Barnes.*

FEBRUARY 5.

'IN THIS WAS MANIFESTED THE LOVE OF GOD TOWARD US, BECAUSE THAT GOD SENT HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON INTO THE WORLD, THAT WE MIGHT LIVE THROUGH HIM.'—1 John iv. 9.

The Apostle does not mean to say that it has been manifested in no other way, but that this was so prominent an instance of His love, that all the other manifestations of it seemed absorbed and lost in this. He died that we might have eternal life through the merits of His sacrifice. The measure of that love, then, which was manifested in the gift of a Saviour, is to be found (1) in the worth of the soul; (2) in its exposure to eternal death; (3) in the greatness of the gift; (4) in the greatness of His sorrows for us; and (5) in the immortal blessedness and joy to which He will raise us. Who can estimate all this? All these things will magnify themselves as we draw near to eternity; and in that eternity to which we go, whether saved or lost, we shall have an ever-expanding view of the wonderful love of God. —*A. Barnes.*

INE FORBEARANCE: ITS ABUSE AND USE.

ATE REV. WILLIAM SYMINGTON, D.D., GLASGOW, AUTHOR OF 'THE ATONEMENT AND INTERCESSION OF JESUS CHRIST,' ETC.

(*Continued from page* 64.)

II.

HE CHARGE HERE PREFERRED, of abusing God's long-suffering.

The Jews are charged with 'despising' it. The verb signifies to form a wrong opinion of —to draw a mistaken inference from — to misconstrue, slight, neglect. This they did by plunging into vices which they de- others, because the judgments of not immediately executed. 'Not not considering as they ought, not , not acknowledging, the design of xercise of His long-suffering mercy. vous abuse of the divine forbear- confined to the Jews, but is prac- large extent still. Let me crave ion while I endeavour to show you rbearance of God may be despised, at evil of so doing.

y men be said to despise the goodness ance of God?

ey take occasion from it to think in, they may certainly be said to is indeed no light matter. It is n Scripture as an evil and a bitter s view is confirmed by a considera- nature, properties, and effects. have only to recall the disastrous es it has entailed on angels and convinced of its great malignity. God forbears to punish it, when ened judgments are suspended, s are allowed to go on committing unity, from day to day and from r, men are apt to conceive of it evil, to regard it without hatred on, and to look upon it, if not with , at least as a venial fault that may be passed over. I need scarcely s is a false inference, that it is a ion men thus practise on them- the forbearance of God cannot change the nature of moral evil, and this they will find when the curse of God, coming upon them, shall awaken them from their deceitful dream. 'Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience' (Eph. v. 6).

When they encourage themselves to go on and to increase in sin, men may also be said to despise God's forbearance. From thinking lightly of sin, it is an easy and natural step to continue in it, and even to advance to higher degrees. This is what is complained of by the wise man, 'Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil' (Eccles. viii. 11). It is a shocking picture of human depravity, a monstrous degree of wickedness, that is here exhibited; where, just because God is pleased to exercise patience, men are represented as determining to try that patience to the uttermost. Because God delays to strike and crush them, they will disregard, nay, defy His power. If the instant men sinned they were punished, there would be fewer transgressors; if the moment a lie escaped the lips, the person, like Ananias or Sapphira, fell lifeless to the ground, there would be fewer liars in the world. The reason why the hearts of men are set in them to do evil is, that sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily. In other words, the reason why men go on and increase in sin is, that the goodness and forbearance of God are despised. It is so with thousands who abuse prosperity, health, and youth, by determined opposition to God, who, through stupidity and indolence impair their reason, cloud their intellect, and enervate their constitution by a continued course of luxury and dissipation. Adepts in the logic of corruption, they reason thus in the depravity of their hearts: We have sinned before and no evil befell us; we may, therefore, sin again and escape. By giving heed to such

false induction, they soon learn to sin habitually, where before they did so only occasionally; to sin deliberately, where before they hesitated; to sin with ease, where before it cost them a struggle; to sin unhesitatingly and unblushingly, where before they were timid, trembling, and ashamed; to sin without restraint, where before they were held back by considerations of fear, reputation, or interest; and, in fine, to sin without remorse, where before it cost them many pangs of conviction. How guilty are such of despising the long-suffering of God!

So also is it when men lead themselves to imagine that sin is not denounced by God, or that His denunciations against it will not be executed. Sin is denounced in the counsels of God, in the volume of inspiration, and in the consciences of moral creatures. 'The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men' (Rom. i. 18). 'Tribulation and anguish' are denounced 'on every soul of man that doeth evil' (Rom. ii. 9). But because the sentence is not executed immediately, men are apt to persuade themselves that no sentence exists. Because sin is not instantly visited with judicial infliction, they conclude that it does not excite judicial displeasure, and is not condemned by the moral government of God. 'Wherefore doth the wicked contemn God? he hath said in his heart, Thou wilt not require it' (Ps. x. 13). Even when forced to admit that sin is denounced, sinners try to persuade themselves that the denunciation will not be executed. They cherish the thought that the sentence is heavier than the sin deserves, and so can easily prevail on themselves to believe that God will never surely carry His threats into effect. His *deferring* to inflict they interpret into His *declining* to do so. But how are all such imaginings dissipated by a single sentence of withering remonstrance: 'These things thou hast done and I kept silence; thou thoughtest I was altogether such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes. Now, consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver' (Ps. l. 21, 22).

Such are some of the ways in which men may be guilty of despising the goodness of God. Consider *the great evil of so doing.*

Such abuse of God's long-suffering is manifestly foolish. It is all a matter of conjecture, a mere tissue of suppositions, for which no certainty, no security exists. What folly, then, and madness, for persons thus to expose themselves, on a mere hap-hazard, to the risk of punishment, only tenfold increased by the length of time that it has been delayed.

Then, again, how monstrously ungrateful is it! Because God is merciful to *us*, we will be undutiful to *Him*. Because *He* forbears to punish sin, *we* will take occasion to commit sin the more. Because He is kind, we will requite His kindness with opposition. This is not only to be ungrateful, but to be deeply malignant; not merely to be wicked, but to be devilish; nay, to be guilty of what the devils, to whom no forbearance is shown, have it not in their power to commit.

It is, also, utterly vain. Such conduct of man cannot affect the nature of sin, or the determination, power, and ability of God to visit it with what is due. 'It shall not be well with the wicked,' let men reason as they may. 'Because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience;' 'Whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not, whose damnation slumbereth not' (Eccles. viii. 13; Eph. v. 6; 2 Peter ii. 3).

III. THE USE OR DESIGN of the divine forbearance hinted at in the text.

This is in the words, 'The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.' There is only one use here specified, a most important one to be sure, and that to which the context naturally led the Apostle to point. But there are others scarcely less important; and on this head we may perhaps allow ourselves a somewhat wider range of remark.

One use of the divine forbearance is to provide for *the support and continuance of the Church.* If sinners were cut down instantly that they sinned, the race, not to speak of the Church, would soon become extinct. On the principle of long-suffering, not only is there an opportunity for the Church existing, but those who are themselves wicked may in this way give being to persons truly godly. The pious Abijah was the son of the wicked Jeroboam, and the good king Hezekiah descended from the abandoned Ahaz. Besides this, wicked men may be of use to the Church in the way of supporting and protecting it, supporting it with their substance, and extending to it protection, as their interests may sometimes be identified; thus acting as the chaff, which serves as a defence to the wheat, although, when the wheat is gathered into the garner, destined to be itself driven away or burned up. 'The earth helped the woman' (Rev. xii. 16).

Another use or design is, to *make the justice and power of God more conspicuous in the*

ow of the finally impenitent. When
s given to repent, and men repent not,
zebel of old (Rev. ii. 21), God is 'justi-
hen He speaketh, and clear when He
h' (Ps. li. 4); their condemnation is with-
cuse. By their impenitence 'they trea-
p to themselves wrath against the day
ath' (Rom. ii. 5). The punishment,
g after a long suspension, is rendered
re conspicuous. 'What if God, willing
w His wrath, and to make His power
, endured with much long-suffering the
of wrath fitted to destruction?' (Rom.

rves, further, the purpose of *proclaiming readiness to pardon and to be reconciled.*
s ready to pardon. He delighteth in
He is not willing that any should perish.
shes it to be known that He retaineth
s anger for ever. One way in which He
this known is by the exercise of for-
ce. By suspending for the time His
ents, and uttering loudly His warnings
is threats, He lets it be known among
aks of transgressors that He 'will not
e the fierceness of His anger;' and if
ill only repent, 'He will not return to
y.' In short, in every case of forbear-
He 'shows forth his long-suffering for a
n to men who may hereafter believe to
erlasting' (1 Tim. i. 16).

the chief use, the grand design, of for-
ce, is to '*lead to repentance.*' This
is taught us in the text, but it is
sewhere distinctly affirmed, 'The Lord
slack concerning His promise as some
ount slackness; but is long-suffering to
rd, not willing that any should perish,
hat all should come to repentance' (2
iii. 9). And consequent on this plain
couraging statement is the advice, 'And
t that the long-suffering of our Lord is
ion' (ver. 15). Forbearance gives *time*
ent. Were men cut off at once in sin,
would be no opportunity. Where, in
se, had been Manasseh, David, Peter,

Where, indeed, any of the human
? Not an individual could have been
, but all had been swept, without an
tion, into the gulf of perdition. For-
nce holds out a powerful *motive* to re-
nce. There is no incentive to this like
lay of the divine goodness. Man is so
tuted as to be readily affected, melted,
ed by kindness, love, undeserved favour.
xercise of divine forbearance heaps coals
e on the sinner's head, by which his
ate impenitence is overcome. Of course the Holy Spirit must give the *principle* of penitence, but such is the mode in which it is *developed.* No weight of authority, no terrors of justice, no array of frightful consequences, can affect the heart like an exhibition of goodness and long-suffering. He who has withstood unmoved the earthquake, the wind, and the fire, will yield to the still small voice of love. The sinner who has outbraved the thunders and lightnings of Sinai, will shake and quail in presence of the meek glories of Calvary. It is when men 'look on Him whom they have pierced'—the Saviour provided in the goodness and forbearance of God—that 'they mourn with a great mourning, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon' (Zech. xii. 10, 11).

In conclusion, suffer a word or two of exhortation.

Admire the forbearance of God. Well you may. It is a *bright* manifestation of divine goodness; one of the richest gems, indeed, in the imperial diadem of heaven. The Apostle speaks with propriety of 'the *riches* of His goodness,' &c. How rich, inconceivably rich and indescribable. Considering His holiness and justice, we cannot but wonder that He should bear with sinners for a single moment. Then, it is *peculiar* to our race, no such indulgence being extended to fallen angels. It is *superior* to anything of the kind with which we are acquainted. The meekness of Moses, the patience of Job, the long-suffering of Jonah, all came short. 'If a man find his enemy, will he let him go?' No, verily. But it is God and not man with whom we have to do; and He, we are assured, will not execute the fierceness of His anger. When to these is added a consideration of the purposes subserved by this attribute of God, who but must admire?

Make improvement of the divine forbearance. Beware of any of those things in which it is abused; of thinking lightly of sin, of continuing and increasing in sin, of shutting your eyes to God's denunciations against it, or flattering yourselves that these will never be executed. Although the sentence against sin may be erased from your remembrance and from your conscience, it can never be erased from the law of God; and sure as God is holy and just will it be executed if you repent not. 'Whose judgment lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not' (2 Peter ii. 3). Foolish, unspeakably foolish; ungrateful, monstrously ungrateful; vain, utterly vain, is all such conduct. Improve, then, the goodness and forbearance of God. See that it lead you

to repentance. This is the grand matter. It is not that the judgments of God are suspended merely, but suspended that you may have time, and opportunity, and inducement to repent. Forbearance is exercised in and through Christ. Betake yourselves meanwhile to Him; and, looking upon Him, mourn and be in bitterness. There was no forbearance to Him, no suspension of wrath in His case. The punishment due to us for sin came on Him to the uttermost; and can you think of what He endured; can you look at the nails, the thorns, the spear; can you behold the sun darkened, the rocks rent, the graves opening, and the veil of the temple rent in twain; can you witness His unparalleled sorrow, and listen to His piercing cry of agony; can you see Him bow the head and give up the ghost, and yet not repent, and yet be in love with sin, and determine to abide in its practice? Then must we leave you to ruminate over the irreversible decree, 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' 'Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish.' Repent you must, in one sense or another, at one time or another, by one means or another. If God's *goodness* leads you not to repentance, His *judgments* will.

Imitate the long-suffering of God. 'Peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness,' are fruits of the Spirit (Gal. v. 22); and than these fruits nothing is more amiable or godlike. Ministers are required to 'reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine' (2 Tim. iv. 2). But it is a duty obligatory on all. 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves' (Rom. xv. 1). 'I therefore beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called; with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love' (Eph. iv. 1, 2). If we will not bear with one another's infirmities, how can we expect God to bear with our sins?

Bear in mind, in fine, that *the forbearance of God will not always continue.* There are limits to the divine long-suffering. When tempted to abuse it, it may be well to recall to mind His own declaration, 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man' (Gen. vi. 3). These are words of tremendous import, well deserving of being seriously pondered:—'Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity: I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me' (Prov. i. 24–28). He may say, year after year, 'Let them alone;' but most assuredly the period will come when He will say, without any more delay, 'Cut them down, why cumber they the ground?' At death, at judgment, there will be an end to all forbearance and long-suffering. Presume not then, sinners, too much on their continuance; and be reminded that, like the stroke, which falls the heavier the longer it has been suspended; like debt, which accumulates the longer it is unpaid; like water, which rushes with more overwhelming violence the longer it has been confined; like wind, which sweeps with more destructive fury the longer it has been pent up; like these, the judgments of God on impenitent sinners, the longer they have been delayed, will be only the more weighty, overwhelming, tremendous, when they come. Oh, despise not then, my dear hearers, the riches of God's goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, but know that the goodness of God leadeth to repentance. Oh, to know this, not speculatively and intellectually merely, but practically, experimentally, savingly! And for this end may God bless to us what has been spoken; and to our long-suffering God in Christ be all the glory. Amen.

Our Prayer.

When the Cross is heavy,
Be Thou near.
When our eyes are weeping,
Dry each tear.
When the way is darksome,
Be our Light—
Though the gloom be midnight,
Cheer the night.
When the path is thorny,
Let us be
Patient in our suffering,
Like to Thee.

When the World looks sternly,
Smile benign—
Let us know so surely
We are Thine.
And should want o'ertake us,
Let us see
Glimpses of the fulness
Stored in Thee.
In the parting hour
May we take
Hold of the hand once pierced
For our sake.

L. L. K., in N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.

'HE LINDSAYS OF REDKNOCK HAUGH.

BY MARY DOIG, AUTHOR OF 'ROSALIA VANDERWERF,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

) you saw the rain doun fa',
ret the arrow frae the bow,
ir Scottish lads fell even doun,
hey lay slain on ilka knowe.'
—SCOTTISH BALLAD.

E pale light of a November dawn falls on the Pentland Hills, and on the unburied slain. The victors enter the capital of Scotland with exultant shouts, as they lead their captives to their place ınt; and Ralph pursues his way by fields and woods and unfreys, avoiding the habitations of has already heard that some have elivered those to the enemy who, ', have sought shelter under their

gs of the defeat have reached augh before Ralph does, for some ighbourhood have returned withseen anything of him since the dark, and his mother's heart has ıt within her, and in spite of mpts at cheerfulness, she may be her eyes with her apron. Hab, ain and again for the figure of a ling in the direction of Redknock , as he furnishes the stable with lding, he does not own to himself ı fears that the sound of approachıay never fall on his ear. He is he straw for the last time (he has y times to-night), when a hand is shoulder, and a voice exclaims, Hab, but with bad news; we are But ye're safe yoursel',' says Hab, h's hand, and for the time forgetıblic misfortune in his personal I have escaped the hand of the Ralph, 'but my life is no longer t be known to none but friends ıere. Those who have taken part ıt rising, though they have escaped ınt, may yet be laid hold of; and loss-bog, as we well know, will be h to give information respecting looking at the food and bedding , he adds, with concealed emotion, ı made his bed in colder quarters le lies with many a brave man and illion Green.' So saying, he hasıouse to relieve the anxiety of his hile, however, the old shepherd aits for the return of his son, and , his dog, for ever turns his loving in the direction in which he saw disappear, devout women from are wrapping him in his windingfriendly though unknown hands his grave on the battle-field of

CHAPTER VIII.

'Though the seas be raging wild,
I'll row thee o'er the ferry.'
—CAMPBELL.

Ralph has not been many days home when the fact is discovered. Spence of Moss-bog and soldiers arrive to lay hold of the rebel. Hab sees their approach, and, warning Ralph, leaves him to escape, while he goes to meet the troopers. He listens to their noisy laughter and the wild songs they sing, and, catching up the air, whistles it as he walks along, that he may not be discovered to be a Covenanter. The device succeeds; and one of the soldiers asks him if he knows whether Lindsay is now at Redknock Haugh.

Hab makes answer that he has seen him that day, and offers to help the troopers to search the house. They enter; and when every room has been thoroughly examined, they proceed to stable, barn, and byre, where, every nook being searched without success, the soldiers propose to remain at Redknock Haugh till the young laird returns, demanding in the meantime the best in the way of provisions that the house can furnish. This being provided, they feast to their heart's content, while Mrs Lindsay thinks over the best means of preventing her son's home-coming. She knows not, however, in what direction he has gone, and, as he has left home without money or provisions, she thinks he may in all probability soon be back. As the darkness sets in, Hab watches to intercept him, and after hours of looking and listening he comes.

Hab meets him with the news that the soldiers have taken up their abode at Redknock Haugh, and takes him for the night to his father's cottage, resolving ere daylight on the following morning to seek a more secure hiding-place.

As they come to the cottage door they hear Hab's father reading the chapter at evening worship, so the two youths enter in silence, and seat themselves in the family group.

No notice is taken of their entrance, but in the prayer John Futheringham asks that the God of Jacob, who watched over him in his wanderings, may be with them now.

Worship over, they gather round the fire. Jean brings forward her oatmeal cakes and cheese, which while they partake of they discuss the best means of eluding the persecutors, and it is agreed that in the meantime Ralph must seek shelter in a cave by the burnside in the moor.

In the morning, ere the sun has risen, Ralph and Hab go together to the hiding-place, where Ralph remains, and Hab returns to make known to Mrs Lindsay where her son is concealed.

Seeing, however, that the troopers are still

determined to await the return of Ralph, his mother thinks that he must seek a place of safety at a greater distance from home, and, knowing that persecution rages less wildly in Fife than in the Lothians, she resolves that there he will take up his residence till his enemies are wearied of their search after him.

The Firth, however, lies between, and were he to cross in daylight the fact would soon be widely known. His passage, therefore, must be made at midnight; but who can she trust to row him over? She therefore consults Nellie as to this.

'Jamie, my sister's son in Borrowstounness, wud, I think, row him o'er,' says Nellie.

'But is he of the Covenanting people?' asks Mrs Lindsay. 'If not, can we trust him?'

'I canna say he is,' replies Nellie. 'The mair's the pity for himsel'; but, for a' that, I'll be sair mista'en gin he'll no lend us a helpin' haund, for he's a brave, honest lad, though he cares for nane o' these things.'

It is a dark November night, the young moon already set, when Nellie arrives at the house of the boatman.

His wife, who sits on a stool in the firelight rocking her infant to sleep in the cradle, starts with an exclamation of surprise at seeing Nellie at such an hour. She quickly makes known to her the purpose of her visit, and ere an hour passes the boatman returns.

'I've a boon to beg o' ye, Jamie,' says Nellie, 'an' I houp ye'll no say me nay. A band o' troopers are in the house seeking for our bonny young laird. Will ye row him o'er the water, and land him on the shores o' Fife?'

'I'll row him o'er maist willingly,' was the reply. 'I've no grudge to row the laddie o'er the Firth.'

'But,' says his wife, 'it's an awfu' risk to show kindness to a Covenanter.' Then, turning to Nellie, she adds, 'No but what I ken they're the best fouk in the land; but, for a' that, it's no canny helpin' them.'

'Nae fears for me,' says James. 'Let the young laird be waiting me on the shore east o' the toun the morn's nicht, an' I'll tak' him o'er.'

'An' may the Lord bless ye for it,' says Nellie; 'an' ye may be sure that Mrs Lindsay an' me will no forget to mind ye at the throne o' grace.'

CHAPTER IX.

'In the waste howling wilderness
The Church is wandering still.'

—KEBLE.

The mist hangs heavy on the silent moor as Mrs Lindsay, accompanied by Hab, pursues her way to the cave where her son is concealed.

When she has bidden him farewell and returned to her home, Ralph and Hab proceed on their way to the shore, where at the place appointed they wait the arrival of the boat. They have not waited long when the splash of oars is heard, and they call out to let the boatman know that they are in readiness. There is but little light to guide them to the other side, but the mist has cleared away, and a few stars appear. They all agree that it will be best to land at no village on the shores of Fife, so James steers his boat to a little sandy bay, where they come ashore.

It is impossible in the darkness to find the way to the neighbouring town of Dunfermline; so, after Ralph has offered a reward to the boatman, which he, however, stoutly refused, and taken farewell of Hab, he walks to and fro on the sand, listening to the sound of the oars as it gets fainter and fainter in the distance.

At last the streaks of dawn appear in the east, and ere long Blackness stands out clear in the morning light, and over the Pentland Hills buff clouds on a pale blue sky give the scene of the recent battle a strange beauty, while beside him the pools and rocks, the withered brackens and leafless trees on the Kinninie braes, are tinged with the reflection of the clouds of sunrise. He goes up through the braes, startling the cushats from their sleep on the trees and the wild rabbits at their morning play; and, as he reaches the higher ground, the Abbey of Dunfermline appears in view.

Having reached his destination, Ralph is welcomed by the friends to whom he has been recommended by his mother, and stays some time under the shadow of the Abbey, and within sight of the Palace window past which the bloody flag blew when Charles I. was born.

He does not, however, at all relish this inactive life, nor does he consider himself out of danger of being discovered. He therefore resolves to disguise himself as a farm-labourer, and seek work as such. Many of the farms around Dunfermline he tries without success; but, hearing of a notable Covenanter who lives about eight miles to the west, at a farm called The Ashes, he thinks he will try his fortune there.

It is a dark, stormy December day as he takes his way past the parks of Pilfirn, where the crows are wheeling over the trees and green hillocks; over the Cairneyhill, where in ancient times the Scots and Danes had a bloody fight; near the Torryburn, as it runs by the foot of the quiet kirkyard; through the village to the open green Ness, where the full, stormy Firth of Forth is dashing on the shore; up the brae, and on and onward still, till, by the ash-trees at the gate, he thinks he has reached his destination. He stands for a time looking northward to the Ochils, above which dark storm-clouds are blowing, and southwards to the Firth, with its white-crested waves, as he resolves whether he will seek work merely as an ordinary farm-labourer, as he has done in former instances, or make known to Stobow, the farmer, the circumstances of his case.

stands thus, doubtful in what manner
d, a tall, spare man, in middle life,
om the stackyard. Ralph, seeing at
t this must be the farmer, asks if
a want of a farm-labourer, but is
l in the negative, and Stobow passes
ng the young man convinced that, if
find a temporary home at The Ashes,
tell his whole story.
ort winter day is over, and darkness
; in, as Ralph seeks admittance to the

or is opened to him by a tall, slight
rteen, with raven locks, and the same
y eyes as Stobow himself. Unmis-
he is his daughter.
other, who is preparing the evening
ns from her occupation as he enters,
ow, who sits by the fire, with his
en on his knees, is too much en-
a what he is reading to be aware of
nce of the stranger. When his atten-
called by his wife, Ralph, without
lay, enters upon the subject about which he has come. He tells of the part he has taken in the battle of Pentlands, of the danger to which his life has since been exposed, of his midnight passage across the Firth, and promises that he will work diligently, without wages, if the farmer will receive him as a temporary inmate of his house.

The eyes of Stobow light up with a strange brilliancy as he says, 'You are nae stranger to me; your father's martyrdom was on the day o' my lassie's baptism.'

'Ay,' says his wife, 'and his bluid was on the bairn's face; an' its lang white robe, wi' the deep reid stain, we ha'e keepit aye sin' syne as a precious thing.'

'Then it is you,' says Ralph, turning to Lilias—'then it is you who may be said to have been baptised with my father's blood. Surely we must be friends for ever.'

And, as he looks on the blood-stained robe which the mother brings, he feels more proud of being the son of such a father than if he had been the heir to the Scottish throne.

A Song in the Night.

BY MRS MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

AM tired to-night, but I come unto Thee;
O Saviour so tender, have patience with me.
Thou knowest the language of weakness and pain;
Thyself was oft weary when daylight did wane.

I am burdened to-night; there are sorrows that lie
So mist-like before me, they darken the sky.
O Saviour divine, wilt Thou aid me to bear
The grief to Thy feet, and to leave its aches there?

I'm defeated to-night—of the hopes that were born
In the dew and the shine and the peace of the morn
How little remaineth! How broken and lost
Seem my plans that vexation and failure have crossed!

I am lonely to-night; I am longing for those
Whose sun on the hill-tops of glory arose;
Yet, vanquished and lonely, I cling unto Thee,
And Thou art the brightness of heaven to me.

I am weak as a child; I have wandered away
Too far from the Master I follow to-day;
Yet trusting His love, and repenting the wrong,
To-night, in my sadness, His strength is my song.

O Friend never failing, though all should forsake,
O Friend growing dearer, till I shall awake
In Thy likeness at last, never more let me be
An instant forgetful, dear Saviour, of Thee!

But come in the darkness and come in the noon—
And aye let me watch, for Thy coming is soon!
And still through all changes, Thou changeless and true,
Thyself in my spirit reveal and renew.

THAT PETERS BOY.

BY MRS HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

IN one of the pleasant front windows of a handsome new house sat Mrs Gilbert Harrison. The family had but recently moved into the neighbourhood, and until this evening Mrs Harrison had seen nothing whatever to mar her complete satisfaction with the locality, neighbours, or, most important of all, the house itself.

But now, alas! she had made a most disquieting discovery; which was, that just over the way, what had hitherto appeared a very respectable dwelling proved to be a miserable little tenement occupied by an old woman and her grandson, a great, green boy, poorly clad, loud-voiced, and uncouth, extremely so, both in manners and personal appearance.

Mrs Harrison was a lady by birth and education, with a great love for the beautiful wherever seen, and although a Christian at heart, and in general very kind in her feelings, she instinctively shrank from whatever was coarse or unrefined.

When her husband returned from the city that evening he detected at once the shadow of a cloud on his wife's usually smooth brow. Pretty soon he understood its import.

'Just think, Gilbert!' she began, when after tea they were seated in the fresh, nicely-stocked library; 'just think! right opposite, in that brown house, which I've always taken for a nice little cottage, there is a poor, ignorant old woman, as coarse and common as she can be, and, what is worse, she has living with her a grandson, a great overgrown boy, a perfect trial to behold, with his unsightly looks and discordant voice!'

'Too bad, wifey!' said Mr Harrison soothingly.

'Of course,' she continued, 'my chief anxiety is for little Gilbert; true, this boy is at least twelve or thirteen years old, while Bertie is but eight. I have already forbidden Bertie's playing with him. I could'nt say he must not speak when they meet, but I shall do my best to keep *our* child away from all such influences as that Peters boy would be likely to exert.'

For several days it remained a regret with Mrs Harrison that she had not sooner known who were to be her opposite neighbours. It was strange, too, they should be planted right there in the midst of so otherwise desirable a community. The truth was, the little brown house was the best and last of several of its kind, which had been left standing after one and another had been removed to make way for more pretentious dwellings.

When the Sabbath-day came, Mrs Harrison, as was her wont, went with her good husband and nice little son to church in the morning, and to Sabbath school in the afternoon; and on both occasions 'that Peters boy,' bareheaded and barefooted, stood lounging at the shaky gate of the little house over the way, watching with undisguised curiosity the movements of the new neighbours. But on their return from the Sabbath school, what was Mrs Harrison's disgust to see the Peters boy engaged in a boisterous, profane altercation with another lad of about his own age over a game of marbles; and he evidently didn't care a pin that the 'new folks opposite' saw and heard it all.

It was certainly excusable that Mrs Harrison, 'chiefly on Bertie's account, should greatly deplore the proximity of such unhallowed sights and sounds.

But that Sabbath night, after many unpleasant, disturbing reflections, Mrs Harrison at last dropped asleep and had a singular dream.

She dreamed that the Peters house was on fire, and on *her* exertions entirely depended the rescue of the Peters boy, who was asleep in the consuming dwelling. For a moment she hesitated; she had never entered so forlorn and uncanny a place. Only for a moment, the common impulse of humanity prevailed, and hurriedly entering the house with brave determination, she found it only necessary to take the startled boy reassuringly by the hand, and speedily they stood on the street at safe distance from the dreadful flames.

And in the morning she awoke, and lo! it was but a dream.

It was noticeable that nothing more was said through the week concerning the annoyance which had been uppermost in Mrs Harrison's mind; and on Saturday Mr Harrison was greatly surprised to hear his wife quietly state her intention of calling on old Mrs Peters that afternoon and asking the boy if he would go with her to the Sunday school.

'But his bare head and bare feet, wifey!' pleasantly expostulated Mr Harrison.

'Oh, you've plenty of hats, and can spare one, and as for shoes, I guess we can contribute that much, can't we?'

'Bless you, yes,' said the husband, fondly, and going out, murmured to himself—

'Dear little soul, her good heart always asserts itself sooner or later.'

The next Sabbath-day when the Harrisons started for the Sabbath school, a neatly-dressed but ungraceful boy, bashfully accompanied them. And from that time on, as long as he lived in the place, the Peters boy was a constant attendant at the Sabbath school. At the end of a year Mrs Peters died, and the grandson went away to live with an uncle, who, they said, was 'well off.'

Fifteen long years had passed away. Good, useful Mr Gilbert Harrison, long known as Deacon Harrison, had gone to his rest; and his widow in her comfortable home, with ample means for support, yet carried about a

troubled face and walked with slow and heavy steps, and the neighbours all knew her sore bereavement was not the chief cause for her altered looks and manner.

Gilbert Harrison, jr., had hardly justified the expectations of his loving parents. He had grown to manhood, handsome, educated, but rather too fond of pleasure. The Sabbath school became too slow for him, and it was at least five years since he had entered either Sabbath school or prayer-meeting; and of late, whenever either was mentioned in his hearing, there was something in the expression of his face which convinced his mother that further remonstrance on the subject was vain.

She often and often wished the little brown house which had stood opposite had never been taken away, for in its place was a very choice saloon—all gilded and shining—well-lighted every night, well patronised too; and she well knew that her only son, her little Bertie, of whom she had been so careful and proud, was one of the thoughtless 'simple ones' who strayed too often into the beguiling, damning place. For herself, she still attended Sunday school regularly, and found her greatest solace in ministering to the ceaseless wants of some of Christ's 'little ones.'

One evening a gentleman, apparently a stranger, called, who accosted her as 'My dear Mrs Harrison.'

Seeing her look of surprise he asked—

'Have you entirely forgotten Frank Peters, once your near neighbour?'

It was even then difficult, almost impossible, to imagine the tall, fine-looking gentleman before her one with the poor neglected boy she had once befriended.

Mr Peters stated that, with his young wife, he had returned to the pleasant suburb and again become a resident. His appearance called up so painful a chain of reflection as to disconcert poor Mrs Harrison to such a degree that he, seeing her embarrassment, made but a short call.

But that, happily, was not to be the last she was destined to hear or know of Mr Frank Peters; for so useful a man was he found to be in the church, it was not very long before he became superintendent of the very Sabbath school he had first entered fifteen years before, a poor boy, uncared for, save by his unlettered grandmother and the kind woman who had brought him there.

One evening he stopped at Mrs Harrison's to inquire about a sick child, one of her class. Gilbert, who was just about to go out, met him at the door; and his mother not being well, he obtained and delivered the desired information. As the two men left the house in company, Mr Peters said pleasantly—

'Where are you going, Mr Harrison?'

'Over opposite,' said Gilbert, defiantly. He wanted no cant, he wasn't in the mood for it.

'Guess I'll go too.'

Gilbert stopped and looked at him. 'What are you going for?' he asked, frowning.

'Because you are,' was the undisturbed rejoinder. 'I surely may go where a son of your mother's is willing to be seen.'

'See here,' said Mr Harrison, disgustedly. 'I'd rather you'd go some other time, if it's all the same to you.'

'But I'm a stranger there,' persisted Mr Peters; 'you could introduce me,' and he slipped his arm into that of his companion.

'You desire nothing of the kind,' was the wrathful reply; 'now let me go, will you?'

'No, Gilbert Harrison, I will *not* let you go,' said Mr Peters, firmly. 'I will never entirely let you go until you are a different man. I've prayed for you ever since coming to this place. I learned something of your painful course. Your mother, by the grace of God, saved me, and now, God helping me, I want to assist in saving you. Come Bertie,' he added softly, 'go back and spend the evening with your mother, and to-morrow night go with her to the prayer-meeting; you cannot love the life you're living now.'

Gilbert did go home, and, to his mother's surprise and delight, attended her the next evening to the meeting for prayer. For Mr Peters had said truly he did not love the life he was living; his early training and home influences had been such as to render that impossible.

One Sabbath night soon afterwards, Gilbert Harrison arose in the prayer-meeting, and in well-chosen words offered a penitential prayer. A little girl, one of Mrs Harrison's Sabbath-school class, told a playmate next day that at 'prayer-meeting last night, teacher's son made the beautifullest prayer she ever heard, but poor teacher cried and sobbed like she was chokin'.'

Need we add how gratefully Mrs Harrison now regarded the friend whom once she could only think of as that troublesome Peters boy? But that was before she had reached out her firm Christian hand and rescued him from a profitless life, and he in turn had extended a saving hand towards her only son.—*Boston Watchman.*

'TELL me,' said Edmund Burke, 'what are the prevailing sentiments that occupy the minds of your young men, and I will tell you what is to be the character of the next generation.' This is but an echo of the epigrams of the ancients. The modern statesman but repeats the wisdom of the past. The dominant power of the young men of a nation has been recognised in all ages. It was because he taught her young men that Socrates was feared at Athens. Standing in the market-place, visiting the gymnasia, or speaking from the porticos, he wielded a power which senators viewed alike with envy and with dread. When Wesley was desired to leave Oxford to take a local parish, he refused, because, he said, the schools of the prophets were there, and he felt that in forming the sentiments of young men, he was doing a greater work for the next generation than he could possibly do in any other locality.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

THE THIRD BEATITUDE.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

LINA had returned from a visit to a friend in the country, and was giving her mamma an animated account of Woodbine Towers, the name of the fine country seat situated in the middle of a vast tract of highly-cultivated land, and surrounded on all sides with the evidences of taste and wealth.

'We had lovely days there,' said Lina. 'We rode on horseback and in the phaeton whenever we chose, and there was a servant to attend to Rose and Eva and me whenever we desired anything. And we were often taken on long rides in the family carriage to visit some place of interest or to see some charming view. The whole time was so delightfully occupied, and there was so much to see and learn, I could have spent another week there with profit, I am sure. What a happy thing it is to "inherit the earth,"' laughed the little girl.

'Say, rather,' replied her mamma, 'what a happy thing it is to be possessed of a lovely character, shining brightly with all the Christian graces.'

'The especial grace of meekness,' said Lina, with a smile. 'I learned something more about the Beatitudes up there at Woodbine Towers,' she continued. 'Dr Rule, Mrs Beverly's pastor, spent the last evening we were there with us. After tea, when we gathered on the broad verandah to watch the moonlight streaming over the garden and groves, and weaving shadows above the smooth grass of the sloping lawn, every one had something to say about the wonderful beauty of the quiet scene.

'Dr Rule spoke last, and we all thought he was about to point out some fantastic shadow from the Towers, or the trees, or the garden trellises, or perhaps call attention to the sparkling ripples on the surface of the lake, for the moonbeams flooded everything with a silvery glow that was entrancing; but he only smiled, and said, as if to himself, or in answer to his own thoughts, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

'Lily Rule, the doctor's little grandchild, laughed softly, and asked, "Now, what put that verse into your mind, grandpa?" And then the doctor told us that he knew old Mr Beverly, the grandfather of the present owner of Woodbine Towers, when he was a very poor man and in great trouble—trouble arising, I think he said, from political affairs. This old Mr Beverly, he said, was one of the strangest characters he ever knew, both in mind and heart. He was naturally fond of ease and pleasure, and fitted by nature to enjoy all the good things of life. But, because he deemed the business by which his family had accumulated their fortune unsuited to a Christian, he gave it up. He had naturally a high and imperious temper, and was readily provoked to anger, yet so sincere was he in his religious life that he rarely permitted an angry or unkind word to escape his lips. His wit was brilliant, and it was easy for him to answer his enemies with sharp and bitter words that would sting and rankle with some unwelcome truth. Yet he never availed himself of this weapon either for offence or defence. The law of kindness was on his lips, Dr Rule said, and his magnanimity was only equalled by his courage. He was the meekest man he ever knew. When he was so poor, and had no prospect of ever becoming rich, Dr Rule used to remind him of the Lord's promise to the meek, that they should inherit the earth, and used to tell him that he confidently expected that either he or his children would live to realise the promise. Mr Beverly would smile, and answer that if the principles for which he lived and laboured were victorious, and took hold of the hearts and lives of men, he would believe that he had got the promise, even though he should never own an acre of the world's broad lands.

'"And now," said Dr Rule, "the good, brave, patient, courageous, tender heart has ceased to beat, the willing hands, that never tired in their labours for the oppressed, are folded to rest, the meek disciple of the Lord inherits a glorious heavenly home. But his name lives on the earth, and the promise, in its literal as well as spiritual sense, has been fulfilled to his children and his children's children. I never view this goodly heritage but that I recall the memory of the grand, brave man, majestic in his loyal meekness, and the gracious promise made to all such by our loving Saviour when on earth. Godliness is profitable in this life," continued Dr Rule, "and he who gains a lifelong victory over a proud and wilful spirit, and keeps guard over a perverse and rebellious nature, out of motives of love for the Master, who was meek and lowly in heart, shall find every word of promise sure, even in this day and life."

'Then Mrs Beverly turned to Dr Rule, and thanked him for telling us this. "It is a word of encouragement, indeed," she said; and she wished for Freddy and all of us that we might be among those who overcome, for to them it is promised that they shall inherit all things.

'Wasn't it a sweet word of encouragement?'

THE best Christians have the least religion 'to speak of.' Large professions may consist with little piety; and there is little growth or fruitfulness when the top of the tree is too big for its roots.

BROKEN DAYS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THERE are few people who have not discovered how difficult it is to secure time for any pursuit over and above that required for the daily business of life. For instance, one has an ambition to excel in an accomplishment, or to acquire a language, or one's tastes lie in the direction of geology or mineralogy. The hours which can be found and devoted without interruption to these cherished things are few, so few that often the plans are laid aside, and the attainments regarded as completely beyond the reach of the busy man or woman. The demands of a profession, the cares of a household, the claims of society, and the duties of religion, so occupy every moment of every day, that it seems idle to try to keep up the studies which once were a joy and delight.

So it comes to pass that most women, who have entered on middle life, have forgotten the cunning which once made their fingers fly over the ivory keys. The young girl played skilfully. Her voice was well trained and sweet. But the mother has had no time for music. Her piano has been shut for months together, and only in cradle lullabies has her gift of song been exercised. A beautiful art has gone from her for the want of use. She used to be fond of reading. Now, you mention book after book, of which she has heard, but which she has had no time to examine. She laboriously learned the grammar of several foreign tongues when she was at school. Only fragments of that hardly-won knowledge linger still in shadowy corners of her brain. The present with its multiform interests, its needs to see to the daily raiments and the daily food, has buried and swallowed the past. While in heart-culture, in spiritual growth, and in loveliness of character, the woman disciplined in patience may have attained to a larger height than was deemed possible by those who knew her in youth, she has been standing still intellectually. She ceased to take in new stores on the day she was graduated from school.

It is much the same with her husband, except that from a wider intercourse with men and with the world his opportunity for learning by induction is greater than hers. For him, too, the constantly clamouring necessities of life have built a hedge against which he beats in vain. There are multitudes of men who never surmount circumstances. They spend their years in a struggle for social existence. To feed and clothe and educate a family of boys and girls, to send them to the country in summer, to give them tokens at New-Year's Day and on birthdays, and to set them afloat respectably, tax every energy of the bread-winner. . . .

If men and women would determine to do what they can with their bits of time, to learn what they can in the fragments and interrupted portions of days which they can alone be sure of, they would be surprised at the end of a season, or the end of a year, to find how much they had accomplished. It is better to read one good, strong book through the winter, than to read nothing but the newspaper, and perhaps not that. A half-hour daily devoted to any book, any art, or any esthetic pursuit would be sufficient to keep it in the possession of the mind, and to give thought something to dwell upon outside the engrossing and dwarfing cares of every day. That precious half-hour would save from the narrowness and pettiness which are inevitable to those whose work is exclusively given to the materialities of life. It would tinge and colour the day, as a drop of ruby liquid in the druggist's globe imparts its hue to a gallon of water.

A feeling of discouragement comes over us when we compare ourselves and our opportunities with those of some living men, and with those of some who have gone, but whose biographies still live. How did they learn so much, do so much, fill so large a space in the story of their times, and illustrate so grandly the possibilities of humanity? If we knew all the truth, it was no doubt because the time we spend in fruitless effort and in doing needless things was steadily given by them to the things which count up, and make large sums total at the foot of life's balance-sheet. No doubt, too, because they were not contemptuous of scattered fragments of time, which they filled with honest work, and which paid them by making their work easier and more successful in the end. If we could make up our minds to accept the situation in which providence has placed us, and then to do the best we can there, without repining, we might yet evolve some lovely creation out of our broken days.

A Daily Portion.

FEBRUARY 6.

'OUR LIGHT AFFLICTION, WHICH IS BUT FOR A MOMENT.'—2 Cor. iv. 17.

Paul did not regard these afflictions as trifles, nor did he bear them with stoical indifference. He felt their full force and pressure. When five times scourged by the Jews, and thrice beaten with rods, his physical torture was as keen as that which any other man would have suffered under similar inflictions. He was not insensible to hunger and thirst, and cold, and contempt, and ingratitude. His afflictions were not light in the

sense of giving little pain. The Bible does not teach, either by precept or example, that Christians are to bear pain as though it were not pain; or bereavements, as though they caused no sorrow. Unless afflictions prove real sorrows, they will not produce the fruits of sorrow. It was only by bringing these sufferings into comparison with eternal glory that they dwindled into insignificance. When the Apostle says that his afflictions were for a moment, it is only when compared with eternity. They were not momentary so far as the present life was concerned. They lasted from his conversion to his martyrdom. His Christian life was a protracted dying. But what is the longest life to everlasting ages? Less than a single second to threescore years.—*C. Hodge.*

FEBRUARY 7.

'MORE EXCEEDING AND ETERNAL WEIGHT OF GLORY.'—2 Cor. iv. 17.

Another source of consolation to the Apostle was, that his afflictions would secure for him eternal glory—*i.e.*, the eternal and inconceivable excellence and blessedness of heaven. Afflictions are the cause of eternal glory. Not the meritorious cause, but still the procuring cause. God has seen fit to reveal His purpose not only to reward with exceeding joy the afflictions of His people, but to make those afflictions the means of working out that joy. It is not, however, suffering in itself considered which has this effect; and, therefore, not all suffering; not self-inflicted suffering, not punishment, but only such sufferings which are either endured for Christ's sake, or which, when imposed for the trial of our faith, are sustained with a Christian spirit. We are, therefore, not to seek afflictions, but when God sends them we should rejoice in them as the divinely-appointed means of securing for us an eternal weight of glory. Our Lord calls on those who were persecuted to rejoice and be exceeding glad; so does the Apostle Peter (iv. 13); and Paul often asserts that he gloried or rejoiced in his afflictions.—*C. Hodge.*

FEBRUARY 8.

'AND WE HAVE KNOWN AND BELIEVED THE LOVE THAT GOD HATH TO US. GOD IS LOVE.'—1 John iv. 16.

It is not uncommon for John to repeat an important truth. He delights to dwell on such a truth as that which is here expressed; and who should not? What truth is there on which the mind can dwell with more pleasure; what is there that is better fitted to win the heart to holiness; what that will do more to sustain the soul in the sorrows and trials of this life? In our trials; in the darkness which is around us; in the perplexities which meet and embarrass us in regard to the divine administration; in all that seems to us incomprehensible in this world, and in the prospect of the next, let us learn to repeat this declaration of the favoured disciple, 'God is love.' What trials may we not bear if we feel assured of that! What dark cloud that seems to hang over our way, and to involve all things in gloom, will not be bright, if, from the depths of our souls, we can always say, 'God is love!'—*A. Barnes.*

FEBRUARY 9.

'GOD IS LOVE; AND HE THAT DWELLETH IN LOVE DWELLETH IN GOD, AND GOD IN HIM.'—1 John iv. 16.

Religion is all love. God is love; He has loved us; we are to love Him; we are to love one another; we are to love the whole world. Heaven is filled with love, and there is nothing else there. The earth is filled with love just as far as religion prevails, and would be entirely if it should prevail everywhere. Love would remove all the corrupt passions, the crimes, the jealousies, the wars on the earth, and would diffuse around the globe the bliss of heaven. If a man, therefore, is actuated by this, he has the spirit of the heavenly world reigning in his soul, and lives in an atmosphere of love.—*A. Barnes.*

FEBRUARY 10.

'YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS.'—Matt. xi. 29.

Those who are weary and heavy laden in any such sense, who are tired of the world, and of false teaching, and long for the truth: they who have consciences burdened by a sense of sin, and are ready to hear glad tidings, can hear them from Him. Only to such can the gospel be glad tidings or good news. Only to such can it give rest. Rest is what such want, and He can give it to them, and will. It is rest to the soul. This you shall find in your experience—the peace that flows from free forgiveness, and a sense of justification through Christ. So that in Him—coming to Him, looking to Him, finding Him—men shall have rest.—*Jacobus.*

FEBRUARY 11.

'FOR MY YOKE IS EASY, AND MY BURDEN IS LIGHT.'—Matt. xi. 30.

This is added only as giving a further glimpse of His plan for discipleship. There must be subjection of the understanding—'Learn of Me.' And of the heart—'I am meek and lowly in heart.' This must not be overlooked. None can be saved by Christ but by implicitly submitting to His plan of salvation. Meekness and lowliness of temper are the great characteristics of discipleship. We must be content to follow Him. And this temper He patterns for us: 'Not my will but Thine be done.' And with this we shall find rest to our souls. This is rest. For with this disposition, His yoke upon the feelings is easy; all His restraints are pleasant and welcome, and His burden of service is light. 'Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'—*Jacobus.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

ITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY THE REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

II. THE COUNTRY OF PEACE.

HIS country is a very extensive territory within the Empire of Immanuel. The name, 'The Land of Peace,' is indeed sometimes applied to the whole of the dominions of this Prince, while at other times it is confined to that portion of them which lies directly opposite to nd of Carnal Security. It is in this mited sense that we now use the title. ıe land already described, this country ses men of various races and languages, er they have been settled in the land ›come naturalised subjects, they all language of Canaan.* This language ult at first for strangers and foreigners, s a beautiful speech, and very expres- It is the language of the Court. All as to the Prince must be framed in it, reat Teacher has been appointed under yal seal of Immanuel to instruct all arrived emigrants. His royal procla- is in these terms, 'I will turn to the a pure language, that they may all call he name of the Lord, to serve Him ne consent.'†

n the emigrants first arrive at the fron- ey are, partly from fear, and partly from , often unable to articulate at all, and even so much as sue for admittance he sentinels set over the frontier for- . But when these encounter any one ppears unmistakably to be a fugitive elial's territory, and who can only beg ance by his tears, or by groans which be uttered, their orders are to admit once, and usher him into the presence Great Teacher, who can interpret ires of his heart, and can afterwards the suppliant to clothe his wishes in words.‡

Often their first question is, 'Sir, what must I do to be saved?'§ The question is asked with eager eyes and beating heart, and the words were probably learned from some of Immanuel's servants who were travelling on some business of their Prince through the Land of Carnal Security. On one occasion a great crowd of three thousand fugitives came to the frontier, and called to the King's officers, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?'‖ and being most readily admitted by him who was then stationed at the gate with the keys of the kingdom, they were able in a few days not only to understand his speech, but themselves to join with him in publicly thanking and praising Immanuel for His clemency and royal grace.¶

One who was a trusted servant of Diabolus, and was travelling with his commission to arrest and imprison any suspected fugitives from his rule, was encountered by Immanuel Himself on the public highway in the country of Belial, and was so astonished at His glorious appearance that he fell to the earth, and cried, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?'** and in a very few days, so rapid was his progress, he was able to preach in the synagogues of the country, and to give his emphatic testimony on behalf of Immanuel, whose from that day he was, and whom henceforth he served.

Another petition commonly presented by immigrants is, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner;'†† while others, finding great difficulty in taking the pure language of this country into their polluted lips—for all the lips of the subjects of Diabolus are affected with a kind of leprosy, which is indeed constitutional and through their whole system ‡‡—come with the cry, 'Lord, teach us to pray!' or 'O Lord,

xix. 18. † Zeph. iii. 9.
‡ Rom. viii. 26, 27.
-8.

§ Acts xvi. 30.
‖ Acts ii. 37.
¶ Acts ii. 41, 47.
** Acts ix. 6, 20.
†† Luke xviii. 13.
‡‡ Is. vi. 5.

open Thou my lips!'* Now, the Great Teacher uses several means to make them acquire the pure speech of Immanuel's Land. He first touches their lips with a red-hot coal, taken with the tongs from the altar on Calvary, for, though it is long since that fire was lighted, it is still burning. With this He cauterises the leprous spots, and burns away the proud flesh, and the blood of that sacrifice that still impregnates the burning ashes has a wonderful virtue for healing wounds.† He also applies a healing ointment, called the Balm of Gilead, to the raw lips.‡ He then touches their tongue, using the word Ephphatha, which means, Be opened, on which the string of the tongue is loosed, for you must know that the impediment in the speech of these people arises very generally from their being tongue-tied;§ and after this has been done, the tongue of the stammerers is ready to speak plainly.‖ He next bids them take words, and turn to the Lord, and makes them repeat after him this short sentence, 'Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously;'¶ and when they can repeat that, and have learned the meaning of it, he pours the oil of grace upon their lips,** which enables them to pray to Immanuel, and to praise Him to their heart's content, and to speak of His glory and His love to others, for He gives them all this injunction, 'Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.'†† Henceforth their lips are dedicated to their Lord's service; their prayers and praises are offerings as acceptable to Him as were the sacrifices of calves on the Jewish altars,‡‡ and such sacrifices they can present at all times and places: they no longer say, 'Our lips are our own;' but whatsoever they do in word, as well as in deed, they do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.§§

Before giving any further account of this country of Peace, it may be well to give a brief description of the chief frontier town, to whose friendly gates the fugitive emigrants for the most part betake themselves. It is named the City of Refuge.‖‖ Over its principal portal stands the name of its founder, 'Jehovah-shalom,'¶¶ which by interpretation is, 'The Lord will give thee peace;' and beneath runs the inscription, 'Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord.'*** This sentence of welcome, although engraved in large letters of gold in the stone slab, the poor ignorant fugitives cannot decipher until they have been instructed by the Great Teacher. In consequence of the dissemination of good education under the immediate superintendence of this Great Teacher, I found on inquiry, and from examining them, that all the children born within the city are in their earliest years well taught, and they appeared very contented and happy.†††

In the schools the first lesson-book is called the Law-book. The first edition of this book was written very long ago by a very able Teacher named Moses, and it was written upon two slabs of stone cut out of Mount Sinai. These stone slabs were broken, and others which supplied their place, and on which the same lessons were written by the finger of Immanuel Himself, were in process of time lost; but copies of these Law-lessons are in all the printed primers of the public and private schools in this city and country. This lowest standard is taught to the beginners, and is the A B C of the instruction they receive; but when they pass from this into the higher classes, they are not allowed to forget what they have first learned, but are trained to have it continually in their mind. Such is the skill of the Great Teacher that He succeeds in making pupils who have the worst memories remember these lessons. Even while I was present one of the assistants came to this Head Teacher to consult Him about some pupils whom he could not get to remember the Commandments. He at once said, Bring them to Me, and I will put My laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts.‡‡‡ He seemed to use no force, but to speak gently, though with great dignity and authority, and by a secret power of His own He not only at once taught them some of these Law-lessons, but He put them in a way of mastering all the rest. This I noticed, that He never overburdened them with too long a lesson at a time, but that His plan was to give them line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.§§§ I was given also to understand that it was found necessary that every pupil in the schools should at one time or other pass under the tuition of the Head Teacher personally, so that all the children were thus taught by

* Luke xi. 1; Ps. li. 15.
† Is. vi. 7.
‡ Jer. viii. 22.
§ Mark vii. 34.
‖ Is. xxxii. 4.
¶ Hosea xiv. 2.
** Ps. xlv. 2.
†† Col. iv. 6.
‡‡ Hosea xiv. 2; Heb. xii. 15.
§§ Ps. xii. 4; Col. iii. 17.
‖‖ Ps. xlvi. 1; Num. xxxv. 6.
¶¶ Judges vi. 24.
*** Is. lvii. 19.
††† Is. liv. 13.
‡‡‡ Heb. viii. 10.
§§§ Is. xxviii. 10.

Himself. It must not be imagined
class for beginners is composed en-
very young children. On the con-
re I saw a little girl and her mother
ver the same lesson, while in another
observed an old silver-haired man
n the bench beside his grandson, and
the boy the lesson which he himself
t with difficulty learned to spell
. Being curious to know what the
as, especially as there was an expres-
deep anxiety on the old man's face,
w a tear fall now and again from the
es, although he had begun to learn
laughing countenance, I leaned over
nd saw that the lesson, which was
very plainly in large type, ran thus:—
halt not kill': 'Thou shalt not com-
ltery': 'Thou shalt not steal': 'Lie
to another': 'The soul that sinneth,
die': 'The wages of sin is death':
t or tittle shall in no wise pass from
'*

indows in this Class-Room for Begin-
k right across to Mount Sinai, with
r of smoke by day, and of fire by
nd, as they face the north, the rooms
l and cheerless, for the beams of the
the World, which have healing in
ngs, never stream through the win-
Also from the windows may be seen
it gloomy prisons which are being
the judges in Immanuel's Land for
o may continue to the end in their
nce, rebellion, and crime.

the scholars have learned this lesson-
the Law, one of the masters brings
the Higher School, which is the
f the Gospel; for the Law is their
ster to bring them to Christ.† This
r High School is situated on the
le of the square, and the windows of
-rooms look towards the south, and
ht with the shining of the Sun of
sness.‡ Indeed, the sunlight is so
that it is apt at first to dazzle the
the scholars, and make the letters
fore them on the page, so that the
ome of the windows is frosted, espe-
the junior class-rooms, to moderate
. And here I observed for the first
it many of the scholars seemed to
m various diseases of the eye, and I
that this was caused partly by the
leprosy that was epidemic in the country they came from, which went through the whole body, and affected the eyes as well as the lips and tongue, and partly arose from their living so much in the dark forests of Diabolus' kingdom, where at midday it is often as dark as night, being indeed a land where darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people,§ and also from the poisonous sulphurous dust that rises out of the mouth of the pit upon Mount Sinai. This blindness is not only common, but it is very difficult to cure; but I learned that the Great Physician had an eye-salve‖ which has just as wonderful virtue for restoring the eyesight as his Balm of Gilead has for healing the leprosy of the lips and tongue. What strikes the traveller as remarkable is that usually the scholars have much more difficulty at first in learning to read and understand the gospel lessons than the law lessons. Yet the type in which the gospel lessons are printed is no smaller than the type used in printing the law. Indeed, one of the King's printers long ago got a special injunction to print these lessons very large, so that he might run who read them,¶ and this large type has been used by many of the printers who have succeeded him. The key to this enigma seems to be, that even in their old country they had a certain knowledge of the Law, partly handed down from their fathers, who had heard the Law given on Sinai, and partly derived from the sermons of the Great Preachers whom Immanuel has sent, and especially of one Mr Conscience, who was commissioned to remain in the land, and to itinerate through it, and who has a wonderful power of making them hear the Law, and from time to time to tremble under it, even in the country of Carnal Security, though, alas! he has not the power of making them obey it. But, with regard to acquiring a knowledge of the gospel, they had no such advantages, for of this Mr Conscience knew nothing, not even a syllable; and though some of the other Prophets and Preachers knew it, they always told them that they could only learn and receive it by leaving the land of their nativity, and coming to the school of Immanuel's Great Teacher; so that all that they announced to them of the gospel was in the way of promise of good and desirable things, which they would get if they came and sued for them at the frontier of Immanuel; and, as the poor deluded people

xx. 13–16; Ezek. xviii. 4; Rom. vi. 23; Matt. v. 18.
iii. 24. ‡ Mal iv. 2.
§ Is. lx. 2. ‖ Rev. iii. 18.
¶ Hab. ii. 2.

could not see these blessings which were so distant from them, the words conveyed to them little or no meaning: for the things of the Spirit of God are foolishness to the natural man, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.* Thus the gospel lessons are so wholly new to them that we need not wonder if they often find it very far from easy to learn them. Some of the learners, however, are much quicker than others, and a few seem able to read the first standard book, or at least its opening pages, almost at once. If the services of the Great Teacher Himself were needful in the other school, they are much more needful here. He not only requires thoroughly to heal the eyesight, as well as loose the string of the tongue, but He has to give understanding to the simple, educating their minds to understand the Scripture,† which is the name for the large volume containing all the lessons used in both the schools. He makes large use of pictures and object-lessons in teaching. For one thing, the windows looking towards the south country give the scholars a clear view of Mount Calvary with its cross and altar. One of the windows looks right out upon an open sepulchre, the stone being rolled away from its mouth, and inside they can see the linen clothes lying, and the napkin that had bound the bleeding brow of the murdered Prince who was buried there, lying carefully wrapped together in a place by itself.‡

In this school also is a museum filled with rare and curious objects, many of them of great antiquity. Here may be seen Aaron's rod, that budded and brought forth almonds, and a golden chest with two cherubims made of gold upon the top of it, and the golden plate out of which they seem to rise has red stains of blood on it.§ Here also is a golden candlestick of fine workmanship with seven branches, which has had a strange history. And among other things are a number of pieces of ancient brass; and when I asked what these were, my guide told me that they were the fragments of a serpent of brass that was made by Moses in the Wilderness, which, by divine appointment, he hung upon a pole among the serpent-bitten Israelites; and it came to pass that, if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived.‖ This brass snake was preserved carefully for seven hundred years, and the people, being given to superstition, burnt incense before it. So, when a good and reforming king, named Hezekiah, saw how they were being misled by undue veneration for it, he broke it into fragments, which are all that can now be seen.¶ A small ticket is attached to these fragments, and on it are printed the words, written in Immanuel's own hand, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the Wilderness, even so has the Son of Man been lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.'** And I heard the Head Teacher explaining to the scholars that Immanuel was once made a curse for them, even like the serpent, which is a symbol of the curse; and that, when He was hanged upon the Cross, to which he pointed out of the window, He redeemed them from the curse of His Father's broken law, as it was written, 'Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.'†† So I understood why there was no need of Moses' serpent and pole being preserved any longer, since the wounded now (for fiery serpents still breed in large numbers in the jungle-country of Carnal Security, and bite the people with their poisonous fangs) can gaze on Immanuel's Cross, from which flows healing virtue.

In this museum also is a golden pot filled with a kind of white flour, called manna, on which Immanuel's people were fed for forty years while journeying through a great desert. It has a glistening colour, like hoar frost, and is in round grains like coriander seed, and its taste is sweet, as if it were baked with honey.‡‡ What fell from heaven in the Wilderness would not keep over a single night, but bred worms and putrified, except what fell on the Friday, which kept quite good over the next day, which was their Sabbath, so that they did not need to weary themselves with gathering it on their day of rest and worship.§§ Now it seemed strange that, seeing this food was so perishable, this potful of it should have kept fresh for thousands of years, with all their changes of hot and cold seasons. But my guide told me that Immanuel had put something into this manna to make it keep, and that it was also possessed of many other wonderful properties, so that in many respects it was superior to the manna of Moses. For instance, it has the property of never going done, however many people partake of it, and on this account, as well as on that already ex-

* 1 Cor. ii. 14. † Luke xxiv. 45. ‡ John xx. 6, 7. § Heb. ix. 4, 5. ‖ Num. xxi. 8, 9.

¶ 2 Kings xviii. 4. ** John iii. 14, 15. †† Gal. iii. 13. ‡‡ Exod. xvi. 14, 31. §§ Exod. xvi. 23, 24.

is commonly called 'living bread,' ad of life.'* Immanuel keeps the ı never-failing store of bread, and t, either personally or through His the scholars in the school, and to ple who come to settle in His terri- ıt is said that He can so multiply as to make it feed the whole world.† occasion He fed with it 4000 people, nother 5000, besides women and and when their meal was ended, more of the living bread than be- egan to eat.‡ So, often since, both es of His apostles (for so He called ı friends), and under the ministry own servants of His whom He has time to time to feed the famishing om Diabolus' kingdom (for in their get no food, and the swine's husks, can gather abundantly in the fields, ppease their cravings),§ thousands ken of this food at once. But per- most extraordinary thing is that partake of this food from heaven ger again, and never die.‖ Im- s written this legend on the rim of bowl, 'He that eateth of this bread or ever.'¶ The virtues of this bread u may suppose, spread far and wide, of the rich men in Diabolus' king- sent to purchase a portion of it, and pay large sums of money for it. have never received what they sought, and this on several accounts. First, because it is one of the rules of Immanuel in dispensing the bread to fill the hungry with good things, and to send the rich empty away.** He says that this bread from heaven is His Father's gift to the hungry,†† and that He is empowered to give it freely, but not to sell it. One of His servants, when he took out the golden casket to dispense it to the people, used to say, 'Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? He that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat.'‡‡ Another reason why these rich traders are sent away is, that they send their clerks and confidential friends to treat for it, and will not consent first to come for it themselves, and then to settle in Immanuel's country, instead of returning to their old homes. Now Immanuel's proclamation is, 'He that *cometh* to Me shall never hunger;' and 'He that eateth My flesh *dwelleth in Me*, and I in him.'§§ From these terms He has always refused to make any abatement.

When I had thus had the meaning of the golden pot and its contents explained to me, the school bell was rung, and the boys and girls trooped out to play in the streets of the City of Refuge,‖‖ and the officer of Immanuel then in charge took out the Bread of Life to the market-place, to give it to the hungry new arrivals. And what more I saw in the Country of Peace I must defer telling till a future time.

(To be continued.)

vi. 48, 51. § Luke xv. 16.
vi. 33. ‖ John vi. 35, 50.
xiv. 21, xv. 38. ¶ John vi. 58.

** Luke i. 53. ‡‡ Is. lv. 1, 2.
†† John vi. 32. §§ John vi. 35, 56.
‖‖ Zech. viii. 5.

HISTORICAL PROOFS OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY GEORGE P. FISHER, D.D., LL.D., YALE COLLEGE, CONNECTICUT.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL THE WORK OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.

EUSEBIUS places the Gospel of John in the catalogue of the 'Homologoumena'—books received without dispute by all Christian people. Its authorship had never been questioned, the solitary instance of an insignifi- which Epiphanius terms 'Alogi;' is no reason to doubt that these ho lived at Thyatira in Lydia, are to whom Irenæus refers; who are so, later by Philastrius, and against t improbably, Hippolytus wrote. e carried in their opposition to n, with its doctrine of prophetical of the Paraclete, into an antipathy e Apocalypse and the Gospel; and lencies of thought sooner or later in them a repugnance to the con- the Logos or of the pre-existence as a person. Critical objections, on their part, to the Gospel seem to have been an after-thought, due to an antagonism which had its origin in a purely subjective and dogmatic prejudice. Since they discarded the Apocalypse as well as the Gospel, and absurdly ascribed them both to Cerinthus, a contemporary of John, their protest, as Zeller allows, affords no indication that any other tradition as to the authorship of the Gospel existed save that accepted by the Church. No importance, then, attaches to the dissent of this obscure party, on which Irenæus thinks it necessary to bestow but a few lines. The ancient church is united in its testimony to the genuineness of the Fourth Gospel; and whoever adopts the contrary opinion is bound to account for this consentaneous judgment of antiquity.

The modern attack on the Johannine authorship, as far as it merits serious attention, may be said to have begun with the first essay in which Baur took up the subject. It

was published in 1844. The subsequent assailants have followed more or less closely in his footsteps. But they have frequently forgotten the postulates which gave coherence and a degree of plausibility to his theory. At the time when he wrote, Hegelism was predominant in Germany. On the basis of that philosophy the historical speculations of Baur were founded. In history, as in the development of mind and in the universe at large, thesis begets antithesis, and both, by an inward momentum, are resolved into a higher unity. Christianity was treated as an example of evolution, passing through successive stages according to the method of the Hegelian logic. The church, it was affirmed, was at the outset Ebionitic; Christ was at first held to be only a human prophet filled with the Spirit. Then arose the opposite pole of Paulinism, leading to the conflict of the two types of belief, and of the followers of Peter and Paul respectively. The reconciliation ensued, mediated first in such writings as the Epistles to the Colossians and the Philippians, which it was denied that Paul wrote, and then in the Logos theology as presented in the Gospel and First Epistle, falsely attributed to John. In point of fact this apostle wrote only the Apocalypse: he was a Judaizer, like the other primitive Apostles. The Fourth Gospel followed the great Gnostic systems, and was composed somewhere between A.D. 160 and 170. In common with the Book of Acts and many other of the New Testament writings, it was a *tendenz-schrift;* that is, the product of theological bias or theory; and was composed with the intent to pacify contending parties. It should be observed that Baur's historical speculation was the counterpart of his metaphysics. It was a naturalistic view growing out of an ideal pantheism. The chronological position assigned to the Fourth Gospel followed from the assumption that Christianity was a development on the plane of nature. It is dangerous to pull away any of the stones in so compact a structure. Yet just this many of the later defenders of the proposition of Baur have undertaken to do. The metaphysical system at the foundation has been generally given up. The date assigned to the Gospel has been almost universally abandoned. The force of the historical proofs has obliged the critics to push it back towards the beginning of the century. They have been unable, however, to find a point where the composition of the book could be securely placed. Keim first put it between A.D. 100 and 117, but finally fixed it at 130. Wherever the date is set, obstacles and difficulties spring up to necessitate a change. Meantime it is frequently overlooked that this departure from Baur on the chronological question imperils the whole scheme of doctrinal development of which his view on this point formed an essential element, and thus shakes to the foundation the critical fabric so laboriously built up by the Tübingen master.

Morever, the historical postulates of Baur have been proved to be untenable. The 'tendency' theory is generally admitted by independent critics to have been at least a great exaggeration. Such writers as Mangold and Keim, who are quite free from prejudice in a conservative direction, maintain that the representation in the Acts of the relation of the older Apostles to Paul is substantially consonant with Paul's own testimony in the Galatians and elsewhere, and with what is inherently probable. Neither John nor Peter was a Judaizer. Neither demanded that the Gentile converts should be circumcised. There was no such chasm to be bridged over as Baur assumed to exist. There was no such radical change required to convert John into a liberal-minded Apostle, as Baur affirmed to be necessary. This has become evident, whether the Apostle was the author of the Apocalypse or not. As to the New Testament writings, Hilgenfeld, probably the ablest living representative of the Tübingen school, now holds that Paul wrote 1 Thessalonians and Philippians, together with Philemon, in addition to the four great Epistles—1 and 2 Corinthians, Galatians, and Romans—which Baur had allowed to him. The progress is in the right direction towards the recognition of Colossians and Ephesians—which Reuss has ably defended—and of other Epistles which, more on subjective than historical grounds, have been called in question. But, even as the case now stands among the critics, the fundamental assumption of the Tübingen school, that the primitive type of Christianity was Ebionitic, has no tenable footing. That assumption is contradicted, as will appear, by the synoptical Gospels. It is contradicted by the Epistles of Paul, even by those which on all hands are conceded to be genuine. It is unreasonable to assume that he introduced most important elements of doctrine respecting the person of Christ, which the other Apostles must have known that he taught, but against which it is not pretended that they uttered a lisp of dissent. In this altered state of opinion, when the premises of Baur have been so far abandoned, and when his hypothesis respecting the date of the Gospel has been so variously and essentially modified, it remains to be seen whether his general theory as to its authorship can longer be maintained.

The farther back it is found necessary to shift the date of the Gospel, the more menacing is the situation for the theory of non-apostolic authorship. Keim is not alone in the retreat from the old ground taken by Baur and Volckmar. Hilgenfeld is not disposed to deny that the Fourth Gospel was used by Justin, and therefore places its origin between A.D. 130 and 140. Renan, after not a little vacillation, now holds that it saw the light in A.D. 125 or 130. Schenkel fixes on a date ten years earlier, A.D. 115–120, which is somewhat later than the limits first assigned by Keim. When it is considered that the Apostle John, according to the universal and well-grounded tradition of the ancient Church, died at a very advanced age at Ephesus, Keim's opinion, even

pinion, as to the date when the Gos-
use would appear to exclude abso-
assumption that it was a spurious
ow could a book of this kind be
f on the churches, including the
Ephesus, with no longer interval
its appearance and the Apostle's
'o meet the exigency, Keim boldly
iat the Apostle John never lived at
ind that the belief of the ancient
at he resided there and died there
mistake! This was to strike at
r-stone of the Tübingen historical
ich rested on the Johannine author-
e Apocalypse. Keim's novel and
us opinion has been effectually
by Hilgenfeld and Krenkel. The
n that Irenæus confounded John
le with another John, John the
is next to impossible. He had a
distinct recollection of Polycarp,
s reminiscences of the apostle. In
o Victor, bishop of Rome, Irenæus
o the visit of Polycarp to that city
and to the appeal which that vener-
p made to the instruction which he
ved from John and other Apostles.
was an error in this statement of
t would have been evident at Rome,
e facts concerning Polycarp's visit
embered. It is not alone from Poly-
ctly that Irenæus was informed of
ections of John. The story of the
meeting the heretic Cerinthus in the
had received from individuals to
lycarp had related it. Not Polycarp
t other elders also, who had known
referred to by Irenæus. Polycarp
the sole link connecting him with
He had, moreover, before him the
Papias, in which the Apostle is
listinguished from the Presbyter of
name. Keim's hypothesis attributes
eus an incredible misunderstanding.
s in error in saying that Papias had
ght by the Apostle, of which we can-
ertain, this circumstance will not for
it warrant such an inference as Keim
educe from it. As Renan says, we
suppose a falsehood on the part of
; but this, as the same writer implies,
ld have to suppose if we hold that
d not live in Asia. Other witnesses
Irenæus testify to the sojourn of the
there: Apollonius, an Asiatic bishop
earlier writer; Polycrates, himself a
f Ephesus, who was born as early as
; Clement of Alexandria, who relates
lent—whether it be true or not is im-
in the present argument—of John's
ion of the apostate youth who had
a robber. Other early legends re-
the apostle imply at least the know-
iat he had lived at Ephesus. Justin
(A.D. 140–160) and all others who attri-
Apocalypse to the Apostle John vir-
estify to the same fact. Keim holds
author of the Gospel, whoever he
was, proceeded on the supposition that John had lived in Asia Minor; so that at least as early as A.D. 130 the belief must have prevailed that the Apostle had dwelt there. The traces of the influence of John in Asia were distinct and permanent. There was in reality, as Lightfoot has shown, a later 'school of John,' a class of writers coming after Polycarp and Papias, and including Melito of Sardis, Claudius Apollinaris, and Polycrates, who bear incontestable marks of the peculiar influence of John's teaching. Keim's conjecture falls to the ground before these strong and multiplied historical proofs.

Irenæus states that the Apostle John was alive at the accession of Trajan, A.D. 98. With this positive assertion of one who was in a position to ascertain the fact agree the traditions relative to John as an old man, to which reference has been made in later ecclesiastical writers. Clement's account of the rescue of the outlaw chief, and Jerome's interesting narrative of the aged apostle's method of addressing his flock, indicate a general belief that his life was protracted to extreme old age. We are authorised by evidence which cannot be successfully impugned in picturing to ourselves the Apostle John, near the close of the first century, at Ephesus, a flourishing centre of Christianity, surrounded by disciples whom he had trained, and who, in common with the churches in all that district, looked up to him with affectionate reverence. And now, if he did not write the Gospel which bears his name, how did those disciples and churches come to believe that he did? How did all the churches in the second century acquire the same conviction? Many of those disciples of John were living at the time when the Gospel is admitted to have been in circulation. But nothing would be gained for the sceptical cause if the assumed date of its first appearance could be brought down to a later day. Where had this remarkable document lain during the long interval? What warrant was there for accepting a narrative so unique, so different from the first three Gospels and from the established tradition? Can we believe that there was nobody to ask these questions? Is it credible that a new history of Jesus would have made its way, under these circumstances, to universal acceptance without the least scrutiny? If spurious, very little inquiry would have sufficed to expose its false pretentions. The striking peculiarities of the Gospel, not to speak of the fact, which demanded explanation, of its late appearance, would have compelled doubt and dispute. The microscopic examination of particular passages in the Fathers, and the discussion of special points of evidence about which a contest may be raised, has availed of late to cover as in a mist the more comprehensive features of proof. The great strength of the external argument for the genuineness of the Gospel has seldom been justly appreciated by friend or foe.

(To be continued.)

THE LINDSAYS OF REDKNOCK HAUGH.

BY MARY DOIG, AUTHOR OF 'ROSALIA VANDERWERF,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.

'It was such pleasure to behold him, such
Enlargement of existence to partake
Nature with him.' —BYRON.

WEEKS pass on, and Ralph, who lives as a member of the household at The Ashes, respects and admires more and more the remarkable man in whose house he sojourns. Stobow is a remarkable mixture of dreamy enthusiasm and practical sense. He is one who sees visions and dreams dreams; yet there is not a better farmer for miles round, nor one who works harder, while his natural eloquence in pleading the cause of the Covenant has raised more recruits for the Covenanting army than any man of his time.

For the farmer's wife, too, Ralph has a sincere regard, knowing that she is so true a friend, although her reserved nature makes her choose usually rather to listen than to speak.

Lilias resembles her father much, both in face and disposition. She has the same fearless nature, the same brilliant eyes when excited, although a great share of her mother's reserve renders her enthusiasm less observable than it otherwise might have been; and, although Ralph feels much interest in her, he little suspects the intense love she has for him.

Since that dark December afternoon when she admitted the wanderer to their home, and learned that he was the son of the martyr whose blood had fallen on her infant face, life has been for her a strange delight, a wild enthusiasm, as if the richest chords of music were for ever thrilling through her. And if in her intense enjoyment of the present her thoughts will at times go forth to the future, her day-dreams are not like those of most girls, but assign to the object of her strange love the triumphs of a martyr's death, which she shall see.

Thus the winter passes, and the seed-time comes, with its ceaseless singing of larks; and, after the day's toil is over, Stobow and his young sojourner go often together to the Tulliallan woods, where, beneath the tall fir-trees, the Covenanting farmer relates to the martyr's son some strange prophetic dream, or makes known to him his plan of gathering together there a great assemblage of the persecuted people.

By the time all arrangements are made for this gathering the roads are bordered with the whin's sweet-scented gold, the fresh green leaves are appearing on the trees, the lapwings are leading their young ones through the springing corn, in the deep recesses of the woods the does are rearing their fawns, for April is far advanced.

CHAPTER XI.

'They heeded not
The spent sun closing at the curtained west
His burning journey; what was time to them
Who heard, entranced, the Eternal Word of God?'
—SIGOURNEY.

It is Saturday evening; the day, though mild, has been cloudy, but ere its close the sun shines forth bright and warm, promising a day of beauty on the morrow.

At The Ashes Mrs Stobow and her young daughter are busy with many preparations, for three of the ministers are to be guests there.

The Sabbath dawns, and by break of day many are on their way to the assembly.

By early morning, Hab, with his father, mother, and Nellie, are in the boatman's cottage at Borrowstounness, waiting the incoming tide. The Firth is calm, and the air is so still that there is not wind enough to fill the sails; so they row across, landing near Torry, under the little hill of Dunniquarle, on which little hill they wait till James has laid his boat in a suitable position for their return at night.

The beauty and peace of the scene are in keeping with the sacred day, for the morning is fair and fresh as ever April morning was.

Arrived at The Ashes, Ralph and Hab have a pleasant talk together ere it is time for public worship.

When they reach the place appointed, a great company is already seated on the green heather and many-coloured moss, while the old fir-trees, the branches of which are tipped with brighter green, fill the air with their resinous scent.

Many ministers are there who, when the call came, 'went out, not knowing whither they went,' and all of whom have suffered many hardships since, yet there is not one among them who, for all the world, would exchange places with the curate who has succeeded him in his pleasant manse.

It is a great day, and the sun is set ere the closing psalm is sung; and the people take their several ways, some in silence, others in little groups, speaking of things unseen.

'The Master has been wi' us the day,' says an old man from the village of Torryburn.

'Ay,' says a woman from the same place; 'yet we grat sair when we had to leave our kirk; but the Lord has spread a table for us in the wilderness.

'An' wha wad seek to enter the kirk,' says her sister, 'whan its doors hae been barred by the rulers o' the land against the King o' Sion?'

'They may send us to the ends o' the earth,' says a younger man, who has kept silence till now—'they may send us to the ends o' the earth, but they canna send us out o' the kirk.'

'An' I trow,' says the old man, 'that e'en

in this land there'll be a seed to serve the King o' kings as lang as the sun and the moon endure.'

The company from the other side of the Firth walk together to the place where the boat was moored in the morning, the water now bridged over with a silvery way of light; then Ralph returns to The Ashes alone, and the boat goes back over the moonlit sea. But there are new thoughts and a new joy in the strong rower's heart, for he has chosen this day whom he shall serve, and is resolved that, come of it what may, 'As for him and his house, they shall serve the Lord.'

CHAPTER XII.

'But, then, the thought of parting.'
—Byron.

Two months have passed, and the whins and broom by the wayside have given place to the wild briar roses and great white ox-eyed daisies, when word comes that Spence of Moss-bog has been thrown from his horse, and is in the meantime, at least, disabled from acting the part of an informant, so that Ralph can for the present safely return home.

Meanwhile Stobow, who has been the means of gathering together in different parts of the country congregations similar to those held in the Tulliallan woods, and has been raising many recruits for the Covenanting army, has been sought for frequently by detachments of the King's troops without success.

At last, however, Captain Creichton, with an ensign and a company of foot-guards, are sent out in pursuit of him.

It is an autumn night, and a red harvest moon is rising as the troops enter Culross.

'We must lay hold of two or three rebels here,' says Creichton, 'ere we lay hold of that man, Adam Stobow, for by his skill in canting and praying he has done more mischief than any man I know.'

Having discovered the houses of these so-called rebels, they enter, seizing one as he sits unsuspectingly at his evening meal; they watch another returning home, and lay hold of him in the street; while a third is surprised at his evening worship, and made a prisoner ere he is aware.

Leaving the ensign with the greater part of the troops to watch the prisoners, Creichton, with a few soldiers to assist him, sets off while it is yet dark in the direction of The Ashes.

A friend of Stobow's, however, having watched the movements of the troops, and discovered their intentions, reaches the farm a little before the arrival of his pursuers. There is but short time for escape, so Stobow betakes himself to the kiln, where he hides, a heap of straw being thrown in the passage, for his enemies have sometimes failed to find him in like circumstances; and he hopes that, when the soldiers have searched the house, where he is not to be found, they may pass on, thinking that he has gone to a distance.

The morning is breaking when Creichton and his followers arrive, and happening to observe the heap of straw, he orders the kiln to be searched, and Stobow is seized.

Lilias, who has been hiding where she can see her father's place of concealment, rushes forward and begs his captors to let him go.

Finding, however, that her tears and entreaties are vain, she runs to the house, where her mother is expecting the arrival of the soldiers, and by her advice returns, offering Creichton one hundred dollars if he will set her father free.

To this he will not listen; and Stobow is led off to Culross, from whence, with the other prisoners taken there, he is conducted to Edinburgh, where he is kept in confinement till his trial comes.

CHAPTER XIII.

'They shot him at the Ninestane Rig,
Beside the headless cross,
And they left him lying in his blood
Upon the moor and moss.'
—Barthram's Dirge.

Ralph being now at home, all for a time goes on peacefully. Spence, however, recovers, and with his restored health returns to the office of informant. He has, fortunately, however, made known his intentions to one of his men, who is acquainted with Hab, who makes him aware of his master's designs.

There is a ruined cottage on the moor which is believed to be haunted by an unhappy ghost. None, therefore, willingly passes it by after nightfall. Ralph thinks of this as a hiding-place, the terror with which it is surrounded making it in some degree safe from living foes.

It is March, and a premature warmth has made the winter appear to be thoroughly over, when Ralph, hearing of the arrival of dragoons in the neighbourhood, betakes himself to this place of refuge, only venturing home occasionally in the darkness.

And if, when wandering over the moor in daylight, he sees in the distance a figure approaching, he flies swift as a hunted hare, or hides among the whins till all is silent again.

Frequently in the twilight does his mother pursue her way over the swampy moor, Hab going for her to take her home in the dark, after which he not seldom returns to spend the whole night with his foster-brother, arriving at Redknock Haugh only before daylight.

March is near its end, when the mildness and sunshine of early spring are succeeded by a deep fall of snow and piercing winds of icy bitterness. Ralph, hardy as he is, has at last fallen sick, and, sorely distressed as Mrs Lindsay is at the thought of the damp and dreary dwelling where he lies, she fears to have him brought home, and rather goes nightly to kindle a fire and prepare food.

One night Nellie has gone for this purpose, and, after having remained some time with Ralph, she begins to wonder why Hab has not yet come. Another hour passes, and at last she thinks that she must face the darkness

alone, saying, as she sets out, that she hopes to see 'naething waur than hersel'.'

She has not gone very far, however, when she fears that her hope is not to be realised, for a heavy groan falls on her ear, and, thinking that it is the cry of the wandering ghost of the place whom Ralph has dislodged from its place of shelter, she turns to run.

The sound is repeated, and as, in spite of her terror, she looks around, she sees by the light of the moon, which shows itself at times from out of the driving clouds, what seems to her a human figure stretched on the ground, and as she stands, unable to run for fear, she hears a voice cry out,

'Nellie, is that you?'

She recognises at once the voice of Halbert, and is instantly at his side.

'Wae's me, laddie,' she says, 'what's come owre ye?'

'I'm shot,' is the reply, 'and I'm deein' fast.'

'Shot?' repeats Nellie, in astonishment and horror. 'Wha's shot ye?'

'Spence o' Moss-bog,' is the answer. 'But, Nellie,' he adds, 'ye'll no leave me, for it's eerie to gang yer lane in the mirk.'

'Wae's me, Hab,' says Nellie, 'it wad be waur than eerie gin ye had to gang yer lane; but I trow ye'll no hae that to dae.' Then, kneeling beside him in the swampy moss, she continues, 'I mind weel whan the preacher was here in the simmer o' hearin' yer voice in the 23d Psalm, loud and gladsome like—

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

And surely ye can say that now.'

'Ay, Nellie, I think I can,' says Halbert.

'And, Hab,' continues Nellie, 'whan I was sayin' yestreen that ye wad be cauld waitin' out in the meltin' snaw, ye said that, for yer foster-brither's sake, it was a pleasure. An', gin it's a pleasure to bear onything for him, will ye grudge to die for Him wha died for you?'

Hab's life is ebbing fast away, but Nellie sees by the fitful light of the moon an answering look in his dying eyes.

When all is over, Nellie rises, and makes her way over the moor alone; and when at last she reaches Redknock Haugh, she meets Mrs Lindsay with these words, 'It's no Maister Ralph, he's gettin' better; but Hab, puir laddie, Hab's gane, shot by Spence o' Moss-bog, whase hands are stained sae deep already wi' the bluid o' the children o' Sion.'

When the morning dawns, John Futheringham takes a cart and horse, and goes, accompanied by a neighbour and Nellie, for the body of his son.

They find him lying on the dreary moor, stiff and bloody, the cold morning light shining on his face, and the sleet frozen in his crisp red hair; and so they take him home, and bury him with his forefathers. But Halbert's is a martyr's grave.

THE STONE HILL PEOPLE,

AND HOW THEY RAISED MONEY FOR MISSIONS.

A MISSIONARY came to the Stone Hill Church. The members were really interested. They wanted to do something, they said, but they hadn't any ready money. The missionary replied that he didn't want money; he would take produce. He spoke to them thus: 'I know your circumstances well. Here you are a little farming community; you've only got about sixty members in your church; most of you are scattered about on a dozen farms. Now, wouldn't you be willing to give a little wheat and a few potatoes and a few apples to spread your Master's gospel? Very well. Now I don't want money; I'll take produce. Honour the Lord with the first fruits of all thine increase.'

'But how will you get possession of the produce?'

'Oh,' he replied, 'I will get you to bring it to the village some time when you are coming in on business. Brother Elwell will receive it at his store, and turn it into money; after which it will be easy enough to send it.'

In the main, the plan seemed reasonable, but they doubted whether it would work well.

'You leave all that to me,' said the missionary. 'You do just as I say. Get an old flour barrel, or a bag, or a box of any kind, and mark on it, "For the Lord;" then, when you gather your wheat, take a bushel, or a half-bushel, if you think the other too much, and put it into the sack that belongs to the Lord. At another time, do the same with your oats; and when the season comes round, put in a bushel of apples; and then, later, your bushel of potatoes. Perhaps your wives and daughters would agree to give a pound of butter or a dozen of eggs. You will be surprised how it will mount up.'

'Well, well,' they said, 'it looks fair enough; it would be no harm to try it for a single time, only we might not get a good price for these donations of produce.'

'Don't trouble yourself about that,' said the missionary; 'as soon as you have measured out your bushel into the Lord's sack, your work will be over; let it remain at the Lord's risk; whether it sells for little or much, it is His business. If any of it rots or is eaten by rats, or if it meets with any accident, still consider it the Lord's loss, and not yours.'

They laughed at his idea. Three or four

y would do it; others hung back. ı there was a day-labourer. Every re were a few days in which he ə to do. He said he would give one ırk every year. He would fix on ı day ahead. When that fixed day ınd, he would consider it the Lord's hatever he might happen to make on should be the Lord's without fail. ay should happen to be a rainy day, got nothing to do that day, it should ord's loss, and not his.

er brother was a shoemaker. He to give the work of four Saturday ı each year. It was agreed that it ɔe the last Saturday night of each -those particular nights, and no other. ır jobs of half-soleing and mending ıd shoes came to him on those even- e to be paid into the Lord's treasury. rk should happen to come in, it was e Lord's loss, and not his; or, if he ɔe sick and unable to work, the loss the Lord's; he was free from his ob-

ɔery-keeper agreed to fix on one day ɜar, to be determined on at least three in advance. On that day, whatever ə the profits of his sales, whether five- twenty-five shllllings, should be de- the spread of the gospel.

esults surprised them all. In previ- rs they had never taken more than ive or thirty-five shillings for mission ı. Elwell, the grocer, had received uce, and made the sales, and collected ə sums earned. He now rendered his :—

l from John Pye, one day's k, ...	£0	3	1½
as Smith, four evenings :hing shoes, ...	0	5	5
rd Manly, one bushel of ɜat, ...	0	4	2
ne bushel of potatoes, .	0	1	8
ne bushel of Indian corn, .	0	1	0½
ne bushel of apples, . .	0	2	1
ne pound of butter, . .	0	0	7½
ne dozen of eggs, . .	0	0	6
Elwell, one day's profits of ɔery, ...	0	9	5
ɛes, bushel contributions, ɜat, apples, &c., . . .	0	13	11
Kirk, bushel contributions, ɜat, apples, &c., . . .	0	14	10
ɾ Davis, bushel contribu- ıs, and other things, . .	0	15	7½
:hy Dexter, bushel contri- ions, and poultry, . .	1	2	11
rd Rodden, bushel contri- ions, a ham, wool, &c., .	1	3	4
	£5	18	8

ɔo the accounts went on. Over eight ten shillings were raised, and sent on lissionary Union to support a native r somewhere in China.

The members enjoyed the giving. John Pye said he never put forth his strength with so much pleasure as on that day when every stroke of his hand was to help his Master. It sweetened his toil for a month afterward. Thomas Smith said that on those nights when he was working for missions, the sound of his lapstone was like music in his ears. John Elwell said it was the easiest and smoothest day's business he ever did in the store. Edward Rodden said that, whether any missionary agents came or not, henceforth the Lord's work should have a share in the yield of everything on his farm, from the sale of a fat ox down to a peck of turnips. Giving had been a blessing to him. It had kept God before his mind all the time. It had sanctified his flocks and his herd, and he meant to do a great deal more next year than he had done this year for missions at home and abroad, He hinted also about their being able to raise the pastor's salary next year. Money-getting might be made a curse, or it might be made a means of grace; and so said they all.

How Fair a Lot is Thine.

How fair a lot is thine, my little one—
A sunny life on earth to thee was given,
Which scarce a cloud e'er shadowed till the end,
When Jesus bore thee through the cloud to Heav'n.

Great was His tenderness to thee, my own,
And great to us all human words above;
For every thought of thee, though sad, is sweet
As every look on thee, on earth, was love.

We praised the grave, sweet eyes, the fair, high brow,
The noble bearing of our lovely boy,
And fondly prophesied a great career—
A life of usefulness, and love, and joy.

And who shall say those hopes are blighted now
That thou art safe beyond earth's clouds and storms;
Will those sweet eyes look up less sunnily
When Jesus folds thee in His loving arms?

Will looks less loving meet thy baby smile
Where nought ungentle and impure can be,
Where all is perfect peace, and joy, and love,
Than when our sin-chilled hearts still cherish'd thee?

'Tis Jesus, in His love, has call'd thee hence,
Himself will train thy powers; and no alloy
Of sin shall sully thy redeemed soul—
Thy life of *endless* usefulness and joy.

And we, though sad our hearts and weak our faith,
Still, by His grace, can thank Him for His love,
And joyful think He is our Father too,
And we shall join thee in thy home above.

M. W.

A Daily Portion.

FEBRUARY 12.

'COME UNTO ME.'—Matt. xi. 28.

God's people are called from self to Christ. The main end of a call is to bring Christ and the soul together; every dispensation of God hath a voice; and God speaketh to us by conscience, by His works, by benefits, by crosses, but chiefly by His word, the application of which by the Spirit is, as it were, an awakening call; but the chief call of God is by the voice of the gospel, wherein the offers of grace are discovered to us: Come, poor wearied soul, come to Christ, and thou shalt find ease and comfort. Again, they are called from sin to holiness: 'God hath not called us to uncleanness, but to holiness.' Though the immediate end of divine calling be faith, yet the intermediate end is holiness, as the ultimate end is glory. Thus we are called out of Babylon into Sion, from the tents of Kedar into the tents of Shem, from nature to grace, and the power of Satan into the kingdom of God; in short, this call is a separation from uncleanness, and all common and vile uses.—*T. Manton.*

FEBRUARY 13.

'CALLED YOU OUT OF DARKNESS INTO HIS MARVELLOUS LIGHT.'—1 Peter ii. 9.

God's people are called from misery to happiness and glory, from aliens to be friends, from darkness to light, from being enemies to be reconciled, from bastards to become sons, from vessels of wrath to be heirs of glory. With respect to all these sorts of calling it is termed sometimes 'a high calling,' sometimes 'a holy calling,' and sometimes 'a heavenly calling.' It is 'a high calling,' because of the honour and dignity of it; it is no small matter to be children of God, co-heirs with Christ, kings and priests to God. Many are lifted up because they have borne offices, and are called to high places in the world; a Christian hath a calling more excellent, he is called to be a saint, a spiritual king, a holy priest to God. It is 'a holy calling,' because of the effect and purpose of it. Man's calling may put dignity and honour upon us, but it cannot infuse grace; it may change our condition, but not our hearts. It is 'a heavenly calling' because of the author of it, God by His Spirit; and because of the aim of it; the grace whereby we are called came from heaven, and its aim and tendency is to bring us thither.—*T. Manton.*

FEBRUARY 14.

'COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN.'—Matt. xi. 28.

Some are wont to allege, It is true there is mercy in Christ for sinners, but Christ doth not call them. My brethren, what do you look for? an audible voice to speak to you, Thou John, thou Thomas, &c.? In the tenders of the gospel you are included as well as others, and why will you exclude yourselves? If God say sinners, you should subsume and reply, 'I am chief.' I remember it is said, Christ 'calleth His sheep by name, and leadeth them forth.' How doth Christ call them by name! By speaking expressly to their case, as if He did strike them upon the shoulders, and say, Here is comfort for thee. As at a feast, when there is a dish that we affect set upon the table, though all the company be free to make use of it, yet we say, Here is a dish for me. So should you apply and take to yourselves your own portion; though it be propounded generally, yet when God directeth the tongue of His messengers to speak so expressly to your case, that is all the calling by name which you can look for, since oracles are ceased, and therefore you should say, This was a dish provided for my hungry conscience, intended to me.—*T. Manton.*

FEBRUARY 15.

'I AM NOT COME TO CALL THE RIGHTEOUS, BUT SINNERS.'—Matt. ix. 13.

Some will say they are such sinners. The more need to come to Christ; He came to 'call sinners.' It is no matter what thou hast been, but what thou wouldst be; Christ doth not call us because we are holy, but that we may be holy. Is it a rational plea in outward cases, I am too poor to take alms, I am too filthy to go to the water to be washed? But they have stood out against so many calls already, and scorned God's counsel. Wisdom calleth scorners: 'Turn ye scorners; how long will ye delight in scorning?' It is a mercy that thou hast one call more; do not increase the guilt that thou complainest of. But I know not how to come to Christ. The blind and the lame are invited to the wedding, and wisdom calleth fools, 'Whoso is simple,' &c. The stray lamb is brought home upon the shepherd's shoulders. O that these words might be spirit and life to you!—*T. Manton.*

FEBRUARY 16.

'PARTAKERS OF THE DIVINE NATURE'—2 Peter i. 4.

God consecrates us with His Spirit; whom He makes saints. When a man adopts another he adopts, he anoints; whom he makes sons, for his son and heir, he may put his name upon him, but he cannot put his disposition into him; if he be of a morose, rugged nature, he cannot alter it; but whom God adopts He sanctifies; He doth not only give them a new name, but a new nature. God turns the wolf into a lamb; He makes the heart humble and gracious; He works such a change as if another soul did dwell in the same body.—*T. Watson.*

THE SALUTATION TO THE SAINTS AT PHILIPPI.

BY REV. JOHN ALEXANDER, M.A., SYMINGTON, BIGGAR.

'Paul and Timotheus, the servants of Jesus Christ, to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons: grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.'—PHIL. i. 1, 2.

THIS epistle is one of the four written by the Apostle Paul during his captivity at Rome. The others, the only ones remaining of the many epistles he must have written, 'for the care of all the churches was upon him' (2 Cor. xi. 28), are those to the Colossians, Ephesians, and to Philemon.

The Church at Philippi differed from the others of Paul's planting. In the course of his second missionary journey, he was specially commanded by God to preach the gospel there. He, along with Silas and Timotheus, had been confining their labours to Asia Minor; they had not gone over it all; different districts were still unvisited by them, but there were centres of greater influence to which they were to be called. While at Troas, a seaport town on the Mediterranean, near to the celebrated Troy in Mysia, a vision appeared to Paul in the night. 'There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us' (Acts xvi. 9). From this they were sure that the Lord had called them to preach the gospel to the inhabitants of Greece, and they sailed accordingly. A quick passage was made to Samothracia and Neapolis, and from thence they pressed on to Philippi.

Philippi was the first city in Macedonia. Its natural position, a strategical one, commanding the great road between Europe and Asia, and its political standing, a Roman colony, enjoying all the privileges and rights of the mother Republic, gave it an influence which was indeed great. It was founded by Philip, the famous King of Macedon, about B.C. 356; and was made a Roman colony by Augustus Cæsar after his victory over the Republican party at Rome. As a colony, it was Rome on a miniature scale. It had its own senate, and magistrates, and laws. It does not appear that the Jews were in any great numbers here. They had not a synagogue; the place for prayer was 'the riverside,' under the open vault of heaven; and here there met together Jewesses and proselytes of the gate.

No doubt the city would be moved on the entrance of the heralds of the cross, proclaiming the revelation from heaven, and preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, but the inhabitants would silently listen, and conclude that another god was to be added to their many.

At first the success of the Apostles was not great; nay, their very lives were threatened. Here it was that they were shamefully treated; the magistrates lost all sense of justice, and, at the instigation of a mob, excited by cruel and selfish men, beat the Apostles 'openly and uncondemned;' no trial was given them, no opportunity for defence; but, after being cruelly scourged, they were cast into prison, and instructions given that they be thrust into the dark dungeon, and their feet made fast in the stocks. Here their state verily seemed helpless. For them, too, there was no ray of cheering hope, but only the expectation of death on the morrow; they were suffering the acutest pain, were in great misery, and yet how do we find them? It was here, in the prison at Philippi, that they testified to the sustaining and comforting power of religion; here it was that 'at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises to God,' and were heard of Him, for He spake and the earth shook, the prison door were opened, the chains fell from the feet and hands of the prisoners, and the cause of the Lord's servants was taken up by the Judge of all the earth! In this most unlikely place was a member of the future Church found in the person of the jailor, who was brought from the depth of despair into the true liberty of the followers of Jesus. On the next day the Apostles were released by the magistrates themselves, who evinced no little fear at the consequences of their perversion of Roman justice. The other

converts mentioned were Lydia, the seller of purple, 'whose heart the Lord opened,' and the poor girl whom Paul, in the name of his Master, rescued from the cruel bondage of the devil. Besides these there were brethren unnamed. Such was the beginning of the Church at Philippi. The interest of the Apostle in this city never abated, for we find him visiting it twice in his after journeyings. The Church, from a small beginning, became one of the most flourishing. The preached Word here prevailed in turning many from idols to serve the living God. Its members tried, by all the kindness and attention in their power, to obliterate from the mind of Paul all the unpleasant memories connected with their city. He tells them in this epistle 'That in the beginning of the gospel, when he departed from Macedonia, no Church communicated with him as concerning giving and receiving, but they only. For even in Thessalonica, they sent once and again unto his necessity' (Phil. iv. 15, 16). And when the founder of their Church, he who had first given them true cause for joy, through the knowledge of a reconciled God, and salvation through Jesus Christ, was in chains at Rome, sad and downcast, fettered, and bowed down with grief and anxiety, he was not forgotten by them. They made his heart rejoice, for they sent by the hands of Epaphroditus that which could procure him some extra comforts, and which was 'an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice, acceptable, well-pleasing to God.' This kindness, expressed in a substantive form, showing their love for the Apostle, was the occasion of this epistle.

The Apostle at the time was 'in bonds,' awaiting his trial before the cruel Nero. His imprisonment was of a harsher and harder character. He speaks of his expectation of death, his readiness to die, and seems to feel the weariness of his sufferings. 'He is in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better' (Phil. i. 23). He refers to a conflict which he has, and to his comfort at Epaphroditus being spared to him. 'God had mercy on him, lest he should have sorrow upon sorrow' (Phil. ii. 27). But, nevertheless, he has something to cheer him. He hopes for a release, and speaks joyfully of his expected meeting with his dear Philippian converts once more. The knowledge of their attachment and love to him bears him up. But the great secret of his power to endure, and to take every affliction joyfully, is his knowledge of God's love and Christ's death. He compares what he himself has suffered with the indignities, the cruelties, and the death under which his Saviour bowed, and finds that he has not humbled, and cannot humble himself so much as his Lord, who 'being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, becoming obedient *even* unto death, yea, the death of the cross' (Phil. ii. 6-8). And the Apostle is further cheered by the knowledge of Christ as a present, living Saviour, who arose, and is now seated at God's right hand, and who yet sympathises with him in his cruel bondage, who heard his cry when in the cells at Philippi, and who can hear him still. He was thus contented, quite willing to be offered up as a sacrifice to his Master's religion. He saw, and rejoiced at, the progress the Christian religion was making. 'The things which happened him had fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel; so that his bonds were manifest in Christ in all the Pretorium, and in all other places, and the greater part of the brethren in the Lord, waxing confident by his bonds, were much more bold to speak the word without fear' (Phil. i. 12-14). And in Cæsar's household, that den of impurity and nest of wickedness and deceit, there were saints—men who were forsaking sin, and living unto God and Jesus Christ.

Such, then, was the state of mind of the Apostle when this Epistle to the Philippians was penned. He was sad and disheartened, yet not quite cast down, for he was cheered and borne up by hope, and was resting calmly and gladly, with the confidence of a child in his heavenly Father and his risen Lord.

This epistle itself is written in an affectionate, joyous, and fervent strain. The Apostle is writing to dear friends in whom he greatly rejoices: he thanks God for 'their fellowship in the gospel,' for the blessed fact that they are at one with him in the service of Jesus Christ. He knew that they were trying to walk worthily of their high and holy vocation, consistently with their profession, and he gently and lovingly encourages them in their heavenward course. There are no doctrinal errors, no heresies to check; he has not to assert his right to be heard as an Apostle, as he had to do to the Galatians; there are no sins to be condemned; it is simply a letter from Paul expressing his thanks for their kindness, written in the fullest confidence, telling them of his present circumstances, encouraging

ce in the Lord, and in the power

and arrangement of the epistle in the following analysis:—

ening salutation, with thanksgiving and prayer for them.
count of his personal circumstances, and progress of the gospel in Rome.
Exhortation to Christian living, self-negation, and unity.
is urged by the example of Christ.
hortation to follow their Lord, and let their light shine.
s proposal to send Timothy to them, and his thankfulness for having Epaphroditus spared to him
is conclusion, but breaks away again; warns them against (1) Judaism; and (2), Antinomianism, lawlessness, and urges them to walk as citizens of the heavenly kingdom.
es them to heal their dissensions.
iorts them to joyfulness and holy living
anks them for their thoughtful kindness.
lutations from all to all.
nediction.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR LIGHT-HEARTED YOUNG PEOPLE.

es ——. I believe she never has a ht,' said Mrs Experience, looking f the window. I looked too. It clear autumnal afternoon. The en blowing freshly, but it had l now the western sky was full of melting away to pale amber and he dying of the day and the out- e stars. Yes, Daisy Dorman was ed, and as she went down the her elastic step, her sweet face youth and health, her quick nod recognition for her friends, I for glad that she was the representa- s of people who must always be ty in this world of change,—the her than the careless, the bright who have not yet been schooled line of sorrow.

e trouble soon enough!' said Mrs 'Laugh before breakfast, you'll ight!' It seems to me almost) singing and smiling along, as was nothing but happiness before orld is all a fleeting show.'

with renewed energy on David's s. I felt reproved for my folded cannot always be busy, and I own thought quite as much as

I suppose God likes to see the), and to hear the birds sing, and made some people light-hearted on purpose that they may carry sunshine wherever they go, and cheer lonely hearts, and uplift drooping heads?'

Mrs Experience drew down the corners of her mouth and said no more. But, as I think of it, I am growing surer that the light-hearted people, the children, the gay girls and merry lads who are cheerful, not from a sense of duty, but because they are so happy that they cannot help themselves, are worth a great deal to the world. What a boon it is to meet a person who goes singing on life's way! What a benediction there is in a beaming face!

We should be very careful how we repress and restrain the exuberant spirits of the young. They are abounding in vitality, these boys and girls of ours, who do not get tired easily, and who find something to laugh at, where we are not so much amused. Let them laugh. Household fun should not be too quickly checked. There ought to be a margin for it in our home calculations. Study and work and thoughtfulness have their place, but play is just as legitimate, and just as essential to healthy living. We should not be in haste to condemn as volatile and giddy the girl who is bent, as it seems to us, on enjoyment and mirth, rather than on more serious occupations. Hers may be the swiftest foot to go on love's errands, the coolest hand to smooth the sick mother's forehead, and the quickest brain to devise what to do in an emergency. Many a mercurial boy becomes the comforting pastor, the wise judge, the able man of business, the kind husband and father. To direct rather than to crush the abundant efflorescent energy of the young should be the aim of parents. The more light-hearted they are the better. Light-hearted is not always feather-headed. 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.'

The Flowers' Reply.

Within our father's garden
It yesterday was green,
And little flowers of many hues
In blossom there were seen.

To-day are all things altered,
To-day are all things dead;
Where are you gone, you little flowers,
With yellow cups and red?

Oh, dear child, we are sleeping,
God wills we shall remain
Silent until His spring-time
Shall waken us again.

Yes, child, thy flowers are sleeping;
So, one day, thou shalt be,
Until a glorious spring-day
Shall come to waken thee.

Oh, then, may thy arising
Be calm and bright, like ours,
And thou as full of spring-time joy
As we, thy little flowers.

Emma A. Smuller.

HOMELESS PEOPLE.

BY MRS MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

YOU, whose happy lives are spent in ample farm-houses, or whose ways glide tranquilly on in pleasant suburban villages, do you ever think how many homeless people there are in a great, busy bee-hive of a town? Not merely poor people, who must needs wander about soliciting the shelter of charity, but well-dressed, respectable, and hard-working people, who have positively no homes. True, they have rooms where they sleep, and tables in restaurants or boarding-houses where they eat, but, when the day's work at the store or the office is over, there are thousands of young men who have no place which they can enter with the confident assurance of those who return at night to mother, or wife, or child, for the comfort and encouragement which those sweet relationships insure.

Bright, fresh-faced boys come from sweet country homes to the city every spring—come from the mother-brooding of tender, loving women, and the pleasant associations of the church and school they attended in childhood. And in this maelstrom of our whirling life they are speedily caught and engulfed. There are glittering places of amusement open in the evening, and numerous saloons more or less luxurious, offering the hospitality which is a doorway to destruction. And the lonely lad, away from home, weary, home-sick, and new to everything, is too often led to take the wrong turning from sheer solitariness. Nobody feels any special interest in him. If he does his work creditably, his employer who pays him feels that he has done his duty. The lodging-house keeper, who sees that his bed is made and his apartment swept, receives her stipulated sum each week, and her responsibility is at an end. When he has taken his food at the hasty table where the multitudes are fed, he is expected to leave the place and make room for others. We feel not a little compassion for him, and others like him, who in a great caravansary like the city have no legitimate place for fireside peace and relaxation, who have no recreation but that which they purchase, and whose best years pass divorced from the wholesome restraints and gracious influences of home life. Where is the remedy?

It is where all remedial helps are found, in the Christian Church. If every youth who is sent from the mountain village or the distant hamlet to the city would take with him a letter of recommendation from his pastor to the pastor of some city church, present it at once, and at once connect himself with the Sunday school, entering a class, attending the services, and modestly showing that he desired acquaintances, he would make them. Home doorways would admit him; good men would take him by the hand; matronly women would be interested in his welfare. He would put himself in the way of those refined associations and Christian sentiments which would, morally speaking, be his salvation.

You who are at home, and have a son, a brother, or a friend in the vortex of city life, with no home but a lodging-house, do not let such a one drift too far from you. Write to him often—long, gossipy letters, full of simple home news. Keep him in mind. Pray for him. There are homeless people who need sympathy, guidance, and care, though they are shod comfortably and have good coats on their backs.

Song of the Rootlets.

BY F. B. W.

Down in the ground, so busy,
Little roots at work;
All of them in a hurry,
Toiling in the dark.
List to their low, deep murmur;
While they work they sing,
'Gone are the frosts of winter,
Sunshine now of spring.

'Down in the ground, so busy,
Sucking juices up;
By-and-by, in a hurry,
Flowers will we push up,
Snowdrop, crocus, and lily,
Where the sunshine lies;
Tulips flashing so gaily,
Brightening to the eyes.

'Hidden away in darkness,
Working out of sight;
Yet task have we of gladness,
Bringing flowers to light;
Down in the ground, so busy,
Little things are we;
But work of ours is mighty,
Over plant and tree.

'Lightly, please tread over us,
Do not spurn, despise;
Lovingly, please, think of us,
Covered from your eyes.
Soon, we lift to your wonder
Forms of beauty rare;
Soon, from our hands, surrender
Fragrance to the air.'

Ah, little roots, ye teach me
A lesson of the light;
Never to fret, be weary,
Working out of sight.
Patience and courage, ever
Singing at my task;
For this, O Heavenly Father,
Humbly now I ask.

›W JANE HARDING MADE THANKSGIVING.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

HAT is Jane doing?' asked Mrs Harding.

'Laughing,' replied Aunt Hannah, curtly, 'and she always is laughing nowadays. What does make that girl laugh lister Harding?'

i't noticed it,' said Mrs Harding, › from the apple-pie crust she was rimping; 'in fact, I have been so ; I haven't had time to notice. But f she is any happier. A week or ıe seemed very sad, and I found her of times just at nightfall standing · the willows by the water-drain

n Samantha Heath, the hired girl, eer little cry, half-way between a l a sneeze, and, as Mrs Harding ›und, she caught her maid-of-all- an unmistakable grin on her broad,

Samantha?' she questioned, rather lidn't I remark to you at the time ɜ's low spirits?'

replied Samantha, with the corners ıth drawing up, and the corners of lrawing down, as she kept on in- ; chopping her mince-pie meat.

hen?' interrupted Mrs Harding.

thing,' said Samantha, 'only Jane nerry or sad, as the old song goes, to the mood of the girl in the story ling. The one now is a girl with ips and white teeth. It seems to for her lips are amazing red, and are as white as dogs' teeth. Of overdoes it, but that is natural, I

ırding looked at Samantha, with ittle red spots showing themselves ; fair face. 'Do you mean to tell ny only daughter is so simple as

g simple about it, I'm sure,' inter- › hired girl. 'It's the fact. Jane ›out it every day when I go up to ›er-work, and the girl must have to occupy her mind, and she don't work to do.'

just it,' said Aunt Hannah, inter- ı her turn, 'just the secret. She anything to do, and girls ought to Now she might just as well be that mince-meat, or paring these crimping those pies, as anybody else.' ever has been very well, you know, nah,' said Mrs Harding, apologeti-

s always been made to think she ›lied Aunt Hannah. 'What Jane is exercise. If she was a romp, I could stand it; but for a great, tall, healthy, and hearty girl like her to sit in her chamber, and rock and read novels'——

'"Susette," in the "Sweet Swans of Savoy," always sat in her chamber,' said Samantha, 'and most all the story-book girls do. They always go "to their own room," you know, in stories.'

'They'd go to the kitchen, and help their mothers, were they *my* girls,' muttered Aunt Hannah.

'I'm sure Janey is not in her room now,' said Mrs Harding, triumphantly. 'You just said, as she passed the window, that she was laughing.'

'No, of course, she was not in her room then,' replied Samantha. 'The girl in the last book she got from the library goes out and takes a quiet walk, "with a happy smile on her lips."'

Good Mrs Harding was really angry now. The red spots on her cheeks deepened to carmine, as Jane came slowly and studiedly up the walk, with a book in her hand, and Aunt Hannah said—

'Look at that girl's stilted, unnatural walk! At her age, she ought to come with a skip and a jump, as unconscious of her feet as a bird is of its wings. What book have you there, Jane? Let me see it, please,' went on Aunt Hannah, as the young girl entered the large, neat kitchen.

Jane unwillingly handed it over, with a broad smile.

'Humph!' half groaned Aunt Hannah. 'Where are you going, dear?'

'To my room,' replied Jane, with a smile broader and sicklier than the first one, 'when you are through with my book;' and she leaned her shoulder languidly against the door, clasped her slim white hands in front of her, and looked through the window away to the russet hills, with a smile that showed her white, even teeth still resting in a conscious way upon her face.

Aunt Hannah and Samantha exchanged glances and smiles. Mrs Harding saw it, and with a peremptory tone, unwonted for her, she said—

'Jane, go up-stairs, braid up your hair, take off that ridiculous bow from the top of your head, put on your everyday boots and an apron, and then come down here and wash up the baking-dishes.'

Jane slowly turned around, gave her fond mother a most withering look, which was copied as nearly as possible from a character in the story she had read a few days before, and returned—

'Wash the baking-dishes! Me? Why can't Samantha do it? I never washed baking-dishes in my life!'

'Time you had,' said Aunt Hannah, who had now tucked the silly book under her apron, and gone on with her apple-paring.

Jane 'went to her room,' but forgot to come down, and Samantha washed the baking-dishes.

'Just as I told you,' said the hired girl to Aunt Hannah. 'She won't do anything but read and read those foolish books from the circulating library at the drug-store, and then act out the characters they tell about.'

It was Thanksgiving time. Guests had been invited, and there was everything to do. There had always been just such times at the farm-house ever since Jane could remember, but she had never helped. She was the only daughter, and had been brought up in the useless way that many only daughters are brought up in the homes of country farmers even, where mistaken mothers say, '*My* girls shall have the easy times that I have missed in my life.'

The next morning Aunt Hannah said to Samantha, privately, 'Don't you want to go home to Thanksgiving, my good girl?'

'Yes, ma'am, I do indeed,' quickly replied the faithful maid-of-all-work. 'My brother's folks have written for me, and there's to be a big family gathering; but I can't go; I can't be spared here.'

'You shall go, and what's more, you shall stay two weeks,' said Aunt Hannah, resolutely, 'and your wages shall go on all the same. Say to Mrs Harding to-night that you *must* go. Jane shall do your work.'

'Oh, she *can't!*' replied Samantha.

'She can, and she *shall*,' said Aunt Hannah. 'I will put my shoulder to the wheel. Don't you worry, now; just give out that you must go home to Thanksgiving this year.'

So, just after the mail came in that forenoon, Samantha said to her mistress, 'I want to go home to Thanksgiving by the cheapest way. They've invited me real hard.'

'You ought to go,' put in Aunt Hannah. 'You shall go to-morrow, and be gone a fortnight. I will pay your railroad fare myself.'

'But what shall we do?' said Mrs Harding, looking really appalled. 'It is impossible to hire help at this season, and there's no time to look for any, either.'

'*I* am here, dear sister,' said Aunt Hannah—as if that covered all grounds of objection—'and Jane shall help. I will hire her as my assistant, and pay her three dollars per week, and the work will do her good.'

Jane was not consulted, to be sure; but she did not dare rebel against good whole-souled Aunt Hannah, who was a person of consequence in the family, being a childless widow, with considerable means at her own disposal. Samantha went, and Jane took her place in the kitchen.

'Oh, I am to be dish-washer,' said Aunt Hannah, as Jane reluctantly went towards the sink the morning of the hired girl's departure. 'You know how to wash dishes well enough, I presume, although there is a right way as well as a wrong way to wash dishes, but you will learn by seeing me. I can wash dishes and at the same time give directions about the work you are to do. Now you will mix the bread first.'

'I don't know how!'

'Time you did, and I will tell you all about it, dear. Sister Harding, put the rooms to rights, make the beds, and see to the milk; you are the "second girl," remember. Jane and I are the cooks. I intend that on Thanksgiving Day every article of food that goes on to the table shall have been prepared by Jane.'

Jane opened her eyes in unaccustomed surprise, and her lips for wondering speech; but Aunt Hannah, with smiles and good-nature, talked so fast that the young girl found no chance to reply.

'You are an intelligent and a pretty conscientious girl,' went on the good aunt; 'you are as strong as many girls in your position; your appetite is always good, and you are capable.' Jane opened her lips again, but Aunt Hannah reiterated, 'you are young, hearty, and capable. No matter what station in life you may be called to fill, you want to know how to *cook* and how to do all kinds of housework the best way.' And Aunt Hannah, who was very entertaining, and who knew a great many people, went on telling about this one and that one, and gave Mrs A.'s rule for making bread, and Mrs B.'s recipe for a certain kind of cake, until Jane found that even women of culture and wealth took charge of their own households, and were not at the mercy of servants.

When, that night, Farmer Harding complimented his daughter's first gingerbread, she was agreeably surprised to find how much more real satisfaction there was in making it than rocking idly in her chair, or standing out under the willows in the attitude of a heroine, with a lace handkerchief pressed to her dewy eyes.

Jane was often tired, of course, at first, but she persevered under Aunt Hannah's direction and treatment. Her mother grew rested and young, and was told so by the friends from the West, with whom she now had time to visit.

On Thanksgiving Day, when everything was being praised, Aunt Hannah took great satisfaction and pride in saying, 'My pupil, Janey, here, prepared every dish that has been set before us to-day.'

'I declare,' said the Western uncle, 'I declare, that's the way to bring up a girl, be she a merchant's, a lawyer's, or a farmer's;' and before he left the old homestead he gave his brother a bountiful sum of money with which to refurnish and paint the house, embellish the parlour, build a new front fence, and last, but not least, to pay off an old mortgage on the farm.

'Such a capable, industrious, and amiable girl as Janey,' this uncle went on, 'deserves as fine a house as any in the village. She

the old Harding homestead a pleasant
o come to; and, besides, she saves her
: a great deal of labour.'
ane Harding, instead of only *reading*
lovely well-kept homes and their pre-
angels, became the light and stay of
n mother's household, chiefly through
Hannah's well-timed, judicious instruc-
-*Boston Watchman.*

---

ry impulse and stroke of missionary
on earth is from the heart of Christ. He sows and there is a harvest. He touches nations and there arises a brotherhood, not only civilised by His light, but sanctified by His love. The isles of the ocean wait for Him. He spreads His net and gathers of every kind, and, lo! the burden of the sea is not only fishes, but fishermen who go and gather and come again. If there are activity, free giving, ready going, a full treasury, able men who say, 'Here am I, send me,' it is because through all the organisation Christ lives, and His personal Spirit works. There is no other possible spring for that enthusiasm.

THE MARTYR GRAVES OF THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, BY LOCKERBIE.

CHAPTER IV.

TYNRON.

TYNRON and Glencairn are best reached from Thornhill Station, on the South-Western Railway, and an omnibus runs between the station and Minnyhive, which lies two miles beyond them to st. Thornhill is about a mile from the , and is made up of two streets that ach other at right angles. One of them o great length, but the other runs for half-a-mile. These two streets are, hat unusually for Scotch villages, lined ime-trees. In two miles further we o Penpont, a small village, and half-a-ore brought us to Scar Bridge, a bridge e Scar, a tributary of the Nith. Close bridge is the Penpont West Church, e place of worship for the adherents of formed Presbyterian Church in the . The manse adjoins it, and, like the , is beautifully situated near the banks Scar. Tynron was still two miles and way. About a mile from Scar Bridge d divides, and one part turns to the and for nearly a mile skirts the Shimmel a tributary of the Nith, and the other nth-west. It was along this latter road e went. The grass-covered slopes of Doon, a hill of conical form, 945 feet he sea, were right before us. Tynron s a hill of more than ordinary beauty, r companion assured us, commands a ew of the surrounding country. The its cone is flattened, and the ramparts ne its edges show that, in troublous n the past, it must have been a fortified As we passed by Tynron Doon we pon a higher hill, Auchengibbert, while outh the ground rose into a hill of 620 As we got out of the defile, Tynron lay na. It is a mere hamlet. The parish is a modern structure, and the church-urrounds it. The martyr's grave was close to the wall of the churchyard, on the left hand as we entered. It is a flat stone on supports, that raise it about a foot from the ground, and is 6 feet 2 inches in length, by 2 feet 8 inches in breadth. The inscription is in Roman letters, deeply cut, of about 1½ inches in height. As is usual in the stones in Galloway, many of the letters are attached to each other—*i.e.*, the side of an H is made to do duty for the upright stroke of E. The inscription is—

HERE LYETH WILLIAM
SMITH SON TO WILLIAM
SMITH IN HILL WHO FOR
HIS ADHERING TO THE COVE
NANTED WORK OF REFOR
MATION WAS SHOT AT
MINNYHIVE MOSS THE 29
DAY OF MARCH 1685 HIS AGE
19 YEARS. THIS DEED WAS
NOT DONE BY A COUNCIL
OF WAR BUT BY COUNTRYMEN
WITHOUT SYSE
N

I WILLIAM SMITH NOW HERE DO LY
ONCE MARTYR'D FOR CHRIST'S VERITY
DOUGLAS OF STENHOUSE LAWRIE OF MAXWELTOU
CAUSED CORONET BAILIE GIVE ME MARTYRDOM
WHAT CRUELTY THEY TO MY CORPSE THEN US'D
LIVING MAY JUDGE: ME BURIAL REFUSED

The story of Smith is briefly given in 'The Cloud of Witnesses,' in the 'List of those killed in the fields.' It is told with more detail by Wodrow.

He seems to have been assisting his father, who had a farm at Hill—a farm a mile to the east of Minnyhive—and was in the fields when he was met by Cornet Bailie. The usual questions were put to him, but when he declined to answer them, he was carried away to Caitlock, a house a mile to the north-west of Minnyhive, and where what Wodrow calls a 'garrison' was stationed. Tidings of the son's capture were brought to the father, who waited on his laird, Lawrie of Maxweltoun, a local magnate, and prevailed on him to meet Cornet Bailie next day at Glencairn Kirk, under the hope that the meeting would end in his son's liberation. Next day, March 3, 1685, William Smith was brought before them, and when he still refused to answer the questions put to him, Lawrie passed sentence of death upon him, in virtue of the power he claimed to have as commissioner. Cornet Bailie declared such a sentence illegal, as there had been no 'syse'—*i.e.*, no trial. But Lawrie would hear of no delay, and threatened to report the cornet for sparing him so long. Smith was immediately taken out to the Race Muir, to a large stone still shown in a field, about half-a-mile to the east of Minnyhive, and shot by a party of soldiers. Wodrow says he died with a great deal of holy composure and courage, and in full assurance of faith. He declared to the spectators that he died for no rebellion or any crime laid to his charge, except that he had conversed with the persecuted people, as they came in his way, and he had refused to disclose where their places of concealment were. 'He said much for the comfort of his parents when he took his farewell of them.'

His body was refused burial in the churchyard, and enjoined to be buried under the doorstep of the farmhouse at the Hill, in order that his father might step over his remains, and so dishonour them every time he went out or into his house. The order was carried into effect, and the body lay under the doorstep until the Revolution, when it was taken to the spot where it now lies.

From Tynron we now turned to go to Glencairn churchyard. As the crow flies, Glencairn churchyard is a mile and three-quarters to the south of Tynron, and as many to the east of Minnyhive; but Peelton Hill, 942 feet in height, lay between us, so we took the road which winds round it, and made it an hour's walk ere we reached the churchyard. It lies on the south side of Peelton Hill, and almost on the banks of the Cairn Water. The church was built in 1837. The gable walls of its predecessor still stand in the churchyard. They are about 120 feet from each other, so that the church must have been of unusual length. It was used as a place of worship up till 1836. On its eastern gable there is a monument, with the date MDCXXXVII., and the gravedigger told us the bell bore the older date c 1611.

The stones we were in search of were easil found. They lie enclosed within a railing t the south of the church, not far from the roac side. At one time they were separate fro each other in different parts of the churcl yard, but for their preservation they wer all put together where they now are. Th three stones are nearly of the same size, abou 6 feet in length, by 2 feet 6 inches in breadtl Originally they lay level with the ground, bu when last repaired they were set on thei present stone-supports, about 18 inches i height. The inscriptions are—

HERE LYES JOHN GIBS
ON MARTYR SHOT
TO DEATH BY COL: DO
UGLAS AND LIVINGS
TON'S DRAGOONS - AT
ENGLESTON IN GLEN-
CAIRN FOR ADHERING
TO THE WORD OF GOD
CHRISTS KINGLY GOV-
ERNMENT IN HIS HOU-
SE AND THE COVENA
NTED WORK OF REFO-
RMATION AGAINST
TYRANY, PERJURY AND
PRELACY APRYL 28
1685 REV 12 11

MY SOULS IN HEAVEN
HERE'S MY DUST
BY WICKED SENTANCE
AND UNJUST
SHOT DEAD CONVICTED
OF NO CRIME
BUT NON COMPLYANCE
WITH THE TIME
WHEN BABELS BASTARD
HAD COMMAND
AND MONSTEROUS TYRA
NTS RUL'D THE LAND

HERE LYES ROBERT EDGAR AND ROBERT MITCHELL MAR TYRS SHOT TO DEATH BY COL DUGLAS AND LIVING STONS DRAGOONS AT ENG-LISTON FOR ADHERING TO THE WORD OF GOD CHR ISTS KINGLY GOVERMENT IN HIS HOUSE & THE COVE NANTED WORK OF REFOR MATION AGAINST TYRANY PERJURY & PRELACY APRYL 28 1685 REV - 12 - 11.

HALT PASSENGER TELL IF
THOU EVER SAW
MEN SHOT TO DEATH
WITHOUT PROCESS OF LAW
WE TWO OF FOUR WHO IN
THIS CHURCHYARD LY
THUS FELT THE RAGE OF
POPISH TYRANNY

HERE LYES JAMES
BENNOCH SHOT
DEAD BY COL DUGLAS
AND LIVINGSTONS
DRAGOONS AT ENG
LESTOUN FOR ADHE
REING TO THE WORD
OF GOD CHRISTS KI
NGLY GOVERMENT
IN HIS HOUSE AND
THE COVENTED WO
RK OF REFORMATION
AGAINST TYRANNY
PERJURY AND PRELA
CY APR: 28: 1685 REV
12 - 11 -

HERE LIES A MONUMENT
OF POPISH WRATH
BECAUSE I'M NOT PERJUR'D
I'M SHOT TO DEATH
BY CRUEL HANDS MEN
GODLES AND UNJUST
DID SACRIFICE MY BLOOD
TO BABELS LUST

)m the churchyard we retraced our steps
ard until we came to a road going south-
which, by a bridge, took us over the
water. We then turned westward, and
)d for fully a mile in the valley of the
, until we came to the farm-house of
r Ingleston, where we were directed to
ston, about a quarter of a mile away, by
l that runs nearly south-east.
) object of our search was in a small
of hedged-in ground, into which we
)d by a garden attached to the farm-
. It was an upright stone, 3 feet in
th by 2 feet 2 inches in height. On it
he following inscription:—

THIS YARD WERE SHOT JOHN GIBSON
IES BENNOCH ROBERT EDGAR
ERT MITCHELL AND ROBERT GRIER
APRIL 28 1685 BY COLDREL
)GLASS AND LIVINGSTOUNS DRA
)NS FOR ADHEREING TO CHRISTS KING
GOVERNMENT IN HIS CHURCH AGAINST
ANNIE PERJURIE AND PRELACIE

t fifty yards to the east of the stone, and
y in front of the farm-house, is a thorn,
to which, tradition says, they were shot.

—•—

)HRISTIAN.—'Four things,' says Hopfner, necessary to constitute a Christian:—'aith *makes* a Christian. (2.) Life *proves* ristian. (3.) Trials *confirm* a Christian.)eath *crowns* a Christian.'

GINNINGS OF SIN.—All sin begins with ist of God's declarations. 'Hath God Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?' said the tempter, meaning to insinuate into the mind of Eve that a God who could so restrict His creatures could not be worthy of reverence and obedience. A bad seed, and it led to a baneful crop.

—•—

The Unknown Hour.

'Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh; at even, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in the morning.'—MARK xiii. 35.

Not always does the Master send
A messenger, to say—
Thy pleasures and thy toils must end;
Prepare for Me to-day!
The Owner of the tenement
And of the tenant, too,
Need never knock, or ask consent
To do what He will do.

But, if He chooses, He will come
At an unlooked-for hour,
And lead the soul out, stricken dumb,
With His resistless power.
'At even,' may be, when the day
With all its work is done,
And friendly converse, kind and gay,
Follows the set of sun.

Perhaps 'at midnight,' when in ease
The soul and body lie,
That Hand, which holds death's chilling keys,
Unlocks the mystic tie;
The soul soars up to bliss untold,
Or sinks in unveiled woes;
The body, motionless and cold,
Nor joy nor sorrow knows.

Or 'in the morning,' when the man,
Refreshed and strong, prepares
To lay anew the oft-formed plan
Of lessening life's cares;
All in a moment, life itself
Is broken like a thread;
And purposes of ease or pelf
Avail not—he is dead.

Or in the busy noon, perchance,
Amid the city streets,
Too hurried for a passing glance
At any one he meets;
When, suddenly, his eyes grow dim,
And faint the throbbing heart,
For One, unseen, encounters him,
With whom he cannot part.

That one is He who holds our breath
In His complete control;
And life eternal, second death,
Are His to give the soul.
Then 'watch thou, therefore,' 'watch and pray,'
That thou may'st ready be,
When, in some unexpected day,
The Master calls for thee.

Caroline May.

'PLEASE DON'T BLAME GOD.'

THERE had been a terrible freshet, such a freshet as had never been known in Ashby. The town was a complete wreck. Not only were the bridges washed away, but the mills had lost their support, and some of them had even been swept away themselves. The entire lower portion of the place had been flooded, and houses were carried off to be dashed to pieces as they met below the town. Much sadder still, some of the inmates were borne along with their homes; for the alarm had been given too late to allow the people to reach a place of safety. People who lived in the upper part of the town were doing all they could for their unfortunate neighbours, who had either been turned out of their homes temporarily or altogether.

To one of the houses far out of reach of the water a little girl had been taken, who was found wandering about as though she knew not where to go. Mrs Andrews, who received her, was a kind-hearted person, and deeply touched by the sight of the little girl, whose clothes were wet and dripping, and who looked cold and frightened.

After dry clothes had been put on her, she was taken into a room where a lady was lying on a sofa, who began at once to question her.

'So you were in the flood, were you!'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Where are your father and mother?'

'God took them.'

'What do you mean? Were they drowned?'

'God took papa before we came here to live, but mamma and little Georgie went to Him in the water to-day.'

'Your mother and brother were drowned—how did it happen that you were not drowned too?'

'Some one pulled me out.'

'Are you sure your mother was drowned?'

'Oh yes; she turned her head and smiled at me, and then God took her.'

'No wonder you looked frightened. Did you cry and scream out? I don't see how you can sit there and tell me about it, that you have been left alone in the world, without father or mother, and yet not cry about it. Didn't you love them, and won't you miss them?'

Instantly the tears gathered in the child's eyes and her lips quivered. Mrs Andrews made a motion as though she disapproved of the conversation and would put an end to it, but listened for the child's answer.

'I haven't thought of that.'

'Haven't thought of that! Then what have you thought of?'

'I have only thought how glad mamma would be to be with papa again, and how good God was to let her go to him. She has been so lonely without him, and she smiled so beautifully when she said "Good-by."'

'But don't you think it was unkind and cruel of God to take them all away from you and leave you alone? Don't you think He has done all He could to make you unhappy and miserable?'

'Oh, please don't blame God!'

'How can I help it? He has taken away from me, too, all I cared for—my husband and my little child that I loved more than life itself. I do blame God, and I think He is cruel and unjust.'

'Oh, *please* don't blame God.'

'Well, what must I do? Must I thank Him for making me miserable? Are you going to thank Him for taking away those you loved? Tell me, are you going to thank Him for anything?'

'Yes, I'll thank Him for giving me such a good and kind father and mother, and for giving them such a beautiful home now.'

'But I don't think God had any right to give me my child, if He was going to take it right away.'

'Perhaps —— Mamma says if we love what God gives us better than we do Him, and if we forget to thank Him for it, He sometimes takes it all away from us.'

'Yes, I've heard all that before, but don't you see, it doesn't make me love God a bit, to think that He has taken my little child to heaven?'

'But doesn't it make heaven seem more beautiful? I never thought it was so beautiful until papa went there, and now, with mamma and little Georgie there too, and God to take care of them, it seems like home. Don't you see? And if your little child could know, don't you think it would feel badly to have you blame and talk so about the good God who has given it such a beautiful home? And don't you think it would feel badly to know that you didn't want to go to that home too some time? Don't you see that God'——

'There, stop; don't say more now. I never thought about it in that way. Let me think a while, and then you can come again and tell me some more. Perhaps I am wrong, after all, and ought not to blame God as I do. Go now.'

Mrs Andrews led the little girl away, and kissed her and called her the little missionary; and such she proved to be. Mrs Andrews kept her always with her own family, but she spent the most of her time with the lady on the sofa, who was suffering from an incurable disease. Before she died she thanked the little orphan for leading her to God.

'It all seems so different now,' she said, 'and heaven seems such a beautiful place, with God, the kind Father, to watch over all. It is pleasant to think of there being so many friends there, and I am glad there are no dear ones to be left behind to mourn and be lonely.'

And so one more soul was led into the light by 'a little child.'—*Boston Watchman.*

MADE PERFECT AT LAST.

BY REV. R. M. OFFORD.

ILL I ever, ever be any better? Alas, I fear I shall never begin to be a Christian.' Thus spoke Alice, and the tears stood in her eyes as she spoke.

Alice had lost her temper, and ll reason, as she now felt, although she n sorely tried. This was with her a iling, and this, of all her temptations, l resolved she would try to resist. But nd again she yielded, and then, in deep wrote all manner of bitter things herself, and wondered, too, why she be so much tempted and tried.

l what is the matter with my little said her cousin Frank, who, as he l the room quite unexpectedly to the g girl, caught sight of the glistening ı her eyes. Thus discovered, Alice told ısin all about her trouble, for Frank veral years her senior, and had often a good counsellor.

Frank,' she said, in concluding her I am almost in despair. I hardly dare eve that anything good can ever be ıut of such a wretched girl as I am.'

k said little in reply, but promised to ı the subject at some other time.

many days after, Alice and Frank, with others, visited a paper-mill. It was eedingly interesting occasion to every ır of the party. The process of paper- ş was inspected all the way through, Frank had visited paper-mills before, ervations added not a little to an in- ıt view of the curious machinery. The ; and tumbling of the rags in a cylinder l with wire-cloth, to dislodge the dust, e process of boiling to dissolve the dirt, ıot merely interesting but suggestive ions. The rags were then whirled round ınd in a large volume of water to cleanse and, when partially ground and disin- ɔd, they were known, the visitors were s 'half-stuff.'

ısin Frank,' said Alice, 'I think that presents me. I would almost ask the eople here to put me in with their rags, am afraid I should not go on to per- ı. I should never be anything but stuff."'

tter wait till you have seen the results :his, Alice,' replied Frank. 'Moreover, ırk is not over yet.'

leed not,' said Alice, as she saw the ing process to which the 'half-stuff' bjected—a process sometimes of days' uance.

ı came an ordeal even more severe. ags were fairly beaten and ground, l and beaten, for many hours, in order ıe fibres might be thoroughly separated. ıaterial was then immersed in water, pt for some time in constant agitation, then passed through moulds, the water being thoroughly drained off.

The material begun by this time to assume something of the form of paper. Taken from the moulds, wet sheets were pressed between felt or woollen blankets, and afterwards dried. Before leaving, and while the memory of the rough treatment to which the rags had been subjected was so vividly in their minds, the visitors were amused in contrasting them as they were first brought to the mill, with the beautifully-finished paper, the product of all this remorseless treatment.

Just then Frank said, in a very deliberate manner, but quietly, so that none but Alice heard, 'Well, now, I would hardly have dared to believe that anything so good could ever be made out of such wretched material as those rags that we saw at first.'

Alice smiled. She had not forgotten the conversation of a few days past, and with a sensation of relief, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Frank! if I could believe that I should ever be so completely changed, I think I would welcome the most trying ordeals. May God give me patience!'

'Yes,' said Frank; 'through much tribulation we are to enter the kingdom. Patience must have her perfect work. We shall be made perfect through suffering. By the way, Alice, this visit has forcibly recalled a paper-mill I visited last summer. The writing-paper used by the Queen was manufactured there, and, when finished, it bore her Majesty's coat-of-arms. May we not hope that when through with all these trials of earth, we may be pure and holy, acceptable in God's sight, and stamped with the image of Jesus, our King?'

If ever Alice prayed, she prayed that day, and many a day since, for grace to bear her trials—and she had many, great and small—with patience, looking joyfully forward to the blessed results.

Having Done All, Stand.

Stand, Christian soldier, in the evil day
When hell's inhabitants and wicked men
Combine to draw thee from the narrow way;
With courage stand, and God's approval gain.
When Satan's fiery darts and fleshly lust
Are like to quench thee with their mingled din,
Oh, arm thee with divine unflinching trust!
By faith and prayer the weakest saint may win.
So stand, good soldier, stand and do not fail,
The Lord is on thy side, the Saviour smiles;
Thy shield, thy sword, thy helmet will avail,
When demons rage and compass thee with wiles;
In dark temptation's day, believer, stand;
Thou'lt rest from battle in the heavenly land.

William Anderson, Tarbolton.

A Daily Portion.

FEBRUARY 17.

'COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST.'—Matt. xi. 38.

Some will reply, Sure there is no mercy for me, I am so unworthy. I answer—The invitation taketh no notice of worth, but of thirst: 'Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' Thou are not worthy, but thou art thirsty, or else whence come these groans? And notice the pride that is in legal dejection. Men are loath to be beholden to Christ; they would be worthy before they will come to Him; and therefore the Apostle useth that expression, 'They have not submitted to the righteousness of God.' A proud creature would fain establish a righteousness in himself, and is loath to submit to take all from another; as an outward proud man preferreth a russet coat of his own before a silken garment that is borrowed or given him by another.—*T. Manton.*

FEBRUARY 18.

'IT IS YOUR FATHER'S GOOD PLEASURE TO GIVE YOU THE KINGDOM.'—Luke xii. 32.

God adopts us to a state of dignity; God makes us heirs of promise; God instals us into honour. Since thou wast precious in My sight, thou hast been honourable. The adopted are God's treasure, His jewels, His first-born. They have angels for their life-guard; they are of the blood-royal of heaven. The Scripture hath set forth their spiritual heraldry; they have their escutcheon or coat-armour. Sometimes they give the lion for their courage, sometimes the dove for their meekness, sometimes the eagle for their sublimeness. Thus you see their coat of arms displayed. But what is honour without inheritance? God adopts all His sons to an inheritance. It is your Father's good pleasure to give you a kingdom. It is no disparagement to be the sons of God. To reproach the saints, is as if Shimei had reproached David when he was going to be made king; adoption ends in coronation. The kingdom God gives His adopted sons and heirs excels all earthly monarchies. —*T. Watson.*

FEBRUARY 19.

'TO THE LAW AND TO THE TESTIMONY.'—Is. viii. 20.

Obedience must be done by a right rule; it must have the Word for its rule. To the law, to the testimony. If our obedience be not according to the Word, it is offering up strange fire; it is will-worship; and God will say, Who hath required this at your hand? The Apostle condemns worshipping of angels, which had a show of humility. The Jews might say that they were loath to be so bold as to go to God in their own persons; they would be more humble, and prostrate themselves before the angels, desiring them to be their mediators to God. Here was a show of humility in their angel-worship; but it was abominable, because they had no Word of God to warrant it; it was not obedience, but idolatry. Child-like obedience is that which is consonant to our Father's revealed will.—*T. Watson.*

FEBRUARY 20.

'BY FAITH ABEL OFFERED UNTO GOD A MORE EXCELLENT SACRIFICE THAN CAIN.'—Heb. xi. 4.

Obedience must be done from a right principle—*i.e.*, the noble principle of faith—the obedience of faith. A crab-tree may bear fruit fair to the eye, but it is sour, because it doth not come from a good root. A moral person may give God outward obedience, and to the eyes of others it seems glorious; but this obedience is sour, because it comes not from that sweet and pleasant root of faith. A child of God gives Him the obedience of faith, and that meliorates and sweetens his services, and makes them come off with a better relish. —*T. Watson.*

FEBRUARY 21.

'CHRIST SHALL BE MAGNIFIED.'—Phil. i. 20.

Obedience must be done to a right end; the end of obedience is glorifying God. That which hath spoiled many glorious services is, when the end hath been wrong. When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet, as the hypocrites do, that they may have glory of men. Good works should shine, but not blaze. If I give my body to be burnt, and have not charity, it profits me nothing. The same, I may say, of a sincere aim; if I obey never so much, and have not a sincere aim, it profits me nothing True obedience looks at God in all, that Christ may be magnified. Though a child of God shoots short, yet he takes a right aim.—*T. Watson.*

FEBRUARY 22.

'O THAT MY WAYS WERE DIRECTED TO KEEP THY STATUTES.'—Ps. cxix. 5.

An adopted heir of heaven, though he cannot obey every precept perfectly, yet he doth evangelically. 1. He approves of every command; I consent to the law, that it is good. 2. A child of God delights in every command; O how I love thy precepts! 3. His desire is to obey every command; O that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes! 4. Wherein he comes short, he looks up to Christ's blood to make supply for his defects. This is evangelical obedience; which, though it be not to satisfaction, it is to acceptation.—*T. Watson.*

A TALENT FOR FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS MARGARET E. SANGSTER, ASSOCIATE-EDITOR OF NEW YORK CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

A MAN that hath friends must show himself friendly, and there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Wise and comforting words! How sweetly they sound along the ages! This is one of the texts that, like an old violin, has grown precious with the using; so that its half breathes through the soul with a ce of tender strength in moments of w, while its introductory clause appeals common sense of the world. Who has ls, and holds them fast? Not the cold, bed being who lives for himself alone. e friendship is sought, whose society d, whose comradeship striven for in the ey of life? Not that of the cynic, nor e crusty misanthrope, nor of the sordid whose horizon is narrowed to his own al aims and advantage. Around such may cluster those who have ambitions rsue, or vanities to gratify, but in the of trial they fall away. True friendship not admit of self-seeking in any of its phases. It was not by accident that rise King Solomon set this particular of gold in its special picture of silver. dliness is divine. The highest type of it the heavens. Its finest development hown when the Lord Jesus walked the in humility, though still in the majesty ver. He said, 'I have not called you nts, but friends,' and that utterance the fitting counterpart of this, that is a friend that sticketh closer than a er.

showing one's friendship implies a gness to take trouble, to make sacrifices, obliging and generous for one's friends. larly enough, there are many people lo not in the least object to large dis- of friendship, who, on the contrary, sce at stated periods in gifts and airs, or who forget their own ease if one love is in great danger, who are yet

unfriendly in the small commerce and the ordinary relations of life. They are not fond of visiting, so the friend in the next street or city never sees them. They dislike to write letters, so correspondence with the absent grows feeble and intermittent. Hospitality burdens them, and they do not invite guests lest there must be an extra plate and cup at the table, a little more than the usual garniture of rooms and board, and a little fatigue in going hither or thither for the guest's entertainment. Company is troublesome, and therefore, as they go on toward middle age company seeks them no more. Yet the same people would watch by the sick-bed night after night, and fly to your assistance were the house on fire.

How often we find persons whose sole interest in the world centres in their peculiar environment. They care for their wives, their children, their little household circle, and for none besides. As one by one, change, removal or death takes their beloved from them, they have no outer set to fold them closely with sympathy and kindliness. As they have elected to be solitary, they remain solitary.

It is a mistake to leave friendship in its formation to the mere happenings of propinquity, or the pleasant chances of travel. We are interdependent creatures. Associations modify us. We are helped or hindered by the people with whom we live. Their modes of thought and speech, their convictions and experiences, their tone and manner, insensibly influence and mould us. A parent who provides good teachers for his children, buys them the best appliances of study and spares no expense upon their education, may fail conspicuously in attaining a good result, if he is careless about the friendships they make. A boy is more directly influenced by the lad a few years older than himself, who is his paragon of all that is noble and grand, than he is by his teachers. A little girl minds what she is told and seems a model of

docility, but perhaps, when none suspect it, she is forming herself after the pattern of a young lady whom she admires from afar. For children, companionship with the refined, the pure, and the conscientious is as essential to growth in honour and virtue, as air and sunlight are essential to health.

We should take the trouble to aid the young in establishing right friendships, and we should not be slow, indifferent, or negligent in forming friendships of our own. Once formed, they are worth caring for. It is not well to suffer the attar of affection to be carelessly spilled on the ground. To be over-exacting, to be jealous, to be fickle, to be self-absorbed, is to fall below friendship's ideal. Popularity is transient and uncertain. The idol of the crowd to-day may to-morrow have none to pay court at his shrine. Beauty fades, wit tires, wealth may flee, social prestige may decline, but the friendship that is founded on mutual respect, on congenial qualities, and on love to God, abides and grows stronger amid the general wreck. Even death does not destroy or weaken it, though it interrupts its intercourse for a time. The Friend who sticketh closer than a brother has gone before, to prepare a home for all who are His friends, where they shall go no more out for ever.

THE SALUTATION TO THE SAINTS AT PHILIPPI.

BY REV. JOHN ALEXANDER, M.A., SYMINGTON, BIGGAR.

(*Continued from page* 99.)

IN this salutation Paul joins Timotheus with himself. Timothy seems to have been with him at the time. For him the Apostle had special affection, speaks of him as his son, and feels most deeply his kindness to himself. Timothy had taken a great interest in the Philippian Church. He had assisted in its foundation, and had visited it twice during the Apostle's third missionary journey. And now he was about to visit it again. Paul, referring to this interest of his fellow-labourer, says, 'I have no man like-minded, who will naturally care for your state. For all seek their own, not the things which are Christ's' (Phil. ii. 20, 21). He unites with the Apostle in sending greeting, but this is all. It is Paul's letter, and Timothy is spoken of in it as a third person.

'Paul and Timotheus, the *servants* of Jesus Christ'—*i.e.*, bond-slaves. Paul counted himself a slave, as he had been bought with the precious blood of Christ. He gloried in belonging to Christ. They were branded, as it were, for it was on account of His name that they were scourged and beaten. They verily bore on their bodies marks that testified to Christ being their master.

The salutation is 'to *all* the saints in Christ Jesus.' This is significant. Men are here called 'saints'—*i.e.*, consecrated people, holy unto the God. All were on a level in the Church. There may have been distinctions among them outside—some would be richer than others, and as such, would have honour; but in the Church distinctions are laid aside, and the poor have everything in common with the rich. The Apostle James, writing against the tendency to honour the rich in the assembly of the saints, writes:—'My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with (along with) respect of persons.' In the Church of Christ all are one; our Lord Himself says, 'Be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your master, Christ, and all ye are brethren' (Matt. xxiii. 8).

And they were saints, as they were in Christ Jesus—not for what they were in themselves: it was through the life and death of Jesus that they had become consecrated to God; through His grace and help they had been enabled to separate themselves from the world, and forsake their sins so far. It was through the power and influence of His Holy Spirit that they had seen their sinful state and need of forgiveness, and now they were joined to God in Christ. He was the one on whom they stood. Without Christ they were undone. Their sins had been washed in His blood, their souls clothed with His righteousness, their bodies dwelt in by His Spirit, their prayers and offerings of praise sprinkled with His merit, their works sanctified by Him, their whole lives lived in Him.

And as with them, so with us Christians. We rest alone in Jesus for salvation, for pardon, for consecrating grace, and working power. It is of His infinite love and mercy that we have been reconciled to God, and made happy in believing.

Let us realise this more and more, and we shall indeed gladly rejoice, for we can be fully assured of our salvation. We shall not be proud in the sense of boasting what we are; but we are to be proud of the fact that we are resting on a sure foundation, and that we are consecrated to God. What manner of persons

be, then? Surely, if we are saints,
to show that we are indeed sepa-
the world, disinclined to participa-
sins, and freed from its debasing
We ought to be serving God in
for we are His priests; our whole
be a worship—that is, pure and
use we are the Lord's anointed. We
e commending the gospel of Jesus,
ng in the high and holy position to
have been raised, and trying to
rs into its privileges. As saints, we
holy in our thoughts, pure in our
humble, yet glad, in our work.
are to be done by us to God's
much good fruit brought forth,
fruits of the Spirit, 'Love, joy,
g-suffering, gentleness, goodness,
kness, temperance.' We are to
ie Spirit, live in the light, and act
to Him who has made us His own,
rated us to His Father and our

alutation to all the saints special
made of bishops and deacons.
e synonymous with presbyters or
were the 'teaching elders.' Much
ritten as to the number and rank
arers in the early Christian Church;
cussion of the different views held
terians, Episcopalians, and others
us into other lines than those
ristian Treasury, and so we for-
m the New Testament, two orders
evalent — elders or bishops, and

tation proper is contained in verse
be unto you, and peace from God
, and the Lord Jesus Christ.' This
tially the form of salutation in all
s of Paul. *Grace* means favour—
nd undeserved love of God. It
for the blessed state of reconcilia-
d friendship with, God, which He
gives to His people. Here it
sum and substance of all the
temporal and eternal, which God
those who are adopted into His

be unto you,' is a prayer that the
would give to His saints here what
rally require — that He would
all out of His fulness which is in
us.

ace.' Peace is an inestimable bles-
edom from strife and care, rest
oubled soul, is much needed by
ul without it is unhappy, restless,
retting; but with peace, how calm
how deep the joy and happiness!
two, *grace* and *peace*, are from God
and the Lord Jesus Christ. 'God
r, Christ is the imparter' (Alford).
Father has them, and freely offers
. These are His favour and love;
we get these, peace follows, cannot
And Jesus Christ imparts them
We need a mediator, a God-man,
through whom to receive out of God's infinite kindness. All the treasures of God's riches and grace, though freely offered to us, would have remained closed to us, had not Christ come and told us of them, yea, taken them and offered them Himself to us. And we may be sure the prayer here made is no ordinary one. Grace and peace from God our Father, imparted by Jesus Christ, will make us glad and happy, for they are priceless gifts, and are not mere fancied benefits. They are real blessings, for they have as their source Him who is infinite in goodness and in truth.

And in this salutation and prayer (for this verse is both combined) we have an indirect proof of the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. He is joined with God the Father as capable of giving us 'grace and peace.' The Apostle would never have dishonoured the Most High by coupling a creature with Him, the Creator. He would not introduce the name here had he not believed Him to be equal with God. That He believed Him to be so is seen in the second chapter, where he says that 'Christ was in the form of God'—*i.e.*, had the essential attributes of the godhead, and 'counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God'—did not pride Himself on His equality with the Father.

And now, a word in conclusion. Are any who read these lines not yet true Christians? Notice the fact that there are servants of God among men, that there are those who are separated from the world and consecrated to God's service. They are so only of God's free grace and mercy; not because they are in themselves worthy of this calling, or did anything to get into it. No; it is all of grace. And we want to tell you that you, too, can be partakers of this grace; yea, more, that God the Father pleads with you to accept of His proffered salvation. 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.' He asks you to become His servants, to choose Him as your Lord. And remember that saints alone enter heaven. Despise the Word as much as you will, assert as strongly as you can that you will not be called a 'saint,' yet this fact stares you in the face, that with your sins you cannot enter God's presence. From being a sinner you must become a saint. 'Ye must be born again.' You must humble yourselves as a little child, and be converted, before you can enter the kingdom of heaven. But there is much to encourage you. The loving God is willing, aye, is wearying, to have you as His own; the loving Saviour has died to open up the way of access unto the Father. 'He will in nowise cast out those who come to Him.' He is able to save to the uttermost. Sinners, the chief of sinners, are entreated by the Most High God to repent, to turn unto Him, to live, and experience the blessedness of that 'peace that passeth all understanding,' and that grace which is infinitely great.

BIBLICAL PREACHING.

IN that remarkable volume, 'The Theory of Preaching,' recently published, Prof. Austin Phelps gives his own experience of the value and importance of Biblical study to a successful pulpit. His words are weighty, and ministers, old and young, will do well to heed them. They are as follow :—

'I do not speak on this subject without knowing whereof I affirm. You will pardon me if I give you—what you will bear me witness I do not often give in a formal way—a leaf from my own experience. I am not ashamed to say that I spent the larger part of the first night after my ordination in vigils of hopeless despair of ever being able to rise to the level of my pulpit. My sermons were—what they were. I knew it, if nobody else did. The first gleam of confidence that I gained arose from the kindness with which my very indulgent people received my expository remarks in conference meetings, for which I prepared myself as regularly as for the services of the Sabbath. Led, as I believe, by the Spirit of God, I took up the prophecy of Isaiah and the Epistle to the Romans as subjects of thorough study. I devoted to them from one to two hours daily, using the best helps at my command. The first money I earned for my library was spent for books of sacred literature. Wisely or unwisely, I made much of Monday mornings in building the Biblical foundations of my ministry. The first tangible result was that I very soon found the materials of sermons thronging upon me from those two books of the Bible. I found unique texts for textual sermons, compact and prolific paragraphs for expository sermons, philosophical combinations of inspired thought which nothing else would have suggested to me, novel relations of Scripture to Scripture, discoveries of the secret harmonies of Revelation, adjustments of truth to popular wants which I could have met in no other way, illustrations from books of Eastern travel, and more than all else, an uplifting of my own mind into a Biblical atmosphere, specially an atmosphere of faith in God and in this world's future. Then followed a repose of conscience in my labour which was entirely new to me.

'Before four months had passed away I began to use the results of my Scriptural studies in my pulpit. On every Sabbath afternoon, if I preached twice to my own people, I delivered extemporaneously, though from a full brief, a textual or an expository sermon on a passage selected from one of those two books which were the subjects of my daily research. The sermon was prepared always on Saturday; but the texts and materials were ready to my hand weeks in advance. After the first four months of my ministry I never spent a quarter of an hour hunting for a text or a theme. That course of Biblical sermons, with a parallel course of doctrinal discussions, constituted the staple of my preaching; and at the end of my pastorate of six years I had not exhausted those two books of the Scriptures, and had traversed less than one-third of a system of doctrinal theology.

'My success was not brilliant, but I am confident that my Biblical course saved my pulpit. Those Scriptural sermons brought me near to the best Christian experience of my most godly hearers. They diversified and simplified my preaching, and expanded and deepened my range of thought in all the labours of my pulpit. They assisted me greatly in extemporaneous prayer. Inferior as those discourses seem to me now, and though I have no idea that they did as much to any one else as to the preacher, yet I am sure that nothing else of which I was master could have held for me the confidence of my people in my ability to be their spiritual teacher. The work of those years is yet to be tried as by fire; but, if anything in it shall bear the test by that purest of the elements, it will be found in that part of the work in which I went before my hearers with the most elaborate and yet the simplest results of my study of the Word of God.

'I speak the less unwillingly to you of that chapter of my life, because there was nothing in my experiment which was the fruit of genius, or in any way exceptional. In kind it was a success which any one of you may achieve, I hope in a much greater degree. I beg you to try the experiment for yourselves. Supply you libraries at the outset with the best works in Biblical literature. Do not spare your purses in so doing. Wear the old coat, and buy the new book. Incur any hazard or hardship, but those of debt and dishonour, to get your outfit of tools to work with. You must have them early in your ministry, if you are ever to use them. Your wedding can wait, but your library cannot. Then systematise your Biblical studies and give yourself to them religiously. Let the garden go unweeded, and let the potatoes rot in the ground. Get rid of church councils, and building committees, and executive miscellanies, so far as you honourably can. Leave the social dinners, and the pleasure-parties, and the regattas, and the operas, and the fast horses, to those who need them. Say you, with Nehemiah, to the messengers who tempt you to such things, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease whilst I leave it and come down to you?" Cultivate a stern unity of purpose in your calling of God, and hold to it to the death. Come thus to your Biblical sermons with a full mind which aches to deliver itself. Get yourself into a *state* of Biblical production in which your materials for the pulpit shall always crowd *you*, you never hunting *them*.'

EUODIA AND SYNTYCHE.

THE alteration of a letter in a word sometimes makes a vast difference in the sense. Our brother Paul, addressing Euodia and Syntyche, two female members of the Philippian Church, exıem to be of the same mind in the and, dismissing them with implied he invokes aid in the next breath for men (different women, of course) who ured with him in the gospel (Phil. iv. 2). ıst reads the old version; as the new has it, Paul asks help for *these* women g to Euodia and Syntyche) who had l with him. The word *these* includes sisters named within the Apostle's ion; the word *those* excludes them and these words differ only in a single How important to our correct under- ; of the sacred writings are the t details!

is another difference in the reading rings out the sense still more strik- The old version says, 'Help those *which* laboured with me in the gospel;' version has it, 'Help these women, r laboured with me in the gospel.' hile it is certain that Euodia and e are they for whom favour is asked, ion of the request is stated. Paul help for these women, because (*for*) l helped him.

ing the new reading as the true one, some important things. In the first e are permitted to scan the pages of of life, far enough at least to read the names recorded there, and these nly names mentioned in Scripture as recorded. True, we read of many hout doubt, are saved in heaven, and ames we know; but no inspired writer f the name of any one as being in the life except our brother Paul, when he of Euodia, Syntyche, and Clement. t Euodia, and I exhort Syntyche, that of one mind in the Lord. Yea, I thee, also, true yoke-fellow, help these for they laboured with me in the rith Clement also, and the rest of my orkers, whose names are in the book

certainly to the credit of the new hat it has relieved two of the early om the obloquy that has been heaped m, ever since the misleading account was given to the world by the earlier rs. From the bottom of the list, ney were unjustly placed, they are ly brought to the top; from a position dit and shame they are brought, by a reversal of the account, to one of ıonour. For two hundred and seventy have been denouncing those whose ed lives brought forth the highest n of apostolic praise. Now, however, those who have been so long cast down are exalted.

On the old reading, we are led to consign the two sisters whose names are mentioned to everlasting rebuke, as worthless to the Church and disturbers of the peace, the only thing related of them being that they quarrelled. From the new reading we learn that, while it is true that they quarrelled, it is also true that they laboured with Paul, and that their work was so efficient that he mentioned them specially by name, and asks special favour in their behalf, and adds that their *names are in the book of life*. A most wonderful distinction is accorded to these women. They, with their fellow-worker Clement, are the only three of our race whose names have been copied from the book of life into human records—human in the sense that they are within human reach, but divine in the sense that the Holy Spirit is responsible for them. It is but seldom that persons have absolute assurance in this life of their eternal salvation; and the assurance is usually one which is evolved from one's consciousness, and which may be questioned by others, if not by one's self; but in this case the assurance came from without, and not from within; it was Paul who said it to them, and not they who said it to Paul; it was written on earth by the guidance of the Spirit, that the names of Euodia and Syntyche were written in the book of life.

They were imperfect women; if they had been free from fault, the exhortation addressed to them by the Apostle would not have been called for. How strange a picture is that of two women both labouring in the Lord, and for the Lord, and with the Apostle, while yet there was strife between them! We are apt to think that the jarrings and bickerings which occur among us are peculiar to ourselves, and that saintliness has degenerated since apostolic days, and that such variances could scarcely take place between those who are of God's elect. But here we see that two women who were contentious nevertheless loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and that their salvation was assured. Let us not lose confidence in each other because we have faults. On the other hand, let us not put too great confidence in those who do nothing for the cause, even if they be peaceable and quiet and inoffensive. If Euodia and Syntyche had not 'laboured in the Lord,' it is certain that the Apostle would not have made them the subject of his magnificent eulogy. Those who are busied with the Lord's work, at personal sacrifice, even if they are sometimes overtaken with faults, and if they do give way to evil tempers and passions, are more to be relied on than those whose lives are a mere negation, and who, if they do nothing openly wrong, seldom or never do anything aggressively right.—*Christian Index.*

WHAT BEGUN IT?

BY SARAH GOULD.

AS the heavy prison-bolts turned on the minister, he looked sadly on the prisoners in their strange garments, and thought with more and more anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation convicted of forgery. The broken-hearted parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the gospel might reach even his gloomy cell. As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed with a sort of defiance. He began giving the mother's tender message, with the interest all the church felt for his welfare.

At last the prisoner broke out, 'Do you know you was what done it?'

'What have I done?' replied the pastor, striving to understand his strange language.

'I begun the business,' returned the youth, speaking very loud, '*in your own Sunday school*. Don't ye remember the Sunday-school fair, when they first set up raffling, and hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake? Just for one shilling, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and went in afterwards for chances. Sometimes I gained, and sometimes I lost. Money I must have for lotteries. I was half-mad with excitement; so I used other folks' names, and here I am! Don't let the church come blubbering around me. They may thank themselves! Their raffling was what done it! It ruined me.'

The good minister was shocked, and for the moment silenced. There was too much truth in the statement. He had always objected to fairs for raising church funds, and especially to 'chances,' but he had been overruled. He knew not how to parry the blow of the prisoner, whose overwrought condition forbade his listening to a single word, and he quietly retired. But on his way home he solemnly resolved that while he had a pastoral charge he would never, in any sense, be engaged with raffling or worldly ways to raise church funds.

His wife noticed that he looked pale and agitated, and inquired about the convict. He told the story, adding, 'I blame myself. With the light I had, I should have been manly enough to resist such schemes, or retire from my office.'

'I never approved of fairs for such purposes,' replied she, trying to soothe him, 'but we were about losing our church by a heavy debt. Our library was gone. People ought, of course, to pay money, but they will not. Besides, no power could have stopped the "chances." You were a mere straw in the whirlwind.'

'The Christian,' replied he in a voice that spoke volumes, 'must be willing to walk alone. I have been thinking much to-day, Lucy, of the course of the early Christians—their simple way of spreading the precious truth. Who could even imagine Paul lending his presence to encourage such assemblies? What blessings accompanied his preaching! In no age has the power of the Holy Spirit seemed to descend in proportion to the costliness of the church building. From true worshippers of the Lord will go a mighty influence that depends more on what Christians are, than what they do.'

The lady saw trouble in store. Nothing was so dreadful to her as a quarrel, and she had often, by her tact, warded off any approach, and cleared away difficulties. 'Mr Orson,' said she, 'the church trustees don't all profess to be Christians, but the people don't like to differ with them. It is well to consider how strong-willed they are, though so generous with their means. They are pleasant and fond of you, but you opposed them quite lately, and stopped the champagne party (to hire the distinguished soprano). They submitted, but feel it. Still, do not let me influence you. The church has done wrong, and it often grieves me.'

A stir in the nursery near attracted their attention, but it ceased, and he continued, 'Before becoming a minister, you know, I secured a living in another profession. On what I have saved we can all live for a while, till something opens. I must leave this church, I see; I have yielded too far already.'

The bell rang, and the leading trustee of the church and his wife were announced—a jolly-looking pair—dressed in the latest style. If there was not an air of refinement quite in keeping with rich laces and jewellery, they appeared in fine spirits, and had come, in kindly feeling, for an hour's chat with the pastor and his charming wife.

Hardly were they seated when the man began to tell one of his stories—'a capital joke,' as he said—'a whole crop of peaches sold for one pound!' and he laughed so heartily as to interrupt himself.

'A peach crop for twenty shillings?' asked Mr Orson.

'Yes; and this is the way of it. Peaches were declared a failure this year. A peach-grower, who had spent a fortune on his orchard, said it was not worth one pound this year. A bystander took him up, and they struck a bargain. The crop yielded about half as much fruit as common, but the scarcity made up for it, and he reaped a splendid harvest, as one may say, from nothing—ha, ha, ha!'

Mrs Orson, glancing at her husband, who was thoughtfully listening, saw the story was most inopportune, and changed the subject.

At last the trustee remarked, 'I am convinced we must have the *prima donna* in our

how; our good dominie to the con-
withstanding. It costs something;
here's no economy in stinting. The
amatic club of our own congrega-
teer a benefit. Dramas only the
t and highly moral to be chosen.
as been practising some time. All
ted is our dominie's sanction.'
n grew calm in a moment, kindly
the nature of his objections, and
sad picture of the prison scene.
sought to appease his determined
by expressing his thanks for the
of the champagne party out of
him, but was firm and decided both
lramatic club and the *prima donna.*
as he expected, the trustee abruptly
took leave, his altered tone and
owing suppressed indigation.
some one heard him muttering,
I've spent and all I've done for that
a getting all the time blocked up.'
s voice, and forgetting in his warmth
ıar lessons from the professor, 'Us
ıinister has got to part. We can't
er so popular, maybe. But Orson
understand how to run a church.
s rising all the time around, and if
ı could be filled up, them houses
h a price worth talking about.'
ht was the most peaceful Mr Orson
or a long time. He had decided to
hurch that he truly loved. Some
bers were warm-hearted Christians,
rdly strong enough to cope with
v become dominant.
ation was great in the city when it
ı that the 'eloquent Orson' had
is big salary and high position to
an unknown town far west. His
lress he read carefully to Lucy for
He knew she was a general be-
ompromises,' but this time he was
She declared it was exactly the
ing in her admiration, 'And thou
Luther.'
eers of Mr Orson's new church were
plain Christians, who desired a
t would open to them Scriptural
help them in resisting the infidelity
ward.
on aided all she could in the pre-
ıiding her regret at leaving behind
had supposed to be the centre of
excellent and great. But instead
ıtion expected, she found a small
ighly cultivated people from dif-
es, with hearts expanded, and from
had much to learn. The salary
rge, but the grounds, bought low
r home, rose in value, and raised
above want. The little church,
ned by new comers as unfashion-
throngèd even on the week-days.
lical teachings, happily adapted to
gave him a wide fame. Money
the church by voluntary offerings,
ıurches sprang up, for many who
had been under his instructions worked in harmony with him, and rejoiced in devoting their money and their time for the spread of the Word. Mr Orson secured confidence by his daily life. While he was ready to lend his aid and sympathy in all places, his main object was known to be setting forth, in simplicity, the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, and arousing Christians to a sense of their privileges and obligations. His humility, through a fast-rising reputation, was often a subject of wonder. But if, in the applauses of his friends or of the press, a temptation to vain-glory ever rose, it was quickly checked by recalling the error of his earlier ministry, and the painful lesson he had learned in a convict's cell.—*New York Observer.*

'The Royal Law.'

(James ii. 8.)

Wisely use thy thread of life,
So quick unwinding;
The ragged coat, the broken heart,
With kindness binding.

When thy neighbour wounded lies,
Stoop down beside him,
And with arms of care and love
Upbear and heal him.

Let thy steps unto the sick
And dying hasten,
And their weary, heavy hearts
With kindness lighten.

Give, if only it may be
A cup of water;
And seek out, for homeless ones,
A place of shelter.

Go with earnest love to those
Immured in prison;
And hearts, closed as barrèd doors,
Will quickly open.

Never take thou up reproach
Against a brother,
But with love, which thinks no ill,
Him kindly cover.

From the pride of sect and caste
Live far asunder;
Love, and courteous be to all
Above or under.

Freely, as the genial sun,
Be always giving;
And tears shall, through joy, be changed,
As dew-drops shining.

Give, ere sets thy short day's sun,
The more, the faster;
All will reckoned be as done
Unto the Master. *D. M.*

SOME NEW BOOKS.

'Old Wells Re-opened'* is a beautiful specimen of the printers' and binders' art. As a book, it is a curiosity as strikingly telling us of the advance the Reformation made in the theology of the Church, in directing men to go at once to Christ as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and, beholding Him as their surety, to joy in God as their reconciled Father and Portion. Dr Hickes, its compiler, was a divine of the seventeenth century. For a time he was chaplain in Scotland to the infamous Duke of Lauderdale, and after the Revolution he refused the oaths of allegiance. He manifestly belonged to the class of English divines that since the latter half of the seventeenth century have formed themselves upon pre-Reformation models. Hence his views of the gospel want the clearness and the joyousness that the Church attained to at the Reformation. Indeed, the 'Old Wells' are only valuable or interesting because telling us of the gloom men walk in when they do not keep the eye of faith fixed upon Christ as the Lord our righteousness. For those who feel drawn to this gloomy book, we would say with Paul: 'Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.'

'The Land of Morning'† is an exhaustive account of Japan and its people by one who has had unusual opportunities of knowing both. Its author, Mr Dixon, was for four years professor in the Imperial College of Engineering at Tôkiyô. He travelled much throughout the country. He says his travels extended to between 2000 and 3000 miles, and he has seen much hitherto unknown to Europeans. His book is therefore a book of more than ordinary value, that may well rank alongside the volumes of Miss Bird and Sir E. J. Reed. Mr Dixon has strong sympathies with the missionaries in Japan, and writes very hopefully of their labours. Indeed, his book, while not a book about missions in Japan, but on the country itself, is a book in every way becoming a Christian, a scholar, and gentleman, and makes us wish that we had many such volumes from men in his position.

China's Millions‡ is the yearly volume of a monthly penny magazine, edited by Mr Hudson Taylor, for the China Inland Mission. It teems with information, and often of a deeply interesting nature, about China. During the last six years more than seventy missionaries have gone to China from the Inland Mission Society, and travelled through the length and breadth of the land. Some of the missionaries are residing as far as from 1500 to 2000 miles from the coast. It will be easily seen, therefore, that the journals of the missionaries contained in this volume must be full of fresh matter of a geographical as well as of a missionary character. The pictures and maps in the volume are equal in interest and excellence of execution to the text. The writers on China's millions seem all to warrant the statements made by geographers of the immense population of China. It far surpasses all other countries. A diagram in number of *China's Millions* for last month strikingly shows that even Russia in population is far behind China. What a field for the gospel!

The China Inland Mission has also issued for a sixpence by far the best map of China that we have seen. The map very vividly shows how far the mission has penetrated into the country, and how deservedly it bears the name of the China Inland Mission.

* Old Wells Re-opened: A Manual of Devotion from Forgotten Sources. Edited by Marcus Dods, D.D. 18mo, pp. 125. Edinburgh: J. Maclaren & Son.

† The Land of the Morning: An Account of Japan and its People, based on a Four Years' Residence in that Country, including Travels on to the Remotest Parts of the Interior. By W. G. Dixon, M.A. Crown 8vo, pp. 709. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1882.

‡ China's Millions for 1881. Edited by J. Hudson Taylor, M.R.C.S., &c. 4to, pp. 156. London: Morgan & Scott.

The Holy War.

I'm a strange contradiction: I live and I die,
I am glad and I murmur, I sing and I sigh,
I faint and I conquer, I laugh and I weep,
I labour and travail, I slumber and sleep;
I hate wrong, and do it; I grieve Him I love;
I cleave to the dust though my heart is above;
The evil I would not with greed I perform,
The good I would do is a purpose unborn.

I lift up the Saviour, yet blush for His name;
I bear His light yoke, and kiss Satan's chain;
I give way to the flesh, to the devil I yield,
But sing a pœan when grace wins the field.
My foes I oft cherish, my friends oft despise:
To the truth I adhere, yet I listen to lies;
I am dead to the law, the base world, and sin;
I rely on good works, and keep idols within.

I forget while I live that soon I must die,
Yet sometimes I work as if judgment were nigh;
I am nought without Christ, I do all in His strength—
In spite of my sins He will take me at length.
Lord Jesus, come quickly! I hear Thy sweet voice—
'Arise, come away, love,' even now I rejoice.
Who but Jesus will free me, the wretch that I am,
From this body of death. I bless His great name!

William Anderson, Tarbolton.

Intelligence.

AL BRITISH MISSIONARY CONTRIBU- Rev. Canon Scott Robertson has d his annual summary of British con- is to Foreign Missions. The 74 mis- societies for 1880, excluding balances, ublications, contributions from abroad, is from invested capital, have raised 50; in 1879, £1,086,678.

S MOODY AND SANKEY IN EDIN- —The American evangelists, from all s, have had a fruitful visit to our city. ave given new life to the noon-day neeting in the Free Assembly Hall. ody's addresses at his Bible readings d his wonted attractive power. In- possible, his fresh, business, matter-of- of looking at Scripture, his pictorial he purity and vigour of his diction, ntirely nervous Saxon, and the vivid s of his presentation of the doctrines s ruin by sin, man's regeneration by Spirit, and man's redemption by the Christ, have been more striking in t than in his former. The meetings Corn Exchange, in the Grassmarket, ight to see, that no one who has seen ill readily forget. Delightful as Mr s at a Bible reading, it is as an evan- ldressing 4000 or 5000 people, that he t his best, and that his labours have st blessed. The vast audience, to a ent of working people, and apparently, many cases, of men and women not ned to enter a place of worship, moved by him as the grass before the It was not difficult to see, as we heard t the preaching of the cross has not power to stir human hearts, and it n, from the large body of Christian in the inquiry room, that the two sts have been well sustained. As they ughout our land, we are thoroughly ed that the more pious people become ed with them and their work, the ll they give them a place in their sym- and in their prayers, and the more seek to aid them in their efforts to en to accept of Christ as their Re- and to live to His glory and praise. Moody and Sankey left Edinburgh on ult., and have since begun work in

SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA. — The —an octavo pamphlet of 79 pages— ynod have been sent us. Although ominational nature, they yet contain general interest. The Synod met on y evening, October 20, and sat till the Monday evening. 233 members attendance. They met from 9 A.M. n, from 2.30 to 5.30, and the evening egan at 7.30. The sacrament of the pper was dispensed on the Sabbath at 4 o'clock, and the Friday evening ted to a conference on the Holy Spirit. 67,495 scholars are reported in attendance at the Sabbath schools. The International Series is used and the Westminster Shorter Catechism is taught in all the schools. Many schools in the country close during the cold weather in the winter, and in the cities during the hot weather in the summer. An interesting narrative of the state of religion within the bounds of the Synod is given. A necrology follows, containing the names of the ministers and elders that have died during the year. The closing forty pages are occupied with a roll of ministers, churches, and ruling elders, their names and addresses. The whole pamphlet is interesting, as a sample of the work that must be going on, not only in Presbyterianism, but over all branches of the Church of Christ.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.—A writer in the *Times* for January 11 and 13 has given an 'account of the events of 1881 with regard to the Russian Jews, compiled from the best available sources of information.' The account seems as dispassionately written as an account of such atrocities can be written, yet it details a series of atrocities committed by Russians upon Jews that looks like a chapter out of the history of the destruction of Jerusalem. In 45 towns and villages in Southern Russia, during the last nine months of 1881, there are reported 23 murders of men, women, and children, 17 deaths by violation, and 225 cases of outrages on Jewesses. Property has been destroyed to the value of £16,000,000 sterling. Thousands of Jewish families have been deprived of all their property, and rendered homeless. The local authorities have stood coldly by, and the measures of the central government seem rather tended to foster the persecuting spirit than to allay it. It is plain that some outside influence must be brought to bear upon the Russian Government, to awaken it to the claims of the second great commandment, in behalf of the 3,000,000 Israelites who inhabit Russia.

MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—At a three days' missionary conference held in New York, December 13–15, by the Protestant Episcopal Church, for the purpose of arousing greater interest in the subject of missions, it appeared that it maintains 156 foreign mission stations —viz., in Western Africa, 34; in China, 30; in Japan, 18; in Greece, 1; in Hayti, 21; and in Mexico, 52. It supports 258 missionaries, including 3 bishops, 57 presbyters and deacons, 4 physicians, 25 foreign lay workers, 2 business agents, 165 native catechists, &c. In the foreign field it has 20 boarding-schools, an orphan asylum, 2 divinity schools, and a medical school. The pupils in these schools number 530. 62 day schools contain 2700 scholars. 15,500 persons received medical aid last year. 1355 communicants and 50 candidates for the Christian ministry are reported.

In the Mexican Episcopal Church there are 9 native presbyters, mostly converts from the Romish priesthood. Its two bishops—Bishop Riley has jurisdiction over 20 churches, including 2 in the city of Mexico, and Bishop-elect Hernandes has 33 churches and organised congregations, and about 50 unorganised. About 7000 are connected with this movement, the half of whom are active members.

Missions in China and Japan.—There are now at work in China 31 Protestant missionary societies from Europe and America—17 British, 12 American, and 2 German. There are 305 British missionaries, 280 American, and 40 German—in all, 625.—In Japan there are 21 missionary societies—13 American and 8 British. There are 167 American missionaries and 49 British—in all, 216.

The Church of England and Emigration.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has published a circular letter in which he says: 'I am anxious to direct attention, from a Christian point of view, to the vast movement of people which has for some years been going on between Europe and the British Colonies, and especially between England and America. Official returns show that during the first nine months of the present year 313,716 emigrants left the ports of Great Britain, nearly 200,000 of whom were British subjects. The destination of more than 158,000 of these emigrants was North America. It has been proposed that a systematic endeavour should be made to establish more direct communication than at present commonly exists between the Church at home and the Church in our Colonies and in America, with a view to the Christian welfare of the vast population which is continually passing westward from our shores. . . . The objects of the scheme in outline are—(*a*) To supply the parochial clergy of England with accurate information respecting the various fields for emigration, including special reference to the religious and educational advantages which they severally possess. (*b*) To publish, in a cheap form, a series of simple hand-books for the use of emigrants to our different colonies and to the United States, containing, together with other intelligence, correct information as to the clergy, churches, Sunday and day-schools, &c., in the various places in which emigrants are now settling. (*c*) To make such arrangements as may be found possible for the due care of emigrants from England, on their arrival in our colonies and in the United States. This would include the provision of commendatory letters from the parochial clergy in England to the clergy in whose neighbourhood the emigrants propose to settle.'

Mr M'All's Mission in the North of France.—M. Robert is labouring as an agent of this mission in Roubaix, a manufacturing town not far from Lille. The room in which the meetings are held is in one of the poor quarters of the town. In this room he has two meetings a week for adults and two for children. Christmas trees in connection with Sabbath schools have become an institution in the north of France, and M. Robert had determined to try to get up one for the poor children who came to his meetings. Beyond his expectations friends came to his help, and the tree was a success. A valued correspondent has sent us a graphic account of it from the pen of M. Schmidt, one of the French pastors of Roubaix, entitled, 'Une Soirée à la salle MacAll,' but the pressure on our space has not admitted its insertion in full. M. Schmidt says from 130 to 150 children were present. They had 'cakes and warm drinks.' Then the tree was illuminated 'to the general joy of the children, who had never seen its like.' A magic lantern followed, and the distribution of books and articles of clothing. Many parents were present, and a good effect was manifestly produced.

Unoccupied Mission Fields.—The December part of the *New York Gospel in all Lands* is devoted to 'Unoccupied Mission Fields.' Corea is said to be the only country closed to Christian missionaries, yet the majority of the human race is still without the gospel. Mongolia, the Kirghis, Thibet, Bokhara, Corea, The Bedouins, the Tatars, unoccupied fields are briefly described. These fields are immense, either territorially or numerically, but they are as yet unblessed by the gospel.

The American Board of Foreign Missions.—This society, mainly supported by the congregationalists in the United States, lately held its seventy-second annual meeting in St Louis, Missouri. For the first time in several years the current annual expenditure has been met by the current receipts, and the deficit due at the commencement of the year had been reduced from about £3000 to £400. The income of the year was £90,243, and the expenditure, including the deficit, £90,654. Seventy-four per cent. of this sum came from New England. The report surveyed the seventeen missions of the Board. In India and Ceylon a large and increasing number of Muhammedans were attending on the preaching of the gospel. By the labours of missionary ladies and well-trained native Bible-women, not less than 20,000 women and girls had been told the story of the cross in the Madura Mission. In Japan no meetings are so largely attended, and so full of interest, as those where the new religion is discussed. Eighty-one out of ninety young men in the Kioto Training-School are meeting their own expenses. In the Turkish Empire eight millions of pages have issued from the press, and the circulation of the Scriptures has trebled during the past year. Among twenty millions of people, the Board has now 94 churches, 6726 members, and 39 seminaries, colleges, and high schools for the Christian education of youth. Of the 20,000 communicants in 300 churches in China, under various organisations, more than half have

ɔd during the last five years. The rmon was preached on the evening ɔond day by Rev. A. J. S. Behrends, Providence, from Luke xiv. 28-30 The sermon was one of great breadth r, and held the audience for an hour ırter with unflagging interest. The in the way of a world conquest for ere boldly but briefly delineated, ımong them a personal devil; and grace of God, the gospel message, the ɔist, and the Holy Spirit were dwelt more than a match for all anta-

ɪ TAKE A SIMPLER SUBJECT.

college class was a student, several ı compositions were upon subjects to be too large for his capacity. other worlds than our own are in- was a favourite topic. In his own n his proof of the negative was of ngth. I cannot stop to give it in ɪ is sufficient to say that it consisted es of probabilities, one built upon and running up into the clouds. roubles arising from want of experi- ı another of his themes. One of his illustrations has lingered in my till the present. How could Adam ɔwn, he triumphantly inquired, that if cut, would granulate? My readers ail to notice this word granulate; it ːh more easily understood than heal. ıday morning on receiving his compo- ɔm the correcting hand of Professor ras not a little chagrined at finding ɜ margin in pencil, 'Better take ubjects.'

y devout opinion that the professor's as good; and I am equally certain ɜre are many beside that young re who need the advice, Take a ıubject. I know people whose heads r than his was then, that think it ef business to comprehend the very ɔf God. They must know all about le of existence, and must know the r His acts. They torture themselves ain why the universe was not so to work with a good deal less friction. els creak; they need oiling. Man ɔt have made things so liable to get der. He would have kept sin out of erse at any rate. What our great then, deems it very necessary to do, ɔunt for the existing state of things. s himself to the work of apologising

He sets up this defence and that and exults over his successful vindi- infinite wisdom. But the subject is ɜ for his capacity; and besides, in shua's opinion, God needs no apology ind of universe which He has made. in the heavens and laughs over the of men to justify His government. n had better take a simpler subject.

Suppose, friend, that instead of attempting to show why God made the universe as it is, you inquire, taking things as you find them, what is your own relation to Him who brought the universe into being. That would be a simpler subject. It would be a practical one. I care not if you are the biggest of all the philosophers—the subject on which you talk so much is above your capacity. Your thinking will make the universe no better; it is too late for that; the work is all done; the wheels have been running too long, and they seem to run as swiftly to-day as ever. You need to be better yourself, and the Word of God teaches that that is possible. Let God have His way. Do not try to control Him. Do not ask Him to confess to you that He made the universe wrongly. Confess your pride. Come into union with Him through Christ His Son. Then you will rest upon Him with the spirit of a child.—*Boston Watchman.*

A HEROIC BOY.

Some years ago, on the frontiers of Ohio, when the country was rough and sparsely settled, there lived an industrious boy, the son of a poor widow, who exemplified a spirit of heroism and moral courage that it would be well for every boy to imitate.

Upon one occasion a companion of his proposed to visit a mutual acquaintance in a distant part of the vicinity where they lived on the Sabbath.

'Not on Sunday,' said James.

'Why?'

'Because it is not right.'

'If you and I do nothing worse than that, Jim, we shall be pretty good fellows.'

'We should not be any better, certainly, for doing that.'

'Nor any worse, in my opinion,' rejoined David.

'My mother would not consent to it,' continued James.

'I don't know' whether mine would, and I don't care; I shan't ask her,' said David.

'I never should go anywhere against my mother's advice,' continued James. 'I know what she thinks of the Sabbath, and I respect her feelings. I shan't go on Sunday.'

'And you can't go on any other day, because you have so much to do,' added David.

'Rather than go on Sunday I shall not go at all,' was James' emphatic reply. 'If I had no scruples of my own about it I would take no comfort, feeling that I went against mother's wishes.'

This emphatic refusal ended the matter. It was an illustration of the noble character of James. Boys, respect the Sabbath and your mothers, and like this heroic boy frankly and openly resist all temptations to wrong-doing, and never consent to anything that would be displeasing to your parents. That noble boy, whose example we hold up for your imitation, was James A. Garfield.

A Daily Portion.

FEBRUARY 23.

'THEN SHALL I NOT BE ASHAMED, WHEN I HAVE RESPECT UNTO ALL THY COMMANDMENTS.'—Ps. cxix. 6.

True child-like obedience is uniform. A child of God makes conscience of one command as well as another. All God's commands have the same stamp of divine authority upon them; and if I obey one precept because my heavenly Father commands me, then by the same rule I must obey all; as the blood runs through all the veins of the body, and the sun in the firmament runs through all the signs of the zodiac, so true child-like obedience runs through the first and second table. Child-like obedience moves towards every command of God, as the needle points that way which the loadstone draws. If God calls to duties which are cross to flesh and blood, if we are children, we obey our Father. —*T. Watson.*

FEBRUARY 24.

'BLESSED ARE THEY THAT KEEP JUDGMENT, AND HE THAT DOETH RIGHTEOUSNESS AT ALL TIMES.'—Ps. cvi. 3.

True child like obedience is constant. It is not like a high colour in a fit, which is soon over; but like a right sanguine complexion, it abides. It is like the fire on the altar, which was kept always burning.—*T. Watson.*

FEBRUARY 25.

'I WILL WALK BEFORE THE LORD IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING.'—Ps. cxvi. 9.

The child who loves his father is never so well as when he is near his father. Are we children? we love the presence of God in His ordinances. In prayer we speak to God, in the preaching of His word He speaks to us; and how doth every child of God delight to hear his Father's voice? My soul thirsteth for Thee, to see Thy glory so as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary. Such as disregard ordinances are not God's children, because they care not to be in God's presence. Cain went out from the presence of the Lord. Not that he could go out of God's sight, but the meaning is, Cain went from the Church and people of God, where the Lord gave visible tokens of His presence.—*T. Watson.*

FEBRUARY 26.

'AS MANY AS ARE LED BY THE SPIRIT OF GOD, THEY ARE THE SONS OF GOD.'—Rom. viii. 14.

It is not enough that the child have life, but it must be led every step by the nurse; so the adopted child must not only be born of God, but have the guidance of the Spirit to lead him in a course of holiness. I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms. As Israel were led by the pillar of fire, so God's children are led by the conduct of His Spirit; the adopted ones need God's Spirit to lead them, they are apt to go wrong. The fleshly part inclines to sin; the understanding and conscience are to guide the will, but the will is imperious and rebels; therefore God's children need the Spirit to check corruption, and lead them in the right way. —*T. Watson.*

FEBRUARY 27.

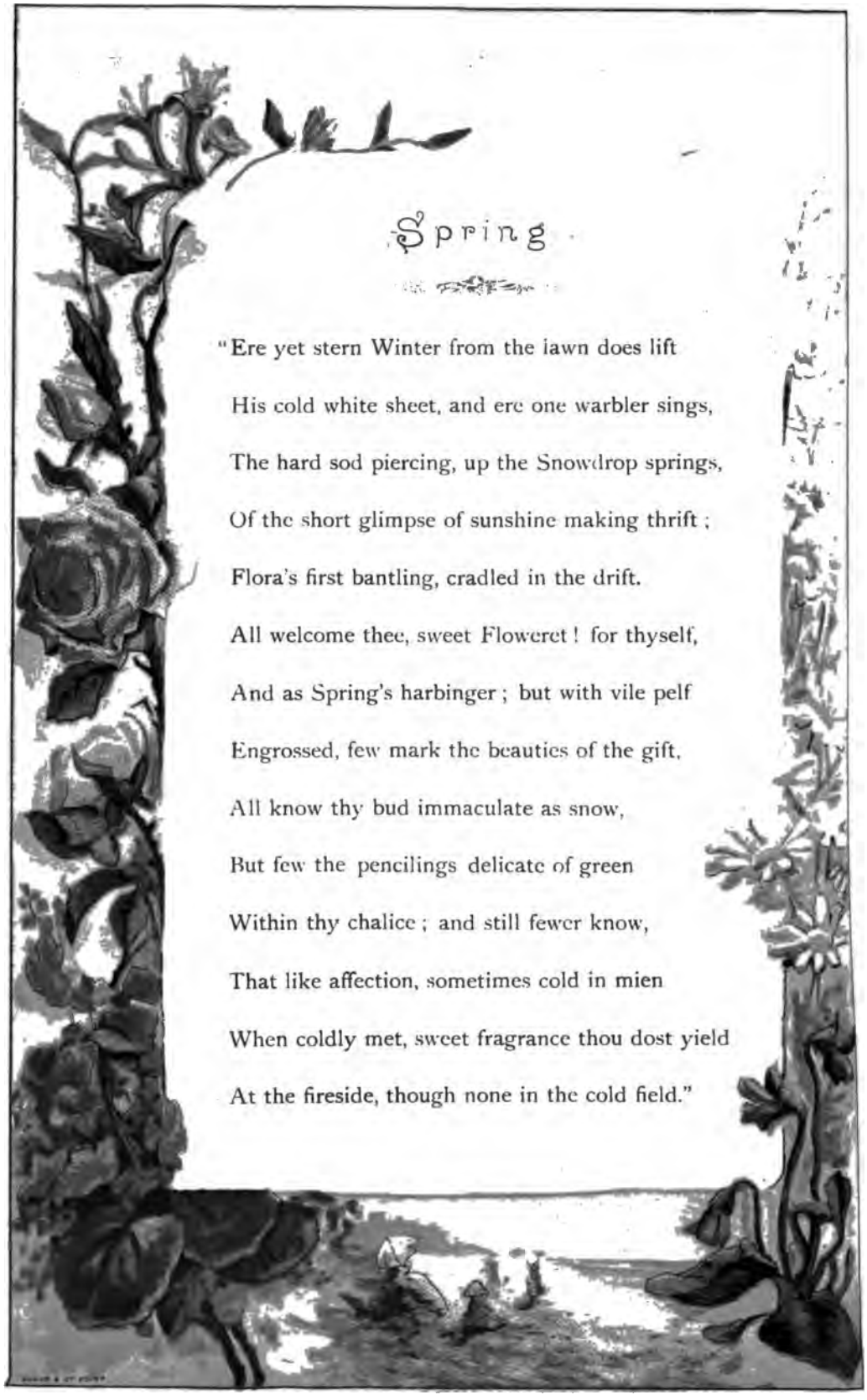
'THE HEIRS OF PROMISE.'—Heb. vi. 17.

If we are adopted, then we have an interest in all the promises; the promises are children's bread. The promises are sure; God's truth, which is the brightest pearl in His crown, is laid to pawn in a promise. The promises are suitable; like a physic-garden, there is no disease but there is some herb in thy physic-garden to cure it. In the dark of desertion, God hath promised to be a sun; in temptation, to tread down Satan. Doth sin prevail? He hath promised to take away its kingly power. Oh the heavenly comforts which are distilled from the alembec of the promises! But who hath a right to these? Believers only are heirs of the promise. There is never a promise in the Bible but a believer may say, this is mine.—*T. Watson.*

FEBRUARY 28.

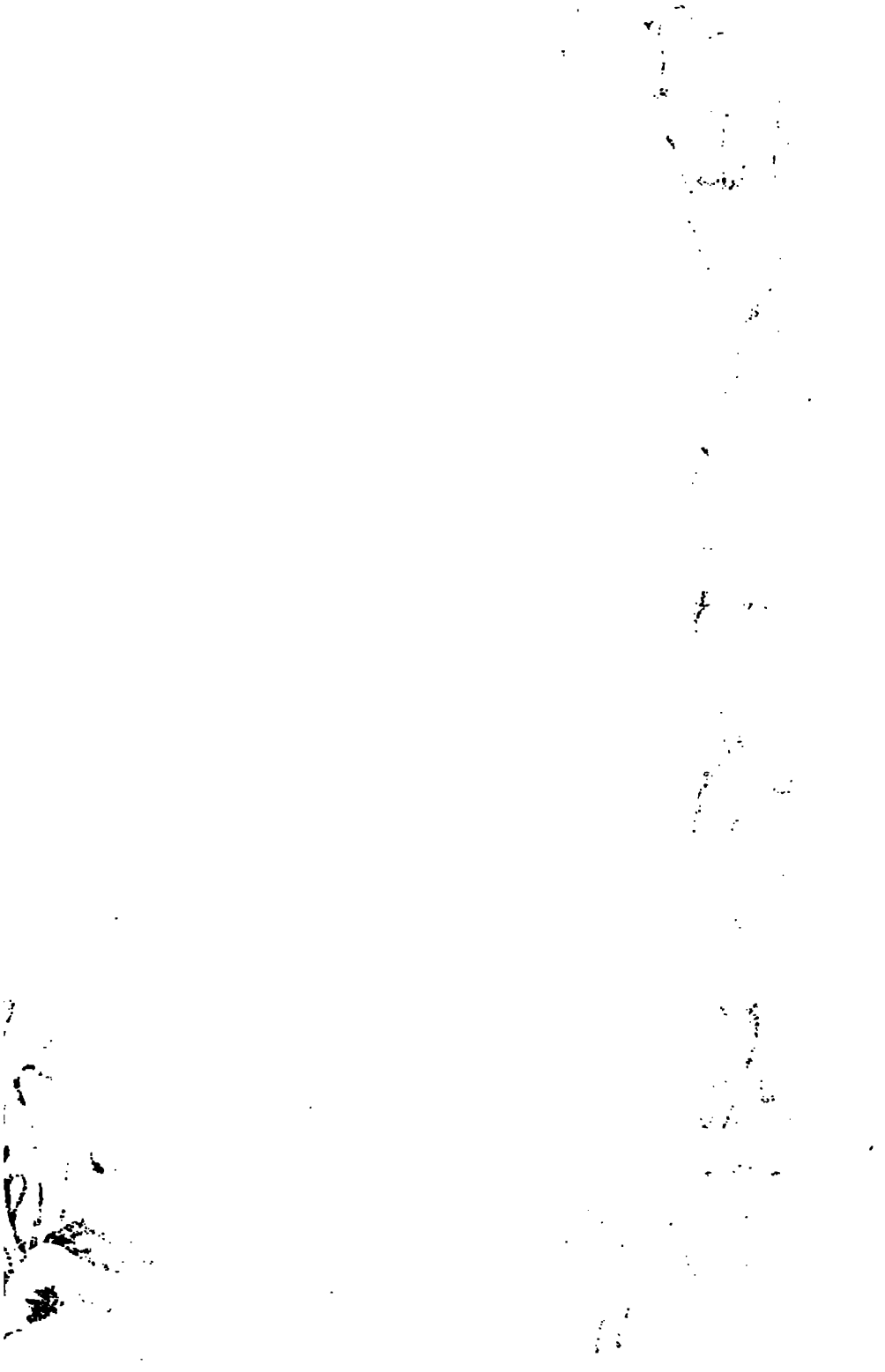
'BUT AS MANY AS RECEIVED HIM, TO THEM GAVE HE POWER TO BECOME THE SONS OF GOD.'—John i. 12.

Extol and magnify God's mercy, who hath adopted you into His family; who, of slaves, hath made you sons; of heirs of hell, heirs of the promise. Adoption is a free gift. He gave them power, or dignity, to become the sons of God. As a thread of silver runs through the whole piece of work, so free grace runs through this whole privilege of adoption. Adoption is a greater mercy than Adam had in paradise; he was a son by creation, but here is a further sonship by adoption. To make us thankful, consider, in civil adoption there is some worth and excellency in the person to be adopted; but there was no worth in us, neither beauty, nor parentage, nor virtue; nothing in us to move God to bestow the prerogative of sonship upon us. We have enough in us to move God to correct us, but nothing to move Him to adopt us; therefore exalt free grace, begin the work of angels here; bless Him with your praises, who hath blessed you in making you His sons and daughters.—*T. Watson.*



Spring

"Ere yet stern Winter from the lawn does lift
His cold white sheet, and ere one warbler sings,
The hard sod piercing, up the Snowdrop springs,
Of the short glimpse of sunshine making thrift;
Flora's first bantling, cradled in the drift.
All welcome thee, sweet Floweret! for thyself,
And as Spring's harbinger; but with vile pelf
Engrossed, few mark the beauties of the gift.
All know thy bud immaculate as snow,
But few the pencilings delicate of green
Within thy chalice; and still fewer know,
That like affection, sometimes cold in mien
When coldly met, sweet fragrance thou dost yield
At the fireside, though none in the cold field."



E ONE FATHER, THE ONE FAMILY, AND THE ONE HOME.

BY REV. JAMES FREER, DUMFRIES.

'The Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.'—EPH. iii. 14, 15.

Y creation and providence we are all the children of God. He has called us into being, and it is by His ever-watchful care that we live. In Him we live and move and have our being. But it is not of this kind of creature relation that the Apostle is speaking in the text; relation springing out of God's wer, but one that has its source in ing and adopting love. That love o man through Jesus Christ; and re brought savingly within the that love are constituted God's ons and daughters. The whole of faith, consisting of the redeemed d the redeemed on earth, are in is the one ransomed family of God , and of Him or from Him that amed.

ow consider the three points sug- he words of the text.

I. THE ONE FATHER.

reative and sustaining power some faint idea of the divine

But such an idea is at best nd inoperative one, for there is the mystery of God's dealings hat is fitted to suggest the absence ighty Father's care and love. ing strikes indiscriminately the abe and the hoary transgressor; uake swallows up villages, irre- the virtue or vice of their inhabit- desolate the fairest portions of virtue is often oppressed, and vice And as the contemplative mind ese facts, the question arises, 'Can he Creator can possibly stand to ent creatures in the relation of a es not the strangely mingled con- od and evil show that there is no iding over the government of the world? Such thoughts as these must pass through every reflective mind, so that any idea of the divine fatherhood that may be obtained from nature and providence is weakened and rendered practically inoperative by the apparent absence of a father's superintending care and love; and not until the thought of the disorganising power of sin has been felt and acknowledged is there any stable foundation laid for reaching the idea that, notwithstanding all the disorder and misery existing in the world, God is revealed in Christ as a reconciling Father.

Men are by nature dead in trespasses and sins—alienated from the life of God by reason of sin dwelling in them, and heirs of condemnation and wrath. And the holiness, the justice, yea, the very goodness of God, form a barrier to all communion between God and the sinner. Before heaven's love can hold communion with man, man must be made a child of God by faith in Jesus Christ. This second truth draws the dividing line between the children of Adam and the children of God—the alien and the adopted—the heir of wrath and the heir of glory. Those who are received into the number of God's children were *born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.* The only power adequate to the production of such a change is the power of God's redeeming love in His Son Jesus Christ; and it is of the fellowship which results from this great spiritual change that the Apostle is speaking when he tells us regarding the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that of Him the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

To the natural man the thought of God is one of alarm. The thought of God's presence, instead of being to such an one a source of blessedness, is a source of trouble; for there is in every unrenewed heart a deep-rooted hatred of the infinitely holy and righteous character of God, and an equally deep-rooted desire to revolt from His authority. The

sinner desires to have his own way and will; to feel free from all restraint, and to exult in the consciousness of this freedom. He wants to originate and carry out plans of his own—to seek, first and last, his own gratification, leaving God and God's authority entirely out of view. And thus he says in his heart there is no God. But not only is the sinner troubled at the thought of God, because of the felt restraint which His authority lays upon him; he is also troubled at the very thought of the divine perfections. The thought of these perfections carries home to the conscience the thought of the sinner's imperfections and guilt. The thought of the divine perfections is like a light carried into the darkened chambers of the soul, scattering all the sinner's false hopes, and awakening a sense of spiritual wretchedness and guilt. Ah, this dreadful sense of guilt! it penetrates to my inmost being; I cannot shake it off, for it is as near to me as I am to myself. Were it merely the sense of shame arising out of the exposure of my folly, I might find some relief at the prospect of one day shaking it off. But how is this burning sense of my guiltiness in the sight of God to be extinguished? The more I see my sins in the light of His countenance, the more intense is the misery which I feel. The calm glance of the Holy One is to me as a consuming fire.

This is the way in which the discovery of guilt acts upon the mind. And it is no wonder that those who see themselves in this light are troubled at the thought of God, because, in their case, they hear the voice of justice telling them that they are unjust, the voice of goodness telling them they are evil, the voice of love itself proclaiming that they are altogether as an unclean thing.

It is a pleasing thing for an affectionate child to look upon the virtues of its parents, and it ought to be an equally delightful exercise for man to contemplate the perfections of the Father in heaven. What joy and peace ought to arise in the mind in thinking of the government of a wise and loving Father! What rapturous feelings ought to be excited at the contemplation of all His glorious perfections! If it were not for the stain of guilt that rests upon the conscience, we should as truly delight in the contemplation of these perfections as the angels in heaven. But because our hearts condemn us, we instinctively arrive at the conclusion that the Searcher of Hearts must condemn still more. Under the apprehension of His condemnation, therefore, we turn away our view from the contemplation of His perfections. The sight of these is attended by alarming thoughts of our own ill-desert. The process which elevates our thoughts of the divine perfections reduces our estimate of the worth of our own character; as the one end of the scale-beam rises the other goes down.

So long as the sinner refuses to submit himself to God, so long does he see all the perfections of God witnessing against him. God is not revealed to him as a Father, but as an incensed avenging judge. Knowing no Father's care and love, he can find no centre of rest; and therefore the Scripture well describes the condition of those who are thus without God as being like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

It is seen that even the children of God may often be disquieted when they think of Him. But this does not arise from any desire on their part to escape from the sense of the divine presence, but from the desire of being more fully conformed to the divine law. The believer does not wish to know less of God, but to know more; he does not wish to renounce God's way, but mourns that he does not more fully renounce his own way; and the whole cause of his disquiet consists in the discovery that there is still a law in his members warring against the law that is in his mind, and seeking to bring him into captivity to the law of sin and death. He mourns; but his mourning is over his own alienation of heart. He is disquieted, not because the glorious perfections of his Father in heaven are revealed to him, but because he feels so little of the spirit that should characterise those who are sons of God. The most elevating, invigorating, and comforting of all thoughts is to him the thought of the divine fatherhood. It is this that fringes every dark cloud with light; it is this that enables him in his patience to possess his soul; it is this that gives him an earnest of the heavenly inheritance and a foretaste of its glory.

(To be continued.)

REST.—The greatest of all the promises of Christ is the promise of *rest*. There are many things that make us soul-weary in this world. Sorrow and sin are great burdens, and all must bear them who live long in the world. And there is only one Being who can give us rest from these. It is He who bore our sorrows, and made atonement for our sins.

THE NEW BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

BY PROFESSOR HEMAN LINCOLN, D.D.

E new critics deny the Mosaic
uthorship of the Pentateuch,
nd the Mosaic origin of the
Levitical priesthood and service.
The Levitical system was un-
known, they say, till the Cap-
Deuteronomy till the reform

The German critics reject the
elements in Jewish history, and
the record concerning the bond-
, and the exodus under Moses.
critics admits the inspiration of
ch, and the divine guidance of
h its entire history. But he
nly small fragments of Exodus
are the work of Moses. An un-
r wrote Deuteronomy about the
, and Ezekiel organised the Leviti-
he Captivity, and the returning
t it with them from Babylon.

new reading of the Pentateuch,
f advanced scholarship, attained
; biblical criticism.

ought that comes to us in ex-
laims is that similar attempts to
e *New Testament* have signally
of us are old enough to recall
t of trumpets that heralded the
olarship of Strauss, and the con-
ions that the newest criticism
ospels to be myths in place of
ls. All Europe was startled at
methods of the young scholar;
y died before its author, and the
ined unharmed.

er the newer criticism and the
rning of Baur discovered grave
ristian history. Only a single
uthentic; only four Epistles of
uine. The Book of Acts was a
pt to disguise the bitter enmity
and Paul; and the Gospel of John
in the latter part of the second
ing the discordant parties into
ew criticism has grown old, and
already outlawed.

y of such recent failures suggests
e ultimate success of the latest
n remoulding the Pentateuch.
g of Kuenen and Wellhausen
e accurate than the learning of
Baur and Hilgenfeld? The ad-
rship of the next generation may
Pentateuch, as the latest criticism
l the Gospels and the Acts.

ought is that the new theory of the
eates a new system of theology
ts moral difficulties are startling.
et is inspired of God to commit
kiel, who is honoured as a great
r, in his eagerness to guard Israel
ry, invents the Levitical ritual,
that God gave it to Moses in the
He forges the name and author-
ity of the Lawgiver of Israel, to secure accept-
ance for his own work. Who can blame the
Jesuits for later forgeries and falsehoods, when
they can plead a divine model for their policy?

2. Jesus and His disciples endorse the
forgery, and ascribe to Moses as a teacher sent
by God the inventions of Ezekiel and of un-
known authors. It is difficult to maintain
the omniscience of Jesus without impeaching
His honesty.

3. The unity of the Bible is lost. The
divine plan of salvation by a suffering Messiah,
announced at the Fall, and unfolded by pro-
phecies and types in the old covenant, disap-
pears. The Epistle to the Hebrews is a de-
ceptive argument, for it assumes fictions for
facts; as the Mosaic law, the Levitical sacri-
fices, the tabernacle and the ark were late in-
ventions, and did not belong to early Jewish
history. In place of salvation by grace
through faith, the divine plan, for a thousand
years from the Exodus to the Captivity, was
salvation by works, in a strict obedience to
the Decalogue.

4. God accepts a human invention as true
worship, and ordains what He had once for-
bidden. The theory holds that sacrifices were
of Pagan origin, were copied by the Jews
from their Pagan neighbours or suggested
by their own depraved instincts, and were
distinctly forbidden by Isaiah and Jeremiah.
What was odious under the earlier prophets
became the divine law under Ezekiel and the
later prophets, and the only acceptable wor-
ship. By divine command evolution went
backward. Prayer and personal approach to
God were supplanted by sacrifice and a priest-
hood, and spiritual worship gave way to a
cumbrous ritual.

It requires a very advanced scholarship to
accept such results, and retain faith in the
Bible as an infallible religious guide.

Nor are the critical difficulties less formid-
able than the moral in the way of accepting
the new theory.

1. The style of the Pentateuch indicates an
early origin, and bears no trace of the changes
of language which followed the Captivity. It
has no Aramaic words, so common in the later
sacred books; while it employs many words
and phrases which are never found in them.
One can detect no more literary resemblance
between Leviticus and Ezekiel than between
Bacon's Essays and Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'

2. Almost every book in the Bible presup-
poses the existence of the Pentateuch and an
intimate knowledge of it. Dr Stebbins, in his
admirable little work, 'A study of the Penta-
teuch,' gives the results of a thorough induc-
tive search for the evidence. Beginning with
the Gospels, where the Pentateuch was surely
known in its present form, he finds references
to it and quotations from it in the apocryphal
books, Exodus, Maccabees, and Ecclesiasticus;

in Malachi, Haggai, Zechariah, Nehemiah, and Esther; in the Book of Kings, in the reigns of Josiah, Hezekiah, Amaziah, Jehoash, Solomon, and David; in the Chronicles; in Daniel, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Isaiah, Micah, Hosea, Amos, Joel; in Proverbs and Psalms; in Samuel, Judges, and Joshua. He says, with emphasis, no ancient book has such ample, and connected, and explicit proof of its early origin. He gives some suggestive comparisons. In the Book of Judges there are fewer allusions to the Pentateuch than in most other Old Testament books. But even here ten or twelve references may be clearly discerned. Bradford's History of Plymouth, which from its Puritan character might be supposed to be full of allusions to the Bible, and from its size ought to contain eighty times as many as the little Book of Judges, refers to the Bible only sixteen times. He specifies volumes of sermons where there are fewer quotations from the Gospels than may be found from the Pentateuch in most of the prophetical books.

3. Traces of an organised priesthood, of sacrifices and annual feasts, are found in the historical and prophetical books before the Captivity. Dr Stebbins shows clearly that such institutions existed before Deuteronomy was written, for some laws are there quoted and amended, and some ceremonies modified or withdrawn. He finds similar proof in Judges and Samuel and Kings and Chronicles, in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. The denunciations of the prophets against formal sacrifices, on which the new critics rely to prove that the Levitical system could not have been given by Moses, is a decisive proof of the existence of a priesthood and ritual. It is easy to understand how earnest spiritual teachers should rebuke a formal worship, into which no true reverence or piety entered. It is impossible to explain these vigorous protests, unless a system of sacrifice was established, claiming a divine authority.

4. Nor is the critical difficulty less than the moral, in accounting for the origin of the Levitical system during the Captivity. It is morally impossible that God would have commissioned Ezekiel to establish what He had once condemned, or would have substituted a ritual service in place of spiritual and personal worship. It is equally impossible that returning exiles, familiar with their national history and institutions, and some of them recalling the glory of the old temple, could have been imposed on by a forgery, establishing new institutions which claimed to be Mosaic. The great religious revival under Ezra and Nehemiah, the tears and remorse of aged exiles over the broken covenant, are inexplicable, unless the new-found law were really the old Mosaic covenant, well known in its spirit and aim to them and their fathers.

5. The contrasts between the different documents used in the Pentateuch, on which great stress is laid, are so slight that no two critics can agree in classifying them.

Kuenen thinks it an easy matter to pick out the portions of the Elohistic documents scattered through Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, and selects some passages in proof. The chief distinction in such passages is that the Hebrew word Elohim is used to denote God, instead of the later word Jehovah. Dr Stebbins examines the passages cited, and finds in one that Jehovah is used fifteen times, and Elohim not once; in another Jehovah forty times, Elohim not once; in another Jehovah fifty-seven times, and Elohim twice; in a fourth, Jehovah fifty-two times, Elohim once. He justly concludes, 'If the "chief characteristic" of one of the theoretical documents is found to be almost universally used in the other in practice, either the theory or the practice is sadly at fault.'

One of these critics has said, 'By many marks, and particularly by extremely well-defined peculiarities of language, a Levitical document can be separated out from the Pentateuch.' 'The table of Nöldeke is generally accepted as careful and correct in essentials.' The worth of a rule is tested by practical success in applying it. Do liberal scholars agree in recognising the 'extremely well-defined peculiarities of language,' and in accepting Nöldeke's table of selections? Dr Stebbins applies the test to thirty-eight passages, selected by Nöldeke. In six of these passages Stähelin, another critic of the advanced school, agrees with Nöldeke, in thirty-two he differs with him. In the same passage De Wette and Theodore Parker, also of the same school, agree neither with Stähelin nor Nöldeke, nor with each other. One may be pardoned for a lack of confidence in the advanced scholarship, whose critical rule, resting on 'extremely well-defined peculiarities of language,' fails utterly in thirty-two out of thirty-eight test passages.

The Christian world may still cling to its old faith in the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, undisturbed by the clamour of the new criticism. Older biblical scholars will hesitate to accept a theory which creates insuperable moral difficulties, and is beset by internal contradictions, more numerous and obstinate than those it attempts to remove. The unity of the New Testament is unharmed by the formidable attacks of Strauss and Baur and Renan; and one may believe without presumption that the assults of Kuenen and Wellhausen on the unity of the Old Testament will have no better success. When the novelty of the newer criticism has ceased to charm, and it assumptions and inconsistencies have been exposed, Christian scholars may hold with a stronger faith to the unity of the divine plan, which connects the Adam of the old covenant with the Christ of the new; which binds together in one historic whole Eden, Calvary, and the New Jerusalem, and leads the redeemed of God along one unbroken path from the typical cleansing of the Levitical lamb to personal holiness before the great white throne.—*Boston Watchman.*

ON BURNING OLD SERMONS.

) 'IRENÆUS,' EDITOR OF NEW YORK OBSERVER, FROM REV. DR ROBINSON.

QUAINT little French story comes to my mind as I begin this epistle to the father of letter-writing. It seems that a literary gentleman met his friend on the street close by the open door of and was arrested by the expres- it he saw in his face; he inquired r the reason of such evident h, I have received a communica- ltaire!' he exclaimed. 'Come in, I will read you my answer to it!' ossible that his startled friend have heard the letter itself.

something to say about this *auto-* ons. The old pleasantry may hold y a history even of modern times: re are 'which have given more nfire than ever they did in the ll, that is not true of everything been unfortunate enough to be the shadows. It would have to destroy the Astronomical Dis- Thomas Chalmers, or the Theolo- as of Dr Dwight in Yale College. nore modern orators, it would be ort of spiritual economy to burn es which are found in the five Dr William M. Taylor, or in the illips Brooks, or in the six of . Robertson. The principle may trained too far, if this should be

danger of idleness, really that lies not in the manuscript. I know of ministers who invariably make sh discourses each week, and yet hundreds of old ones fully writ- solemn sarcophaguses close beside

Surely these do not harm any- are as aromatic of the good they so many mummies, and now and nong them an illustration may be would grow if set out felicitously il. If a sense of this does not t, the bravery of burning them e worth the match it would cost. es of extemporaneous speaking, the pulpit, seem to think it is to have a stenographer to take thoughts as they utter them, and ear of their having bonfires. Mr r Joseph Cook, Dr Parker—these peech gather the fragments that ost, to show to the students what cost. So just now we hear of a resident Garfield's orations in the it does not appear that Daniel Edmund Burke felt so haunted by at addresses that they left instruc- em to perform *suttee* when they should need a funeral pyre.

t seem to me that the question as raneous as opposed to written sermons can be decided in this rapid way, so as by fire. Success in either direction depends (1) on the man, (2) on the man's mood, (3) on the theme, (4) on the kind of audience the man is addressing. Some ministers cannot extemporise. I know some who have told me they could not write. Now and then a preacher feels dull and spiritless, and dare not trust to a simple brief; and there are subjects which claim exactness, and must have clean-cut propositions and delicate ingenuities of transition which cannot be struck out in the heats of rapid allocution, such as audiences call 'thrilling.'

Our theologues are becoming confused among their counsellors. Most of us have bought the volumes that have been issued year by year since the lectures in New Haven began. Some of our greatest pulpit men say one thing; some equally great say another. When a Senior is just going to graduate, he becomes agitated with a piteous alarm, he asks his perturbed self now in full view of a possible pulpit: 'Shall I follow the directions of the first book or the third, the second or the fourth? If neither, what were they published for? Am I to begin with writing and reading as a custom, or with no writing and rather more talk, or with a wise and modest mingling of the two?' For, you see, my patient Irenæus, the pulpit rabbis advise in diametrically opposite exhortations; which bewilders a young man who has just bought a stylographic pen and now wants a style.

Perhaps he even goes so far as to ask, 'How can I ever become heroic enough for an *Observer* to praise me, unless I use some years in composing what my self-sacrifice can afterwards burn?' And then the thought crosses his mind that such a thing might be best of all; for after the discipline of writing for a while, he would most likely be in condition to get on better by warming himself at a bonfire, than he would now, if he should be bold enough to take so chilly a start with nothing to burn.

When we look around us, it would appear as if any one of an observing turn might draw a few very swift conclusions. The men who, like the late Dr Adams or the venerable Dr Spring before him, have sustained themselves the longest in first-class churches, have been accustomed to write and read their sermons. And the men who make most immediate impression upon promiscuous masses and fitful audiences for a single occasion do not often write what they say in the pupit. It is the unburnt sermons of both these classes which in books comfort and help the people after the busy hand is vanished and the eloquent voice is still.

Moreover, the habit of delivery varies in the practice of the same speakers. I have heard Mr Beecher read a written discourse

thirty-five minutes long, all of which was on the paper before him, and I have heard him many a time when he had nothing even to serve as a brief. During this past summer, I listened to Dr Parker in London twice: once he read closely from voluminous sheets, and once he seemed just talking without a skeleton or anything else. Most of us have watched Mr Gough for years when he disdained all paper helps: of late he has read his lectures with a *pince-nez* for his eyes. Within three years I heard Dr Storrs deliver two splendid addresses, two hours each in length, with a felicity that was utterly discouraging to ordinary mortals; and then I listened with the rest of the community to his course, week after week, before the Seminary students, and every word of those appeared to be written ready for the printer. 'These be thy gods, O Israel.' Hence, I am not prepared to admit everybody is bound to pluck out or cut off his sermons, and cast them (new revision) 'into the hell of fire,' unless they do really cause him 'to stumble.'

Meantime, my old friend, we share together the memories of the 'White Meeting House,' where my name stands in membership still; and the brave old preacher who, after he had given 'Irenæus' his name and burned his sermons, gave to my father his bride in the distant days before either of them began the lengthened acquaintance with

Yours truly,

CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

THE MARTYR GRAVES OF THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, BY LOCKERBIE.

CHAPTER V.

DURISDEER.

WHEN we first visited Durisdeer we approached it by rather a circuitous road, yet a road that will amply repay the extra time and expenditure of strength it requires. We came at it from the Elvanfoot Station on the Caledonian Railway. Durisdeer is about ten miles by the road south from Elvanfoot. Shortly after leaving the station, the road turns off from that to Leadhills, and goes south. For the first two miles the Clyde, now a small stream, runs at no great distance to the east of the road, but at a quarter of a mile from Glenochar it loses its name, and divides into two burns—the Patrail and the Daer Water. We followed up the road for six or seven miles with the Patrail always in view, until at Durisdeer Hill we lost sight of it by our turning south-west when we were not much more than a mile from its source. Soon after leaving the station on the east side of the road, traces of an older road begin to appear, and they are more or less visible all the way until we almost reach Durisdeer. They are traces of a Roman road that must have connected the valley of the Nith with the road that runs up not far from Lockerbie, very nearly parallel to the line of the Caledonian Railway until it reaches Carstairs. It is of no great breadth, and would do little more than allow a single cart to pass, so that it must have been for files of beasts of burden rather than for modern means of conveyance. It was in use up till the beginning of the present century. Save where it has been incorporated with the present road, it is now grass-grown, but its straightness, and the way in which it cuts through the knolls that cross its path, make it easily recognisable to the passer-by.

For seven miles from the station the road ran through a pastoral country, with ranges of hills, grass-grown to the summit, rising on either side, some of them as high, as in the case of the Green Lowther, as 2403 feet. It was the beginning of autumn, and although the country was bare of trees, yet the grass all around, and the patches of heather here and there beginning to come into flower, the bleating of the sheep, the occasional hum of the wild bee as it passed by, the round-topped hills, scarred here and there by loose shingle that the rain and the frost had broken out from their sides, and the perfect solitude—for we walked for miles without meeting a person—made it a scene full of attraction. As we travelled along we had been gradually rising from the 889 feet above the sea, the height of Elvanfoot Station, until, when opposite Comb Law at the toll-bar, where the road turns off to Dalveen Pass, we had reached a height of fully 1100 feet. At the toll-bar we now left the turnpike road, and followed the Roman road due south through the moor. For two miles the road still rose, until we reached its highest point, about 1300 feet above the sea. About the highest point we passed out of Lanarkshire into Dumfriesshire, and gradually crossed over to the other side of the valley. As we crossed the Roman road came into greater prominence. It was fully nine to ten feet in breadth, and in the next two miles it sloped downwards by a regular descent, as if laid down by the straight line of an engineer, until we reached Durisdeer, where we were only 575 feet above the level of the sea. About the middle of this descent we could plainly see a Roman camp on the other side of the valley.

Durisdeer is so small as to be a clachan rather than a village. The church is its one prominent object. It bears the look of being of the seventeenth century. A house is attached to it which, until it fell into its

was used as a school. The
s cruciform. Built on to
ıd is the mausoleum of the
ıess of Queensberry. It con-
ent marble full-length statue
ıs, who died in 1709; an-
)uke, who died in 1711, has
ıd. Both statues are of great
of wrought-iron, that is quite
eparates the mausoleum from
he gate is said to have been
h at Drumlanrig Mains, in the

The church contains a few
e noticed one with the date
ıer to an 'Andro Patrik,' the
ılanrig Castle, of date 1685.
were in search of we found on
f the churchyard, close to the
'ch. It is a flat stone, raised
from the ground, and is 5 feet
eet in breadth. It is in good
Behind it is a modern stone
ıon preached to raise a collec-
, and of the date and the name

The inscription on the stone

HERE LYES DANIE
MICHEL MARTYR SHO
DEAD AT DALVEEN B
SIR IOHN DALYEL K
ADHERRING TO THE
WORD OF GOD CHRIS
KINGLY GOVERNMENT
HIS HOUSE AND THE
COVENANTED WORK
REFORMATION AGAIN
TYRANNY PERJURY A
PRELACY 1685 REV I

AND NOT TO MEN
SO LYONS THUS CRUELY
DEVOURED ME
FOR BEARING WITNES TO
TRUTH'S TESTIMONY
REST IN PEACE TILL
JESUS REND THE CLOUD
AND JUDGE TWIXT ME AND
THOSE WHO SHED MY BLOOD

der the year 1685, gives an
last days of Daniel M'Michael,
ı, in his 'Gleanings Among the
apter iv., has gathered up the
t him that were still lingering
. He had a brother, James,
'odrow as fowler to the Laird
ı, and a bold, daring man, who
loss, and escaped after Richard
He was concerned in a rescue
Enterkin, and in the scuffle
the curate of Carsphairn, he
l. The Societies highly dis-
his action, and expelled him
ciation. Shortly after his ex-

pulsion, James M'Michael and a few companions were hiding among the hills near the Water of Dee. Claverhouse received information of where they were, and came upon them when not expecting any attack from the persecutor. Two of their number escaped unnoticed, but the rest saw no way of escape, and had to defend themselves. Claverhouse singled out James M'Michael. M'Michael valiantly defended himself, until Claverhouse, dreading the worst, had to call out for assistance. Tradition records that M'Michael now cried out to his assailant, 'You dare not abide the issue of a single combat; and had your helmet been like mine, a soft bonnet, your carcase had ere this found its bed on the heath.' Claverhouse's call for assistance brought a dragoon, who stealthily came upon M'Michael from behind, and with one stroke of his sword split his skull.

The bold daring of his brother very likely made Daniel M'Michael to be sought after by the enemies of freedom. But he was altogether of a different stamp, quiet and peaceful, rather than a daring man of war. His house at Blairfoot, near the ruins of Morton Castle, was not unlike that of John Brown of Priesthill, a favourite place of resort to the pious people in the district. In January 1685 Daniel was overtaken by fever. His old friends did not forsake him in his trouble, and occasionally met with him, and worshipped God together—a terrible crime in the estimation of the men then in power. At one of these meetings they had taken the precaution to post one of their number at some distance from the place where they had met, in order to give the alarm if the persecutor were seen approaching. The precaution was not unneeded, for the watcher soon observed the approach of a party of fifty soldiers under the command of Sir John Dalziel of Kirkmichael and Lieutenant Straiton. An informer had given intelligence of the prayer-meeting, and hence the approach of the soldiers. The watcher immediately ran back and told his friends of the nearness of danger. They at once prepared for flight. As they well knew, sickness would not save Daniel M'Michael from ill-treatment by the soldiers, they wrapped him up, and took him with them to a cave close at hand, that had often in the past proved a place of concealment. They reached the cave in safety. But there had been a Judas among them, and he soon left the cave to give information. The character of the traitor was discovered by one of their number, who left shortly after he had gone. He immediately went back and told his brethren that their place of retreat was known to their enemies. It was agreed instantly to leave, and to divide into two companies, the one to go with Daniel M'Michael northwards to Durisdeer, and the other southwards, as a decoy, to the mosses of Kirkhope. But the dragoons also divided, and the division that followed the company with Daniel M'Michael rapidly gained upon them, when it was re-

solved, at the pressing request of the sick man himself, that they should leave him behind, as escape was otherwise impossible.

They had time to conceal him in a cave which he had reminded them of, and then left him to provide for their own safety, under the hope that his hiding-place would not be found out. But the dogs the dragoons had with them scented out the spot where he lay. He was at once dragged out and taken to Durisdeer. Many questions were put to him, which he declined to answer; and many charges were brought against him, which he denied, and affirmed he knew nothing about them. At last he was told that unless he owned the royal supremacy in Church and State, by taking the oath of allegiance, now pressed upon him, the law made him liable to present death. Wodrow says, 'Daniel was a very sedate, sensible countryman,' and replied to Dalziel, 'Sir, that is what in all things I cannot do, but very cheerfully I submit to the Lord's disposal as to my life.' 'Do you not know,' responded Dalziel, 'your life is in my hand?' 'No, sir,' answered M'Michael; 'I know my life is in the Lord's hand, and if He see good He can make you the instrument to take it away.' M'Michael was now ordered to prepare for death on the morrow. He was able to reply with the calmness that men in his situation have often evinced, 'If my life must go for His cause, I am willing. My God will prepare me.'

He was kept prisoner all night in Durisdeer. 'That night,' records Wodrow, 'he enjoyed a sweet time of communion and fellowship with God, and great outlets of joy and consolation, so that some of the soldiers desired to die his death, and not a few convictions were left in their bosoms.'

He was brought out of prison next day, fever-stricken though he was, in order to be taken to the garrison in Crawford Moor, some twelve or thirteen miles to the north. But it was soon found that he was too feeble to be carried so far, and at the entrance to Dalveen Pass, one of the most striking passes in the south of Scotland, at a spot still marked out by a small stone, with an inscription commemorating the fact of his death, he was told to prepare to die. He had liberty granted him to pray, a liberty often denied to his fellow-sufferers, and he prayed to the wonder of the by-standers. He sang part of the Forty-second Psalm, a psalm that most probably describes the experience of David when excluded from the sanctuary by the rebellion of his son Absalom, and a psalm peculiarly fitted to be the expression of the thoughts of the people of God when called to face death because of their attachment to truth—

'Like as the hart for water-brooks
In thirst doth pant and bray;
So pants my longing soul, O God,
That come to Thee I may. . . .
'Tis as a sword within my bones,
When my foes me upbraid;
Ev'n when by them, Where is thy God?
'Tis daily to me said.

O why art thou cast down, my soul!
Why, thus with grief oppress,
Art thou disquieted in me?
In God still hope and rest:

For yet I know I shall Him praise,
Who graciously to me
The health is of my countenance,
Yea, mine own God is He.'

He then read over the sixteenth chapter of John's Gospel, a chapter in which these words occur:—'These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended. They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor Me. . . . In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.' He then 'spoke with much gravity and solidity to Captain Dalziel.' After the napkin was put over his head, he said, 'Lord, Thou broughtst Daniel through many straits, and hast brought me, Thy servant, hither to witness for Thee and Thy cause. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit, and hope to praise Thee through all eternity.' At a given sign four of the soldiers shot him dead.

It is not to be wondered at that 'some of the poor soldiers were for some time after in confusion for their obeying commands in this matter,' for it would have needed a heart of stone to have been unmoved at the spectacle of a sick man put to death because he had allowed a prayer-meeting to be held in his house.

At a second visit to Durisdeer we took a much shorter road to reach it. We came out at the Carronbridge Station of the South-Western Railway. Durisdeer lies two miles to the north of the station. The railway crosses the Carron a few yards to the south of the station, and we went down the road to the south of the bridge, to see the wild and deep glens spanned by the viaduct. The scene well repaid the short detour. The central arches are of great height, and through them, as if set in their frame, were to be seen in the background the grass-grown, lofty ranges of the Lowthers.

The road to Durisdeer for the first mile runs not far from the Carron, that noisily flows in a deep ravine between it and the high hills that begin the Lowthers. In three-quarters of a mile the road turns off from the main road which leads on to Dalveen Pass, and, as we turn off, Durisdeer and the tower of its church come into view, and behind them the Durisdeer Pass, while more to the west were the equally wild-looking entrances to the passes of the Dalveen and the Enterkin. Between the hills the large fields, with their trim-cut hedges, seemed admirably cultivated. The week before our visit to Durisdeer we had come from London by the North-Western Railway, and had been struck with the untrimmed and many-gapped hedges, the small and irregularly-shaped fields, and the want of

proper drainage, in the reeds and standing water so often seen, not far from the line of railway, all betokening to a Scotch eye indifferent farming. The memory of what we had seen the week before perhaps helped to increase our admiration of the cleanly kept soil, and the large fields that we now gazed upon, in which a plough had ample room to turn, and in which as little as possible space was taken up with fences, that are so often a harbour for weeds.

But we found there was a dark side to this attractive picture, for a good woman that we met with on the road told us of the depopulation going on in Durisdeer, as is the case in so many other country parishes. The large farm we looked at embraced what was once eleven farms, and in the beginning of the century there were eleven homesteads with their families, where now there was only one, and two ploughmen. The use of machinery had lessened the demand for manual labour, and the country population now felt itself compelled to go to the cities in search of employment. We thought too of the increasing number of small congregations in the country, and of how every year these congregations are becoming smaller, and of yet how these congregations must be supported, for their members need the gospel to be preached to them, and the homes of these members are really nurseries for the supply of fresh plants, yet to be trees of righteousness in our great cities.

GEOLOGY TO BE RECONSTRUCTED.

IT is hard work to keep the run of the revisions that scientific theories undergo. Sir John Lubbock, in his address, as President of the British Association, at York, makes the following statement:—

'As regards the physical character of the earth, two theories have been held: one, that of a fluid interior covered by a thin crust; the other, of a practically solid sphere. The former is now very generally admitted, both by astronomers and geologists, to be untenable. The prevailing feeling of geologists on this subject has been well expressed by Professor Le Conte, who says: "The whole theory of igneous agencies—which is little less than the whole foundation of theoretic geology—must be reconstructed on the basis of a solid earth."'

This is the latest word from the most advanced teachers of modern science. After the long battle between Moses and Geology—a battle specially distinguished by timid concessions of friends of Moses—it has at last come to this, that the President of the British Association and the Vice-President of the American Academy of Natural Sciences have admitted, as the prevailing feeling of geologists, that the '*whole foundation of theoretic geology must be reconstructed.*'

One's indignation exceeds his surprise, when he reads such an ignominious confession by men of the highest standing in the scientific world. After long years of fierce contention that the Mosaic account of the earth's creation is inconsistent with the determined, settled, immutable facts of geology, we are now coolly informed by the great teachers of science that the whole foundation must be reconstructed.'

It would suggest itself to a mind not wholly engrossed with self-conceit, that geology might be a trifle modest after such a confession. The admission that the British and the American Scientific Associations do not yet know whether the earth is a solid body or filled with fire or water, and that the whole foundation of the science of geology is to be torn up and rebuilt, indicates the most stupendous failure we have had to record in forty years.

Similar in kind, but not in degree, have been the reconstructions of theories in chemistry and natural philosophy. The obituaries of theories furnish amusing as well as instructive pages in literature. Each year hears the explosion of cherished ideas, supposed to be founded in everlasting fact, established by satisfactory experiment. Suddenly a crash comes, and what was held to be founded on a rock proves to have no basis at all. These are discoveries in science. They indicate the progress of the age. But they also serve to show that science is not always knowledge. They might, but they do not, make us diffident in accepting as a finality what men of learning and research teach as the conclusions of investigation.

The word of the Lord standeth sure. Half-hearted and unread defenders of the Bible try to compromise with geology by admitting that the words of Genesis may not mean what they say; that biblical history is allegory, and creation is evolution. But now geologists themselves have given up their theories, and when they have 'reconstructed' their books, we shall have to go over the whole controversy again and slay the slain.

The progress of science is grand, and every intelligent mind rejoices in its triumphs. It has advanced the enjoyments of the human race, and in a merely temporal aspect of the case this is the highest good. But when it seeks to overturn the knowledge we have derived from the revealed Word of God, we have a right to challenge it, and to demand that it shall be sure of its facts before it claims to be wise above what is written. There is many a conflict between religion and science: but there will never be a conflict between religion and knowledge.

To all the leaders of 'modern thought' we commend the advice of David Crockett, M.C., 'Be sure you are right, then go ahead.'

THE LINDSAYS OF REDKNOCK HAUGH.

BY MARY DOIG, AUTHOR OF 'ROSALIA VANDERWERF,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

'At the lone midnight hour
When bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE time of the trial of Stobow is now drawing on, and Mrs Lindsay, knowing this, begs her brother, who is one of the magistrates of Edinburgh, to make interest for him, in the hope that he may escape with his life. He has many friends, too, throughout the land, and, on account of their intercession, the punishment decreed him is banishment, not death.

The band of soldiers who for a time were quartered in the neighbourhood of Redknock Haugh, believing that young Lindsay is not in the neighbourhood, have been removed, and Ralph, who is recovered, has ventured home, for Spence, his chief enemy, has now fallen sick.

There has been another late fall of snow, and the old shepherd is out at midnight putting his lambs in shelter, when he sees a horseman riding towards him, and is about to accost him, when he becomes convinced that it is no earthly horse nor earthly rider that he beholds. They pass by him and go in the direction of Moss-bog.

On the following morning it is heard that at that very hour three loud knocks came to the window of the Laid of Moss-bog, and the persecutor died.

On the low stone dyke in front of the house they say the mark of a horse's hoof is left, the mark remaining until this day.

CHAPTER XV.

'I watched his body the night and the day,
No living creature came my way.'
—BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Years have passed, and the battle of Bothwell Bridge being over, the defeated Covenanters are pursued by the enemy, those of them who are taken prisoners being subjected to the most wanton cruelty, as they are bound two by two together and driven into Edinburgh, being taunted all the way with such questions as these, 'Where is your Prophet Welsh? who told you ye should win the day? where are your Covenants, that were never to fail?'

Arrived in Edinburgh, the Council gave orders to the magistrates that the prisoners be placed in the Greyfriars Churchyard, where sentinels are placed over them night and day. Nor is it those alone who have taken arms who suffer; many who have merely come to the field preaching which preceded the battle are shot dead by the wayside.

Stobow, who had returned after his first banishment, has been wounded in this battle, but has nevertheless escaped to Glasgow, where he is in hiding in the house of a friend till an opportunity occurs of flying by ship to a foreign land.

Many females who have come to the great field preaching, and have watched the battle at a distance, come on the field when the fight is over to render what help they can to the wounded. But, alas! even in this they are frustrated, some of the King's troops seizing their pitchers and pouring the water on the ground, that the agonies of thirst which the dying feel may not be relieved even by a cup of cold water.

When the women have been driven from the field, and the soldiers have gone, Lilias Stobow returns, for she thinks she has seen among a heap of slain that some one is yet alive. She therefore makes the utmost efforts to extricate the living man from among his dead companions, and discovers, as she does so that he whom she has thus liberated is Ralph Lindsay.

His strength is not yet gone, although his life-blood is flowing fast away, so she leads him to a little stream, from whence she brings him water to assuage his dying thirst.

'Lilias,' he says, as she sits holding him in her arms; 'Lilias, when I am dead, tell my mother that, though vanquished, I die a victor. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ."'

Then, seeing the hands which hold him red with his blood, he says: 'My father's blood was on your infant face and baptismal robe, and mine is on you now;' then, looking round, he adds, 'Have you no fear to stay and see me die, with nothing but the dead around?'

'There is no fear in love,' says Lilias; 'perfect love casteth out fear.'

And so she sits holding him in her arms, till, at the darkest hour of the midsummer night, she knows that the life has fled; yet still she does not rise to go, but continues holding the unconscious clay, and sees, when the morning dawns, that the martyr's spirit has left on the lifeless face a beauty rarely seen in death.

And all the bright July morning, and cloudless summer day, she continues her watch, till in the evening a band of friendly countrymen appear to bury the slain where they have died. And so she sees them lay him in his grave, then she goes her way.

THE END.

A FALSE TEACHER.—A sheep's skin may cover a wolf's heart. A false teacher puts on the livery of Christ to serve the devil in. He will have his reward.

The Voice of Hope.

BY KATHLEEN MARY SMITH, AUTHORESS OF 'ORPHAN LOTTIE,' ETC.

SAT in the twilight gloaming,
The shadows fell soft and low,
As the pine-tree branches outside
Waved mystically to and fro.

The dirge of a dead ambition
I heard in the sighing wind,
And hope, with the fading twilight,
In darkness of night declined;
A shadow was on my spirit,
And heaviness undefined.

The rays of the fading twilight
In darkness of night expire,
The voice of an Angel whispered
From out of the dying fire—
'Mortal, when work awaiteth,
Faint be the hearts that tire.'

In wonder and pain I answered,
'Long have I stood in strife,
Long have I fought in the battle,
Fought in the lists for life.

'Blame me not now that, weary
Of the uneven fight,
Wounded, and all dishonoured,
Sink I before the night;
Counting upon the morning,
Waiting the dawn of light.

'Weary was I of warfare
Long ere the set of sun;
Broken were all my weapons,
Leaving my work undone;
Heros shall wear my laurels,
Heros my fields have won.'

Solemnly to my spirit
The Angel spoke again—
'Strong and true the sword to save,
But mightier the pen,
Writing words of power and truth
To win the souls of men.

'O weak and doubting mortal,
Arise unto the fight,
And strength shall bring thee vict'ry,
And truth shall be thy right;
Go, wage the war of language
With valour and with might.

'The weak and the humbly born
May stand among the best,
Though crushed by the world's cold scorn,
And burdened by unrest,
When hearts resolved to conquer
Throb high within the breast.

'Fear not, for strength is given
According to thy need;
Christ, who was pierced and riven,
Will never see thee bleed;
And He will bear thee upwards,
And bless thee in thy deed,

'Aloft beyond the limits
And petty pride of earth,
The narrow minds of mortals,
And thoughts that find their birth
Among the gilded baubles
That are but little worth,

'No longer pent and prisoned
By walls and bars of sin,
No longer stunned and weary
Of earth's discordant din,
Freed from life's jarring tumult,
Free, safe, and entered in,

'And cleansed from all pollution
In Jordan's cleansing tide,
Receiving absolution
For sin, and shame, and pride,
Performing thine ablution
In Christ's atoning side,

'Renewed, refreshed, and strengthened,
Far higher still to soar;
Imbued for everlasting
With life, to die no more;
Beyond the pale of falsehood
And earth's corroding shore,

'To dwell among the angels,
Their spotless robes to kiss,
To move 'mid flowers of heaven,
And drain its cup of bliss,
Its richest draughts unmeasured,
From founts of holiness,

'Looking back on pain and woe,
And smiting sent to prove
All thy sorrows here below
But tiny mites above;
To make thee mounts of blessing
Through God's unchanging love.

'What of life's cold scorning now,
Or pain and failure, when
Glory halloweth the brow
That ne'er may ache again,
And heals the wounded spirit
Of all the wrongs of men?'

I rose with resolution
To labour through the day,
I cast the gloom of sadness
With every doubt away;
And dead within my spirit
Each dark foreboding lay.

The voice of the Angel ceased,
But, as a living fire,
Still in my soul it burneth;
Ne'er can its flame expire,
Bringing unto me hourly
Hope, that I may not tire.

I bless my God who sent it,
The God who gave me then
Words of power, and love, and truth
To win the souls of men.

A Daily Portion.

MARCH 1.

'IF OUR EARTHLY HOUSE OF THIS TABERNACLE WERE DISSOLVED, WE HAVE A BUILDING OF GOD, AN HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS, ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS.'—2 Cor. v. 1.

He calls it not the man, but the house; not of stone, but of mud walls, earthly; not a mansion, but a tabernacle; not such as God made, but ourselves marred, our house; not abolished, but dissolved: then, we have; not expectantly, many years after our dissolution, but we presently have; not a tabernacle, but a mansion; not to be built, but built already; not by man, but by God, a building of God, made without hands; not transient, but eternal; not on earth, nor in the air, but in the supremest place, the heaven of heavens.—*T. Adams.*

MARCH 2.

'IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN? ALL THE DAYS OF MY APPOINTED TIME WILL I WAIT, TILL MY CHANGE COME.'—Job xiv. 14.

The Book of Job plentifully abounds with two things, impressions of mortality and instructions of mortality. It teacheth us that we must die, it teacheth us how we should live. Both are propounded and compounded in this verse. A man must die and live again, there is no mortality; therefore all his appointed time let him watch, there is for morality. There are four remarkable circumstances in it—a dissolution, restitution, resolution, revolution. 'If a man die,' there is a dissolution; 'he shall live again,' there is a restitution; 'all my days will I watch,' there is a resolution; 'till my change come,' there is a revolution.—*T. Adams.*

MARCH 3.

'NOW I GO MY WAY TO HIM THAT SENT ME.'—John xvi. 5.

Christ led us, we must follow Him. He went to His Father three ways. 1. The way of His passion; a sorrowful way. 2. The way of His resurrection; a joyful way. 3. The way of His ascension; a glorious way. 'God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.' All this was for our sake; He entered into heaven to appear in the presence of God for us. By those three works of Christ we have three special benefits, all expressed by Paul. By His passion He hath quickened us; by His resurrection, raised us up; by His ascension, made us sit in heavenly places. Now I go to the Father. Now; there is the brevity of this life, it is but a now. I go; there is the mutability of the world, it fades like grass. To the Father; there is the glory of future blessedness, to be with God Himself for ever.—*T. Adams.*

MARCH 4.

'KNOWING THAT SHORTLY I MUST PUT OFF THIS MY TABERNACLE, EVEN AS OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST HATH SHEWED ME.'—2 Peter i. 14.

I must; it is necessary, there is no remedy, but I must lay down my tabernacle. If heaven were to be had upon earth, saints should not dwell in tabernacles. But it is observable of our Apostle Peter, at the transfiguration of Christ, even whilst he had not knowledge enough to discern of Christ's kingdom, that it was in heaven, and was mistaken in the place ('It is good for us to be here'), yet he knew thus much, that eternity was not to be had upon earth; and therefore he spake but of tabernacles, 'Let us build here three tabernacles.' Let us build. Well, men may build. Yea, let us build here. But what? Not mansions, but tabernacles. Even in the midst of that unspeakable glory, that little map of blessedness, that abridgment of joy and glimpse of heaven, he speaks but of tabernacles; putting a difference between Mount Tabor and Mount Zion.—*T. Adams.*

MARCH 5.

'FOR I AM IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO, HAVING A DESIRE TO DEPART.'—Phil. i. 23.

Paul was in a strait betwixt this double choice, of life or death; though he was desirous to die, yet he was content to live. In his wisdom he could choose the gain of death, yet in his obedience he refuseth not the service of life. But to do this argues a stout and valiant mind, fearless of death. Indeed, such may be more admired for stoutness of mind than commended for soundness of wisdom. But that is not magnanimity, but rather the greatest cowardice. Nature itself teacheth that there is more valour to endure a miserable life than to embrace a wretched death. There is no sorrow, no shame, no misery, that should force a Christian to so desperate a prevention. The servants of God never did this when their souls were heavy to the death; their bodies in Job's plight, when a prick could have ended all his woes; when the pulling away of the pillow would have eased all their griefs. They never paid the debt of nature till their Creditor called on them for it; which time they would never have staid if the service of their own hands might lawfully have released them. But as we cannot live without a *permittis*, so we must not die without a *dimittis*. Some that enjoy the world's paradise, desire to live; others that endure the world's purgatory, desire to die. St Augustine's rule is good for both: Though thou desire life in thy election, yet embrace death in thy patience; and admit life in thy patience, though death be in thy desires. When God calls, be not troubled to put off thy tabernacle; till God calls, be not troubled to keep on thy tabernacle.—*T. Adams.*

ONE FATHER, THE ONE FAMILY, AND THE ONE HOME.

BY REV. JAMES FREER, DUMFRIES.

(*Continued from page* 122.)

II. THE ONE FAMILY.

IE family of God—the whole family of the redeemed in heaven and on earth—have a family likeness. They are partakers of the same spiritual life, they cherish the same love, they aim at the same great objects. The well-spring of all their joy and blessedness dst all diversities of gifts and same grace works in all, and assi- character of all, by fixing their their Father in heaven. Once the family of God, a right is s privileges and honours. The in glory has no more in the way the humblest child of God on ne may possess more than the heir title to possession is not e one case than in the other. of God are not treated as if they ny distinct societies or communi- reat but still diverse privileges. ly of God, with all its diversely nbers, is one. The same Spirit and in all. There is one faith, ne hope springing out of this are called of the Father, live in y the Holy Spirit. If, therefore, e a oneness of life in Christ, o have a oneness of life with each have a common family resem- nmon bond of affinity links to- members of the household of aims are one; all alike are renounce every evil way, to eah, to resist the allurements of d to strive to grow in all the e Holy Spirit; and if these not kept steadily in view, there l union with Christ the Head, ion with those who are His true Connection with the visible rist does not constitute sonship or Christian brotherhood. Whosoever manifests no desire to be delivered from the power of sin, and is not found waging an untiring conflict with every power of evil, cannot lay claim to have either part or lot with Christ or His people. Every true child of God will be ready to say with Paul, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' This new life of mine, which has made all things around me new—so new that I feel as if introduced into a new world—this new life is not so much mine, as the life of Christ in me. I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. But as regards the means by which this life is maintained in me, I know that it is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me. It is necessary for me to make an ever-renewed dedication of myself to Him, that the fulness of His love may flow into my heart. I cannot read my title to heaven, unless Christ is formed in my heart the hope of glory. But, living a life of faith and dependence on Him, I enter into a relation of brotherhood to all that are His. Oh, how ought this thought to inspire us with the sublime patience of hope, when we reflect that of those who have gone before us in the way of life, and now stand before the throne of God and the Lamb, there is not one that is not filled with the self-same love that dwells in us! Their knowledge is greater than ours, their love is greater than ours; but that love that fills their hearts now is the same love, only increased and purified, that filled their hearts on earth. Their eye, now unclouded, rests on the Beloved of their souls, just as on earth it sought through the medium of faith to descry Him whom their soul loved. Heaven has enlarged their knowledge and purified their love, and given greater fulness and completeness to their communion with God; but, oh! it surely shows a true identity of life, that the knowledge of Christ crucified is still to them the most precious of all knowledge, that love to Him is still the spring of their life and blessedness. Sincere Christians may

now differ on many points regarding the constitution of the Church—regarding forms and modes of worship, or even with regard to points of doctrine. They may be unable to see eye to eye, though most desirous of doing this. But when you leave questions of Church government, modes and forms of worship, and abstract statements of doctrine, and come to look simply at saving truth as it is embodied in the person and work of Christ, then all differences seem to vanish out of sight, for unto all who believe, by whatever name they may be called, Christ is precious; and their highest desire is to know, to love, and to serve Him more fully. Thus there may be an essential unity of faith and love where there is diversity of opinion on many points. Whoever can in sincerity say, 'Christ loved me, and gave Himself for me, therefore I desire to be wholly His,' has laid hold of that great vital truth which knits all human affection to the Saviour, making Him all the desire as well as all the salvation of His people.

The Gospel message is at once one of a most personal and at the same time universal kind. It is a message addressing itself to the individual as to one who has personally to transact with a personal Saviour. No man can employ another to believe for him, or to secure for him a place amongst the children of God. Every man must deal with God for himself. All alone with God the sinner has to settle the great question of life or death. In this point of view the gospel deals with us only as individuals. But that same gospel, while singling out man by man, and dealing with each apart, as if its whole design had reference to this or that solitary individual, does at the same time present a universal call—a call limited not to a particular nation or class or condition, but to all to whom it is made known. And as it thus addresses itself to all men, so it likewise appeals to all that is in man—understanding, conscience, will, affections, seeking to change all these, so that each shall become a new creature in Christ Jesus. And thus working with as much intensity upon each individual as if its whole power or virtue were concentrated upon him alone, and at the same time working equally efficaciously upon all who receive it, it binds the whole into one loving brotherhood, into one family, which forms the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is not only the privilege of each separate believer to call God Father; but it is the privilege of the whole company of believers to say, as with one heart and one voice, *Our Father.* Thus, in the fact of the believer's adoption, there is laid the firmest foundation for the doctrine of the communion of saints. If we are made members of the same family, and are animated by the same feelings, affections, and desires, it cannot but be that we hold communion with each other. Being one family, we are in the highest sense of the word one communion.

III. THE ONE HOME.

The redeemed, even when divided into the two sections—one of which is toiling up through the wilderness to the heavenly country, and the other already entered upon the joys and blessedness of that country—are still one family; for they have one Father, one common relationship through Him to each other, one spiritual life, though differing in its degrees of perfection. But when all are at last gathered together in one, they shall be one in the place of their abode, as they are one in family relationship. They shall occupy the many mansions of the Father's house, breathe their native air, and be surrounded by scenes and associations that shall fill up the measure of their joy. One of the most endearing words in our language is home, for around that word many sweet and hallowed associations ever cluster. When the sailor, returning from a long voyage, smells the land breeze, laden with the fragrance of the flowers that grow on the mountains, an unwonted tide of emotion rises in his heart. The cause of this is not the odours that are wafted across the track of his vessel, but the recollection which these odours awaken of the lone shieling far up amidst mountain solitudes, where he was born, and where he lived till he went forth to earn his bread by doing business on the great waters. Fancy reproduces home scenes and home enjoyments; the old familiar scenes and faces stand before him; he seems to hear the well-known voices of former days; in fancy he is again at home; and when the reality of the case is brought to his mind, he awakens as from a dream. In the same way the emigrant, long-settled in a distant country, often feels as if a breeze were blowing upon him from the old country, awakening forgotten scenes, and so filling his mind with the memories of the past, that that buried past starts up into life. The whole family group are beside him—father, mother, brothers, sisters, all that made the humble dwelling a home, are again before him, as clearly and distinctly as if he were

a. But, alas! that home exists no
e churchyard has gathered within
ure some inmates of that home;
scattered over different countries,
g different callings. The loved
ts no more; it can exist no more;
y earthly home, as in every earthly
mped the impress of change, decay,
. The earthly home is the scene of
separations. The claims of busi-
sities of employment, diversities of
ith—these agents break up every
found on earth. Thus the earthly
ver diminishing, till it is at last
solved. But the reverse of this is
he heavenly home—the house not
h hands, eternal in the heavens.
ly home is a place of separations;
nly home is a place of reunions.
ever lessening, till it is wholly dis-
he other is ever increasing, until the
t of God shall be gathered together
Christ. Christ has entered heaven
runner of His people. He is there
der Brother to greet their arrival,
luce them into the company of just
perfect. That company is gathered
ry land, and from every age of the
istory — Abel, Enoch, Abraham,
shua, David, Elijah, Isaiah, John,
ry age and every dispensation has
ntatives. All that walked with God
are there. And what blessedness
must exist in such a home! When
all safe in the many mansions of
r's house, how must each heart be
y the proof given of the guardian
ove of the Redeemer! There they
length, safe in the Father's house—
brotherhood of the redeemed, not
not one forgotten. Through how
es of trial and sore conflict did they
ey were often led by ways that they
, and by paths that seemed to them
peculiar difficulty and danger;
lings often appeared to them strange
lexing; yet their trust in His wis-
love bore them safely through all
bles, and made the darkness light
hem. The peace of God kept their
d mind. Thus heaven and earth
ow brought together; Heaven's peace
to men as the antidote to earth's
nd out of the quickened affections
newed heart there rises to heaven
oblation of praise and thanksgiving.
n the last elect soul on earth
been taken to the heavenly home,
then shall be held the high jubilee of man's redemption. The mystery of life is at last solved: Heaven's gracious purpose is realised—there is one family, now in its one home—where the Father of the spirits of all flesh reveals His presence, and where Christ the Elder Brother rejoices over those whom He hath safely conducted to their heavenly home. From all that has been said, it is seen to what exalted privileges and honours believers are raised, and how rich and satisfying are the consolations that are made to abound towards them. Numbered amongst the sons of God, they are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. Ah! let us seek to be well assured that we belong to this blessed family. Do we possess that faith and love which are characteristic of all the sons of God? Are we supremely desirous of advancing His cause? Are we jealous of His honour, and ready at all times to testify for Him? Is the image of the Elder Brother growing in greater distinctness in our life and conversation? If it be so, then we have good reason to say that we are God's adopted children. But if there be no drawing of the heart to God, no living personal interest in religion, no desire after holiness, no self-denial for Christ's sake, then all this proclaims that we are yet aliens, and not sons. But let this alienation cease. Believe and live; for the arms of the Redeemer are stretched out to receive all who in penitence and faith will come unto Him.

What is Death?

'Yea, though I *walk* through the *valley* of the *shadow* of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me!'—Ps. xxiii. 4.

What is Death?

'Tis but a *walk* through the dark vale
Which circles this poor world of strife!
'Tis but a peaceful pilgrimage
From mortal to immortal life!

'Tis but a *valley*, dark perhaps;
But we may enter without fear,
For in the darkest hour, unseen,
The Saviour of mankind is near!

'Tis but a *shadow* which precedes
The dawn of an eternal day;
Soon shall the morning star arise
And mists and shadows flee away!

G. A. T.

THE SON OF A KING.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

JACK turned out of the alley in which he lived into a broad street, and shrank as the bitter blast swept around the corner, and seemed to wrap him in its icy arms. He held tightly to his newspapers, as the wind seemed inclined to enter into a tussle for them, and tucked them under one arm, trying to shield his bare, frost-bitten hands under his coat.

'If I was only some big man's son, now,' he went on, keeping a sharp look-out for customers, 'I'd fix up some 'fore I went out such nights—an alderman's son, or a railroad conductor's, maybe, or a king's—yes, I'd like to be a king's son. They're fine fellows—have all the good clothes they want, and carriages and horses. Cracky! if I only had a horse to ride when I go to sell papers! I'd have a pair of good mittens, anyhow. Whew! just feel that!'

He sprang for his cap, which had taken a sail into the gutter. He found beside it a scrap of old carpeting, which he carefully wrapped about one of his tingling hands. It was rather inconvenient in selling papers and making change, but purchasers were few. Night had already closed in, and no one was on the street who could remain in shelter.

Jack wandered on till he was attracted to the half-open door of the vestibule of a large building. He crept timidly in. Cheery sounds and bright light came from the inner doors, which were open for air. A few pleasant-looking gentlemen were standing near them, and they smiled encouragingly at Jack, making room for him as he ventured forward to take a peep at what was going on inside.

What a wonder of brightness and music and strange beautiful things! The room was crowded with happy-faced children and a few grown people. But the wonder of wonders was a tree which grew on a platform at the further end of the room. Was ever tree before seen with such fruit? Jack, in better days, had lived in the country, but all he could now dimly recall of well-laden apple, pear, peach, or cherry trees was put to shame by the glories of this. If there was one thing to make a child happy or a child comfortable which it did not bear, Jack could not have told what that thing might be. He listened to the singing, now being quite within the door, and finding the warmth of the room very grateful. It was not of the see-saw, hop-and-jump style which prevails in so many Sabbath schools. One of the teachers, full of love for the work, music, and children, had carefully trained them, and their voices gave full expression to the words:—

'Yes, we long to swell the anthem that for evermore shall ring
From the pure in heart made perfect in the palace of the King.
Oh, the palace of the King—royal palace of the King,
Where our Father, in His mercy, all the ransomed ones will bring,' &c.

They seemed to go further into Jack's heart than anything he had heard for a long time. A young lady drew him into the seat by her side, and he watched with eager interest as the fruit of that marvellous tree was gathered.

'Do you not go to Sunday school?' she asked.

'No, 'm. What's all these folks here for?'

'Why, these children come to Sunday school to learn about God and how to be His own little ones. We are here to-night to learn about Him and His Son, Jesus Christ. You know about Him, don't you?'

'No, 'm; leastways I heard about Him long ago, when I had a mother.'

'He is the Son of God, the King of heaven. He came down on earth to help us in all our troubles, and to take us to His Father's house if we will be His children. Listen now'—

The presents being about half distributed, another song was sung:—

'We are children of a King,
Heavenly King, Heavenly King,
We are children of a King,
Singing as we journey.
Jesus Christ, our guard and guide,
Bids us, nothing terrified,
Follow closely at His side,
Singing as we journey.'

'Did you say He was a *King?*' asked Jack, who had listened to the words as if bewildered.

'Yes.'

'And are all these His children?'

'Yes, if they will love and serve Him. He will give them everything they need, and take them home to His palace one day.'

'I'd like to be one of 'em,' said Jack, wistfully.

'You can.' Her earnest eyes looked into the boy's, equally earnest. 'He wants you to be His son just as much as He wants any one.'

'Sho, now!' said Jack, with a half-laugh, but meaning no disrespect, except to his own rags, which he eyed disdainfully. 'It's likely He wants such a chap as me!'

'Will you come here next Lord's-day at half-past nine?' asked his friend, finding the giving of instruction under present circumstances rather a difficult matter.

'Yes, 'm, I'd like to. I must go and sell my papers now.'

'Wait a moment,' she said, her eyes falling on his hands, still holding the bit of carpet. With a little trouble she made her way around the side of the room to the neighbourhood of the tree, and then back. 'Here,' she said; 'these came on the tree for you.' She drew

r hands a pair of mittens, blue, soft,

ed with wide-open eyes. 'Did He King send them to me?' he whis- a awe-struck voice.
) did.' And to the latest day of his elieved it from his very soul.
; out into the night, with his mind by all he had seen and heard. It e seemed like a dream but for the his hands, sent by the King. He ust be so; for who else could have t what he wanted? He strayed into es of business, but his mind was not e was about, and he soon found him- at the door of the mission school. found the vestibule crowded, and, trying to get in, he turned into a -way which led along the side of the ntending to climb up to one of the ows and look in.
d do better than this. A back porch to a narrow entry, from which he a view inside. The kind-faced man een foremost in urging him into the the music was now speaking to the vhose upturned faces made a most ght.
l seemed to think a great deal of , Jack thought, for this man was how He wanted them all to be His nd of His Son, who wanted to be brother—who wanted to give them ; and, in return, only asked that d obey and love Him.
body could help doing that!' Jack)ughtful and determined as he sud- ed and ran down the area steps. 'I now where that smell comes from?' ering into the basement, in which rnace.
a red, angry demon which glared m? With a pale face he darted he front of the building. The back narrow, with little room outside. roughly through the crowd at the

s indeed the King's son, was he not all these who were in danger? He hrieking his terrible warning, but aint on himself which saved many night. He whispered a few words vho stood inside the door. He laid eavy with excitement on the boy's

ay a single word!'
s voice rang through the room in h commanded instant attention:— *chers will lead their classes out in*)MPTLY.'
as a general move. The entry was d classes nearest the door quickly l out. If many guessed the fearful this, a spirit of self-restraint seemed ght by those in authority, which a in good stead in this dread hour. ld have crowded too fast, some e delayed to gather small belong- ings, but firm hands regulated hasty movements, and loiterers were hurried forward, some fretful, some woe-begone, at not being allowed a half-second to secure their Christmas treasures.

Jack, clinging unnoticed to a railing of the gallery stairway, watched keenly as excitement grew on those who were furthest behind. Many went out by the back door, but he saw they had stopped that now, and still his friend of the pleasant face had not sought safety for himself. Still he was striving with firm hand and voice to prevent a panic. Suddenly a puff of smoke rose between him and the advancing children, and drove him back. The furnace was under the middle of the building, and the heated floor had just there charred through.

Jack fought his way out, and dashed around to the rear. He saw at once why no more had gone out that way. Tongues of flame had darted up the steps, and were hissing near the doorway. Without stopping to think, with a boy's light step and active leap, crying, 'Quick—quick! the window!' he was nearly at the man's side.

But he fell. He had breathed the hot breath of the flame, and knew no more of how the man, hearing his sharp cry, turned and seized him. Springing to a window, both fell with the crashing glass outside, and were carried beyond danger by the firemen.

'Only one poor boy killed—what a merciful escape!' So said all.

'But it's the boy who saved all the rest.'

. . . . . .

'To the hospital?'

'No; to my house,' said the man who had brought him out.

. . . . . .

'It must be the "palace of the King!" said Jack, half-dreamily, two weeks later. He had just opened his eyes for the first time, in a room whose cleanliness and comfort and brightness were magnificence to him.

'Bless your heart, no, honey,' said a cheery-looking old nurse, who jumped up at sound of his voice. 'You've been a-talkin' about it all the time, and at first we thought you was on the way there, sure; but there's so many a-prayin' for you and a-waitin' to be good to you, I guess the King thinks you'll have to wait here for a while yet.'—*New York Observer.*

GIFTS AND GRACE.—Great gifts are good, but great grace is better. No man will be saved by gifts. 'By grace are ye saved.' A man may have many gifts, but few graces. A 'gifted preacher' may be a 'castaway.'

BEWARE.—A man may preach the truth and yet be a false prophet; a mile-stone to tell others the way, and yet not go on it himself. Noah's carpenters were good shipbuilders, but bad men. The vessel which they built saved others, but they were lost.

A Portion for the Aged.

'OH, THAT I COULD MEET YOU ALL IN HEAVEN.'

BY A MINISTER.

A CHRISTIAN father was called to meet death in the midst of his days. A tumour in his throat, that baffled the skill of physicians, warned him that his days were numbered, and would soon be finished. So far as himself was concerned, he was satisfied that it should be so. His trust had long been in the Saviour, and he felt that death to him would be gain. But there was a struggle to be reconciled to the thought of leaving his seven children in this world of temptation and trial, the eldest of whom was but sixteen years of age. At the family devotions, which he conducted so long as he was able, in praying for them his feelings often overcame him, and it was with difficulty that he could proceed. His great desire with respect to them was, that they should all be Christians, live for Christ, and prepare for heaven. One of the last things that he did in their behalf was to write for them what he entitled his 'Dying Advice,' the closing words of which were, 'Oh, that I could at last meet you all in heaven! Live for the other world. Make your peace with God, and may you be happy in time and in eternity. Remember that you were sent here to prepare for eternity.'

A few weeks after he left them, and, as all that knew him doubted not, entered on the blessed life where there shall be no more death. Two months later his bereaved widow followed him, as is hoped, to the everlasting rest, leaving their children orphans in this evil world. But the rich legacy of many fervent prayers was theirs. Two years later a precious revival of religion visited the place where they lived, in which the two eldest hoped in Christ, and joined themselves by solemn profession to the number of His people. One of these, having adorned religion by a consistent walk for about two years, was called home to heaven; and the other, having walked with God for about fifty years, recently died in the Lord and went to be with Him. The youngest but one of the children early hoped in Christ, and early, as is hoped, went to be with Him. The next to follow was smitten down with apoplexy eight years ago as he was preparing for church on a Sabbath morning. He never publicly professed Christ, but those who best knew him have hope that he was not unprepared for the great change. Number five professed Christ while yet in her teens, and after a life of devoted piety fell asleep in Jesus a few years ago, in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. Two of the number, both of whom for many years have hoped in the Saviour, still survive. Thus there is ground of hope that the earnest wish of that dying parent will be realised, and that he will finally meet all his children in heaven. God is a faithful, covenant-keeping God.

The fervent prayers and the faithful endeavours of pious parents are not in vain. At length on the heavenly hills they are permitted to meet their loved ones, and with unspeakable joy to say, 'Here are we, and the children that Thou hast given us.'

A WORD IN SEASON.

BY S. E. E.

AS the pastor sat in his study that Monday morning, there was a look of earnest thought upon his countenance. Sabbath after Sabbath, Judge Leyman had sat before him with grave attentive face: early education, respect for the feelings of his family, and a strong personal friendship for his college classmate, the minister, had combined to preserve this habit in the infidel lawyer. Yet for all change that prayer or sermon had made on his views, one might as well have beaten his hands against the flinty rock.

Suddenly the pastor's face brightened; his resolution was taken; he would devote the whole week to preparing a sermon against infidelity; every argument that could be brought forward should be carefully handled, and the wandering one convinced of his error. A moment later he was busily at work.

The Lord's-day came, and with it a cold, icy storm, but Judge Leyman sat in his accustomed place. Not a word of the sermon escaped him. After the benediction he walked quietly down the aisle. On the icy steps stood an old coloured woman, lame and poor. As she attempted to go down she slipped, and would have fallen, but the Judge, with the dignified courtesy that always distinguished him, assisted her till she had gained the sidewalk. Turning, as he supposed, to thank him, the old woman peered into his face with the inquiry, 'Do you love Jesus?' Receiving no answer for an instant, she repeated, 'Do you love Jesus?' and then hobbled away.

The lawyer went home, but the words followed him. He tried to read, but could not escape the trembling, pleading tone. He fought the impression till evening, then sought the pastor's study to ask guidance and help.

Some weeks later, after he had found peace, and united himself with the people of God, the minister said to him one day, 'Do you know that I expected you that stormy evening when you first came to me to inquire concerning the way to eternal life? I had prepared my sermon that day especially for you, and I thought it would bring you to conviction.'

'That sermon!' replied the Judge, 'why, I could have answered all your arguments, and it did not move me in the least. It was what the old negro woman said, "Do you love Jesus?" that I could not get away from. It seemed to me as if I should hear that voice following me as long as I lived.'

'And so,' said the minister thoughtfully, 'out of the mouth of one of the humblest of His servants, God hath perfected praise.'

—*American Messenger.*

THE HISTORICAL PROOFS OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY GEORGE P. FISHER, D.D., LL.D., YALE COLLEGE, CONNECTICUT.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL THE WORK OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.

(*Continued from page* 91.)

WHEN we turn from these general considerations to consider the use of the Gospel by particular writers in the second century, one is struck at seeing how much of the ground which Baur attempted to seize has been surrendered by the ablest critics of the negative school. Keim holds that the Fourth Gospel was among the Gospels known to Marcion; that Justin Martyr derives quotations from it; that it antedated the Epistles of Barnabas and the Ignatian Epistles; and that it was used as early in the extant literature of the Church as were the first three Gospels. Mangold goes almost as far. He admits that there is no defect in the external evidence. What more satisfactory attestation is required? In the succinct review of the evidence which it is proposed to give here, it will be taken for granted that the Gospel and First Epistle are from the same pen. Baur and Hilgenfeld denied this; but their difference from one another on the question which was the primitive work and which the secondary is an argument for the identity of authorship, an opinion which is supported as well by the strongest internal evidence as by the uniform tradition.

Eusebius, in the first quarter of the fourth century, with much of the earliest Christian literature in his hands, which is now lost, knew of no dispute respecting the authorship of this Gospel. Origen, one of the most erudite of scholars, whose birth from Christian parents fell within the limits of the second century (A.D. 185), counts it among 'the only undisputed Gospels in the Church of God under the whole heavens.' In consonance with Irenæus, his contemporary, Clement of Alexandria, reports what he had heard from the oldest Presbyters. John, he says, wrote a 'spiritual Gospel,' being encouraged to this task by his friends, and urged by the Spirit. The Muratorian canon gives with more detail a tradition of like purport. The Apostle had been exhorted to write, it tells us, by his fellow-disciples and bishops. Justin Martyr has quotations which are undoubtedly traceable to this Gospel, and from no other source could he have derived his doctrine of the person of Christ. It formed one of the four at the basis of the Diatesseron of Tatian, Justin's pupil. Theophilus, a contemporary of Tatian, who became Bishop of Antioch A.D. 169, describes the Fourth Gospel as one of the Holy Scriptures, and John as guided by the Holy Spirit. He wrote a commentary on the Gospels, and somehow combined the four in a single work. Athenagoras, a contemporary of Theophilus, speaks of Christ in terms which are obviously founded on passages in this Gospel. Another contemporary, Apollinaris, Bishop of Hierapolis, indirectly but manifestly implies its existence and authority. It may here be observed that Celsus, the most noted of the opponents of Christianity in the second century, resorted to the Fourth Gospel, as well as to the first three, to get materials for his attack. It was probably used by Hermas, and traces, though less distinct, of its use are not wanting in the Epistle ascribed to Barnabas. Polycarp, in addition to the inference as to his use of the Gospel which may be drawn with the highest degree of probability from the relations of Irenæus to him, introduces into his own brief Epistle to the Philippians a passage which is found in no other book but the First Epistle of John. As to Papias, there is not the least evidence to disprove his acquaintance with the Fourth Gospel, since the silence of Eusebius on this topic affords not the slightest presumption that Papias made no mention of it. But Eusebius does expressly state that Papias used the First Epistle of John, this being one of the Catholic Epistles, the use of which by the early writers was a matter which it belonged to the plan of Eusebius to record. Irenæus cites from 'elders,' the contemporaries of Papias, an interpretation of the words of Christ in John xiv. 2, and attributes to them an idea relative to the length of the Saviour's ministry, which sprang up from a misunderstanding of John viii. 57. These testimonies sweep over the century. They carry us back to the lifetime of the contemporaries and pupils of John. Finally, appended to the Gospel itself is an endorsement emanating from those into whose hands it was first given (John xxi. 24). It is an independent attestation, distinct from that given by the author himself, and not to be distrusted without imputing to him a reduplicated, intricate fraud.

Let us glance now at the parties without the pale of the Church. Tertullian distinctly implies that Marcion (A.D. 140) was acquainted with John's Gospel, but cast it aside because he would acknowledge no other of the Apostles than Paul. We have little information respecting the canon of the Montanists, but there is no hint that they rejected the Fourth Gospel. The Basilidians and the Valentinians, Gnostic sects which arose in the second quarter of the second century, made use of it —the Valentinians, Irenæus tells us, abundant use of it, seeking to bolster up their strange opinions by a perverse interpretation of its contents. Heracleon, a follower of Valentinus, wrote a commentary upon it, from which

Origen quotes largely. Tertullian explicitly says that Valentinus himself used all of the four Gospels, and Irenæus nowhere implies the contrary. If there is room for a doubt whether Hippolytus derived those comments upon certain places in the Gospel which he quotes, from Valentinus himself or from a disciple, there is little occasion for a similar doubt in regard to his references to Basilides. Basilides flourished under Hadrian (A.D. 117-138). Valentinus came to Rome about A.D. 140. In the middle of the second century the debate between the Church and the Gnostic heresiarchs was raging. Justin speaks in the severest terms of reprobation of Marcion and his followers, of the Valentinians, Basilidians, and the sect of Saturlinus. Their doctrines he calls blasphemous. Now all of these parties, on the one hand, and the defenders of orthodoxy, on the other, acknowledge in common the Fourth Gospel. The Gnostics did not question its Apostolic authorship, but resorted to artificial interpretation of its contents; and the Church teachers had no heavier task than to expose the fantastic character of their exegesis. The beginnings of the great controversy are as early as the Apocalypse, the Pastoral Epistles, and the Epistle to the Colossians. How and when could this Gospel, if it be spurious, have been brought in, have secured universal acceptance among the belligerent parties, and been adopted as an authority by both? Who could have had the intellectual skill requisite to frame a book of such a character as to obtain this honour and deference from the champions of antagonistic types of doctrine? If the work was known to emanate from an Apostle, no explanation is required, since the Gnostics, Marcion excepted, did not profess to reject the authority of the Apostles. If it was a forged composition, first appearing decades of years after the death of John, its reception by orthodox and heretic alike must remain an unsolved enigma.

Leaving the external proofs, we turn to the internal evidence. Here we meet at once the standing objection that the Catholic tone of the author, and in particular his method of speaking of 'the Jews' as an alien body, are inconsistent with the character and position of John. The reader must bear in mind, however, that John was never the Judaizer whom the Tübingen critics have painted him, but was the Apostle who gave the right hand of fellowship to the Apostle to the Gentiles (Gal. ii. 9). He is not writing at the early day when the Jewish Christians kept up the legal observances in the temple, and hoped for a vast influx of converts from their countrymen. The temple lay in ruins. The full meaning of the Master, when He said, 'In this place is One greater than the temple' (Matt. xii. 6), had become apparent to His disciples from the lessons of Providence and the teaching of the Spirit. The rejection of Jesus the Messiah by the bulk of the Jews, which long before filled the Apostle Paul with grief, was now a fact beyond all question. The Jewish antagonism to the Church had broken forth, as the Jewish war approached, in acts of violence. At an earlier day persecution of the Jewish Christians is referred to by Paul (1 Thess. ii. 14), and in the Epistle to the Hebrews (x. 32-35). In the year 44, Herod Agrippa I., a rigid Jew, had seized and killed John's own brother James. About a score of years later—Hegesippus places the event just before the siege of Jerusalem by Vespasian—even James the Just, the brother of Jesus, who had been least of all offensive to Jewish zealots for the old ritual, was stoned to death by the fanatical populace and their leaders. Concurrent proofs justify the conclusion that, on the breaking out of the war with the Romans, not only John, but a company of disciples, including in their number one or more of the other Apostles, went to Asia. There at Ephesus, in the midst of the Gentile Churches, the Apostle John continued for many years. He must have been an impassive spectator indeed not to have read the import of the events which made the true significance of Christianity and the position which belonged to it in relation to the Old Testament religion and people as clear as noonday. His must have been a sluggish mind indeed if, even independently of supernatural aid, the teaching of Jesus respecting the spiritual and catholic nature of religion and of His kingdom had not been brought with new vividness to his recollection, and its contents more clearly apprehended in the light of the revolution which had subverted the Jewish sanctuary and state, and of the malignant, persevering hostility which had sent him and his fellow-disciples as outcasts into the bosom of the churches which Paul had planted among the heathen. What is the attitude of this Gospel towards the religion and the people of the old covenant? If mention is made of 'the Jews,' the same phrase is on the lips of Paul, whose ardent love to his countrymen is plain to all his readers. The author of the Fourth Gospel is a reverent believer in Moses and the prophets (iv. 22, x. 35, i. 47). It is from his report that we are made acquainted with the pregnant words of Jesus, 'Salvation is of the Jews' (iv. 22). He is represented as having come to 'His own' (i. 11); the Jews were 'His own' in a peculiar sense. Their refusal to receive Him is to the author's mind an event full of pathos. If the ecclesiastical tradition respecting the date of the Gospel and the place and circumstances of its composition is accepted, there is nothing in the tone of the author in the least incongruous with the belief that he was John the Apostle.

The Tübingen school have insisted that John could not have written both the Apocalypse and the Gospel. It is true that the differences in style, and in the style of thought, between these two books are such that both could hardly have been written at the same time or from the same mood of feeling. But

that it is impossible for an author who, under the influence of the emotions roused in him by Jewish and heathen persecutions, in the mood of prophetic exaltation, wrote the Revelation, to compose works like the Gospel and First Epistle twenty or thirty years after, under entirely altered conditions of outward and inward experience, is more than can be safely affirmed. The Tübingen critics have themselves pointed out marked resemblances between the Gospel and the Apocalypse. Baur styled the Gospel a spiritualised (*vergeistigte*) Apocalypse. It is remarkable that in the Revelation Christ is called 'the Word [Logos] of God' (Rev. xix. 13). Those who are disposed to accept the dilemma of the Tübingen school as justified are bound in candour to admit that the evidence which connects John with the Gospel is decidedly stronger than that of his writing the Apocalypse. This is the fact as regards even the external proofs. The Book of Revelation was not embraced in the Peshito, the ancient Syriac version.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HOWARD FAMILY.

TALK ABOUT ABRAM AND MELCHIZEDEK.

'YOU see,' said Mr Howard, when they were together again the next Sabbath-day, 'that it is not best to lay up treasures on earth. It was probably not long after Lot had settled among the people of Sodom that they rose up against the King of Elam, who had some time before conquered them. They were defeated by him, however, and many were carried off captive—Lot, and his goods for which he had risked so much, among the rest.'

'I don't see why Abram took the trouble to go after him,' said Frances. 'It seems to me I would have let him get himself out of his trouble, if he had treated me as he did Abram.'

'Abram's love for God was so great,' replied her uncle, 'that he loved his fellow-men in spite of their faults. Lot was in trouble, and that made Abram forget the past.'

'It seems so strange to read about Abram's three hundred and eighteen soldier-servants,' said Charlie. 'If he had women-servants too, besides Hagar, he must have had a great deal of trouble moving about so much with such a large family. I always think of him as going around alone, or with only Sarah and Hagar and Eliezer.'

'Abram, though he was so anxious to keep from strife with Lot,' said Uncle Allen, who was spending a few days in the country, 'was not afraid to fight, and to fight well, too, when it was right to do so.'

'He was just like the American Washington,' Susie remarked, 'first in war, first in peace. Isn't that it, Charlie?'

Next, Mr Howard talked to the children about Melchizedek, the strange king who met Abram when he was coming back from his victory over his enemies. I have very little room to tell you about him, and it is such a wonderful subject, I hardly know how to make it interesting on paper. If I could *talk* to you about it as Mr Howard did, with all of you sitting around me, it would be quite another thing. You notice that our Golden Text calls Jesus a priest like Melchizedek. One great respect in which He was like him was that each was both a king and a priest. He is so strange a person that he is supposed to be even Jesus Christ Himself, coming down from heaven and taking a human body, though He was not born into the world till two thousand years afterwards. Others have thought he was Shem, Noah's son; but I think there is no doubt that he was one of the princes of the country whose family had not lost all knowledge of the God we worship, as most of the rest of the world had. One thousand years after this glimpse of him he s spoken of in the 110th Psalm, and after a thousand more years in the book of Hebrews. He was a good man and a great one, or Abram would not have given him a tenth part of all he had carried away from the kings with whom he had fought.

'Why was not Abram willing to take some present from the King of Sodom?' asked Harry Ellis. 'He certainly deserved it, and it seems to me it showed a good spirit in the king to offer to give him all.'

'I think he did not care to accept presents from that wicked nation, for one thing,' replied Mr Howard; 'and, besides, he wanted to let people see that he did not go out to fight to gain anything for himself. He went merely on account of his affection for Lot; but if he had taken presents, some might have thought that he was selfish in the matter. He wanted to shun even the *appearance* of evil.'

Before the children separated, Susie told them about the little missionary society she and Charlie had at home. It came into her head to speak of it on account of what her father said about Abram's giving a tenth part of his spoils to Melchizedek, the priest of God. The next day the girls formed a society something like the one Susie told about, not to help foreign missionaries, but for home work. They decided to meet for an hour a day during the next two weeks, when they were not off on tramps on the hills, to make articles to sell to the boarders before they left at a fair. The money was to be sent to the city, to help those who are trying to send poor little sick

children into the country or to the
r a few days. Some time I may
out this fair. Some of the boys
icking wild raspberries and black-
the hotel, as it was very difficult
dlord to get all he needed, and he
lad to pay them small sums for
Then they got beautiful strips of
for the girls to paint on, or to make
kin-rings and canoes, and in every
on the work as far as they could

WHAT TO TELL HIM.

er day I met a poor ignorant
rmer in his field. I stopped and
the best and shortest way to the
told me. Before I left him I
if he was a Christian. He said,
rged upon him the necessity of it,
like myself, getting old. He ac-
d the duty of coming to Christ;
ked, 'How can I come? I do not
to come.' I felt it harder then
r felt it before to direct this poor
Christ, because of his ignorance.
nothing about the Bible; he did not
gle letter in the alphabet; he knew
the language of religious books.
guage that would be intelligent to
eekers would not answer with him.
e the best I knew how, and left the
the Divine Spirit.

left him I went home. I consulted
oks and tracts I had in my posses-
found nothing that would furnish
he needed aid. It troubled me. I
tell him how to come to the Saviour
clear and unmistakable language as
how I could get to the depot.

—Few are so ignorant as to be
understand what it is to feel sorry
d to trust in Christ. To one who
o religious instruction, the common
Christian address may be unintel-
t these words are easily explained.
direction and promise which an
ave to the jailor are as simple as the
one would give to another who
way to the railroad station.—*New*
erver.

The Heavenly Land.

There is a world above,
A paradise of joy,
A realm of light and love,
Where bliss hath no alloy.
O happy land!
My heart aspires,
With fond desires,
To reach thy strand.

For thee, O blest domain,
Mine eyes their vigil keep;
At mention of thy name
For very love they weep.
O glory land!
I long to join,
In triumph song,
Thine angel band.

There shall the Sun Divine
Shed forth His golden ray;
Eternity shall shine,
An endless Sabbath-day.
O sunlit land!
No tempests shake,
No billows break,
Along thy strand.

There peace shall ever reign,
There calm shall ever rest:
A haven after pain—
Divinest, sweetest, best.
O peaceful land!
Where strife is o'er,
Upon thy shore
I long to stand.

The people of the Lord,
Who followed Him on earth,
There reap their rich reward
In blissfulness and mirth.
O dear-bought land!
Inspiring thought,
To share thy lot,
O ransomed band!

Jerusalem on high,
Shall *I* e'er see thy face?
Blest mansion of the sky,
Shall *I* e'er win thy grace?
Yes, fatherland!
To hope I dare.
Christ lead me there
By His right hand.

G. A. T.

A Daily Portion.

MARCH 6.

MBER THEM THAT HAVE THE RULE OVER YOU.'—Heb. xiii. 7.

eeing we must die, do you pray for
we may do your souls good while we
ay, and make supplication for all
and for me, that utterance may be
to me.' Where the clergy may learn humility, and the people charity; we humility, that we need your prayers; you charity, to pray for us. Weak ones pray with us, malicious ones pray against us, covetous ones prey upon us, few pray for us. Examine your consciences; how seldom do we find place and memory in your prayers! Perhaps, morn and even you remember yourselves, but when is the preacher in your thoughts? Sure you

have not found sweetness by him, or else you could not forget him. If we forget you, let our right hand forget her cunning. We will pray for you, do you pray for us, and our Mediator Jesus Christ pray for us all.—*T. Adams.*

MARCH 7.

'TO-DAY IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE, HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS.'—Heb. iii. 15.

Seeing our life is so short, do you apprehend the means while it lasteth. Zacharias may be struck dumb; sickness may suspend us for a season, but death doth silence us for ever. Hear therefore while the voice soundeth; To-day if ye will hear My voice, harden not your hearts. Though I trust God will never fail you successively of a diligent pastor, and we wish that those who in time come after us may in worth go before us; that as they succeed us in place, they may exceed us in grace. But because certainly either death must take us from you, or you from us, as it is our part, while we keep on our tabernacles, to take pains; so let this be your part, while you have ears to hear, hear; while you have hearts to believe, receive; while you have hands to work, obey; that while there is a Saviour in heaven, you may be blessed.—*T. Adams.*

MARCH 8.

'HE SHALL ENTER INTO PEACE: THEY SHALL REST IN THEIR BEDS.'—Is. lvii. 2.

To the wicked death is more than a dissolution, even a destruction of the tabernacle. O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man of prosperity! It is terrible, not only for the separation of his delights, but for the not separation of his sins. Beholding his sins with amazed eyes, he cries to them, O give me one hour's liberty. When he shall say to his lusts, covetousness, pride, drunkenness, Depart from me; and they shall answer, No; thou hast made us, we are thy creatures; we will go with thee to judgment, we will dwell with thee in torment. Let him fear death that desires not to be with Christ: and let him refuse going to Christ that hopes not for mercy of Christ. But to the faithful the grave is but a chamber; 'Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers'; but a bed; 'They shall rest in their beds;' a very parlour, where the Lord shuts up our bodies with the key of peace, and opens them again with the key of resurrection.—*T. Adams.*

MARCH 9.

'HE REQUESTED FOR HIMSELF THAT HE MIGHT DIE; AND SAID, IT IS ENOUGH; NOW, O LORD, TAKE AWAY MY LIFE; FOR I AM NOT BETTER THAN MY FATHERS.'—1 Kings xix. 4.

Because Jezebel pursues him in the world, therefore Elijah must needs out of the world; because the Ninevites did not die, therefore Jonah will not live. If they had then departed, the one had died fainting, and the other had died chaffing. They that desire death in passion, desire it only for fashion. For when sickness, death's messenger, comes, physicians are consulted, rewards promised, prayers conceived, vows offered, that death may be deferred.—*T. Adams.*

MARCH 10.

'FOR WE THAT ARE IN THIS TABERNACLE DO GROAN, BEING BURDENED: NOT FOR THAT WE WOULD BE UNCLOTHED, BUT CLOTHED UPON, THAT MORTALITY MIGHT BE SWALLOWED UP OF LIFE.'—2 Cor. v. 4.

Desire life, with aged Simeon, till thou hast got the Lord Jesus in thine arms; without whom the first death will be terrible, the second death intolerable. Miserable soul, with what courage canst thou set on thy way, which knowest not the Guide of the journey, Jesus Christ? If a man should live as long as Methuselah, if his head were as white as snow, yet it is not fit to melt till he have known Christ. Though his skin were as writhled as parchment, yet it is not time to be folded up till his soul be ripe in the faith. If he knows not Jesus, he is not fit to die. Let us then desire to put off this tabernacle when we are sure of that immortal clothing. 'Swallowed up of life.' Then let us wish to leave the earth when we perfectly know the way to heaven. Desire to live till you are inspired with grace; desire to die when you are assured of glory.—*T. Adams.*

MARCH 11.

'NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION.'—2 Cor. vi. 2.

He that will be good at last must begin at first. Occasion is like manna, it must be gathered before the sun is up; or like the Pool of Bethesda, we must enter as soon as it is stirred by the angel. If we preach, must you not hear? If we preach to-day, ought not you hear to-day? I mean not only with your ears, hear us with your hearts. Show us not only our sermon in your tablets, let us see it in your hands; work it, and so preach it over again with your fingers. Be not mere earthly merchants, to fill your sails, and fill your ships, and fill your shops, and fill your houses and cannot fill your souls. They write of some traffickers on the coast of Lapland, that they often buy their winds of the devil. Take heed you that grow so rich in purse and poor in conscience, lest you buy your wealth of the devil. And it is a country prayer, God bless us from the citizens of London; they will hear three sermons a-day, but deceive ten plain men in an hour; they have so much preaching that they are the worse. Poor souls, they are mistaken in this: men's wickedness comes not by too much preaching, but by too little practising. The Lord work in us a conscionable obedience, that we may not hear to our condemnation, but comfort. It is our part to preach, yours to practise, God's to accomplish.—*T. Adams.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

II. THE COUNTRY OF PEACE.—(*Continued.*)

THE CITY OF REFUGE—FORTIFIED AGAINST DIABOLUS—ITS ROYAL CHARTER—ITS PUBLIC LIBRARY—CONSPIRACY AMONG THE LIBRARIANS—THEIR EXPULSION—SUGGESTIONS OF UNBELIEF—ANCIENT PICTURE—PRIVILEGES OF THE BURGESSES—THE CITADEL AND GARRISON—ITS FORMER WARS AND GREAT GENERALS.

ON leaving these schools, the traveller will naturally wish to walk through the city, so as to be able to form a correct impression of its principal features. In doing so he will be struck with the fact that while it is situated in the Country of Peace, and was founded, and is governed by the Prince of Peace, it is nevertheless defended by massive walls and ramparts, which appear to have seen hard service in the past, and to be ready for more in the time to come. Indeed, as I was quitting His seminary, the Great Teacher Himself drew my attention to this, as He gave me some useful directions to guide me to the most interesting objects in the town. He told me that this city of the Great King was beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, lying on the sides of the North;* that she had had a wonderful history, and had stood many remarkable sieges, and experienced many memorable deliverances, and that, from time immemorial, God had been known in her palaces for a refuge. His farewell words were—'Walk about Sion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces.'†

The reason of the city being girdled with these cyclopean walls is, that although the capital of the Country of Peace, it is a frontier town, exposed to incessant assaults from Prince Diabolus, between whom and Prince Immanuel there is constant warfare, without so much as a day's truce. Prince Diabolus always nurses secret designs against this city, even when not making open attacks upon it, and this for various reasons: because its site was the earliest portion of territory that was wrested back from his cruel grasp when Immanuel came to recover His ancient dominion; and when He laid its foundations, the white-robed officers whom He brought with Him in His train from His Father's Court proclaimed, 'Peace on earth, goodwill toward men;'‡ also because it is the town which lies nearest to his own territory of Darkness and Misery, and to its gates the runaways from his tyranny are wont, as a general rule, to betake themselves; and, lastly, because he rightly considers it in some respects to be the key not only of the province of Peace, but of many other provinces of Immanuel's Empire. Moreover, Prince Immanuel has specially challenged His great antagonist to take this city with its surrounding province from His loyal subjects. When he found it expedient to return for the transaction of high and weighty business to His Father's Court, He assembled the leading citizens of the province, and formally handed over the city and district to them, as representing all their fellow-citizens, in these memorable words, 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.'§ At the conclusion of His address, which was a very touching one, and breathed the tenderest affection for them, He told them, 'These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the World (which is one of the names of Belial's territory) ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.'‖ By this His subjects understood that though battle and bloodshed would rage round all the borders of this Province of Peace, aye,

* Ps. xlviii. 2. † Ps. xlviii. 12, 13. ‡ Luke ii. 14. § John xiv. 27. ‖ John xvi. 33.

and even under the very walls and gates of its chief City of Refuge, yet that this city and province would never be captured by the Prince of this World, seeing Immanuel pledged His royal word for its defence. He would have also now far more forces at His disposal than those which were at His command when He overcame the World. For His Father, out of His intense love for Him, had now given all things into His hand, even all power in heaven and in earth, and therefore they might be well assured that their peace and their joy no man would be able to take from them.*

Having been directed by the Great Teacher (who also acts under Immanuel's express appointment as Governor of this city during His absence, and as Viceroy over all His Empire), I visited the Charter-room, where I was told I would see the most ancient copies of the charters granted by Immanuel to His subjects. I was the more anxious to examine these, as I understood that many of them had been indited by the Prince after His return to His Father's city and palace, and from carefully reading these venerable documents, or e could learn whether the Prince, after conference with His Father, had seen cause to change His mind, and to modify the farewell promise which He made to His subjects, or even to revoke it. On applying at the door of the Charter-house, I was at once admitted by the janitor, whose name was Knowledge, and to him I showed the line which I had received from the Governor, on which was written, 'Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read.'† The janitor smiled as he read the line which I produced as my authority for claiming admittance, and told me that that line had been given me to remind me of what it behoved me to do, and to take away any timidity which, as a stranger, I might feel in applying for admittance into this stately edifice, called the Church of the Living God, and the pillar of the truth.‡

He said that now for a long time, by the express command of Immanuel, this building had been thrown open as a free public library, to which all the citizens, and even foreigners, had free admittance at all hours, whether by day or by night, and that they were at liberty, under the surveillance of the guardians of the house, to handle, study, and copy all the volumes, deeds, documents, and charters contained in the institution, whether in its book-cases or in its fireproof safes. He told me that at one period this Charter-house got partly into the hands of a body of ignorant and ambitious men, who, in Immanuel's absence from the city, had wormed themselves into the confidence of the too credulous town's people, and got themselves appointed as custodiers of the Royal Library. No sooner had they got in than they kept the greater portion of it shut up under lock and key, and only gave to the people selections of their own choosing out of Immanuel's books. Even these extracts were translated by them into a language which very few of the people understood. So that the Library, which was designed to be the greatest blessing to the city, was wellnigh useless, partly through the blundering ignorance, and partly through the selfishness of the custodiers, who would not allow the books to be read by any but those who had entered their own fraternity.§ At last it was discovered that most of these Librarians were not subjects of Immanuel at all, but were born and bred subjects of Diabolus, and were still in their hearts owning allegiance to him, and trying by craft to win back this notable city to their master's crown. The story of their detection, and being driven out of office, is an interesting one. Enough to relate that a young member of their own guild, who had never been permitted to read these volumes, one day took one of them down from the shelf where it reposed unopened.‖ He read the narrative of young Samuel, dedicated to the Lord by his mother, and growing up in the Temple, while the priests led the people into sin; and this read, he returned day after day, until he had perused a great part of the volume, which was a Latin translation. Some time after he found a volume containing all the documents in the Hebrew and Greek, in which they were originally written. He worked hard to perfect himself in these languages, that he might study the writings at the fountain-head; and when he was able to read the very words that the inspired authors had penned, he spent days, and often nights too, at the desk where this treasure was.¶ He could not carry it to his own apartment in the building, for it was chained to the desk! But here he devoured its pages so eagerly, that at one time, for seven weeks, he seldom closed his eyes. Immediately he began to preach to his fellow-citizens the good things

* John iii. 35; Matt. xxviii. 18; John xvi. 22.
† Is. xxxiv. 16. ‡ 1 Tim. iii. 15.

§ The priests of Rome.
‖ Martin Luther at Erfurt University.
¶ In the Augustinian Convent in Erfurt

ıed in the Book, and shortly after he d his time and talents to translate the volume, consisting of a multitude of ents, into the dialect of the part of the y to which he belonged. The printing- having been recently introduced, he ged it to cast off thousands upon thou- of these words from the Court of Heaven, he, and multitudes of his countrymen, ıed more precious than gold, and sweeter honey.* The book was disseminated h the country, being eagerly purchased people, poor as well as rich, and the of its being read by the multitude was, hey rose as one man in insurrection t the ignorant and selfish guild of priests, them out of the Library, and, with nuel's approval, set other officials to its treasures, sedulously to study them, ligently to teach the people.

eing ushered into the Chief Hall, where st ancient and authentic copies of the ıents are preserved, the visitor cannot struck by observing that all the head ians in this Hall have Jewish features. se venerable men, the Janitor told me, en committed the oracles of God, and the long conspiracy, when the Library n the hands of the men who excluded ublic from the sacred volumes, these h Librarians (who were all distinguished rs) were locked up by them in this great along with their books, and kept close ıers, being never permitted to walk d. When the Doorkeeper had intro- me to one of these august personages e name I could not distinctly catch), and him that I was anxious to see some of ıtest charters of the city, given under yal seal, after Immanuel had returned e Heavenly City, so that I might be d as to whether He had not revoked, dified, any of the privileges or immu- granted to the Burgesses, he looked e kindly, and yet with something of of in his eye, and said, I will show he charters, but there is no alteration, Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to- ınd forever.'† I felt somewhat ashamed I had thus seemed to throw suspicion Immanuel's spotless character, and ex- d (what was the fact) that the thought ot my own, but that just as I was enter- he town, after travelling through the ry of Carnal Security, a man who was ing about near the gate, and who was well-dressed, and looked respectable, accosted me, and with a shrewd wink advised me not to give too ready credence to all that the town's people said about their wonderful immunities, for that he rather thought they were castles in the air. The man accompanied me through the gate in a sort of sneaking manner, as if he did not wish to be seen, and at last I lost sight of him in the crowded square before I entered the School, but his suggestion had lodged unpleasantly in my mind, and that therefore I had come to examine the most authentic copies of the charters for myself. Then a Librarian standing near, who had overheard my remarks, assured me that I ought to have known that 'with the Father of Lights there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'‡ This man struck me as being very venerable, and he spoke with tones of authority. The Janitor afterwards told me that he was a near relative of Immanuel, being his half-brother according to his human pedigree (for I have told you that Immanuel had also a divine nature), that he had long been one of the chief pillars of the Church,§ and that he was called James, surnamed the Just.

The Librarian to whom I was first introduced then told me that the name of my companion who accosted me at the gate was 'Unbelief;' that he was a well-known character, who, though a man of position and power in his own land, where he held high office under Diabolus, had been outlawed by Immanuel; notwithstanding which, he often haunted the precincts of this city, and by means of many disguises and false names, managed from time to time to make his way within the gates, and wrought much mischief to the inhabitants by his malicious talk and abuse of Immanuel. He bade me beware of him, for those who made him their associate and friend would never reach Immanuel's presence, or enter into His Land of Rest, and that, in past days, multitudes had been kept out of this very Country of Peace through the intrigues and wiles of this vile fellow. As my friend handed me down an armful of the precious documents I desired to examine, he said, 'Take heed, brother, lest there be in you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God.'‖

As one of the servitors carried the parchments to a desk, where I could study them without interruption, we passed a company of persons engaged in earnest perusal of different volumes,

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Ps. xix. 10. † Heb. xiii. 8.

‡ James i. 17. § Gal. i. 19, ii. 9.
‖ Heb. iii. 12, 18, 19.

and the attendant said they came from Berea, in Greece, and that having heard the message of Immanuel proclaimed by a famous preacher, they had readily received it, and had travelled here, and came to the Library every day to search for themselves whether the good news this herald had orally proclaimed to them was in accordance with his Sovereign's written instructions.* He said also that many more would welcome the proclamation, and become subjects of Immanuel if they were to follow the noble example of these persons.

On the wall opposite the desk where I seated myself was an ancient picture of a child standing by his mother's knee, who was evidently engaged in teaching him out of one of the sacred rolls, while his aged grandmother, seated at her work beside them, and watching with affectionate interest her little grandson's intelligent countenance, formed the third figure in the group. Judging from the ornaments in the room, some of which appeared to be small images, the head of the house must still have been a heathen, but on the features of his wife, mother-in-law, and child, there rested that peaceful expression which is peculiar to those who have faith in Jehovah, the only true God.† The attendant remarked that this picture proved that in these very ancient times, before the Library fell into the hands of the priestly guild, women and children had been freely allowed to peruse its treasures for themselves, as was now once more happily the case.

On opening the old charters, I found that in every one of them the full rights and privileges of this Country of Peace were confirmed by Immanuel in writing to His subjects, and that, in many cases, they were countersigned by His Father, and that an august personage called the Comforter, whom I found to be none other than He who exercised the offices of Viceroy and of Great Teacher in the city, had been deputed actually to secure the inhabitants in the possession of the blessings thus destined for them. I made a few extracts from these documents, some of which I may transcribe. In the first which I opened I read, 'Peace be to all that are called to be saints, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.' Indeed, this was usually the first clause in all these charters. Again, 'We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'Peace be to every man that worketh good.' 'The kingdom of God is peace in the Holy Ghost.'‡ The Heavenly Comforter had brought His commission engrossed in these terms, 'The Lord of peace Himself will give you peace always by all means.'§ And when he issued His instructions to the citizens to receive the celestial garrison, which, for their security, it was the pleasure of Immanuel to have stationed among them, the terms ran thus, 'Now the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard (or garrison) your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.'‖ Should our readers desire further to assure themselves of the many privileges enjoyed under the fullest guarantees by the free burghers of this city, and the naturalised subjects of this Province of Peace, let them examine the Royal Charters for themselves, and they will be astonished to find how very numerous these are.

After I had satisfied myself on these points, I left the Library, and having from one of the charters had my attention drawn to the fact that there was a heavenly guard or garrison within the city, I asked the way to the citadel. The citadel is a double one, that which is near the great market of the city being styled 'The Heart,' and the other, which is surrounded by the public offices, and is in close proximity to the schools and the university, is 'The Mind.' The military instructions issued to the troops in the first of these citadels are, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'¶ The sister citadel of the mind was, in old times, a fortress of Diabolus, and held by his troops. Some of these themselves came over to the white standard of Immanuel when He first planted it here, and this Prince, to show the confidence He placed in them, intrusted in part to them the custody of the very stronghold which they had once garrisoned for the usurper, and to them He issued the order, 'You that were sometime enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled;'** and to them, in common with the other defenders of this citadel, His word was, 'Be ye not soon shaken in mind, nor be troubled.'††

Mentioning to the general in command that I had been told by the Governor of the city carefully to inspect the walls, bulwarks, and high towers, he sent an officer to point these out to me. He was a man of some age and experience, who had himself seen much hard fighting, and, not only so, but he was deeply read in the historical lore of the city, and delighted to expatiate upon the various sieges it had

* Acts xvii. 11. † 2 Tim. i. 5, iii. 15; Acts xvi. 1.
‡ Rom. i. 7, v. 1, ii. 10, xiv. 17.

§ 2 Thess. iii. 16. ‖ Phil. iv. 7 (Revised Ver.). ¶ Prov. iv. 23. ** Col. i. 21. †† 2 Thess. ii. 2.

e date of the building of the various
ıd the names of the engineers who
and built them. Indeed, such a mine
nation was he on this subject, and with
ı zest did he throw himself into the
n, that while I remained in the City
ge I took many opportunities of con-
with him, and spent many a bright
n and calm golden evening in saunter-
d the town, and exploring every trench
tion under the guidance of such an
cicerone. He had now for some time
s one of the Professors in the military
The old gentleman, indeed, was some-
rulous, as is the wont of old military
l he had, as I thought, one failing (for
manuel's servants are not free from
iz., that he was more conversant with
les of his youth, and even with the
ancient times, than with the conflict
as being waged at the very time of my
various parts of Immanuel's vast
and that he did not duly appreciate
e valour or stragetic skill of the mili-
ies of the present day, but often hinted
former days were better than these.*
st say, in a word, that under his guid-
eceived a pretty full history of the
ars waged against Immanuel and His
the armies of the aliens, Jews and
Arians and Pelagians, Papists and
ists, and many others with outlandish
nd that he delighted to descant upon
ke feats of Immanuel's generals, and
esses raised by the great engineers in
His army. The roll of these distinguished men who have lived since Immanuel returned to His Father's Court seems to be long and illustrious, and among others, my friend delighted to enlarge upon the histories and works of Justin Martyr, Origen, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Augustine, Wycliffe, Huss, Savonarola, Luther, Calvin, Knox, and many others, of whom it is impossible now to speak particularly. These great men, natives of far separated provinces, and of far separated ages, had not only, he said, left enduring evidences of their skill in this city, but also in the fortifications of many others of the fortresses of Immanuel. They were all, so he stated, now resting from their labours in the Celestial Court, but had left their work behind them as a monument more enduring than any brazen tablet. Finally, my instructor showed me that the lower and most ancient courses of all the walls had been laid by the Apostles and prophets, that their successors had built upon their foundation, and that the basement course was let down into the living rock, which is named the Rock of Ages,† and that of this rock Immanuel had declared that He would build His Church upon it, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it.‡

I should wish to tell something of the surrounding country as well as of the chief city, but what I have to say must be reserved to another occasion.

(*To be continued.*)

* Eccles. vii. 10.

† 1 Cor. iii. 10, 11; Eph. ii. 20.

‡ Matt. xvi. 18; Is. xxvi. 4 (margin).

THE SURVEY OF WESTERN PALESTINE.

THE large map of Western Palestine, in which are embodied the results of the survey recently completed by the Palestine Fund, has been already noticed in our pages. Three volumes have ı issued, containing further collateral ion on the topography, archæology, ıenclature of the country, as well as ion of special papers relating to the ion of Bible lands.

ɔ method adopted in the 'Memoirs,' ɔters follow the arrangement of the ɔ sheets for convenience of reference, ı further subdivided into sections eat of the orography, hydrography, ɔhy, and archæology of the districts under consideration. The first volume contains sheets I. to VI., and comprises all the details necessary for illustrating the regions of Tyre and Galilee—the one intimately connected with the most important portion of the history of the remote past, the other possessing an even greater interest as the scene of the life and ministry of the Founder of Christianity. The ancient sites are pointed out and, in most instances, identified; where this cannot be done with certainty, the various identifications which have been proposed are given and the reasons for each stated. In order to increase the value of the work, the editors have supplemented the accounts given by the officers of the Fund by a careful digest of all the additional information which could be

collected from the pages of Renan, Guérin, Sepp, and other eminent Continental explorers and archæologists. These passages are distinguished from the rest of the matter by being printed in smaller type, and form a complete abstract of Palestine bibliography.

The survey was commenced on the 25th of November 1871, and was completed on the 27th of September 1877; it covers 6040 square miles of country, and extends from the river Câsimîyeh, immediately north of Tyre, to Beersheba, on the south, the eastern and western boundaries being the Jordan Valley and the Mediterranean Sea respectively, thus taking in the whole of Western Palestine proper. Tyre, with which the first sheet is chiefly occupied, was one of the most important cities of antiquity, and the details given of its history and of the ruins which are found in and around the site are deeply interesting. Tyre was founded, as the priests of Melcarth told Herodotus, 2300 years before his visit—*i.e.*, about 2750 B.C. The relations of Hiram, King of Tyre, with David and Solomon afford evidence of the flourishing condition of a city whose ruler supplied Solomon with cedar wood, precious metals, and workmen for the building of the Temple, and even furnished him with sailors for his expeditions to Ophir. In 721 B.C. the city was attacked by the Assyrians under Shalmaneser; the water supply was cut off outside the city, but, wells being dug within the walls, it was enabled to hold out for five years. The prosperity which it enjoyed for 150 years after the siege is described with remarkable detail by Ezekiel. The later siege by Nebuchadnezzar lasted nineteen years. In the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, the Tyrians sent a contingent of ships. In 332 B.C. the most terrible disaster of all overtook the city in its conquest by Alexander the Great. The siege lasted seven months, and the city was at length taken by the union of the island upon which it stood with the mainland. It continued, however, to flourish up to comparatively modern times, and its ruins yet show vestiges of its former greatness. The shell-fish from which the famed Tyrian purple was manufactured is still found along the coast, although no use is now made of it. Among the curiosities of the neighbourhood noticed by the Palestine Fund surveyors is a small Muhammedan shrine dedicated to the prophet Mashûk. Professor Palmer, in the volume which contains his interpretation of the Arabic name lists, shows that the word Mashûk, which means 'beloved,' is probably a survival of the ancient title of Baal Moloch or Melcarth, the Tyrian Hercules, who was worshipped by the Egyptians under the name of Mi-amun, or Memnon, 'the beloved of Ammon,' to whom, as Lucian distinctly tells us, an Egyptian temple existed at Tyre. The name may be compared with that of Abraham, who is designated by Muhammedans *Khalîl Allah*, 'the friend of God.' The supposed tomb of a Moslem saint, then, is all that remains of the once famous Temple of Melcarth which Herodotus visited. The cathedral at Tyre has been recently excavated by the German Government, in the hope of discovering the remains, or, at least, the resting-place, of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, around whose name a legend has grown similar to that which attaches to our own King Arthur—that he is not dead, but sleeps in all his majesty in some mysterious cave until the time shall come for him to lead the nation on to victory once more.

One of the most remarkable objects at Tyre is the so-called Kabr Hiram, the reputed tomb of the famous King who supplied Solomon with the wood used in building the Temple at Jerusalem. Doubts have been thrown upon the authenticity of the tradition, which does not exist among the peasantry, but the monument itself is of high antiquity, and may, as M. Renan suggests, belong even to the old Canaanite period. The history of the Crusades receives great light from the facts collected and contained in these memoirs; plans of the crusading castles of Hunîn, Banias, Belfort, Toron, Safed, &c., being given, together with interesting archæological details relating to them, the whole reviving with remarkable vividness that eventful period of history to which belong the exploits of Richard Cœur de Lion and his chivalrous foe, Saladin. In sheet II. the most interesting site described is Banias, the ancient Panium, or Cæsarea Philippi. On the hills above the village—once a magnificent town and the Royal residence of Herod and Agrippa—stands a grand old crusading castle; some distance below it there rushes out of the living rock a foaming torrent—the principal source of the Jordan. This is Tell-el-Kady, 'The Judge's Mound,' the site of Dan, or, as it was more anciently called, Laish. The Arabic word *kady* is identical in signification with the Hebrew *dan*, and is a curious instance of the manner in which the ancient nomenclature is preserved in the country.

First in importance among the towns which figure on sheet III. is St Jean d'Acre, the Accho of the Old Testament and the Ptolemais of Josephus and later historians. Sheets IV. and V. contain, also, some interesting spots, among which may be mentioned the 'Rock of Achabara,' which was fortified by Josephus during the insurrection of the Jews, and is still found with its old name, as Akbara, almost unchanged; Kades, the Kadesh mentioned with other Galilean towns by Thothmes III., under the name of Kedishu; El Jish, the Giscala of Josephus, and, according to tradition, the birthplace of the parents of St Paul; to say nothing of Nazareth, Carmel, and several places which have less known names, but in which are to be found some splendid specimens of ancient Jewish synagogues, many of which must have been standing in the time of our Lord.

Sheet VI. includes the Sea of Galilee, with all the sacred memories which cluster around its shores. Here, amid the prosaic details of

aphical survey, one meets with names most thrilling interest — Chorazin), Tell Hum (Capernaum), Tŭbarîyeh), Mount Tabor, and other places ly connected with the Gospel narra- he very fact that these sites are de- with such technical and professional constitutes the great charm of the r it gives a living and lasting interest s which too many are accustomed to n as vague and almost unreal.

olume of 'Special Papers' is not only ole contribution to Palestine archæ- it an interesting record of the experi- d researches of individual members 'und.' It contains an account of Pro- almer's exploration of the Tih, or ness of the Wandering,' the first and plete account of the Desert to the Palestine, together with a number of nographs upon the topography and gy of the Bible. The most important are, perhaps, the account of the now Moabite Stone and Sir Charles description of the synagogues of The remaining contents of the book ried as they are interesting.

st of the three volumes before us is with the Arabic and English name cted during the survey. The native re given in Arabic characters, with ish transliteration, and so far as can ained, a definition of their meaning ology. This part is from the pen of Palmer, and may at first sight appear t too technical and recondite for the reader; those, however, who care to it will find a vast mass of material lucidation and identification of Scrip- nes, and not a few curious incidental l facts.

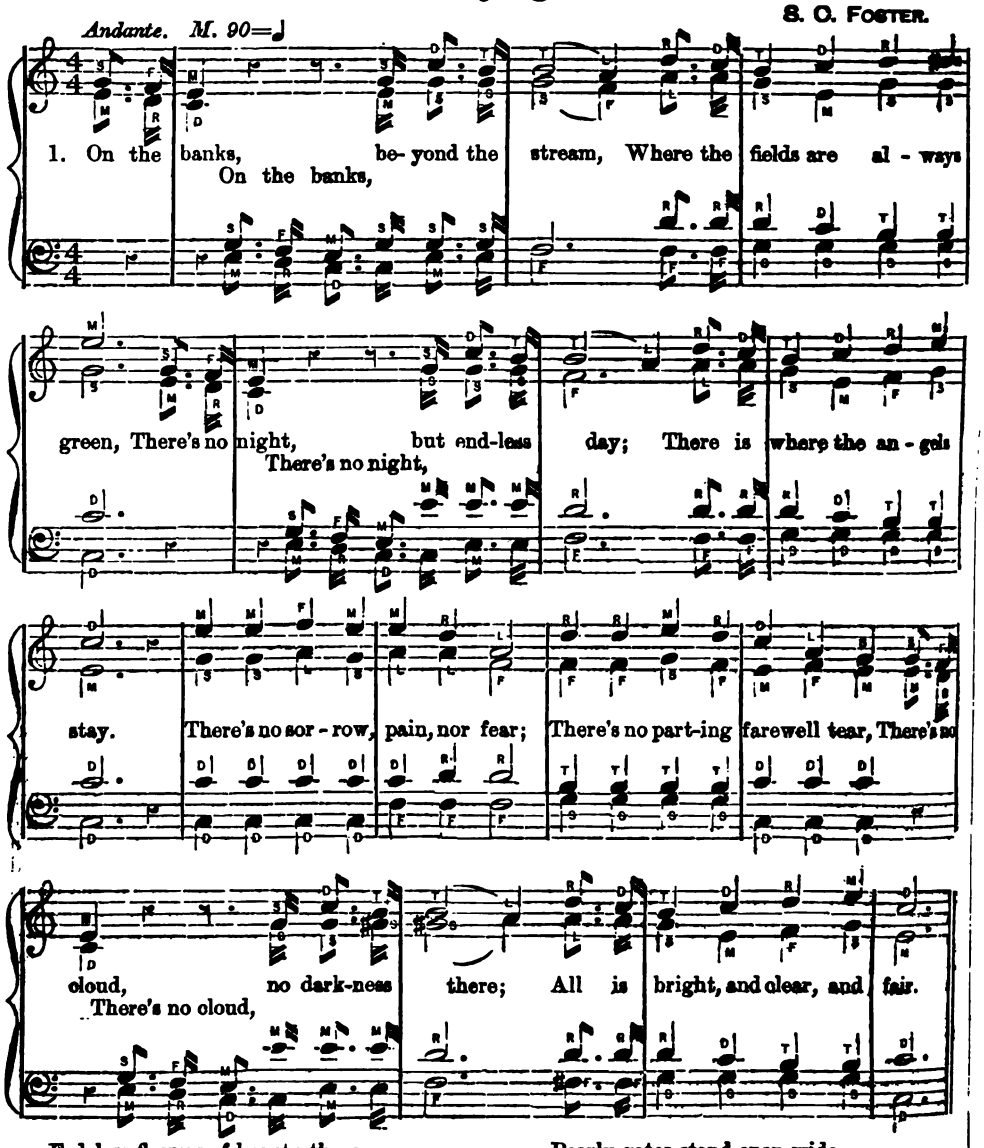
ap and the volumes we have noticed ne for the land of the Bible what e Survey maps and official statistics ne for our country. Instead of the d often incorrect information with en the best Biblical commentaries it is now in the power of every one access to the work to obtain a com- l accurate account of any portion of Land. It would be superfluous to the immense aid which this affords gaged in Scriptural studies, especially men; and it is not too much to it is an indispensable work of refer- every library, whether public or

Memoirs' were originally published subscribers, but the great importance formation contained in them and its and general interest have induced the Fund to issue a further limited edi- h a special view to the requirements es and other institutions. As an aid ural instruction and Biblical exegesis, vey of Western Palestine' is of in- e and unique value; while to the chæologist and geographer, it will prove an inexhaustible mine of information. The Palestine Exploration Fund are now occupied in making a survey on a similar scale of the country east of the Jordan, from which equally interesting results may be expected. This district has been much less subject to invasions in ancient times, and is scarcely known to modern travellers; we may, therefore, look for a larger find of inscriptions, and for even more striking illustrations of the preservation of ancient customs and traditions than Western Palestine affords. The final completion of the work will be eagerly waited for by students of theology and ancient history. In the meantime, the volumes before us are the most important contribution to the study of the Bible which has been made in modern times. The remaining volumes of the series are, we understand, on the eve of publication. —*The Times.*

THE IDEAL SABBATH.

THE ideal Sabbath is the Sabbath at home, when the head of the household—farmer or mechanic, merchant or lawyer, capitalist or operative—enjoys the weekly rest among those for whom the six days of labour have been spent. Whether the Sabbatic institution was or was not created by the fourth commandment, there seems to be in those words, 'Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant,' a glimpse of the restful enjoyment which the day of rest, in the primitive conception of it, would bring to the families that keep it. The day of rest, being rest and not revelry or dissipation, and being therefore a day of home enjoyment, brings with it opportunity for sober thoughts and conference. A Sabbath-keeping people will become a thoughtful people, and such thoughtfulness is manliness. All men, and especially the busy millions in an advanced civilisation like our own, need for the mind's sake, not less than for the sake of wearied nerves and muscles, the seventh-day intermission of their ordinary work. A true Sabbath is something far more restful than a day of noisy jollity. In its calm air the mind rests by thought, not thoughtlessness; by quiet musing, by conscious or unconscious retrospection; perhaps by consideration of what might have been, perhaps by thinking what may yet be, perhaps by aspiration and resolve toward something in the future, that shall be better than what has been in the past. The home in which Sunday is a day of rest and home enjoyment is hallowed by the Sabbaths which it hallows. In the Sabbath-keeping village, life is less frivolous, and at the same time industry is more productive, for the weekly rest. A Sabbath-keeping nation is greater in peace and in war for the character which its tranquil and thoughtful Sabbaths have impressed upon it.—*Rev. Dr Bacon.*

Over the River.

S. C. FOSTER.

Andante. M. 90=♩
1. On the banks, be- yond the stream, Where the fields are al - ways
On the banks,
green, There's no night, but end-less day; There is where the an - gels
There's no night,
stay. There's no sor - row, pain, nor fear; There's no part-ing farewell tear, There's no
cloud, no dark-ness there; All is bright, and clear, and fair.
There's no cloud,

Fadeless flowers of beauty there,
Trees of life with foliage rare,
Fruits the most inviting grow,
There is where I want to go.
Hark! I hear the angels sing;
Heavenly harpers, on the wing,
Throng the ear, and bid me rise
To the music of the skies.

Soon from earth I'll soar a-way
To the realms of endless day;
Soon I'll join the ransom'd throng,
And sing with them redemption's song.

Pearly gates stand open wide,
Just beyond death's chilling tide;
There my mansion bright I see;
There the angels wait for me.

Earthly homes, adieu, adieu!
Earthly friends, farewell to you!
Softly breathe your last good-bye!
Jesus calls me, let me die:
Hallelujah! Christ has come!
Hallelujah! I'm near home:
Friends and loved ones, weep no more—
"Meet me on the other shore."

'HURRAH FOR HARRY!'

BY MRS ANNIE A. PRESTON.

CHAPTER I.

A GROUP of boys stood on the corner of Pine and Prospect Streets, just opposite the Park, in the busy borough of Bright River, choosing sides for a game of ball.

re comes Harry Bedford!' said Frank looking up the street. 'He's got a new ıt goes ahead of anything in this village. t, and tried it this morning.'

ere did he get it?' asked Tom Cross- 'ho was so ill-natured and arrogant, the ften called him 'Tom Crossgrained'), ıg up quickly.

grandmother made it for him,' replied 'It is a yarn ball, with rubber in the . It is just large enough, and just enough, and just hard enough.'

loo, Harry?' as a short, stoutly-built, dressed lad came within hailing dis- have you got your ball with you?'

ınswer, the approaching lad thrust his ıto the right-side pocket of his jacket, i his easy run, took a step or two back, ɔut his arm, and dexterously sent the nning through the air toward the out- ɜd hand of his friend George Snow.

rah for Harry! Three cheers for ' shouted the boys, as Frank deftly the flying red prize with one hand, th an assuring nod, as much as to say, ; I tell you so?' held it for an instant, ın tossed it over Tom Crossman's head ɜ extended hand of Johnny Harlem.

ı Harry came up, his playfellows were ıped together examining and knowingly ng the new treasure.

ıt will you take for it, Harry?' asked ossman, tossing the ball from one hand ıther to test its weight and hardness. n't wish to sell it,' replied Harry. 'It resent from my grandmother, who is very feeble. It took her a long time it and to cover it with this pretty red I don't suppose she will ever be able ɜ me another ball, or to do much more f any kind. So, of course, you all see ɔuldn't think of selling it. But we can with it, and it makes little difference f us it really belongs to.'

:'s so,' spoke up Walter Davis. 'Come ɜ! Hurry up, Jimmy Taylor,' to a tall ıo was just then climbing the hill. Clarence Stedman, let's see who has t inning!' and he threw up his neat, bat for the other boy to catch.

ame of 'four-old-cat' was an exciting l the 'sides' were kept about even for ın hour. Then the boys gathered in a not to settle this important matter: Clarence had 'put out' George fairly, lepended upon the decision whether his foot was upon the 'bound' before the ball hit him.

Tom Crossman stood a little apart tossing and toying the bright new ball with envious eyes, and presently he called out—

'This is the best ball I ever played with, and I mean to have it for my own. Say, Harry, how much *will* you take for it?' at the same time significantly patting his pocket, in which he carried a portmonnaie usually too well filled for a boy of his age.

'He told you all about it,' spoke up Frank Wood, quickly, 'and he isn't the kind of boy to change his mind about such a matter, nor to sell a present; and you ought not to ask him again, Tom Crossman.'

'I guess he would have to sell it to me, even if he isn't that kind of a boy,' retorted Tom, 'if my father should speak to his father about it, and should tell him he would turn him off if he didn't make Harry sell the ball to me. Of course I am willing to pay him a good big price for it, and I should think he would be glad to get a little pocket-money for once,' and Tom turned about and looked proudly down upon the broad roofs and tall chimneys of his father's great factories that stood just below, on the grassy-banked stream.

'Your father would not think of stooping to such mean business as to meddle about that ball, and he would not wish to deprive himself of Mr Bedford's services as bookkeeper; neither would your father approve of his only son making such speeches,' said Tom Crossman's Cousin Grace, who, with her friend and schoolmate, Mary Dickinson, had just turned the corner of Prospect Street, and heard the last remark.

The girls paused for a moment to chat with the lads, who were in the same class at school. Grace took the pretty new ball in her hand, and heard its history, while admiring its even, close stitches. She had brothers who often called upon her for some little service about their playthings, and she liked to be able to help them.

Just then the clock in the tower of the church, which crowned the hill directly above them, struck six, and Harry said quickly—

'I must go home now.'

'Oh no, no, Harry! stay for one more game,' they all shouted.

'Can't, possibly,' replied Harry. 'My mother told me to come home at six o'clock sharp, and I must be off;' and touching his cap gallantly, he held out his hand to Miss Grace for the ball which she still held.

Before she could hand it to him, however, her Cousin Tom snatched it from her, saying to Harry, in a commanding way—

'Hurry along, then, but leave your ball with us for another game. Some of the boys will give it back to you in the morning. It makes no difference, you know, who owns the ball

when we are all to play with it, and so, of course, it's of no consequence who keeps it.'

'Jimmy Taylor has his ball with him,' replied Harry, pleasantly; 'it's almost as good as mine. You will have to finish your game with that to-night, because I promised to play with mine in our yard with my little brother and sister while mamma goes down town. It would be wrong for me to disappoint them.'

'If I were a nursemaid, and as old as you are, I would not tell of it,' cried Tom angrily, 'and as for this hateful ball of yours, it has made trouble enough,' and he sent it with all his might in the direction of the shining roofs of his father's factories.

A cry of indignation went up from the little group. Harry alone remained quiet. He watched the red speck of a ball as it flew away like a bright-winged bird over the willows that grew upon the margin of the rapid river.

He turned pale, clenched his hands, shut his lips tightly for a moment, drew in his breath through his distended nostrils, and, as matters stood just then, it looked as if that 'Cross-grained' boy would very likely be knocked off the embankment which ran along the river-side of Prospect Street.

Tom Crossman doubtless thought of this himself, for he kept his eye steadily upon his insulted and injured playmate, and slowly backed step by step outside the circle, so as to be in good and easy position to run when Harry should make for him.

But the brave, noble boy stood in his tracks till the battle within should be decided. As soon as he could trust himself, he said, with no sign of emotion, save a little tremble in his voice, which he could not quite control—

'I am sorry for you, Tom Crossman; I *pity* you. I could give you a sound thrashing. All the boys know it, and you know it, but I won't touch you,' and Harry, lifting his cap again to the young misses, and nodding pleasantly towards his playfellows, turned about and walked up towards his home.

Tom Crossman looked vainly in each face of the group of bright, well-bred boys and girls for some expression of sympathy, and then quickly jumped off the embankment, and skulked away down the hillside by a foot-path which led through the beautiful grounds which surrounded his father's residence.

Presently hearing a shout, he glanced back to see the whole group looking up the street after Harry; and the boys were shouting lustily—

'Hurrah for Harry!'

'Three cheers for Harry Bedford, the bravest boy in Brightriver!'

CHAPTER II.

'What is going on?' asked Fred Perkins, who came running down the hill just as the ringing chorus of the excited boys died away.

'Oh, Tom Crossman threw away Harry Bedford's new ball just now, out of spite, and Harry took it so manfully that we gave him three rousing cheers,' explained Frank Wood.

'He deserved them. You would say so had you been here,' added Jimmy Taylor.

'I wish I had been here,' said Fred, taking off his cap to the girls, and wiping his white forehead with a blue-bordered handkerchief.

'And the worst of it is,' broke in George Howe, 'there is no use looking for the ball. It would be like hunting for a red forget-me-not down there in the marsh.'

'That is so,' said Clarence Stedman, 'and it is my opinion that the ball went into the river; if it did, it has gone over the dam by this time.'

Three or four eager voices assented to this opinion, and Frank Wood continued thoughtfully, 'I don't see what we can do about it. Now, if it was a common ball, such as one could buy at the shops, we could chip in and get Harry another, of course. But there never can be found one to really replace the one made by his grandmother. I saw her once. She has hair like shining snow, and soft blue eyes, and a smile like sunshine. And as true as you live, she likes boys, and is all the time doing some little thing to please them.'

'I know it,' said Jimmy Taylor. 'I, too, saw her at Harry's father's, visiting. I think it was her talk and her stories that made Harry try to keep his temper. Didn't he look splendid, though, when he stood there with his eyes blazing?'

'Didn't he, though?' echoed the rest of the boys as they went their different ways.

As soon as the lads were out of earshot, Grace Crossman said to Mary Dickinson, eagerly—

'Do you know, Mary dear, I think I can find that ball? I am sure I saw it when it fell. It was lost to sight for a moment in the willows, and then I saw the red speck again near the great oak just across the river. Come over the footbridge with me, please, and we will look for it,' and in a moment more the short grey jackets and sailor hats of the two pretty girls were lost to sight amid the foliage of the trees upon the hillside, as they sped away down the winding footpath.

It began to rain in the night, and the next morning, as Harry stood by the window looking out at the dripping shrubbery, thinking how the bright red leather of the fine new ball must be soaked and spoiled now, there was a ring at the door, and a note in an envelope was brought to Master Harry.

'Oh, what is it? what is it?' the brother and sister asked eagerly; and hastily opening the envelope, Harry read—

'Master Harry is cordially invited to an impromptu Rainy Day entertainment, beginning at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and also to take tea with his classmate,

'*May* 27. GRACE CROSSMAN.'

Harry was a good deal excited over the proposed entertainment, as a matter of course.

'It's just like Gracie,' he said, 'to get up

thing like this for a rainy day, and just her mother to allow it.'

just three o'clock he was ushered into Crossman's parlour; and at the same ent Tom Crossman was ushered in by a on the opposite side of the large, elegantly ished room. It was an odd situation for wo lads, to stand there confronting each r. Both glanced around, but there was me else present, and they hardly knew to do or say first.

ere was not time for much show of rrassment, however. Harry had just d politely to Tom, when the folding-doors d back, disclosing a miniature stage, upon h stood, in dainty fancy costumes, all the who were present at the game of ball the ing before, and an equal number of girls, ding Grace, the young hostess, and her d, Mary Dickinson.

invisible piano immediately struck up a y air, and Grace began singing and nod- to Frank Wood, who stood facing her, a cal parody upon 'The Muffin Man,' which ad learned on a recent visit, but which uite new to the company—

'Did you know a ball was lost,
Ball was lost,
Ball was lost,
Did you know a ball was lost,
Last night on Prospect Street?'

Frank, taking up the air, and nodding in replied—

'Yes, I knew a ball was lost,
Ball was lost,
Ball was lost,
Yes, I knew a ball was lost,
Last night on Prospect Street!'

turning to the astonished audience of they sang together, swaying their bodies in grief, and holding immense handker- s to their eyes by one corner, and allow- he opposite corner to hang nearly to the —

'Two of us know a ball was lost,
Ball was lost,
Ball was lost,
Two of us know a ball was lost,
Last night on Prospect Street!'

now Frank sung the query to the girl him, and she in turn joined in the chorus, ng—

'Three of us know a ball was lost,' &c.

was kept up until the whole group of and girls were nodding their heads, ing their bodies, and holding their hand- hiefs to their eyes, when they sung—

'All of us know a ball was lost,
Ball was lost,' &c.

e stepped forward again, and wiping her , sang to merrier music—

'Did you know a ball was found,
Ball was found,
Ball was found,
Did you know a ball was found,
Last night on the river bank?'

was continued till all had joined in the chorus, and all the huge handkerchiefs were discarded. At the close, as they sang—

'All of us know a ball was found,'

they swung their handkerchiefs, and danced merrily to the strains of the piano.

Then taking the ball in a dainty silver basket wreathed with flowers, Grace advanced and presented it to Harry, who arose from an arm-chair, where he had been so thoroughly enjoying the performance as to have forgotten how closely he was identified with it. The performers quickly gathered around him, shouting,—

'Hurrah for Harry! Hurrah for Harry Bedford!'

The hidden piano struck up a march, the folding-doors at the rear of the back parlour suddenly opened, disclosing a table set with a delicious supper. The boys and girls arranged themselves, Grace took Harry's arm and beckoned her guests to follow to the table. Tom Crossman was left standing awkwardly by himself, an interested if not an edified spectator of the pretty and gracefully carried-out scene.

Tom loved dainties dearly. He knew from experience the delicacy and richness of his aunt's cakes and tarts and ice-creams. He wanted to go to the table, and he did not know what to do. In a moment, however, for it would have been cruel to prolong Tom's punishment, deserved though it was, Gracie's older sister Lizzie came fluttering out from behind the Japanese screen, which hid the piano, and taking the poor boy's arm, said very sweetly—

'Please wait upon me to the table, Cousin Tommy?'

'Thank you, Lizzie,' said Tom with unusual politeness; 'but of course I can't sit down with them without offering an apology for my rudeness yesterday.'

'Certainly not,' replied Lizzie, in a cheerful, matter-of-fact way, 'certainly not, and I am glad you thought of it without a suggestion from me.'

Tom's face was very red, but at Lizzie's lead he advanced to the foot of the table, where there were two vacant chairs, and said quite bravely—

'It wasn't a moment before I was sorry for throwing away the ball. I think I will follow Harry's example after this and control my hasty temper. I beg pardon of all of you, and of Harry in particular.'

The young people all thought Tom had done remarkably well for him, and pricked up their ears to hear what Harry would say in response. And this is what he said—

'I forgive you with all my heart, Tom. But if Miss Grace is going to make the settlement of our little differences the occasions for such delightful entertainments, I don't know but we shall be tempted to keep them up.'

They all laughed at that, and bowed to Grace, who blushed very prettily, and said—

'Please to pour the water, Cousin Tommy.'

Then he knew he was forgiven.—*Boston Watchman.*

A Daily Portion.

MARCH 12.

'I MUST WORK THE WORKS OF HIM THAT SENT ME, WHILE IT IS DAY.'—John ix. 4.

The less space a man hath allowed for his business, the more he should ply it. The fewer days the fruitfuller lessons. Near to His end, Christ washed the disciples' feet; preached sermon upon sermon, of humility, charity, fervency; revealed many things before secreted; I told you not these things from the beginning. Jacob gave his best blessing in his last will. Moses made the best sermon to Israel near his end. David gave the best counsel to Solomon on his death-bed. Peter plies his preaching and writing when he knows there follows instant silence. The devil hath 'great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.' As he is never idle, so then most busy when he perceives his term of rage expiring. Therefore let not God's ministers be negligent, for they have but their time, and that is short. May we all spend it to the peace of our consciences, the good of the Church, and the honour of our Maker.—*T. Adams.*

MARCH 13.

'FOR LOVE'S SAKE I RATHER BESEECH THEE, BEING SUCH AN ONE AS PAUL THE AGED.'—Philemon 9.

The words of dying men have been most emphatical, most effectual. We remember what our fathers or friends spake last, because we hear them not speak again. The last words of good men are best; as the last glimpse of the candle is the most bright, the last glare of the sun going down most clear, the last speech of a dear friend parting with his friends, and departing out of the world, is usually most compassionate and pathetical. An admonition uttered by such a teacher, and at such a time, and to such an auditory, challengeth good attention, great devotion. 'For love's sake I beseech thee, being such an one as Paul the aged.' This was his adjuration of Philemon to grant his request for Onesimus. He is a preacher of Christ, hear him; an Apostle, hear him; a dying Apostle, O now or never hear him. We preach to-day, perhaps may not be able to-morrow; this sermon may be the last sermon; therefore hear while you may, lest you desire it when you may not.—*T. Adams.*

MARCH 14.

'I THE LORD, WHICH SANCTIFY YOU.'—Lev. xxi. 8.

Sanctification is a supernatural thing; it is divinely infused. We are naturally polluted; and to cleanse, God takes to be His prerogative. I am the Lord which sanctifieth you. Weeds grow of themselves. Flowers are planted. Sanctification is a flower of the Spirit's planting, therefore it is called the sanctification of the Spirit.—*T. Watson.*

MARCH 15.

'THE VERY GOD OF PEACE SANCTIFY YOU WHOLLY.'—1 Thess. v. 23.

As original corruption hath depraved all the faculties, the whole head is sick, the whole heart faint, no part sound, as if the whole mass of blood were corrupted; so sanctification goes over the whole soul. After the Fall, there was ignorance in the mind; now, in sanctification, we are light in the Lord. After the Fall, the will was depraved; there was not only impotency to good, but obstinacy; now, in sanctification, there is a blessed pliableness in the will; it doth symbolise and comport with the will of God. After the Fall, the affections were misplaced on wrong objects; in sanctification, they are turned into a sweet order and harmony, the grief placed on sin, the love on God, the joy on heaven.—*T. Watson.*

MARCH 16.

'AND HAVE PUT ON THE NEW MAN.'—Col. iii. 10.

Sanctification spreads itself as far as original corruption; it goes over the whole soul; the God of peace sanctify you wholly. He is not a sanctified person who is good only in some part, but who is all over sanctified; therefore, in Scripture, grace is called a new man, not a new eye or a new tongue, but a new man. A good Christian, though he be sanctified but in part, yet in every part.—*T. Watson.*

MARCH 17.

'THY PEOPLE SHALL BE WILLING IN THE DAY OF THY POWER, IN THE BEAUTIES OF HOLINESS.'—Ps. cx. 3.

As the sun is to the world, so is sanctification to the soul, beautifying and bespangling it in God's eyes. That which makes God glorious must needs make us so. Holiness is the most sparkling jewel in the Godhead. Glorious in holiness. Sanctification is the first fruit of the Spirit; it is heaven begun in the soul; sanctification and glory differ only in degree; sanctification is glory in the seed, and glory is sanctification in the flower. Happiness is the quintessence of holiness.—*T. Watson.*

MARCH 18.

'PURIFYING THEIR HEARTS BY FAITH.'—Acts xv. 9.

She, in the gospel, that touched the hem of Christ's garment was healed; a touch of faith purifies. Nothing can have a greater force upon the heart, to sanctify it, than faith; if I believe Christ and His merits are mine, how can I sin against Him? Justifying faith doth that in a spiritual sense which miraculous faith doth, it removes mountains—the mountains of pride, lust, envy. Faith and the love of sin are inconsistent.—*T. Watson.*

HOW TO BE STRONG.

BY THE REV. JAMES HASTIE, LINDSAY, ONTARIO.

'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.'—JOB xvii. 8.

THERE are two things all boys want when they are small. One is, they want to be big. When the time comes to put off their little petticoats and frock, and get their first little coat and trousers, how proud they are, for they now think they are getting big.

The other thing they want is to be strong. Sometimes they want to be strong so that they can harness the horse and drive it themselves. Sometimes they want to be strong so that they can earn something, and so help mother. Sometimes a boy wants to be strong because he wants to beat that boy at school who is always challenging him to a wrestle, and always manages to throw him down. When I was a little fellow going to school, there was a boy about my own age, but stronger, who was always challenging me to wrestle, and who always got me down. I had often heard it said that fat pork would make one strong, and that no one could be strong who did not eat it; so for some days I ate fat pork for supper and fat pork for breakfast, expecting that by noon I would have the benefit of it in the way of making me strong enough to throw that other boy down. By-and-by I got such a dislike to fat pork that for years I could not bear it, and scarcely can yet. That was my plan to get strong. But the text recommends another way yet, it is by getting 'clean hands.' But how can clean hands make you strong? you ask.

'Harry,' said his brother John, 'what has made you take this wonderful clean fit all of a sudden? This is the seventh time I have seen you go to the pump and wash your hands to-day.'

'Because I want to be strong,' replied Harry.

'Well, but washing your hands won't make you strong.'

'Yes, it will, the Bible says so.'

'I don't believe it does,' said John.

'I am sure it does, though,' retorted Harry, positively. 'Papa read it at prayers this morning, "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger,"' and Harry waved his arm in the air as if to see whether six or seven washings had really made him any stronger.

'Well, you don't suppose that means really clean hands,' said John. 'You are a silly little boy, you have had all this trouble for nothing.'

'No, I haven't. I'll ask papa to-night if the Bible doesn't mean what it says.'

So, after tea, Harry said, 'Papa, doesn't the Bible say that if you have "clean hands" you'll be strong?'

'Certainly, my boy,' said Mr Williams, smiling, 'I am glad to see that you remember so well what we read this morning, how Job said, "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."'

'There,' said Harry, 'I knew I was right; and washing your hands will make you strong, won't it?'

'It is very good for little boys to wash their hands,' said Mr Williams, 'and it helps to make them strong and healthy if they keep clean. But there are some stains we can't wash off with soap and water, and these are the stains that this verse means. The other day I saw a little boy lift his hands to strike his sister; and doing this made his hands far dirtier than if he had been making mud pies for a whole day.'

Harry blushed, for he felt his father meant him; and then his papa went on—

'When I was a little boy I was taught that it was my duty to keep my hands from picking and stealing; picking, you know, means taking little things that don't belong to you; like lumps of sugar out of mamma's cupboard, or picking fruit off the young trees that I tell you not to touch.'

'Well,' said John, 'Eve must have had dirty hands, for she stole fruit in the garden.'

'Now, John,' said Mr Williams, 'can you remember the name of a man who "stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church," a thing that made his hands very dirty indeed?'

'That was Herod, papa, when he killed James and put Peter in prison.'

'Yes; and do you know who it was who tried to clear himself of a terrible crime by washing his hands?'

Both boys were silent, and Mr Williams asked again: 'Who took water and washed his hands, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person?"'

'Oh, that was Pilate, when he let the people crucify Jesus,' said Harry.

'Yes;' said their father, 'but the stain of the sin was just as much on his soul after he had washed his hands as before: and it is the same with our sins, whether we call them little or great; we cannot get rid of them or their consequences, however we try to clear ourselves. No washing of our own will do it. So what must we do, Harry? When you make your hands dirty with doing wrong, how can they be made clean?'

'God can wash them, papa. That is what you mean—ain't it? Because David said, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."'

There, my young friends, you have the meaning of the text. Doing wrong makes you have, in God's sight, dirty hands. Doing right makes you have, in God's sight, clean hands. And when you have clean hands in this sense, you are strong in heart and mind and soul to resist temptation and to work for God. Now, I will give you two texts about being strong and being clean, and you will see how they agree with what I have been saying. The first text is 1 John ii. 14: 'I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong, . . . and have overcome the wicked one.' And why were they strong? Because 'the word of God abideth with you'—*i.e.*, you do what God's word commands, and you are strong in doing good.

The other text tells that without clean hands no one will be allowed to enter heaven—Psalm xxiv. 3, 4: 'Who shall ascend the hill of the Lord (heaven)? Who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.'

Now, young friends, you will remember the text—'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger,' in all that is good, till by-and-by you shall be like Christ Himself, always doing right, never doing wrong.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

This is an excellent and timely book.* The author in the introduction gives a very satisfactory account of Kuenen's 'Religion of Israel.' In the body of the work he considers the theory so much in vogue at the present day, that Deuteronomy, and indeed the greater part of the Pentateuch, was written after the Captivity. First, he treats of the external evidences, tracing the indications of the existence of the Law in successive stages from Christ to Malachi, from Malachi to the Captivity, from the Captivity to David, and from David to Moses. We are sure that many who have been bewildered by the positive assertions of Rationalistic writers will be surprised to see how much can be said and proved on the other side. The author next turns his attention to the internal evidences, and sets forth a number of considerations of great pith and moment—such as the antiquity of the style of the Pentateuch, its contents as marking a progress in revelation such as no forger would think of, the undesigned coincidences between its various parts, the amazing minuteness of its details in certain portions, the chasms in the history, the references to Egyptian customs, and the adoption of Egyptian words and rites.

Occasionally the author lays rather undue stress upon a point, but as a whole his book is conclusive. It is written in a popular style, and avoids everything which an intelligent reader would have difficulty in comprehending, but the method is logical and the tone is candid. We heartily recommend the work. Dr Stebbins is Professor of Theology in the Meadville School (Unitarian); but here he is on ground common to all Christians who hold the divine authority of the Bible, and has produced a volume which, bating a few sentences, all evangelical believers can accept. There is no popular book that we know of that presents the matter here contained in a manner so methodical, and clear, and convincing. The book deserves, and we trust will receive, a wide circulation.

[We are indebted for the foregoing notice to the *New York Christian Intelligencer* for December 28. The book has not reached us; but the notice will explain some references in the admirable article on a preceding page (p. 123) by Professor Lincoln.—*Editor of Christian Treasury.*]

* A Study of the Pentateuch. For Popular Reading. By R. P. Stebbins, D.D. New York: Geo. H. Ellis.

'The Book of Joshua,'* by Principal Douglas, is a fitting companion to his commentary on the Book of Judges. It forms one of a series of Hand-Books for Bible Classes in the course of publication by Messrs Clark; and for those who use Joshua as a Bible class-book there is no better hand-book. But, considering the other contents of the Bible, and the shortness of the period that young people can be in Bible classes, Joshua is not very likely to be much employed for this purpose. As a commentary, however, on the book, it is one of great value. Indeed, from its taking careful note of all the recent discoveries in Palestine, it is an indispensable companion to all past commentaries upon the book. Principal Douglas is obviously a man of great learning, and fully acquainted with the Rationalistic commentaries upon the book, but he has not been led to assign its composition to a late period in the history of Israel, or to ignore or deny the Messianic teaching of the book. In a few skilfully put sentences in the introduction he shows the absurdity of supposing the Book of Joshua to belong to the age of Ezra, or to some period still later in Jewish history. In the fifth chapter, verses 13-15, he distinctly identifies the angel of Jehovah with the Son of God sent forth from the Father to the Church even then, though made known much more obscurely to the Church of the Old Testament than to us in 'the fulness of the time.' Dr Douglas would add to the valuable service he has done to the Church by his commentaries on Joshua and Judges if he would continue the series through Ruth and Samuel.

'The Very Words of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,'† is a carefully printed grouping on separate pages of our Lord's words as they occur in the Gospels. We need scarcely say that these words are of inestimable value. But, after reading through the book, we confess still preferring to read these words in their setting as they occur in the Gospels. And one of the good ends the editor of this book has attained is the conviction that the Gospels cannot be improved upon, and that, after all, there is nothing like reading them in the form in which they came from the pen of inspiration itself. The editor of this volume is careful to disclaim all idea of exalting one part of Holy Scripture above another, and plainly holds that all Scripture is the word of Christ, the great prophet of His Church. The book is issued at a cheap rate, and we have no doubt will be useful to invalids and those who have but little time to spare, the classes for whom its compiler designed the volume. But we have as little doubt that its perusal will send its readers back with increased delight to the Gospels themselves.

'Starlight Through the Shadows'‡ is a book of gatherings from the papers of the late Miss Frances R. Havergal. It contains eleven short papers, intended to form the first portion of 'a daily book for Invalids.' Then follow Marching Orders, I. to IX., reprinted from the *Church Missionary Gleaner* of 1879. The last seventy pages are occupied with sixteen outlines of addresses and other miscellaneous papers. All of them have the clearness, fervour, and Scriptural character that have made Miss Havergal's other writings such favourites with multitudes of readers.

'Lays for Leisure Hours'§ is a volume of poetry by a lady, one of whose poems appeared in our pages last June. The volume is of unequal merit, but some of the shorter poems have not a little beauty, and show that Miss Dow is capable of higher things than she has yet done. As a specimen of the tone and gracefulness of Miss Dow's pages we transfer the following:—

'FOLLOW JESUS.

'Go, follow Jesus' steps,
And in His work take part;
Go, comfort those who mourn,
And heal the wounded heart.

'Go, gather in the lost,
There's room in Jesus' fold;
Go, gently bring the young,
And kindly cheer the old.

'Go, lead to God the soul
Oppressed with doubt and fear;
Go, speak of Jesus' love,
Till shadows disappear.

'Go, work with heart and mind,
On Jesus' strength rely;
Go, tell the troubled soul
Of peace and joy on high.'

Miss Jean L. Watson's 'Life of Principal Candlish' is a pleasantly-written book, and in its 178 pages conveys a very faithful idea of what its theme was. Dr Candlish was one of the most remarkable of the distinguished men that, heralded by Dr Chalmers, appeared in the first half of this century in the Established Church, and awakened it out of the torpor of Moderatism, and by their zeal and energy called into existence the Evangelical party, which ultimately found itself compelled to renounce State connection, and form for itself the Free Church, that, by its many noble deeds, has given a new glory to our country. From the moment that his voice was first heard in the General Assembly in 1838 down to his death in 1873 Dr Candlish occupied a first place, not only in his own section of the Church, but in every society with which he

* The Book of Joshua. By G. C. M. Douglas, D.D. Cr. 8vo, pp. 122. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1882.

† The Very Words of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, gathered from the Four Gospels according to the Authorised Version, with Marginal Quotations from the Revised Version, with an Index of Passages and Subjects. Cr. 8vo, pp. 119. London: H. Frowde. 1882.

‡ Starlight Through the Shadows, and Other Gleams from the King's Word. By the late Frances Ridley Havergal. 16mo, pp. 176. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1882.

§ Lays for Leisure Hours. By Margaret Russel Dow. Cr. 8vo, pp. 246. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. 1882.

was associated. He had a wonderfully busy life, and he threw his soul into everything he set about, yet he found time to produce a large quantity of literature. His acknowledged works amount to some twelve or thirteen volumes, all of them thoughtful and suggestive, fresh in the treatment of their themes, and expressed in a nervous English, more like that of a student who had devoted his hours to the study of our language than that of a leader in every evangelic enterprise of his time; yet these acknowledged works are but a small part of what, in the shape of letters, articles, pamphlets, addresses, &c., he must have given forth to the world. Men who take the foremost place in public affairs are sometimes supposed to suffer in their piety. The incessant activities of their public life leave little time for devotion. Dr Candlish had simply to be heard in prayer, say at the annual opening of the Free College, or in his ordinary ministrations in the sanctuary, to see in the simplicity, fervour, and evangelic savour of his utterances that, amidst his multifarious public duties, he was living in daily communion with God.

'Canada'* is the first of the Colonists' Hand-Books issued by the Tract Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in accordance with the plan noticed in our Intelligence last month (p. 118). It is fitted to be highly useful to emigrants, from the information and valuable counsels it contains. As might be expected from its source, it gives full information regarding the Episcopal Church in Canada, but it says nothing of other Churches. In an appendix it gives a form of a commendatory letter, and suggests that any clergyman giving a letter commendatory to a parishioner should copy out the letter in his own hand in preference to using a printed form, and that his letter would probably be still more valued, and likely to be more useful, if it could be written on the back of a photograph of the parish church or the cathedral of the diocese, or have such a photograph appended to it. The appendix also contains five forms of prayer for emigrants. It is to be regretted that a book otherwise so excellent should unmistakably teach baptismal regeneration, a doctrine which, carried out to its full consequences, can only end in this life in landing its recipient in the Church of Rome.

'Wonderful Words of Life: A Manual for Home Missions,'† is a book of well-selected Scripture texts, by Mrs Ashby, with a preface by Mrs Pennefather, giving some practical details of a Flower Mission. To those engaged in such a mission the book is fitted to be highly useful.

The Presbyterian Journal,‡ issued in Philadelphia, although denominational in its name, is wonderfully catholic in its sympathies. We have often transferred from its pages. To those who wish to know what is going on in all branches of the Christian Church in the New World we know nothing better than this journal. It is a weekly, and costs a dollar and a-half—*i.e.*, six shillings and threepence a year.

The Watchman,§ an organ of the Baptists, issued in Boston, like the *Presbyterian Journal*, is also denominational in character, but it is not the less catholic and evangelical and missionary in its aims. Its name is familiar on our pages from the many admirable papers we have taken from it. It is somewhat larger than the *Presbyterian Journal*, and costs two dollars and a-half in the year.

'Service,'‖ by Mrs Pennefather, is a sequel to a volume that we briefly noticed last October. It is formed of sketches and addresses touching on the many questions likely to be mooted among young or inexperienced workers in the Lord's vineyard. Mrs Pennefather has obviously a large experience, and her counsels are wise and loving. Her book is one that Christian workers, whether young or old, cannot read without profit.

Mrs Raleigh has produced a life of her husband¶ that will be prized by all that knew him. She has been singularly successful in catching the tone in which the life of such a man should have been written, and the book is not too long, as biographies are apt to be. Indeed, in many respects it is quite a model biography. It calls up Dr Raleigh to the very life.

Dr Raleigh was born in Castle-Douglas, in Kirkcudbright, in 1817. His father was a member of the Reformed Presbyterian congregation in that town. Outdoor preaching was common among the Reformed Presbyterians at that period, and at one of these outdoor meetings he was baptised. A year after Raleigh's birth, the Reformed Presbyterian congregation at Castle-Douglas received John Osborne as its first minister. Osborne, from all accounts, was a man of great powers as a preacher, and attracted multitudes to hear him. In summer he seems usually to have preached in the open air, and he was singularly effective in weaving into his discourses allusions to the scenery around him. Early in his career he began to develop tendencies that ultimately led to his separation from his brethren. In 1841 he published a

* Colonists' Hand-Books. No. I. Canada. Cr. 8vo, pp. 48. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1882.

† Wonderful Words of Life: A Manual for Home Missions. Compiled by Mrs Edmund Ashby, with a Preface by Mrs Pennefather. 18mo, pp. 92. London: John F. Shaw & Co. 1882.

‡ *The Presbyterian Journal*. 15 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

§ *The Watchman*. 14 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

‖ 'Follow Thou Me' Service. By Mrs Pennefather. Cr. 8vo, pp. 194. London: John F. Shaw & Co. 1882.

¶ Alexander Raleigh: Records of his Life. Edited by Mary Raleigh. Cr. 8vo, pp. 318. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1881.

entitled 'Introduction to the Philo-
f Man, Harmonising Revelation and
' From this book it is not easy to
ut what his views were, save that he
ngly disliked the forms in which truth
en presented by his former brethren,
nsparing in his condemnation of these
Raleigh sat under this brilliant and
preacher until his eighteenth year,
e followed his father to Liverpool.
h he was altogether a different man
borne, yet it is not difficult to see in
eigh's sermons, in their avoidance of
l statement, and in his views about
ion, and his dislike of the term Cal-
and yet in his admiration of the
ters, that his first minister had given
ng impress to his mind. In Liverpool
Raleigh attended the ministry of the
hn Kelly, then beginning his ministry
esda Chapel. Osborne was far from
n attractive man in private, but Mr
ust have been a man of singularly
ve ways to young people. Kelly's
had been not unlike Raleigh's own.
, after he left school, was an apprentice
e years to a draper in Castle-Douglas.
hen he left the Heriot's Hospital in
gh, served as an apprentice to a gun-
n Edinburgh until an accident, that
l him of one of his fingers, rendered
it for manual labour, and the gover-
Heriot's Hospital sent him to college.
ly at once exerted a formative and
ng influence over Raleigh's mind. In
ty-first year he became a member of
y's congregation. Mr Kelly advised
study for the Christian ministry.
ere many difficulties in the way, but
y's own example was encouraging, and
inter of 1840 Raleigh was admitted a
of the Independent College at Black-

aleigh very beautifully tells the story
rly struggles—of his failure in health,
marriage, of his settlement at Rother-
d of how he there recovered health
our, and entered upon a career in
e soon appeared as one of the most
and successful preachers of our time.
great charm to hear him preach. His
s singularly melodious, and he had it
mplete control. His sermons were
t he had made himself so familiar
eir contents by hours of previous
hat his preaching had the attractive-
what is best both in spoken and in
erance. There was little or no dis-
cussion in his sermons, but they were
esh presentations of the side lights of
istianity, and they appealed to the
l part of our nature in a way that
chers can. Perhaps Dr Raleigh was
unfolding character. His 'Book of
and his 'Story of Jonah' have not
popularity of his 'Quiet Resting-
and other volumes of sermons, but
e elements of enduring popularity
that will give them a permanent place among our commentaries upon Holy Scripture.

'The Oracles of God,' 'Three Pictures! and Which is Mine?' and 'The City,'* are the last tracts issued by Dr Ryle, the Bishop of Liverpool. They have all the excellences that have given him a first place among the tract-writers of our time. 'The Oracles of God' is a wise statement on the inspiration of the Bible, and the privileges and duties of those who possess such a precious book. The other two are the substance of sermons preached at St Mary's, Oxford, and both are valuable in a high degree.

SIN PROGRESSIVE. — The woman looked at the fruit. She admired its beauty. She desired to know its taste and to experience its effect. She touched it, plucked it, fondled it, tasted it, ate it, and was ruined. First, distrust; then, disbelief; then, sinful desire; then, deadly disobedience, and the work is done!

MORE EXPECTATION.—With more expecting great things from God, there would be more attempting great things for God, and greater things would be bestowed by Him as an encouragement of expectation. The divinely appointed means of grace on the Sabbath ought to be regarded as fully adapted to answer the purpose for which they were appointed, which certainly embraces the 'perfecting' of Christians, and the conviction and conversion of sinners. Accordingly, these results are to be confidently looked for, with no other thought than that God will grant them while He hears the prayers offered on the Sabbath, and blesses the word then preached. This should be expected as the *ordinary* result of the praying and preaching of the day, and any failure in relation thereto should be felt as a great disappointment, even such as might be felt if some special efforts had not been crowned with success. When regular Sabbath services are ineffectual, the disappointment should be something as if unusual services, like those of protracted daily and nightly meetings, were unsuccessful. Certainly a blessing upon the Sabbath should not be actually surprising, so as to indicate that it was unexpected. It is strangely incongruous to be disappointed by receiving a blessing rather than by not receiving one. Ministers must be thus expectant, and act accordingly; and so must members of the Church; all feeling disappointed and troubled when the Sabbath brings no appropriate blessing. The unsaved, also, must be made to expect gospel blessings, by seeing ministers and churches expecting them. In this way there can be living churches.—*Boston Watchman.*

* The Oracles of God: A Paper for the Times, on the Inspiration of the Bible. 12mo, pp. 24. Three Pictures! and Which is Mine? A Word for 1882, being Thoughts on Acts xxvi. 24-29. 12mo, pp. 32. The City; or, The Sight which Stirred St Paul. 12mo, pp. 32. By John Charles Ryle, D.D., Lord Bishop of Liverpool. London: W. Hunt & Co.

THE HISTORICAL PROOFS OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY GEORGE P. FISHER, D.D., LL.D., YALE COLLEGE, CONNECTICUT.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL THE WORK OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.

(*Continued from page* 142.)

ANOTHER objection to the Johannine authorship is the alleged indebtedness of the author of the Gospel to Philo for the conception of the Logos, or Word, which stands at the beginning of the book as a designation of Christ in His state of pre-existence. The first remark to be made in answer to this allegation is, that the idea of the Logos, and the doctrine associated with it, in the Gospel, are utterly at variance with the system of Alexandrian-Jewish philosophy, of which Philo is the leading representative. In the Gospel the Logos is personal. In Philo the Logos is predominantly the self-revealing potence of the hidden, ineffable Deity. If, as Zeller holds, the Logos is ever thought of by Philo as a real hypostasis, the passages having this import stand opposed to the current of his teaching. Many of the soundest expositors of Philo do not concur in the opinion of Zeller that the Logos in his writings is ever conceived of as truly personal. Again, the notion of the Logos in Philo is usually the Platonic idea of 'reason.' It is this idea which he more commonly connects with the term, and not the Old Testament conception of the Word; whereas, in the Gospel, the Platonic conception is utterly absent. Once more—and this is the most important consideration—the cardinal thought of the prologue of the Gospel, that of the Incarnation of the Logos, is in direct antagonism to the fundamental philosophy of Philo. His system is dualistic. Matter, in his view, is utterly alien to the Deity. Nothing can be more repugnant to the system of Philo than the declaration that 'the Logos became flesh' (i. 14). The Judaic Gnosticism, which denied the Incarnation as anything more than an appearance, or temporary connection of the divine Christ with the man Jesus, was the legitimate and actual offspring of the Philonian speculation. It was Cerinthus, who probably began his career at Alexandria, against whom, according to the declaration of Irenæus, John wrote. Cerinthus carried out the dualistic theory, and taught that the heavenly Christ joined Himself to Jesus at His baptism, and forsook Him at the passion. The theology of the Gospel and First Epistle, so far from being borrowed from Philo, is repugnant to his essential doctrine and to the heretical scheme based on it. Finally, even the phraseology of John can be accounted for by supposing it drawn mainly, and perhaps exclusively, from the Old Testament. The prologue makes it evident that he had in mind the narrative of the creation by the word of God, in Genesis. The 'word' of God is said, in the Old Testament, to have come to the prophets, revealing His attributes and will. In the Psalms and in Isaiah the 'word' is personified, and divine attributes and works are attributed to it. From these sources the evangelist may have taken up the term which struck him as most fit to designate the personal Revealer of God, whose incarnation and life in the flesh he was about to describe. Whether the choice of this term by the author of the Gospel is to be accounted for wholly in this way, from its Old Testament use, as Weiss thinks, or whether discussions about the Logos, which were fomented by Alexandrian speculation, may have likewise influenced him in his selection of phraseology, are questions into which we do not here enter. At all events, the term 'Logos' was found by him to be a proper vehicle for expressing that idea of Christ which His own testimony and the impression made by His life had stamped upon the disciple's mind. Could it be proved that the source of this term was Alexandrian, the Apostle's definition of it was none the less a reversal or rectification of the Alexandrian idea connected with it. Philo's philosophy, it should not be forgotten, was not all his own creation. It had its roots in prior, widely diffused Judaic speculation. In the reports of the teaching of Christ in the Fourth Gospel, the term Logos nowhere appears. It is clear that the author merely sums up, in the prologue, in language of his own, the instruction which Christ had given concerning Himself.

The author of the Gospel was a Jew, and a Palestinian. The strong Hebraic colouring of his style is acknowledged by Keim, as well as affirmed by Ewald. The principal conceptions, as 'life,' 'light,' 'truth,' are drawn from the circle of Old Testament thought. The authority of the Old Testament, the inspiration of Moses and the prophets, are assumed. With the characteristic elements of the Messianic expectation the author is familiar. The same is true of Jewish opinions and customs generally. Witness his acquaintance with the prejudice against conversing with women (iv. 27), with the mutual hatred of Jews and Samaritans (iv. 9), with the opinion that deformity or suffering implies sin (ix. 2). He is intimately conversant with Jewish observances, as is seen in what he says of the 'last day of the feast' (vii. 37)—the day added to the original seven, the wedding at Cana, the burial of Lazarus. The allusions to the geography of the Holy Land are those of one personally conversant with the places. Of the Sea of Galilee, the passage across, and the paths on its shores, he has an accurate recollection. Respecting the topography at the

; of chap. iv., Renan remarks that it manate only from one who had often into the valley of Sychem. He has in d the image of the Pavement, or plat- ı which Pilate's chair was placed, with rew name, Gabbatha (xix. 13).

ave now to consider the relation of the Gospel to the other three. Here the henomena which persuade some that ırth Gospel is spurious convince others is genuine. The longer ministry of extending to at least two and a-half, bably to three and a-half, years—and tended labours in Judea, are obvious rities of the fourth evangelist. But his ıtation of the life and ministry of although independent, is not contra- to that of the synoptists. The 'country' ȝ, it is to be observed, is still Galilee; is the right interpretation of John iv. ıke, in the long passage relating to the ırney of Jesus to Jerusalem (ix. 51, ı), brings together matter a portion of ıppears to belong in connection with istry in Judea. Independently of such lars as the relation of Christ to the ɔf Mary and Martha, the lament of ɔver Jerusalem (Luke xiii. 34, *seq.*; xiii. 37, *seq.*) admits of no tolerable .tion except on the supposition that frequently taught there. 'How often' ave meant more than the efforts of a ys. The apostrophe plainly refers to , not to the Jewish people as a whole, n Baur would arbitrarily apply it. In he verse immediately before reads, cannot be *that a prophet perish out of em.*' This passage establishes, on the :y of the synoptists, beyond the reach t or cavil, the longer Judean ministry ı, and thus confirms the testimony of rth Gospel in this essential particular. ri. 1) distinctly implies the interven- ıt least one Passover between the be- and the close of his public life. Who id seeing that the profound impression y Jesus is far better accounted for if ɔt the chronology of the Fourth Gospel we conceive His ministry limited to twelvemonth? The truth appears to in the early oral narration of the life ɔhing of Christ, perhaps for the reason ȝ labours in Jerusalem and the neigh- ɔd were more familiar to the Christians he Galilean ministry was chiefly de-

The matter was massed under the ɔneral heads of His baptism and inter- with John the Baptist, His work in and the visit to Jerusalem at the r when He was crucified. If the of the Fourth Gospel was a non- c writer of the second century, no ɔory reason can be conjectured for his te departure from the apparent chro- ɔf the received authorities. He might ave brought Jesus into conflict with ȝs more frequently elsewhere than in He might have invented visits inter- mediate between the two Passovers. If, as is alleged, he was of an anti-Judaic spirit, why should he thus cling to the Passovers? Why should he present a chronological scheme which could only tend to provoke suspicion and expose him to contradiction and detection? The writer, whoever he was, was evidently acquainted with one, if not all, of the earlier Gospels. Why did he not set his new portrait into the old frame? The most reasonable hypothesis certainly is that he was conversant with the facts, and was possessed of a conscious and acknowledged authority which excluded from his mind all fear of contradiction.

The alleged discrepancy between the Fourth Gospel and the synoptists respecting the day of the month when Christ was crucified has been urged as an argument both by those who advocate and those who oppose the Johannine authorship. Was that Friday the 14th or the 15th of Nisan? And was the Last Supper at the usual time of the Passover meal, or on the evening before? It is held by many scholars that there is here a discrepancy between the fourth evangelist and the other Gospels; that he, unlike them, makes the Last Supper to have occurred on the evening before the day on which the Passover lamb was killed and eaten, and the crucifixion on the morning following. Bleek, Neander, and numerous others, admitting the discrepancy, bring forward considerations to prove the superior accuracy of the Fourth Gospel in this particular, some of which are drawn from incidental observations in the Synoptists themselves. The Tübingen school insisted on the opposite inference. They have contended that the author of the Fourth Gospel purposely misdated these events in order to make the crucifixion synchronise with the slaying of the Paschal lamb, his intent being to convey the idea that the Passover is supplanted by the offering of Christ, 'the Lamb of God.'

The renewed examination of the Gospels has led me more and more to doubt whether the fourth evangelist really differs from the synoptists as they are ordinarily understood. I cannot but think that the more conservative critics, as Meyer, Weiss, Westcott, Ellicott, have asserted with an unwarranted degree of confidence the interpretation of John which places the Last Supper on the day prior to that of the Paschal meal. It is still a very doubtful question of exegesis. On the supposition, however, that the discrepancy really exists, there is no just ground for the conclusion unfavourable to the accuracy of the Fourth Gospel. The motive assigned by the Tübingen school for the alleged falsification of the date is totally insufficient. In the first place, if the author of the Gospel had wished to represent Christ as the antitype of the Paschal lamb, he had no need to alter the chronology for this end. Christ is termed by Paul 'our Passover' (1 Cor. v. 7). In the second place, it is not even certain that the evangelist designs thus to represent Christ.

It is quite as likely that the appellation 'Lamb of God' was taken from Is. liii. 7 as from Ex. xxix. 38, *seq.* It is more probable that the passage quoted by the evangelist, 'A bone of Him shall not be broken' (xix. 36), was taken from Ps. xxxiv. 20 than from the law relative to the Paschal offering (Ex. xii. 46; Num. ix. 2). On any reasonable view of the case, had the evangelist thought that the minute identification of Jesus with the Paschal lamb was of so vital consequence that he must needs run the risk of devising a false chronology in contradiction to the received Gospels, he would surely have made the parallelism much more obvious. He would have gone farther than merely to insinuate it. How *could* he have considered it essential that Christ, as the antitype of the Passover lamb, should die on the 14th of Nisan, when, according to the theory of the Tübingen critics, it was known to him that He did not?

The Quartodeciman observance in Asia Minor is a topic closely connected with the foregoing. That was on the 14th of Nisan; but what did it commemorate? Many scholars have thought that it was the crucifixion of Jesus. If this be so, it is a direct argument for the interpretation of the Fourth Gospel, which would make the crucifixion on the morning of the day when the lamb was killed and eaten, and at the same time confirms the evangelist's accuracy on this point. But since the able essay of Schürer, his opinion, which corresponds with that formerly defended by Bleek and Gieseler, has gained ground, that the Quartodeciman Supper on the evening of the 14th of Nisan was primarily the Jewish Passover, kept at the usual time, but transformed into a Christian festival. John found the festival in being when he came to Asia Minor, and may well have left it to stand, 'whether he regarded the 13th or the 14th as the day of the Last Supper.' It is certain that the defenders of the Quartodeciman practice in Asia found nothing in the Fourth Gospel to clash with their views. Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus towards the end of the second century, pointed back to the example of John, 'who leaned on the bosom of the Saviour.' It appears quite astonishing that a Gospel should have been forged in opposition to the tenet of the Quartodecimans, but treating the matter so obscurely that their leaders failed to discover in it any condemnation of their custom. It is not agreed what precise position on the Paschal controversy was taken by Apollinaris, Bishop of Hierapolis, the successor, and it may be the next successor, of Papias, in the second century. But this is known, that he recognised the Fourth Gospel and made his appeal to it. We may dismiss the Quartodeciman discussion as affording, even in the view of such opponents of the genuineness of the Fourth Gospel as Schürer, no argument in favour of their opinion on this subject.

Were there space to compare various features in the history which are common to the synoptists and the Fourth Gospel, we should find the statements of the latter worthy of credit. If we are obliged to choose between the first and the last Passover as the probable date of the driving of the money-changers from the temple, the probability is decidedly in favour of the date assigned by the fourth evangelist. Then John the Baptist was fresh in the recollection of the people. As another example may be mentioned the account given in John of the temporary connection of several of the disciples of Jesus with Him immediately after His baptism; a circumstance which explains what would otherwise be difficult to understand, their instant obedience to His call to forsake their occupations and enter into a permanent connection with Him.

(To be continued.)

Lovest Thou Me.

If Christ the Lord should come to-day,
As erst to Peter by the sea,
And low and tenderly should say,
'O my disciple! lovest thou Me?'
To thee and me—
What would our answer be?

'Yea, Lord, Thou knowest,' if we should cry,
With ready lip and beaming glance,
'We'd stand for Thee 'neath any sky,
With flag unfurled and lifted lance,'
For thee and me
Would this the answer be?

And if He showed His hands and feet,
Sore wounded on the cruel cross,
And asked us still in accents sweet,
'Nay! lov'st thou Me in pain and loss?'
From thee and me
What could the answer be?

For life is like a summer day,
So bright, so full, so glad, so strong!
And roses strew the onward way,
And we are marching with a song—
For thee and me
What answer could there be?

Just this: 'We surely love Thee, Lord;
Our wills are weak, our hearts are poor;
But, clinging to Thee, in Thy word
We trust, and we shall aye endure.'
For thee and me
This would the answer be.

It would not do for us to boast;
We have no merit, we are frail;
Our strength is weariness at most,
And oft, when we are tried, we fail.
'But we trust Thee'—
This would our answer be.

And bliss and bane, and joy and grief,
And all things work for good, if we
Can answer, 'Yea, Lord!' swift and brief,
To that keen question, 'Lovest thou Me?'
For thee and me
This should the answer be.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Intelligence.

NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOT- At the annual meeting of this society ;ow, on the 2d ult., an encouraging as submitted. During the past twenty- rs the annual revenue had grown 000 to £26,000, the auxiliary contri- from £931 to £8105, and the annual Scriptures from 103,610 to 468,766. n expended on foreign work had l from £731 to £13,127, the foreign on from 11,248 copies to 327,229. The ipts in the twenty-one years had been , and the total issues 6,578,781 copies. e income for the year had been including £9388 of annual subscrip- l contributions from associations, and, £9701 of returns for Scriptures, the eipts had been £26,392—an increase on 1881.

TOBA.—The yield of wheat in Mani- ng the line of the Canada Pacific , is said to have afforded fifty-five per acre. Do you ask what this has h missions and the advancement of kingdom? It means this: the influx -Saxon immigrants, the development er great centre of Anglo-Saxon, and Christian, civilisation. It enhances of British America as a mission-field, lucational centre, as a source, not f wealth, but of all elevating influ- means another fulcrum for moving l. Gold-fields have more than once their influence in this way; but here of the best kind of gold—the yellow which carries with it all that belongs ful agriculture, permanent industry, nstitutions, the school, the college, ch, the missionary organisation.— *ign Missionary*, a valuable missionary , issued by the Presbyterian Mission- 3 Centre Street, New York.

ISSION ON THE UPPER NILE.—Messrs l Snow, of the American Missionary on, started in September last for their nission-field on the Upper Nile, near h of the Sobat River. Their route Cairo to Suakim, on the Red Sea, ce overland to Berbez, whence they eed by the Nile. Their plans con- the ultimate possession of a small or river navigation.

—Let us not be discouraged. Budd- 900 years in gaining the conquest of he first Protestant Christian Church nised there not quite ten years ago. ate of progress witnessed in this half century of Protestant Chris- ill make a vastly deeper impress an than nine centuries of Buddhism. *reign Missionary.*

ARY WORK FOR 1881.—The year not been signalised by any great movement in the work of missions comparable to that witnessed in Southern India two or three years since; but, considering the whole line of conquest by various boards and societies, it may be doubted whether any previous year has garnered so rich a harvest. The forces engaged in this work have settled into steady action. The day of experiment, of fitful and precarious effort, has passed. The cause of missions is better understood by the Churches, and on the whole receives a steadier support. It is also more thoroughly appreciated on heathen soil, both by natives and by foreign residents.

Guarantees have been gained in China for the exemption of native Christians from the oppressive exactions of ancestral worship. The wars of South Africa have been brought to a close, and the Christian colonies, which must be the chief hope of Africa, are suffering no further compromise.

The Church Missionary Society and the London Society have enlarged their missionary operations in the Lake region, and the English Baptists and the Congo Inland Mission have pushed forward their enterprises from the West Coast toward Stanley Pool. Two American societies, the American Board and the American Missionary Association, have inaugurated missionary operations—the one for Bihè, and the other for the Upper Nile; and the Southern Presbyterian Church has decided to establish a mission near the mouth of the Congo.

In the general statistics of Africa, where forty societies are at work extending the line of their stations from Sierra Leone southward around the Cape to Natal, and thence to Zanzibar and Egypt, there is shown an aggregate of about 170,000 communicants, 220 native ordained preachers, and over 5000 other helpers.

The statistics of missions in India, where over thirty different societies — American, British, and Continental—are at work, show a healthy growth. By the last computations there were 109,249 communicants, 598 native preachers, and about a thousand other native helpers.

In China twenty-eight societies are at work; and where thirty-six years ago there were but two converts, there are now reported by the latest statistics 19,668, with 1139 native preachers and helpers.

Ten years ago no church had been organised in Japan, where now there are 90 organisations, under twenty different societies, and a total membership of 3972, with 28 ordained native preachers, besides other helpers.

That the average per cent. of gain in foreign missions, taken year by year, is far greater than that of our home churches, with all their co-efficient means and facilities and long-existing Christian influences, is now con-

ceded. What grander demonstration could be wished of the feasibility of the missionary enterprise, or of God's impress of favour bestowed upon it?—*The Foreign Missionary.*

KAFIR TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.—The Free Church monthly for February reports that the Rev. Bryce Ross Pirie, the senior Free Church missionary in South Africa, has during the last thirty years given careful attention to the translation of the Word of God into Kafir. The version of the New Testament was revised some time ago, and he and others are working at a new edition of the Old Testament in Kafir. They have got as far in their revision as Isaiah.

HOME MISSION WORK IN NEW YORK.—The New York *Gospel in All Lands* with the New Year has become a weekly instead of a monthly magazine. Its first number is devoted to Christian work in cities. New York naturally occupies the first place. Mr Lewis E. Jackson gives an interesting account of what is going on in that city. In the evangelisation of the city by union efforts five societies are engaged; by denominational unions, six denominations are engaged; by individual churches, twelve chapels with twelve missionaries, at an annual expenditure of £8000, are kept up by the several Presbyterian Churches; ten chapels with ten missionaries, at an annual expenditure of £3000, are kept up by the Protestant Episcopal Church; and five chapels with five missionaries, and an expenditure of £3000, are kept up by the Reformed (Dutch) Church. By independent missions no less than sixteen are specified. In all, there are 118 Protestant missions in the city, where Sabbath schools and preaching, and other religious and moral services for adults or children, or both, are regularly carried on. In another paper, by Rev. Horace F. Barnes, on 'Practical Christianity in Cities,' an account is given of the labours of the Rev. Edward Judson, son of the pioneer missionary to Burmah. Mr Judson has resigned charge of one of the most prominent Baptist churches in the country—a charge which, under six years of a laborious ministry, grew from a membership of 240 to 750, and was paying him a large salary—solely in order that he might build up a church for the people in lower New York. In the closing pages of the *Christian Treasury* for 1881 will be found a specimen of Mr Judson's preaching in his new sphere.

HOME MISSION WORK IN THE UNITED STATES.—In a second number, *The Gospel in All Lands*, in accordance with its plan to devote each number to a distinct subject, takes up Home Missions. It gives an account of the work of the principal Societies in the field. The American Home Missionary Society, organised in 1836, since 1860 has been mainly supported by those in connection with Congregational Churches. Its receipts, in its fifty-fifth year ending March 1881, were about £58,000, besides about £11,600 in supplies. The number of missionaries employed was 1032, of whom 660 laboured in States and Territories west of New York. They preached regularly in 2653 stations, and at frequent intervals in hundreds more. The Methodist Episcopal Church have a very large Home Mission, but the account given of it in *The Gospel in All Lands* does not enter into details. The Protestant Episcopal Church received last year for Domestic Missions £54,120. Out of this sum there received stipends, *among white people*—12 missionary bishops, 288 clergymen; *among coloured people*—13 white clergymen, 11 coloured clergymen, 3 lay readers, 14 teachers; *among Chinese*—1 Chinese clergyman; *among Indians*—1 missionary bishop, 12 white clergymen, 13 native clergymen, 1 white catechist, 9 native catechists, 3 teachers, 13 women helpers; TOTAL, 394. The Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States had 1217 men in commission last year in 40 States and Territories, who preached the gospel at stated intervals in not less than 3000 places. The account of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society does not give details, further than the work is done in 22 States and Territories, having a population of 20,000,000. In this field there are 5587 Baptist churches, with 367,530 members. Among the Indians there are 90 churches, with 6000 members.

CHINA.—The New York *Gospel in All Lands*, for January 26, is devoted to China. It contains a list, drawn up by Rev. L. H. Gulick, occupying nearly six columns, of the names and stations of the missionaries belonging to the different Societies having representatives in China. In all, there are 305 agents from British, 280 from American, and 40 from German Societies, with a grand total of 625. Details from the Hong-Kong *Catholic Register* are given of the strength of the Roman Catholic Missions in China. They are—Bishops, 41; European priests, 664; native priests, 559; colleges, 34; convents, 34; Roman Catholics, 1,092,812. These details at first sight compare favourably with the 20,000 communicants in connection with more than 300 Protestant churches in different parts of the country. But it must be remembered that all these Protestant Christians have been gained since 1843, whereas the numbers of the Roman Catholics are the result of labours among the Chinese for nearly three hundred years.

HOW WE GET REST.—We get rest *from* Christ only when we come *to* Christ. We must come to Him in faith, in humility, in obedience. We must take His yoke upon us and learn of Him. He does not put His yoke on us in any arbitrary way. We must stoop and take it on our shoulders in token of the free choice of the heart. A chosen yoke is easy, and a burden freely borne is light.

A Daily Portion.

MARCH 19.

'He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.'—Prov. xiii. 20.

Associate with sanctified persons. They may by their counsel, prayers, holy example, be a means to make you holy. As the communion of saints is in our creed, so it should be in our company. Association begets assimilation.—*T. Watson.*

MARCH 20.

'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'—Heb. xii. 14.

God is a holy God, and He will suffer no unholy creature to come near Him; a king will not suffer a man with plague-sores to approach into his presence. Heaven is not like Noah's ark, where the clean beasts and the unclean entered; no unclean beast comes into the heavenly ark. Though God suffer the wicked to live a while on the earth, He will never suffer heaven to be pestered with such vermin. Are they fit to see God who wallow in wickedness? Will God ever lay such vipers in His bosom? Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. It must be a clear eye that sees a bright object; only a holy heart can see God in His glory.—*T. Watson.*

MARCH 21.

'Be ye holy in all manner of conversation.'—1 Peter i. 15.

Where the heart is sanctified the life will be so too; the temple had gold without as well as within. As in a piece of coin, there is not only the king's image within the ring, but his superscription too without; so where there is sanctification, there is not only God's image in the heart, but a superscription of holiness written in the life. Some say they have good hearts, but their lives are vicious. If the water be foul in the bucket, it cannot be clean in the well. The king's daughter is all glorious within—there is holiness of heart; her clothing is of wrought gold—there is holiness of life. Grace is most beautiful when its light doth so shine that others may see it; this adorns religion, and makes proselytes to the faith.—*T. Watson.*

MARCH 22.

'Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.'—Col. i. 12.

Hath God brought a clean thing out of an unclean? Hath He sanctified you; wear this jewel of sanctification with thankfulness. Christian, thou couldst defile thyself, but not sanctify thyself. But God hath done it; He hath not only chained up sin, but changed thy nature, and made thee as a king's daughter, all glorious within. He hath put upon thee the breastplate of holiness, which, though it may be shot at, can never be shot through. Are there any here that are sanctified? He hath done more for you than if He had made you the sons of princes, and caused you to ride upon the high places of the earth. Are you sanctified? heaven is begun in you; happiness is nothing but the quintessence of holiness. O how thankful should you be to God! Do as that blind man in the gospel, after he had received his sight, He followed Christ, glorifying God. Make heaven ring of God's praises.—*T. Watson.*

MARCH 23.

'I will not remove mine integrity from me.'—Job. xxvii. 5.

The believer is resolved never to part with his holiness; let others reproach it, he loves it the more; let water be sprinkled on the fire, it burns the more. He saith, as David, when Michael reproached him for dancing before the ark, If this be to be vile, I will yet be more vile. Let others persecute him for his holiness, he saith as Paul, None of those things move me. He prefers sanctity before safety, and had rather keep his conscience pure than his skin whole. He saith, as Job, my integrity I will hold fast, and not let it go. He will rather part with his life than his conscience. —*T. Watson.*

MARCH 24.

'Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His. And let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.' —2 Tim. ii. 19.

The godly are sealed with a double seal. 1. A seal of election, The Lord knoweth who are His. 2. A seal of sanctification, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity. This is the name by which God's people are known, The people of Thy holiness. As chastity distinguisheth a virtuous woman from an harlot, so sanctification distinguisheth God's people from others. Ye have received an unction from the Holy One. —*T. Watson.*

MARCH 25.

'No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.'—1 Cor. xii. 3.

To give a right assent to the gospel of Christ is impossible without divine and saving faith infused in the soul. To believe that the eternal Son of God clothed Himself with human flesh, and dwelt amongst men in a tabernacle like theirs, and suffered death in the flesh, that He who was Lord of life hath freed us from the sentence of eternal death, that He broke the bars and chains of death,

and rose again, that He went up into heaven, and there, at the Father's right hand, sits in our flesh, and that glorified above the angels, is the great mystery of godliness. And a part of this mystery is, that He is believed on in the world. This natural men may discourse of, and that very knowingly, and give a kind of natural credit to it, as to a history that may be true; but firmly to believe that there is divine truth in all these things, and to have a persuasion of it stronger than of the very things we see with our eyes; such an assent as this is the peculiar work of the Spirit of God, and is certainly saving faith.—*Leighton.*

MARCH 26.

'WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN, YE LOVE.'—1 Peter i. 8.

The soul that so believes cannot choose but love. It is commonly true the eye is the ordinary door by which love enters into the soul, and it is true in this love; though it is denied of the eye of sense, yet you see it is ascribed to the eye of faith; though you have not seen Him, you love Him, because you believe; which is to see Him spiritually. Faith indeed is distinguished from that vision that is in glory; but it is the vision of the kingdom of grace, it is the eye of the new creature, that quick-sighted eye, that pierces all the visible heavens, and sees above them, that looks to things that are not seen, and is the evidence of things not seen, that sees Him that is invisible.—*Leighton.*

MARCH 27.

'IN WHOM, THOUGH NOW YE SEE HIM NOT, YET BELIEVING.'—1 Peter i. 8.

It is possible that one may be much loved upon the report of his worth and virtues, and upon a picture of him, lively drawn, before sight of the party so commended and represented; but certainly when he is seen, and found answerable to the former, it raises the affection that it first begun to a far greater height. We have the report of the perfections of Jesus Christ in the gospel, yea, so clear a description of Him, that it gives a picture of Him; and that, together with the sacraments, are the only lawful and the only lively pictures of our Saviour. Faith believes this report, and beholds this picture, and so lets in the love of Christ to the soul.—*Leighton.*

MARCH 28.

'YET BELIEVING, YE REJOICE.'—1 Peter i. 8.

Further, faith gives a particular experimental knowledge of Christ, and acquaintance with Him. It causes the soul to find all that is spoken of Him in the Word, and His beauty there represented, to be abundantly true, makes it really taste of His sweetness, and by that possesses the heart more strongly with His love, persuading it of the truth of those things, not by reasons and arguments, but by an inexpressible kind of evidence, that they only know that have it. Faith pe Christian of these two things, that t sopher gives as the cause of all lov and propriety, the loveliness of Chris self, and our interest in Him.—*Leig*

MARCH 29.

'DELIGHT THYSELF ALSO IN THE L Ps. xxxvii. 4.

There is in true love a complac delight in God; a conformity to loving what He loves. It is studio will, ever seeking to know more cle it is that is most pleasing to Him, co a likeness to God in all His actions versing with Him, frequent contem God, and looking on His beauty. A lets in this affection, so it serves it c and readily looks that way that lov it. Thus the soul that is possessed love of Jesus Christ, the soul whic eye much upon Him, often thinkin former sufferings and present glory, it looks upon Christ, the more it lo still the more it loves, the more it d look upon Him.—*Leighton.*

MARCH 30.

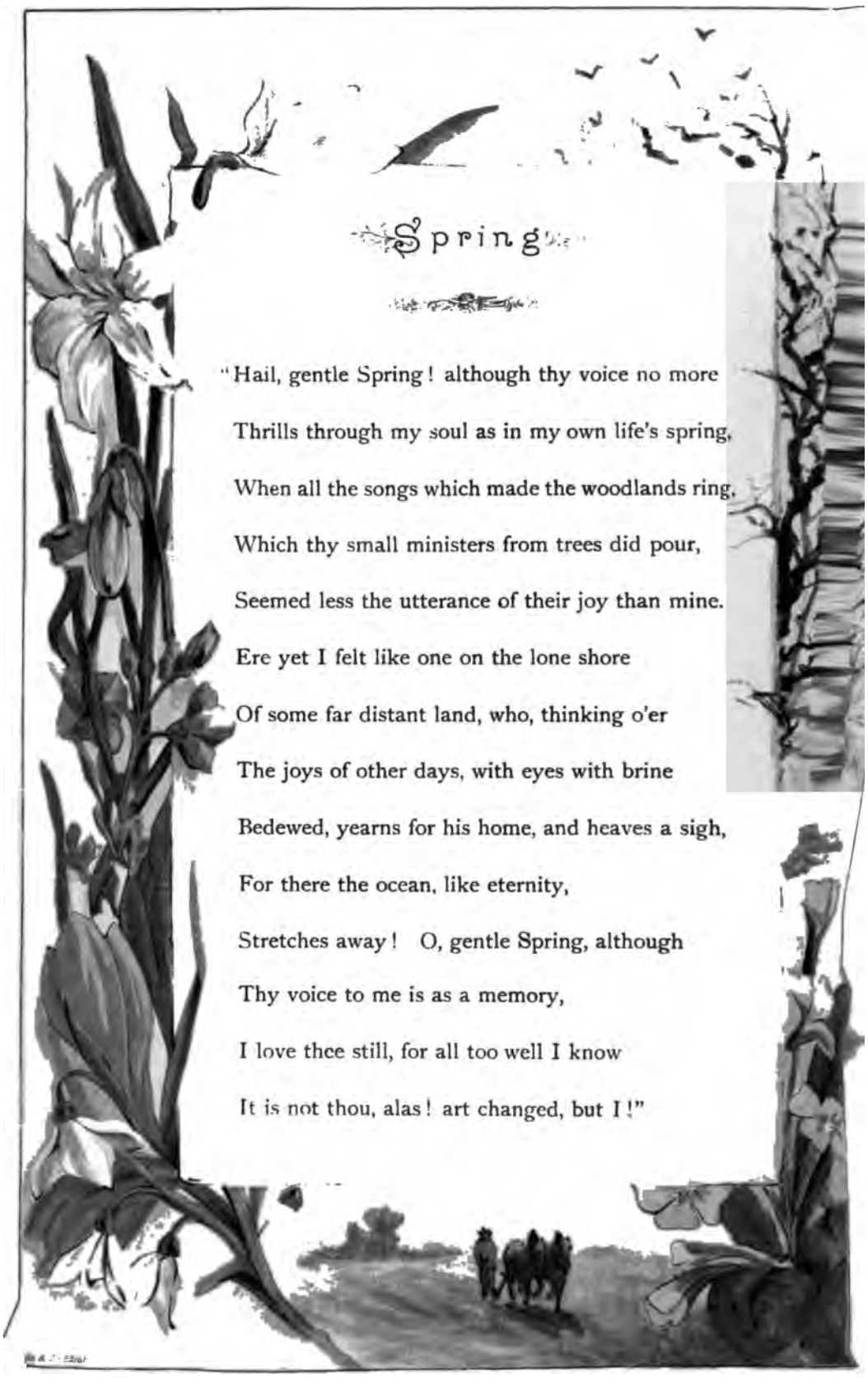
'THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS LO Gal. v. 22.

Grace doth not pluck up by the r wholly destroy the natural passion mind, because they are distempered that were an extreme remedy to cur ing, and heal by cutting off. No, b rects the distemper in them; it drie this main stream of love, but purifie the mud it is full of in its wrong c calls it to its right channel, by whic run into happiness, and empty itself ocean of goodness. The Holy Spirit love of the soul towards God in Chri that way only can it apprehend His l then, Jesus Christ is the first objec divine love; He is the medium throu God conveys the sense of His love to and receives back its love to Him.—*L*

MARCH 31.

'THOU WHOM MY SOUL LOVETH.'—S

There is an inseparable intermixtur with belief, and a pious affection, divine truth; so that in effect, as w guish them, they are mutually stren the one by the other, and so though i circle, it is a divine one, and falls n censure of the school's pedantry. If how shall I do to love? I answer, bel you ask, how shall I believe? I answ Although these expressions to a carn are altogether unsavoury, by gross n them; yet to a soul taught to read them, by any measure of that same love wherewith they were penned, full of heavenly and unutterable swe *Leighton.*



Spring.

"Hail, gentle Spring! although thy voice no more
Thrills through my soul as in my own life's spring,
When all the songs which made the woodlands ring,
Which thy small ministers from trees did pour,
Seemed less the utterance of their joy than mine.
Ere yet I felt like one on the lone shore
Of some far distant land, who, thinking o'er
The joys of other days, with eyes with brine
Bedewed, yearns for his home, and heaves a sigh,
For there the ocean, like eternity,
Stretches away! O, gentle Spring, although
Thy voice to me is as a memory,
I love thee still, for all too well I know
It is not thou, alas! art changed, but I!"

THE COVENANTING PREACHERS.

III. JAMES RENWICK.

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, LOCKERBIE.

HE death of Richard Cameron, and then of Donald Cargill, was a severe blow to the pious people who for years had braved so many dangers to have the satisfaction of hearing the truth from their lips, but it did not paralyse them. The Scottish Parliament began its July 28, 1681, the very day after suffered martyrdom. It passed several the most offensive character. 'The f this realm' were said to derive their ower from God Almighty alone.' It erted 'that no difference in religion, law nor Act of Parliament made, or to e, can alter or divert the right of suc- ' to the crown. To do anything 'by , speaking, or any other manner of o prevent the Duke of York from ng the throne, although he was a pro- Roman Catholic, was declared to be ason. The cess voted by the Conven- 1678, for the putting down of the field- s, was continued for five years. If a or servant attended a field-meeting, prietor or master must pay the fine l. The fines already in existence were l. A test of the most contradictory snaring character was ordered to be from everybody in any office in or State throughout the realm.

Acts roused the bereaved followers of n and Cargil to action. Lest they might ked upon as consenters to, or at least rs at, such wickedness,' they resolved 'some public testimony someway cor- ing to the notoriety of the sin.' To do ctively, 'they endeavoured to acquaint ery place of the nation' whom they pproved of 'the testimony against and defection,' published by Cameron gill, of their purpose to hold a meeting nal consultation, 'and for settling a ndency thereafter amongst them.'

This meeting was held December 16, 1681, in Logan House, a lonely farm-house in the moors, about seven miles to the south of Strathaven, in Lanarkshire. It was the first of a series of what were called general meetings, that were held at different places at short intervals of from three weeks to three or four months, down at least to the Revolution. The 'correspondency' was made up of local meetings held all over the country. The meetings held near each other had representatives from each other every fortnight, or at furthest once a month. These local meetings elected representatives to the general meeting. The conclusions of the general meetings sent down to the local meetings or societies formed the 'general correspondence' that ran 'circular through the whole.' Michael Shields, the clerk of the 'general meetings,' drew up a record of their proceedings, which John Howie published, with his usual alterations, in an octavo volume in 1780, under the name of 'Faithful Contendings Displayed.' The original manuscript is still in existence among the papers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, now united with the Free Church. The germ of these meetings lay in the meetings for prayer and religious conference that for some years previous had begun to be common in Scotland.

With one of these prayer-meetings Renwick was connected so early as some time before 1678, but he withdrew from it because of the contentions on behalf of the cess that were expressed by its members. Hence he became deeply interested in the steps taken to institute 'a correspondency' among the meetings for prayer and consultation on the part of those who groaned under the tyranny of the times. He was present at the first meeting, and took part in the publication at Lanark, January 12, 1682, of the Declaration emitted by it. At the fifth general meeting held at Edinburgh, October 11, 1682, he was one of the young men chosen to 'go abroad to follow their studies,' with a view to their being

ordained to the Christian ministry. His previous history more than justified their choice.

James Renwick was born in the parish of Glencairn, in Dumfriesshire, February 15, 1662. His father, Andrew Renwick, was a weaver. He was 'a fervent and faithful Christian.' He died when James was in his fourteenth year. His mother, Elizabeth Corson, was a woman of similar piety to her husband. Like Hannah of old, she dedicated her son to the Lord, and it soon appeared that the Lord had accepted the gift. Alexander Shields admiringly records that when he was but two years of age he was discerned to be aiming at prayer! This early blossoming soon ripened into fruit. 'He began by times to fall in love with the ways of God, and to delight much in secret prayer and reading the Word.' The circumstances of his parents made it no easy matter for them to give him a learned education; 'yet they consulted his inclination,' Shields quaintly says, 'which was constant for his book, and with great difficulties kept him at it until Providence did very propitiously furnish him with means of greater proficiency at Edinburgh, where many were so enamoured with his hopeful disposition that they very earnestly promoted his education; and when he was ready for the university, were careful to encourage him in attending on gentlemen's sons for the improvement of their studies and his own both.' These latter words doubtless mean that, like many a Scotch student that has risen to eminence, Renwick, during his university career, did much to support himself by teaching others whose worldly circumstances were better than his own. The temptations incident to a city university life had little or no evil effect upon him. His faith and hope increased with his years; and when his studies, previous to a degree, came to a close, he found he could not take the oath of allegiance as it was then framed. It owned the king to be supreme in all causes, an acknowledgment that no one who regarded Christ to be supreme Head of His Church could honestly make. His name accordingly was not presented when the degrees were publicly bestowed. But he afterwards, with two others, obtained his degree privately. After he had taken his degree he continued at Edinburgh, and prosecuted his studies. For a short time he attended the meetings held by the Indulgence ministers, many of whom were living in or near Edinburgh. Renwick soon saw that their submitting to the Indulgence and living in Edinburgh really deprived their flocks of their ministrations, and tended to confirm the civil power in its efforts to take away spiritual liberty from the Christian people. And at the same time he became persuaded that the king had broken all the pledges he had made when he ascended the throne. The last words of Cargill, at whose execution, July 27, 1681, he was present, strengthened him in this persuasion. And when, in the October following, he met with some praying people to consider how best to collect and preserve the Testimonies of the Martyrs that had lately suffered death, he cheered their hearts by his frankly telling them he approved of the truths presented in these testimonies, and that it would be a pleasure to him to be engaged with a remnant who would follow out and seek to perpetuate them to the succeeding generation.

In December 1682, three months after the general meeting had agreed to send him, Renwick sailed for Holland. The general meeting voted him twenty-five pound Scots to defray the expenses of the voyage, and a further sum for 'clothes and other necessaries' was afterwards raised.

He arrived at Groningen in January, and prosecuted his studies under Professor John Marck, the author of many theological works, but perhaps best known in this country by his 'Christianae Theologiae Medulla,' a small compendium of theology that was a favourite book with Dr Chalmers. While at Groningen Renwick kept up a correspondence with his friends in Scotland, as well as with Sir Robert Hamilton, then in Holland. Much of this correspondence is contained in 'A Collection of Letters,' with a short preface by M'Millan of Pentland, afterward of Sandhills, Glasgow, published in 1764. Unfortunately this collection has been very carelessly edited. Several of the letters are misplaced. The printer has read the word 'June' as if it were 'Jan.,' and 'May' as if it were 'March,' and the postscripts have been generally left out. But with these drawbacks, that might be easily removed in a new issue, this correspondence says a great deal for the piety, and kindliness, and Christian patriotism of the writer. It very plainly shows why Renwick was a man so much beloved by all who knew him.

His friends in Scotland, that were altogether without a Christian ministry, wearied greatly for his return. He, too, was not less desirous to enter on his work. But there were formidable difficulties in the way. Holland has always been a fertile soil for theological discussions, and at that time there was a keen controversy about the views of John Koch,

known in this country by the Latin
his name—Cocceius. Koch died in
it the controversy continued after his
Evangelical theologians are now gene-
reed as to the great service Koch did
ogy by calling it out of the scholastic
to which it was settling through the
e of Melanchthon, and giving it a more
direction.* But Koch was not always
rded in his statements, and Professor
arck took a prominent place among
o disputed or denied the orthodoxy
parts of his teaching. Renwick sym-
with the views of his professor. His
d adviser, Sir Robert Hamilton, was
me mind with himself. Hence, when
n came to be spoken of, Renwick was
gly desirous to be ordained by men
same opinions as Professor Marck.
's 'Collection of Letters' contains a
er by Sir Robert Hamilton to 'Some
n Scotland,' giving a minute account
fficulties that had to be overcome ere
n could be secured. At last it took
Groningen, May 10, 1683, by the
r Presbytery of that town. The ex-
n must have been thorough, for it
r four hours, but the Classis was fully
Alexander Shields, in his Life of
, has preserved copies of the certifi-
, as he calls them, the 'testimonies
y Professor Marck and the Classis.
guage departs a good deal from the
le of such documents, and shows how
both Professor Marck and the Classis
the matter, and how deep an interest
t in the suffering Church of Scotland.
y after his ordination Renwick pain-
erienced the quarrelsome disposition
often appears among Scotch Presby-
t that period. A letter came from
h ministers at Rotterdam, containing
harges against the Societies that had
Renwick. It was intended to pre-
ordination. It came too late for
n its primary object, but it led to
inquiry, and the result was that
s Dutch friends became more his
an ever. But the Scotch ministers
dam were often afterwards a source
e and grief to him by the unfounded
reports respecting him they spread abroad. Exile is not favourable to a charitable frame of mind. Men who have fled from their native land in seasons of trouble do not sufficiently remember that those left behind cannot always be thinking of them, and, from the very necessities of their position, must often take steps in vindication of themselves, or in self-defence, without apprising them beforehand. In the loneliness and solitude of foreign sojourn they are apt to fancy that in such steps they have been entirely forgotten. This fancy soon begets worse feelings, and ere long they who once were friends become enemies, disposed to suspect that an evil intent lurks in every proposal made by the other. It is only thus we can explain how it was that Renwick and the Societies in Scotland were often so misinterpreted by their exiled countrymen in Holland.

Now that he was ordained to the Christian ministry, Renwick was eager to return to Scotland. He went to Rotterdam, where he met with much discouragement from the exiled ministers, but it did not turn him from his purpose. He found a ship ready to sail for Scotland, and he got on board at the Brielle, then much resorted to by Scotch merchants. But a contrary wind kept the ship in the Maas for several days. Meanwhile the profanity of some of the passengers, and their efforts to get him to drink the king's health, and their threatening to inform upon him if he continued to refuse, led him to go ashore and seek for another vessel. He found one bound for Ireland. He seems to have set sail in the close of June or the beginning of July 1683. He had a stormy passage, and on the way the ship was compelled to put in at Rye, in Sussex, where the captain proved himself very unfriendly. Renwick has given an account of his voyage in two letters (xxii. and xxiii.) in M'Millan's Collection. We transfer from Renwick's own autograph the twenty-second of these letters, especially as it appears in a much mutilated form in M'Millan's pages. The passages within brackets are now printed for the first time. Renwick signs himself 'Robert Bruce,' the signature he assumed when his letter might cause danger either to himself or his correspondent. The letter is address to Sir Robert Hamilton. The dangers referred to are those that arose out of the Rye House Plot, which had been recently detected.

DUBLIN, *August* 24, 1683.

[RIGHT] HONOURABLE SIR,—

I am assured that you will think it strange that ere this time I should not have written

article by Dr A. Ebrard upon Cocceius
ool, in the third volume of the new edition
al Encyclopädie,' by Herzog, Plitt, and
Dr Ebrard's paper is somewhat coloured
ke of the Synod of Dordt, but it contains
esting matter about Koch and his fol-
hough he does injustice to Witsius.

unto you. But many hindrances have been cast in my way by reason of the difficulties and dangers of this time; all thir [*i.e.*, these] being, in a manner, in an uproar by reason of challenging and suspecting all persons, and the transmitting of any letters. However, I can no longer forbear to write though [that] it should never come to your hand, having many things to say to the commendation of the Lord's wisdom and power in outwitting and restraining men.

[For after being several days tossed at sea, and in great hazard by reason of the insufficiency of the vessel, we were forced to go into Rye in England, where we were much noticed by the wicked in that place, who, I fear, had our skipper's concurrence in laying snares for us. But, blessed be the holy Lord, who brought the counsel of the heathen to none effect. For, upon the Saturday, the men who are called waiters in that place came aboard, asking the skipper for us, if that we were ashore or not, and if he did know us, who replied that we were aboard (we being in the cabin overhearing their discourse), and that he did not know what we were, which was the only way to make them take notice of us; and whereupon they came to us, but, by the holy, wise Lord, were so restrained that they were suffered to say nothing, but asked how we did. Then, on the Sabbath-day, the skipper used all means to get us ashore, pretending an invitation to dinner, wherein we refused him; but after that time of day was past, he being detained by an excessive rain, he told us that it was to go to church he was desiring us. But O, what shall I say of the Lord's wise providence, who immediately struck him so with sickness that he was not able to go and tell that we would not come.]

But O, I think the Lord hath had a special hand in my coming to this place, for He hath not suffered me to be idle; and, blessed be His name, He hath kindled a fire which I hope Satan shall not soon quench. For all the people of this place were following men who did not follow the Lord, and they thought these were right enough; yet now, some of them are saying, 'We have been misled, we never knew before this that we were standing betwixt the Lord's camp and His adversary's.' O what shall I say? Blessed be the name of the Lord, who lets me see that He will see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and gives me many confirmations of His calling me to this work, wherein my desire is only to be faithful. O [I] rejoice in Him who hath called me forth to fight against those who oppose themselves, notwithstanding of all their malice at me; and pretended friends meeting to consult upon my apprehending. I shall say no more. H—— hath found some who have engaged to do for me in taking me home to Scotland. But I have the more patience here because of the Lord's doing great things.

The Lord be with you and all His Israel.

I am,

Right Honourable Sir,

Yours to serve in the Lord while I am

JAMES BRUCE.

[My neighbour George [Hill] is going home, having got an occasion of some who would not at all take me.

My love to all my dear friends; and be mindful of Zion, and the Lord will not be unmindful of you.]

(*To be continued.*)

OUR SAVIOUR.

OUR Saviour is our brother: He is man like ourselves; He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; to Him none need ever fear to go.

Our Saviour is our Maker: in the beginning He was with God, and was God; He is the author and supporter of life; to Him it is safe to go for pardon and life eternal; He is 'mighty to save.'

Our Saviour is our King: wise, powerful, just, and good; He expects His subjects to obey Him; He also expects them to be interested in extending His accepted rule.

The kingdom our Saviour came to set up is sure to prevail; it is good to be in it, and to work for it; to be interested in it is to share the 'zeal of the Lord,' and to be at one with Christ.

To have received Christ as Saviour and King is to be forever at peace. For doing this, can any hope for a better time than now?—*Henry M. Groot, D.D.*

Good Night.

Good night! Good night!
Closed are the tired eyes;
Quiet the weary form,
As when the tumult of a summer storm
A-sudden dies.

Good night! Good night!
Thine be that perfect rest,
And thine the sweet repose
Of one who leans thro' all life's joys and woes,
On His dear breast.

Good night! Good night!
O Thou who guardest sleep
And carest for us all,
In danger or in peace, whate'er befall,
This dear one keep! *Jessica.*

KENNETH.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER I.

[GHT was settling over the prairie —still, but desolate. The traveller was a lad with a strangely old face, and a step that had lost the elasticity of the morning.

Through the day he had kept up he flowers brought him sweet mes- the bird-songs made him think of ng of the robins under the eaves. ss thrilled him pleasantly. The and the brown path, and the inds, urged him on; the clouds eckoned him. In all that he saw he was himself a part. The cur- being glowed with the fervour of longed to be a man, and to do a

ght coming it was different. His ts had rubbed into the flesh; his too large for him, flapped about gure like a sail at half-mast. A a was in his eyes, and his blue cap down, thus narrowing his vision, trating the outward flow of ideas elf. He had asked for a night's d been refused.

keep straight on, you will come to was said in a hard, cold way.

tired! I have walked all day,' ly.

the woman never had a boy of her e shut the door in his face. Only nce made the house a black dot on did he break down. If it was a o shed tears, there was no human him. A feeling of insignificance him—a straw floating in immensity, he atmosphere, a grain of sand in

To ease his feet, he sat down in a and took off his boots. The raw, flesh sickened him. An ocean of as around him, with its alternate rown, and yellow, and purple. The lours of herb and earth made the th fragrance. Sinking down in the it his brown hands over his eyes bitterly. There was a rift in the e rays of the setting sun touched rners of a book he carried.

said when I was in trouble I must

He read a verse aloud:—'For in f trouble He shall hide me in His a the secret of His tabernacle shall ; He shall set me upon a rock.'

twilight warned him. He stag- It was the hour Rachel would be k of him, and God would help him. glancing from the windows and a ging as the foot-traveller entered

Lines of streets crossed; every- llings, with churches, lifting their to the stars. It was not the solitude of the prairie, but a sense of loneliness pressed upon him. The church door was open; the people were going in. His first thought was to sit down on the steps; he could hear them sing, and it would rest him. Then he crept nearer, and at length ventured in. Behind the door was a broad seat. The people were gathered before the pulpit. He would rest a little, and go out before they saw him.

The singing of the grand old hymns soothed him; he fell asleep. When he awoke, the lights were out. An old man flashed a lantern in his face.

'No place here to sleep; go home at once,' he said, gruffly.

'I have no home. I came in to hear the singing. I am very sorry, sir.'

Possibly there was that in the lad's voice that touched the man with a memory of something once his own.

'No home! Where in the world did you come from, then?' in a tone positively tender.

The lad's story was soon told. A strange mist gathered in the old man's eyes. To his vision, the lamp burned dimly.

'I will go now; I have some money,' said the lad.

'If you have, you shall keep it. It shall never be said that I turned a boy into the street at this time of night. What shall I call you? What is your name?'

'Kenneth Kline.'

'Kenneth Kline,' slowly repeating the words. 'And your sister knew you were coming away.'

'My sister expects me to send for her some day.'

'Whew!' said the man, blowing a long breath. 'When do you think that will be?'

'When I am a man, sir.'

With the lantern swinging between them, the two walked quite through the town.

'We stop here,' was said pleasantly, as they came to a brown house with a wing, and what seemed to Kenneth to be a large flower garden. A bright light streamed out to the gate, and a grey-haired woman with a smile on her face came to the door to welcome them.

'One of May's boys?' giving her hand to the lad.

'Try again, mother,' laughed the old man.

The sweet, motherly face gave Kenneth assurance. He answered simply, 'A stranger, whom your husband has brought for a night's lodging.'

'But you are tired and lame. What can I do for you, child?'

'I have walked, and my boots hurt me. If you please, I will take them off.'

'So I would think,' exclaimed the woman, looking down at the clumsy foot-gear. 'And, father, the boy would like some water and that little tin basin on the bench.'

'Right this time, mother—and supper. He must be hungry as well as tired.'

Kenneth explained that he had eaten some bread, and was not in the least hungry.

'There! Take my slippers; they are old ones,' as the poor, bruised feet were bound up. 'I know they must feel better,' said the woman.

A slim taper stood on the table in the room where Kenneth was to sleep. It was the wing, and appeared to have been built more recently than the main building. Pictures hung on the wall, and the windows were curtained with some white, thin material, prettily looped with blue ribbons. A blue china vase, with a cluster of withered roses, occupied the centre of the narrow mantel, and a saucer of the same material and colour was filled with agates and pebbles, gathered, no doubt, from the river, and dear by reason of association.

Bewildered, Kenneth sat down on the side of the bed. He could hardly realise how it had all come about. Out on the prairie he had been feeling so desolate and almost forsaken. 'If God leads us, as mother taught me, and does not at any time forget, then it was wrong to feel so badly, and I must try harder next time.'

Notwithstanding tears coursed down his cheeks, he was comforted. God had brought him to a nicer place than he would have had with the woman who refused him shelter.

A star looked in through the muslin curtain. 'That is always the way,' it seemed to say. 'God gives more than we ask for, and in just the way and manner to do us the most good.' The same star was looking down into Rachel's room. He hoped she was asleep.

The pain in his poor bandaged feet made it difficult for him to walk across the room without crying out. Once more he read:—

'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.'

With the star still shining he fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

When Kenneth awoke, the sun was already making his course. There was a strange languor; his movements were slow, and his feet were painfully swollen. To walk would be impossible. What was he to do? His head dropped over his clasped hands; tears blinded him. It was so necessary for him to be well and strong. Then he read from the small book of the strength God gives those who trust Him.

Opening the window, he looked out. There was a large vegetable garden in the rear of the dwelling; evidently the owner of the place was a gardener.

Turning from what seemed to him a marvel of loveliness, Kenneth dragged himself down the stairs, carrying the slippers in his hand. To the woman's greeting he answered—'I am afraid I cannot walk.'

'Will it trouble you to stay with us a day?' smiling into his anxious face.

'The trouble will be yours,' was the quick response.

The woman's face was full of compassion.

'I hardly understand how you could walk yesterday; but you are here, and you must stay, and you must not consider it trouble.'

A moment later, she said to her husband: 'Karl, I am afraid we did not have the right thing last night.'

'Then we must have it this morning,' speaking in the same breezy manner he had done the night previous.

Kenneth was confined to the lounge for several days, and gradually the story of his life was told—the loss of property, the death of his parents, and, last of all, the resolve to go West and make a home to which he could bring Rachel.

'It looks to me like a leading, father. We need some young life in the house; and there are days of sickness, and days when we miss our own boys. Paul would have been quite the size of Kenneth, had he lived,' turning to her husband.

Kenneth's heart warmed. This woman knew what it was to have a boy in the house. Loving her own boy, her heart went out to other boys. The calm, smiling face reminded him of his own mother. Thus strong is the bond of sympathy in human hearts.

When the woman spoke again it was to ask a definite question. 'Will you stay with us, Kenneth, and be to us as a son?'

'I will stay, and do what I can to prove that I am not ungrateful,' was the answer.

Karl Lubeck and his wife Christine were favourably known in Brentford. The proceeds of their garden was the only ostensible means of support. Still it was evident in the look and bearing of both that gardening had not been the only occupation of their lives. Some even went so far as to say that Karl Lubeck was a political exile; and others, that he had lived a high life and spent a fortune, and was now content to work with his hands for his daily bread.

Possibly, the two most interested never heard these remarks. It was certain they never mentioned the politics of their own country, never harped upon honours received, but quietly accepted the present with its blessings, anxious only to maintain their integrity, and so live that their influence would be on the side of right living and acting.

Affliction is like the ploughshare. The green turf and the flowers must be buried under the black mould before seed can be sown and a harvest reaped. Two of Karl Lubeck's sons had reached manhood; the third, Paul, was a lad like Kenneth when he died.

Brentford was pleasantly situated on the river, the streets running parallel, and thus giving a long frontage, broken nearly in the

e broad main street cutting across
s, and running between broken
the sweeping prairie. From its
w, as well, perhaps, as its being
stirring, active people, Brentford
lace of resort during the summer.
ties were frequent, and picnics
xcursions were kept up until late
.

Kenneth could use his feet, he
to make himself useful. 'I know
rdening,' he said to Karl Lubeck.
r fruit, and I can cover vines, and
rhaps.'

n do that you can do a good deal,
into the brown face.

aid that a garden was a world by
rowth and language from which
w useful lessons,' ventured Ken-

is full of surprises; old forces
I feel like a boy when I see
g up,' was the reply.

came out to look at the grapes,
xplained the process of gathering
ing them to market.

ink you can, you may try your
ow,' was said to Kenneth.

ordeal for the lad. His coat was
for him, and his boots were the
s, brushed up a little, but clumsy.
him, however, better than new
e had earned them. And thus,
omething still better in the future,
basket Karl filled for him, and
y.

uched Christine's lips as she fol-
dd figure. She knew how very
would look in garments neat and
nd she decided in her own mind
l not be long before he had a new

as thinking of Rachel, and the
e would take in that old garden.
d would clap her hands, and her
dance at the sight of the white
ums and golden asters; the vines
s, and the luscious purple grapes;
ll her that very night, and he
a picture of the house, with the
e standing in the door.

ld man. Give us some grapes,'
d out of his musing. Two boys,
han he, and both well dressed,
m.

fellow! Give us some grapes,'
d; and this time in a louder and
tone.

not mine to give. I am on my
village, where they are already
neth answered, respectfully.

old man know just how many
e are in the basket?' asked one,
vement of his head.

ght, Hinckley. Let us help our-
he other lad, advancing a few

as greatly annoyed; but he did not for a moment think to yield. The grapes were given him to deliver to customers.

'Do not hinder me, boys; the grapes are not mine. I must go to the village,' was said, calmly.

'Not before we have as many as we want,' exclaimed the one called Hinckley, making a snatch at the basket.

With the spring of a panther Kenneth was upon him, and the next instant the lad was lying upon his back in the dust, with Kenneth's foot placed upon his breast.

'Murder! murder!' cried the boy at the top of his voice.

'Not quite!' said a gentleman, who chanced to be riding by. 'What is all this about? Explain, lad,' to Kenneth.

'Simply this, sir,' stepping aside, so that the prostrate youth could arise; 'Karl Lubeck sent me to the village with a basket of grapes; these boys—there were two of them, sir—met me, and demanded that I should give them each a cluster. I said to them the grapes were not mine to give. This one insisted, and made a move to rob me of the basket. I could do nothing else, sir.'

'Is this true, Hinckley French? I am ashamed of you,' said the gentleman. 'Had the grapes belonged to the lad, doubtless he would have given you each a cluster. He was right. What he has done was done in defence. Shake yourself, and apologise like a man.'

'Apologise to that ragamuffin! No, indeed; and if I find him by himself I'll give it to him,' jerked out the youth over his shoulder.

The gentleman got down. Flinging his bridle-rein over his arm, he walked by the side of Kenneth quite into the village.

'I have a list; but it is my first trip. I believe Mr Vernon lives here, and Mr Kew opposite,' at the same time looking at the paper.

'Yes, this is my house, and that is Mr Kew's. I see Mrs French is down. She lives in the large house in the corner. Hinckley is her son,' said the man.

'In that case you are Mr Vernon. I was at church last Sabbath; but I did not see you in the pulpit,' returned Kenneth.

'You know that I am a minister?'

Karl Lubeck told me that Mr Vernon was his minister, and that he lived here.'

'True. I did not preach last Sabbath; but I hope to do so the coming one, and I shall expect to see you in Karl Lubeck's pew. Now for the grapes; my wife is waiting for them.'

'One moment, if you please, Mr Vernon. You said to Hinckley French that I did right. Will you say this to Karl Lubeck?'

'I will, my boy, and I will explain to Mrs French.'

'Thanks, I am very sorry about it; but the grapes were not mine, and I was obliged to defend them.'

Kenneth did not doubt but the story was already told; still Mrs French was next on the list. Leaving a supply, he ran down the steps,

conscious that Hinckley stood gazing at him from an upper window. It was not the memory of the threat; but ridicule was more than he could bear. Going home, the empty basket weighed heavily on his arm. Mrs French was no doubt a good customer, and this difficulty with Hinckley might make an enemy of his mother. He was sorry that it had happened; he longed to hide away in his room in the wing; it was all so unthought of, so unprovided for, on his part; he wondered why it must have been.

At the gate he was met by Karl Lubeck and his wife. Their countenances were grave, and the good Christine had evidently been weeping.

Dropping the basket, Kenneth pressed up to Christine's side, and leaned his head against her shoulder.

'Have you seen Mr Vernon? Do you blame me that I have made Hinckley French my enemy?'

'I am very sorry that it happened; but do not distress yourself about Hinckley. I'm sure his mother is rich, and Hinckley is under no restraint at home; a little wholesome punishment will not hurt him.'

It was a relief; the poor boy found it difficult to keep silent.

'Served him right! He knows now where you stand!' spoke up Karl. A moment later, as if suddenly conscious that was not the spirit to inculcate, he added, in an entirely different key, 'It is possible for you to do Hinckley good. In every instance be careful to set him a worthy example.'

Up to this time Kenneth had not a thought that he could not share with Rachel. He did not like to sadden her, and he knew that however carefully he worded it, her quick imagination would seize upon every point, and her sensitive little heart take alarm. Hinckley called him a ragamuffin, and was he not? No doubt his uncouth appearance had its effect upon the lad. Judging him to be poor, he could afford to be insolent.

Better disappoint Rachel than write in such a mood, was Kenneth's mental ejaculation; and, sweeping the writing materials into the drawer, he opened his book. The soft, silvery rays of a star crept up the wall. The lad raised his head.

'I am here,' the light of the star seemed to say, 'if you would only remember, it would save you a world of trouble. It is as plain as anything; just read it for yourself.'

'The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad,' Kenneth read.

'There! I said it was plain; the Lord hath done great things. Keep your eyes open, lad; how nice everything is!' said the star, running over the pictures and the books; 'how white the pillows are, and how soft the bed is! What a lovely place to rest in; and for study it is just charming! The Lord hath done great things, and he is ready to do even greater. Read for yourself, lad.'

'"For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will be held from them that walk uprightly."'

'Just as I told you,' the starlight seemed to say; 'no good thing! Only remember! No good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly.'

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORICAL PROOFS OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY GEORGE P. FISHER, D.D., LL.D., YALE COLLEGE, CONNECTICUT.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL THE WORK OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.

(Continued from page 164.)

THE next topic to be considered is the discourses of Christ as given in the Fourth Gospel, considered in themselves and in relation to the reports of His teaching by the synoptists. The ordinary effect of oral repetition is to single out the salient points of a narrative, to sift it of a portion of its details, and to preserve or impart a certain terseness and home-bred vigour to the diction. These traits frequently appear in the first three Gospels. The Fourth Gospel is made up of personal recollections, in a style marked by the individuality of the author, and charged throughout with emotion. The discourses are in the same style of expression as the narrative portions of the Gospel and the First Epistle. No doubt it must be assumed that the teaching of Jesus was heard, assimilated, and reproduced mainly in the author's own phraseology. This supposition is perfectly consistent with the essential faithfulness of his recollection. Let an ardent and sympathetic pupil listen to a public discourse of a teacher. Suppose him to undertake afterwards to relate in a condensed way what was said, for the information of another. It will be natural for him to cast what he will convey to his auditor, in part and perhaps altogether, in his own phraseology, and even almost unconsciously to mingle an explanatory element to aid the comprehension of the listener. It is the teacher who forms the pupil. The essential conceptions of the teacher become, so to speak, the staple of his habitual thoughts. The ideas and the spirit of the instructor are more effectually, they are, it might be added, more truly, transmitted by this method to other minds than might otherwise be possible, unless perchance a *verbatim* report of his discourses could be presented. It is one proof of the genuineness of

el, and of the essential correctness of ion given of the discourses, that the so filled with the spirit of his Master's so absorbed in the substance of it, and there he insensibly passes from er's words into reflections of his own distinctly marking the point of tran- Incidentally there occur undesigned of the fidelity of the evangelist's

One of the most striking instances roduction of the words, 'Arise, let us ' (John xiv. 31), which are not ex- but which imply a change of place— a leaving of the table to go forth the garden. Had they formed a part itious narrative, it is impossible to that they would not have been con- ith a statement of what the action is implied in them.

an doubt that Jesus said much more, cially in converse with His disciples, more continuous discourse, than the s relate? They preserve, for example, sentences which were uttered on the of the Last Supper. Yet He sat with ples the greater part of the night. ain, the peculiarity of the oral tradi- ontrast with the full narrative of a ho draws from the store of his own ons, is manifest. As regards the manner of teaching, there are resemblances between the discourses and His method of instruction as in the synoptical Gospels. It is ; in John He makes use of symbols, connecting of physical blindness with (ix. 39-41): But how does this differ h a saying as, 'Let the dead bury d'? (Matt. viii. 22.) It is said that His figures are frequently misunder- His disciples. But in the synoptists such statements as, 'Beware of the the Pharisees and the Sadducees' i. 11), which the disciples failed to nd; and, 'He that hath no sword, ell his garment and buy one' (Luke which the disciples misunderstood, ch Jesus did not stop to explain. illustration as that of the Good (chap. x.) belongs to the same of teaching which dictated the par- corded in the first three Gospels. examination of the two authorities, d the synoptists, brings to light resemblances in the modes in which ous thoughts of Christ are set forth, night not attract the attention of a eader.

rds theology, there are traces in the s of the same vein of teaching which minent in the Fourth Gospel. The le passage in Matt. xi. 27, 'No man the Son but the Father; neither any man the Father save the Son, whom the Son will reveal Him,' is t and style coincident with what we hn. It is a specimen of that sort of respecting Himself and His relation to God which we have good reason to expect that Christ would impart to His followers. Is it probable that He would have left them in the dark on those questions in regard to which they must inevitably have craved instruction, and which form so large a portion of the teaching in John? The institution of the Lord's Supper as it is recorded by the synoptists implies that instruction respecting His person and concerning the spiritual reception of Himself—such teaching as is given in John vi.—had been imparted to His disciples. Else how could His words at the Last Supper have been otherwise than strange and unintelligible to them? The conception of His person in the synoptical Gospels is at bottom the same as in the Fourth. In them He stands forth as the Supreme Lawgiver, as we see in the Sermon on the Mount. He is distinguished from the prophets, and is exalted above them. He is at last to judge the world. The particular point that is found in John, in distinction from the other Gospels, is the explicit doctrine of His pre-existence. This doctrine, together with that of His relation to the creation, has its equivalent in the writings of the Apostle Paul (1 Cor. viii. 6; 2 Cor. viii. 9; Phil. ii. 6), a circumstance, as was remarked above, which tends strongly to prove that it entered into the testimony of Jesus respecting Himself, and thus goes to corroborate the evidence of the same fact, afforded in John.

In the Christian literature of the second century there is no book which approaches in power the Fourth Gospel. Everything is on a lower level. When we take up the works of the sub-apostolic age, we are conscious of an abrupt descent from the high plane of the apostolic writings. The apostolic fathers are marked by a languor which infuses languor into the reader. Even the Epistle of Polycarp, although not wanting in good sense and good feeling, is not an exception. The Epistle of Clement of Rome, compared with the New Testament writers, is feeble. Unless for the purpose of scholarly investigation, who cares to peruse the allegories of Hermas? The anonymous Epistle to Diognetus, which is generally thought to be as early as A.D. 150, stands alone in that era as a really spirited composition. This is a discourse or terse appeal addressed to an individual; but, notwithstanding its rhetorical vigour, it cannot be compared for a moment in religious depth with the Fourth Gospel. The writings of that day, Justin included, are echoes of the inspired works of the preceding age. How can a book of the transcendent power of this Gospel be referred to the period of decadence? It has commanded the reverent sympathy of the ablest minds. It has captivated millions of hearts, and has held its throne, age after age, in the households of the Christian nations, amid all the fluctuations of culture and civilisation. To think that such a writer—an unknown writer, too—sprang up, like a flower of perennial beauty, in the barren waste of

post-apostolic authorship, is to suppose an anachronism.

Strongly marked as is the type of doctrine in the writings of John, its identity in essential features with the theology of Paul is an impressive fact. John teaches that 'life' begins here, in the knowledge of God and of His Son (John iii. 36; 1 John v. 12). Life inseparable from fellowship with Christ is the truth on which all stress is laid. Judgment is here: the Gospel does its own work of separation by testing and revealing the affinities of the heart. Yet the objective, atoning work of Christ is not ignored; nor is the Resurrection and the final awards (John iii. 14, 15; 1 John i. 7, ii. 2; John v. 28, 29). Paul connects the breaking down of the wall of separation between Jew and Gentile with the death of Christ (Gal. iii. 13, 14). In remarkable harmony with this conception are the words of Jesus when it was told Him (John xii. 20, *seq.*) that Greeks who had come up to the Passover desired to see Him. It was a sign to Him that His hour had come. The corn of wheat, in order not 'to abide alone,' but that it might bear fruit, must 'fall into the ground and die.'

If the Fourth Gospel is a fiction, what account can be given of the motives and aims of the author? The only theory on this subject which is entitled to notice is that of Baur. He supposes the author to have been a Gnostic, having a certain idea of the Logos, believing in the identity of the historic Jesus with the Logos, and undertaking to exhibit this identity in a fictitious narrative of a symbolic character. The book is written, then, with a definite purpose. The historic material, which is mainly imaginary, is simply the vehicle for conveying the author's speculation or intuition of the divine Logos. The distinction between 'light' and 'darkness,' it is affirmed, is an absolute metaphysical antagonism. The principle of darkness is embodied in the Jews, and the development of their unbelief is carried through successive stages corresponding to the increasing manifestation of Christ or the Logos, which provokes it. Outward events, especially miracles, are merely a sensuous counterpart of 'the idea'—a kind of staging, put up to be pulled down again. One aim, we are told, is to exhibit the nullity of a faith which rests on miracles. They are not only a crutch to be thrown away; they are a crutch fabricated by fancy.

On this theory, what notion shall we have of the mental state of the author? We are assured that he is a very earnest man; that he identifies himself with John in spirit and feeling; that he writes as he feels that John would if he were alive. He is immersed and lost in a series of imaginative intuitions and pictures (*Anschauungen und Bilder*) of the grandest and most significant character. In the course of his work on this Gospel, Baur not unfrequently intimates that the author hardly distinguished fiction from fact in his own mind. He lost himself, as it were, in the symbols of his own creation. The artistic product assumed the character of reality, so closely related was it to the idea which it embodied. Fancy that Bunyan was so carried out of himself in his portraiture of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' that the outward narrative almost seemed to his own mind to be literal history, so fitly did it embody the course of feeling symbolised in it. Something like this state of consciousness is attributed by Baur to the author of the Fourth Gospel. Except on some such theory as this, the work—supposing it not to be genuine—must be considered a product of base and vulgar imposture.

Now, the whole scheme of Baur respecting this Gospel is built up on a false assumption as to the author's point of view. It is assumed that the Incarnation is to him a circumstance of no account. It is even assumed, on the basis of erroneous interpretation, that no real Incarnation is taught in the Gospel, but rather a Docetic junction of the Logos with the man Jesus. Whereas it is on the Incarnation as a most real and momentous fact that the writer's thoughts are fixed. He does not spin the history of Jesus out of the idea; he deduces the idea from the history. In the forefront of the book, as the climax of the prologue, stands the joyous declaration, 'The Word became Flesh.' To help out his view, Baur makes verses 9-14 of the first chapter refer to the pre-existent Word. But they plainly relate to the Word incarnate. Baur's interpretation is an example of the artificial exegesis, of which far more signal specimens might be adduced, by which alone his thesis can be sustained. Not that he is insincere or lacking in ingenuity. His treatise on this Gospel is, in many respects, a work of great ability; but it is a remarkable illustration of the power of a preconceived theory to pervert the judgment of a skilful interpreter. What candid reader of the Gospel can fail to perceive that it is the historic Jesus; as He had actually lived, taught, consorted with His disciples, hung upon the cross, and risen from the tomb, in whom the author's interest centres? Here all his beliefs respecting Christ take their rise.

(*To be continued.*)

BY THEIR FRUITS.—A good tree may *sometimes* bear poor fruit, but a bad tree can *never* bear good fruit. Muhammadanism has produced 'the unspeakable Turk;' Buddhism the benighted Hindoo; and the religion of Confucius the idolatrous Chinese. Compare these with the inhabitants of Christian lands, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.'

A RIGHT FOUNDATION. — All men are builders, but there is a great difference in foundations. He who builds on Christ builds on a rock, and his house will stand. He who builds on anything else builds on the sand, and his house will, sooner or later, fall.

'Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!'

LIVING PEACEABLY.

possible, so much as lieth in you, ibly with all men,' says the Apostle nderfully practical twelfth chapter . Beginning with an injunction to secration, the presentation of the rist as a living sacrifice, and this as ily a reasonable service, considering st has done for us, he descends to est particulars of direction as to

Often, as we read these terse, lers, emphatic as words sent along soldiers who listen for the com- their chief, we are impressed with leteness. If we could live them in s, what a happy world this would be! peaceably with everybody is not easy. Human nature is combative. folks, accustomed to the atmo- ove in the nursery, are seen to lift in sudden anger, to quarrel on exts, and to show the original sin- at is in them when still almost babies. Grown older, grown even to maturity, or to the calmness of middle age, how hard it is to always restrain the hasty speech, govern the temper, and yield the darling wish of the heart to the will of another for love's sake. How many small frictions and insignificant contentions arise in families where all should be gentle and sweet, just because there are some who are not unselfish, who lack tact, or who will not practise Christian forbearance.

To live peaceably with the 'all men' and women, and children too, who compose our own special world, implies more than is apparent on the surface. We must feel peaceably. We must be sure to have the heart right. There is only one place where these hearts of ours, so easily put out of tune, may be keyed once and again in perfect harmony. We must pray while we work, and while we rest, and try to live as we pray. The eloquent Plymouth Church preacher once remarked that a great many people *prayed cream*, but *lived skim milk*. It should not be so with those who sit around our evening lamp.

A Daily Portion.

APRIL 1.

'ANDMENTS ARE NOT GRIEVOUS.'—1 John v. 3.

y to obey God when the heart is those who endeavour in sincerity s commandments do not complain are hard. All complaints of this from those who are not disposed to ommandments. They, indeed, ob- is laws are unreasonable; that they roper restraints; that they are not plied with; and that the Divine t is one of severity and injustice. h complaints come from true Chris- ey find His service easier than the in, and the laws of God more mild be complied with than were those and honour, which they once endea- obey. The service of God is free- service of the world is bondage. er yet heard a true Christian say ws of God, requiring him to lead a ere stern and 'grievous.' But who t this in regard to the inexorable ? What votary of the world would s if he spoke his real sentiments.—

APRIL 2.

VER IS BORN OF GOD OVERCOMETH HE WORLD.'—1 John v. 4.

of the settled maxims of religion man who is a true Christian gains ver the world; and consequently a ettled, that where the spirit of the is supremely in the heart there is no true religion. But, if this be a true principle, how many professed Christians are there who are strangers to all claims of piety—for how many are there who are wholly governed by the spirit of this world!—*A. Barnes.*

APRIL 3.

'WHO IS HE THAT OVERCOMETH THE WORLD, BUT HE THAT BELIEVETH THAT JESUS IS THE SON OF GOD?'—1 John v. 5.

Where is there one who can pretend to have obtained a victory over the world, except he who believes in the Saviour? All else are worldly, and are governed by worldly aims and principles. It is true that a man may gain a victory over one worldly passion; he may subdue some one evil propensity; he may abandon the gay circle, may break away from habits of profaneness, may leave the company of the unprincipled and polluted; but still, unless he has faith in the Son of God, the spirit of the world will reign supreme in his soul in some form. The appeal which John so confidently made in his time may be as confidently made now. We may ask, as he did, where is there one who shows that he has obtained a complete victory over the world except the true Christian?—*A. Barnes.*

APRIL 4.

'HE THAT BELIEVETH ON THE SON OF GOD HATH THE WITNESS IN HIMSELF.'—1 John v. 10.

The 'witness' here is the fruit of all the evidence, external and internal, on the heart, producing this result; that is, there is the

deepest conviction of the truth that Jesus is the Son of God. There is the evidence derived from the fact that the soul has found peace by believing on Him; from the fact that the troubles and anxieties of the mind on account of sin have been removed by faith in Christ; from the new views of God and heaven which have resulted from faith in the Lord Jesus; from the effect of this in disarming death of its terrors; and from the whole influence of the gospel on the intellect and the affections—on the heart and the life. These things constitute a mass of evidence for the truth of the Christian religion, whose force the believer cannot resist, and make the sincere Christian ready to sacrifice anything rather than his religion; ready to go to the stake rather than to renounce his Saviour.—*A. Barnes.*

APRIL 5.

'THESE THINGS HAVE I WRITTEN UNTO YOU THAT BELIEVE ON THE NAME OF THE SON OF GOD; THAT YE MAY KNOW THAT YE HAVE ETERNAL LIFE, AND THAT YE MAY BELIEVE ON THE NAME OF THE SON OF GOD.'—1 John v. 13.

It is often one of the most important duties of ministers of the gospel to present to real Christians such views of the nature, the claims, the evidences, and the hopes of religion as shall be adapted to secure their perseverance in the faith. In the human heart, even when converted, there is such a proneness to unbelief; the religious affections so easily become cold; there are so many cares pertaining to the world that are fitted to distract the mind; there are so many allurements of sin to draw the affections away from the Saviour, that there is need of being constantly reminded of the nature of religion in order that the heart may not be wholly estranged from the Saviour. No small part of preaching, therefore, must consist of the restatement of arguments with which the mind has been before fully convinced; of motives whose force has been once felt and acknowledged; and of the grounds of hope and peace and joy which have already, on former occasions, diffused comfort through the soul. It is not less important to *keep* the soul than it is to *convert* it; to save it from coldness, and deadness, and formality, than it was to impart to it the elements of spiritual life at first. It may be as important to trim a vine, if one would have grapes, as it is to set it out; to keep a garden from being overrun with weeds in the summer, as it was to plant it in the spring.—*A. Barnes.*

APRIL 6.

'TAKE HEED THAT YE DESPISE NOT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.'—Matt. xviii. 10.

Nor yet let the old despise the young. The Spirit of God is not bound to age, nor is wisdom tied to years. It is not with senses, as it is with wines, the older the better. There may be a young man of sixty, and an old man of twenty, years. Young David may excel his teachers; Daniel was a young prophet, Solomon a young king, Samuel a young priest, John a young evangelist, Aquilinus a disciple, Timothy a young bishop. Timothy was so young that Paul calls him son; yet Timothy was acquainted with Christ before Paul was acquainted with Timothy; he knew the Scriptures from a child, which made him wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.—*T. Adams.*

APRIL 7.

'SON, GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD.'—Matt. xxi. 28.

Hast thou senses? use them to God's glory; hast thou ears? hear; eyes? read; tongue? pray; hands? work that which is good. Use thy members while thou hast them, because they will fail. Are they defective? be patient, and say with the prophet, 'I am not better than my fathers.' Art thou blind, and canst not behold something thou wouldst see? yet for amends, thou escapest something thou wouldst not see. When Julian upbraided a bishop being blind, Why doth not the Galilean help thee? he answers, I am glad that I am blind, and cannot see thee the monster of men. All these infirmities bring us to the grave, but we shall leave them there. Dost thou feel a declining of thy senses by age? know that death cannot be far off. Death is as near to the young as to the old; here is all the difference, death stands behind the young man's back, before the old man's face. Young men may soon die, old men cannot long live. They must go speedily; that they may go comfortably, let them make sure to themselves the favour of Christ.—*T. Adams.*

APRIL 8.

'AGED MEN, BE SOBER, GRAVE, TEMPERATE, SOUND IN FAITH, IN CHARITY, IN PATIENCE.'—Titus ii. 2.

The comforts of old age are the true knowledge of Christ, and the comfortable remembrance of a good life spent in His service. Let us be sure to live well, no matter how long. Let us not be greedy of old age, but say, Here am I, let Him do with me as seemeth Him best. God will not judge us how long, but how well, we have lived. But betwixt him that hath lived twenty years and him that hath lived twenty-score years, what is the difference, unless that the old man goes away more loaden with the burden of his sins? One man eateth more, another less, what matters it when either is full? He drinks more, I less; but neither of us thirsts. That man hath lived many years, this man fewer; what is the difference, if the few years of the one hath made him as blessed as the many years of the other? Look rather to the goodness of thy life than to the length; many live a long life, but few a happy life. While I was young, my care was to live well; now I am old, my care is to die well.—*T. Adams.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

II. THE COUNTRY OF PEACE.—(*Continued.*)

ROCK OF AGES—SECURITY FROM FLOODS—VALLEYS OF THE COUNTRY—INLAND LAKES AND FISHERMEN—HURRICANES—MOUNTAINS—MOUNT OF THE LAW—AN ATHEIST'S CONVERSION—MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION—OLIVET—CALVARY—ITS CROSS AND TOMB—PILGRIMAGE TO IT—SONGS—THE PRINCE'S VISITS TO HIS PEOPLE.

WHEN the traveller, on leaving the city by the chief gate, which is called 'Praise,' takes a parting look at these walls, whose name is 'Salvation,'* his eye may light on an inscription cut in the living rock under each of the gate pillars. These inscriptions shew that the t of the Rock of Ages serves to protect ty which is built upon it from floods as as foemen. The one inscription tells ne memorable storm, when the heavens black and the earth trembled, rolled its s right over the Rock of Ages, yet that ne dwelling in the city was submerged, e life lost. It reads thus: 'Deep called deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts: hy billows and Thy waves passed over t while the sister inscription is, 'Hitherto thou come, but no further: and here thy proud waves be stayed.'‡ One of amous poets of the country composed a to commemorate this deliverance, and to music, he being himself a most skilful r on the harp. One of the verses of national song is:—

'The raging streams,
With their proud swelling waves,
Had then our soul
O'erwhelmèd in the deep.
But bless'd be God,
Who doth us safely keep,
And hath not giv'n
Us for a living prey
Unto their teeth,
And bloody cruelty.'§

On exploring the fair province of which the City of Refuge is the capital, the traveller observes that, though this country is well-nigh encircled by the deep and stormy sea, yet, from the elevation of the coast-line, even the highest spring tides driven inland by the most furious blasts never rise so high as to reach the villages and towns, which are all set on the hills. For the Rock on which the city is built runs as a mountain range through the whole province. When any of the immigrants desire to leave the city, and to settle in the country districts, they receive free permission to go out of the gates with joy, and the townsfolk lead them forth with peace,‖ but ere they leave they are instructed by Immanuel's officers to be sure to build their habitations upon the high ground, and to avoid the low-lying and swampy dales, which are to be found here and there. These low valleys are still exposed to floods, and moreover are unhealthy, because of the damp vapours that gather in them.

In spite of these warnings, some of His people, allured by the richness of the soil in these valleys, have cultivated fields and farms there, much to the displeasure of their Prince, and these are from time to time laid waste by inundations, so that the labour of many years is lost in a day. To these foolish and erring subjects of His the Prince sends heralds with commands such as this, 'Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.'¶ Yet, though they lose their goods and gear, they themselves are saved, because their own dwelling-houses are on the hill. The tourist

Is. lx. 18. † That Rock was Christ.
‡ Ps. xlii. 7; Job xxxviii. 11.
§ cxxiv. 5, 6. This and the other metrical quotations from the Psalter are from the Scottish version.
18—16.
‖ Is. lv. 12. ¶ Col. iii. 2.

cannot but observe that these are the only inhabitants of this country who seem to be unhappy, and their unhappiness is all owing to their own fault.

While the rest of the country smiles all the year round under a bright and often a cloudless sky of blue, these people are gloomy from seldom seeing the sun, for, though he is shining overhead, and lightening every man that cometh into the world,* his rays cannot penetrate the mists that lie in the low, dank valleys, where their work detains them all the day till nightfall. In consequence of this, too, they are sickly, and suffer from ague and diseases of the nerves of the eye, and their memory is somewhat impaired, so that they cannot see afar off, and have forgotten that they were purged from their old sins.† For these complaints the medical men of the country prescribe change of air, but the patients are so engrossed with their secular pursuits and their money-making that not unfrequently they neglect this valuable advice until some wild flood comes and overwhelms the fruit of many years' industry, or until their sickness has reduced them to the brink of the grave, when they are forced to abandon these low-lying scenes and occupations, and to reside constantly on the hills. When this course is followed, they recover their health more or less, but they generally remain poor all their days, and sometimes have to depend upon their friends for support, seeing they have neither strength nor time to succeed in a new line of business.

The general impression left upon a traveller by a rapid survey of the land is that this Prince's people 'dwell in peaceable habitations, in sure dwellings and in quiet resting-places.'‡ Here no ruins of towns or villages, mansions or cottages, meet the eye. So diligently have the builders dug down to the living rock to lay the foundation there, and so skilfully have they tempered the mortar which they used, and so carefully have they kept the walls upright by applying the line and plummet of rectitude, that their work has withstood the violence of the greatest tempests and the wear and tear of time. From the remarkable dryness of the air, moss never grows upon the walls, and the chisel-marks of builders who lived hundreds and thousands of years ago are as fresh as if they had been cut but yesterday.

Their streams, which take their rise in deep unfailing fountains in the Hill of God, run soft and pure, so that the peace which they enjoy in their hearts has been compared to one of their own rivers, ever swelling in volume and depth, and flowing stilly. The air, also, is generally calm and clear, even when violent storms of thunder and hail are raging in the forests which bound them towards the land of Carnal Security, and which often devastate the proud cities of that country. Even to a stranger's eye it is fest that the work of righteousness is and the effect of righteousness is qu and assurance for ever.§ Certainly th special seasons of the year, about the s and winter solstice, when either the pro or adversity in temporal things of th bitants has come to a turning-point they expect storms, and there hav special years when these have raged w exampled fury. Yet is there no record lives having ever been lost thereby, o any buildings destroyed, unless it wer outhouses, or ornamental porches and which here and there a householder ha upon the sand in defiance of the instr of the Prince. These being built mer profit or show, were better away, a owners, by the damage they sustaine taught the lesson to lay all their foun on the solid Rock.‖

One would say that the fishermen n occasionally exposed to tempests, and true. Once on a time, as twelve of the crossing one of their inland seas, a blast swept down from the mountains, the lake was soon like a boiling ca Though they were good sailors they imminent peril, and their faces gre through fear of being engulfed in a grave; but it so happened that their was Himself with them in the wherry desirous, after spending a long day in addresses to His subjects, to pass over other side. Wearied out with His labo had lain down on a pillow in the ster boat, and had fallen fast asleep. Wh saw that their seamanship could not sa little craft from sinking, they awoke Hi the cry, 'Master, Master, we perish.' He arose and rebuked the wind and the of the water, saying, 'Peace, be still,' an was a great calm.¶

On another occasion the same p fishermen were crossing the same l night without their Prince, who had pr to meet them at a certain point on th A strong head-wind sprang up, so th could make no way with their sail, c with their oars. About three o'clock morning they suddenly saw their walking towards them on the water the wind, and they cried out for fear, t that it was a ghost. Whereupon He them, 'It is I, be not afraid.' One c then asked his Lord to bid him come on the water, and he said, 'Come!' fisherman, being upheld by an i power, walked towards Immanuel u eyes rested on some huge billows th threatening to overwhelm him, when his confidence in his Prince's power o waves (which you must know was nee enable him to walk upon such a trea pathway), and, beginning to sink, he

* John i. 9. † 2 Peter i. 9.
‡ Is. xxxii. 18.

§ Is. xxviii. 2, 17; xxxii. 17.
‖ Matt. vii. 26, 27. ¶ Luke viii. 23

ve me!' His Prince then stretched hand and held him up, and they ogether to the boat, and the wind nd immediately they reached their on.* It is a long time since these appened, but it is said that it is no on occurrence for Immanuel still to) His people in the midst of storms, in very unexpected ways. So that , 'His way is in the sea, and His he great waters, and His footsteps nown.'† And whenever He appears s the wind to cease. One of their boat-songs which they are fond of ı their Prince's honour is this :—

ıe storm is changed into a calm
At His command and will;
ı that the waves, which rag'd before,
Now quiet are and still.
ıen are they glad, because at rest,
And quiet now they be:
ı to the haven He them brings
Which they desir'd to see.

that men to the Lord would give
Praise for His goodness then,
ıd for His works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men.'‡

country there are several hills which) eye, and are interesting from their associations. None of the moun- volcanic, though the lofty summit of inai with its fiery crown is visible portions of the province. But in the itself there is the Mount where l, when He dwelt in this part of His s, published the Laws of His Father, t El Shaddai.§ These laws are so n all points that they have won ration even of many of the subjects lus, and have extorted an unwilling n from them that they are greatly to the laws of that Prince. Yea, they ı the means of inducing not a few to one realm and settle in the other.

these,‖ who had been an active ser- Diabolus and a bold calumniator of ce of Peace, happened once to be n his master's business through this when he was overtaken by a terrific thunder and lightning; for, as I have at certain seasons there are storms ı. This man took shelter in an open where he stood trembling in every t knowing but that any moment ı his last, for he did not know that ıs in this country are, by the Prince's rotected by lightning-rods, which are for turning away the wrath of the rom them. But this traveller, being ed rebel against the Son, was afraid ould perish in the way when His wrath led but a little.¶ As he trembled for eard a woman reading aloud within the house in a calm voice, and he wondered how it was that she was kept in perfect peace during this awful war of the elements, not knowing that it was because her mind was staid on Immanuel, and because she trusted in Him. Going into the room, he expressed his surprise at her calmness, and listening to what she was reading, which was nothing else than a portion of the Law given on this Mount, he was struck with its beauty and truth; for, though he had both spoken and written against the volume of the words of Immanuel and His Father, El Shaddai, he had never carefully read these writings. She told him that what she had been reading was from the fifth chapter of St Matthew's biography of Immanuel. As soon as the storm abated, he left the friendly shelter, and on his way to his own home he purchased at the first book- seller's shop he passed a copy of the volume called the New Covenant,** which contains the charter of this people's rights and a digest of the laws given to them by their Prince. On reaching his home in Diabolus' country, he cut out the chapter from the book, and threw the rest into the fire, for it was a book hateful to him, and against which he had written many bitter things. The more he read this extract the more he admired it, and, perceiving that the discourse appeared to be incomplete, he went out and purchased another copy (for even in Belial's dominions there are agents commissioned by Immanuel to sell this price- less volume, or give it gratis to the poor people, and this in spite of all the many cruel edicts which Belial has issued to burn the book and imprison those who disseminate it). From this copy he cut out the entire discourse given on the Mount I write of, and which is often called the Sermon on the Mount, and committed the rest of the volume, as be- fore, to the flames. Setting himself again to study it, he was more and more impressed with the righteousness and truth of these laws, and, thinking that the Lawgiver who had given such a holy, just, and good law must have taught more that was worthy of being received and obeyed by him, he once more bought another copy of the volume, and this time he read it carefully all through, by which reading of the book he was constrained to relinquish the service of Diabolus and leave his dominions, and to take the oath of allegi- ance to the Prince of Peace, a faithful servant of whom he from that day became.

Such is the character of the Law that was given on this Mount.

There is another hill on which Immanuel during His sojourn in this country, when He was disguised in the form of a servant, once arrayed Himself in the royal robes which He used to wear at His Father's court.†† His countenance then shone as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light, being exceed- ing white, like snow, so as no fuller on earth could whiten robes of any fabric. Three of

xiv. 24-32. ‡ Ps. cvii. 29-31.
xvii. 19. § Ex. vi. 3.
m Hone, author of many well-known anti- orks. His conversion from Atheism is here rom memory. ¶ Ps. ii. 12.

** Or New Testament. †† Matt. xvii. 1-10.

His chosen friends were with Him on this mount. Moses and Elijah also came from His Father's court and conversed with Him, and ere they withdrew a bright cloud overshadowed them, and a voice, even that of the Great El Shaddai, came out of the cloud, saying, 'This is My beloved Son, hear Him.'

There is another celebrated hill whose slopes are covered with ancient olive-trees, under whose shadow the Ruler of the people used to spend many a night in prayer to His Father, and from whose summit He finally took His departure for His heavenly home. On this hill many of His people expect that He will descend from heaven, even as from it they saw Him go into heaven.* And this will be when He returns the second time without sin unto salvation, to set up His dominion, which shall be an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom, which shall never be destroyed.

But of all the hills, the one which is most celebrated is the one which I formerly spoke of as being the great landmark for fugitives fleeing from any of the cities of destruction to the city of Refuge. It is named Mount Calvary,† and on its top is a monument surmounted by a cross, which has often spoken peace both to those who are far off and to those who are near. Not nearly so lofty as Sinai, it is yet quite as conspicuous because of its being isolated, and also because of the clearness of the atmosphere, for the mists and clouds are generally attracted to the peaks of Sinai. In former times this hill stood in Belial's territory, and even now it is but a little way removed from the boundary line. Here Immanuel, who had been relentlessly pursued by this cruel tyrant, and at last captured through the treachery of one of His professed friends, who, alas, betrayed Him with a kiss, was after a mock trial, where the witnesses were bribed and the judge intimidated by the mob, publicly executed, being hanged between two robbers. His followers, who at that time were few in number, were scattered from Him, for through fear they all forsook Him and fled; and through the noble magnanimity of His nature He said to the minions of His great enemy, 'If ye seek me, let these go their way.' Thus He sheltered and saved them from death at the cost of His own life, for He could have saved Himself either by passing through the midst of them, when He had struck them all to the ground with blindness, or by asking His Father for twelve legions of heavenly warriors to replace His twelve faint-hearted friends, or by coming down from the cross by the exercise of His own divine power, but in order that He might save others, Himself He would not save.‡ When He expired, committing with His dying breath His spirit into His Father's hands, His little band of friends (for they were true friends, and deeply loved Him, though they had acted such a cowardly part in deserting Him in that last night of His life) were sorely dismayed and distressed, for they had trusted that He would have redeemed them from their cruel enemies. Never had the fortunes of His followers seemed so low as on that dark Friday evening when they laid His body in a new sepulchre which one of their number had hewn out of the rock, but in which no corpse had as yet been deposited. That sepulchre was the grave of their hope. Yet, if their expectations were buried there, it was because they did not know the Scriptures nor the power of God. For long before in ancient oracles had it been foretold that this Prince, whom their Fathers looked forward to under the name of the Messiah, would be slain and be raised again on the third day.§ And so it came to pass. For when the women came with spices to embalm the body that day very early in the morning (they had rested over their Sabbath-day, according to the commandment), they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre's mouth, and two angels in white sitting, the one at the head and the other at the feet, where Immanuel's body had lain. These told the weeping women that their Lord was risen, having burst the bands of death, because it was not possible that He should be holden of them.‖ The Prince had now completed His work of conquest just when He seemed to have been finally defeated; for, having passed into the world of the dead, He delivered it from his grasp who had the power of death—that is, Diabolus—and became Himself Lord both of the dead and of the living. And now did His followers exceedingly rejoice because their Master was risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. And He took to Himself a new name to commemorate His great achievement, and this name was: 'The first begotten of the dead,' which means, He that liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore, and has the keys of Hell and of Death.¶

This sepulchre is situated hard by the cross, and those who visit the one are directed next to visit the other, and to look into the open grave, where they will see the linen clothes lying, although they may not go in.

Now, it is the custom in this country of Peace that every one of the inhabitants should at one time or other personally climb this hill of Calvary, and visit this cross and this sepulchre. It stands at a point where many provinces of Immanuel's Empire converge, so that from its summit one may see all these provinces, and from all these provinces in turn the hill may itself be viewed. It has been a landmark that has guided many fugitives from the bondage of Belial, and they, seeing it even afar off, have been glad. But it is only a near inspection of its monuments that conveys to their hearts that peace which He has made by the blood of the cross.**

At the foot of the hill there is a large gate,

* Acts i. 11, 12. † Luke xxiii. 33.
‡ Matt. xxvi. 48, 56, 60; John xviii. 6, 8.
§ Hosea vi. 2. ¶ Rev. i. 5, 18.
‖ Mark xvi. 1-6. ** Col. i. 20.

, lodge attached, in which the keeper whose orders are to keep the grounds onuments from all malicious injury. ı lodge there is a finely wrought statue an with a thoughtful countenance, and at seem as if they were able to make iselled stone eloquent. This man, so tekeeper informed me, was a young under Diabolus in the days when ıuel was executed upon that cross, but ken captive by Immanuel; and when l thus become acquainted with the he became devotedly attached to His , and, entering His service, he rapidly be one of His most trusted and suc- soldiers. By his skilful generalship rsonal prowess he recovered large por- of territory for His crown. His right which is extended towards the cross top of the hill, grasps a drawn sword, ged. The gatekeeper told me that this ı was called the Sword of the Spirit, ıt with it he had achieved many won- feats of arms.* The inscription on the ıl of his statue contains two of his celebrated sayings. One of them is, orbid that I should glory, save in the of the Lord Jesus Christ,' and the We preach Christ crucified.' †

began to ascend the slope (and the ıg in some places is very difficult, so so that many stumble and fall on the ıd many turn back again), I saw that surrounded by numbers bent upon the ırrand as myself. One of these, who musical voice, was encouraging others him by singing this song:—

Then I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.' ‡

he spot where the path I was ascending ıd from the trees which clothe the slopes of the hill, and which is the where the traveller first gets a distinct ıot only of the monument (which can be om a distance) but of the wooden scaf- the form of a cross, such as was com- used for the execution of criminals, surmounts it, I encountered a small f persons, with various emotions of dis- re portrayed upon their countenances, g all the speed they could down the In the midst of them I detected my quaintance, Mr Unbelief, who seemed ıcting as their guide. He put the best could upon our chance meeting, though t he seemed anxious to escape being ised. I took the liberty of accosting and asked them why to all appearance ad turned back before they had gained mmit. There were two separate groups of them, and the first, whose features were Jewish, said that when they reached this point of view, and discovered that the erection on the monument was a common wooden scaffold, and when they were told that Immanuel had been executed thereon between two highway robbers, having been Himself condemned as an impostor, they resolved that they could not and would not believe on Him as the legitimate Son and Heir of the Monarch of the Universe. Moreover, they said that at this place the path was so steep and so strewn with stumbling stones that they had all stumbled and fallen, and several of them had broken some of their bones, and so they saw nothing for it but to return. The other portion of the company, who were Greeks, said that they had climbed the hill somewhat further, but had reached what to them seemed a worse part of the road, just where it comes in view of the empty sepulchre. This whole story of the resurrection of the Prince out of His grave they said they had no doubt was a foolish fable, for no dead man, so far as history recorded, had ever been raised out of his tomb. Accordingly, as the rocks up which they were toiling were so slippery with ice, that had formed on them during the previous night, that they could not keep their footing, but were sliding back two steps for every one they took in advancing, they resolved to act the part of wise men, and to turn back at once, instead of risking limb and life in proving the vanity of what they were sure was an idle tale, not worthy of credit from any sensible man. § Accordingly, they were all hurrying back under the guidance of Mr Unbelief, who said he knew the shortest road out of this country into the lands of Diabolus. As I mentioned that the mountain stands not very far from the border, I have no doubt that ere nightfall they would be beyond the marches.

Just after they had left, I made up to one who was resting, being faint with the steepness of the way, and because he had a heavy burden on his back. He was kneeling on the cold ground, and gazing towards the monument on the hill-top, still far above him, and I caught these words from his lips:—

'My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.'

Another pilgrim, whom I met as I neared the summit, led me to the edge of the cliff, and pointed down to a dark valley at the foot buried in the gloom of evening and in the leaves of hoary olive-trees, and as I gazed into the depths he said—

'All alone He wrestled yonder,
Close beside Him stood the cup;
Bitterest cup that man e'er tasted,
Yet for us He drank it up.'

h. vi. 17. † Gal. vi. 14; 1 Cor. i. 23.
‡ Dr Isaac Watts.

§ 1 Cor. i. 23.

He then pointed out the ruins of a Judgment Hall where He had had a mock trial under one of Belial's viceroys, and said—

'In the Roman Hall behold Him
Stand at Pilate's judgment-seat.
Mocked and beaten, crown'd and wounded,
Jew and Gentile joined in hate.

'On to Golgotha He hasten'd,
Yonder stands His cross of woe!
From His hands, and feet, and forehead
See the precious life-blood flow!

'It is finished! See His body
Laid alone in Joseph's tomb;
'Twas for us that He lay yonder,
Prince of Light enwrapp'd in gloom.'

We had now reached the cross itself on the highest point of the hill, and as the ascent had been very exhausting, and the stars were beginning to appear in the evening sky, I sat down to rest through some of the hours of darkness, and to reflect on the great events that had been accomplished here, saying—

'Tween God and man thou art the trysting-tree,
O let me dwell for ever under thee,
While on me drops His love who died for love to me!

Under thy grateful shelter let me stay,
And wait for Him all night, should He delay
Until the morning break, and the shadows flee away!

For you must know that on this hill the Prince is wont to come and walk, and that here beside His cross He often manifests Himself to His people as He does not unto the world.*

As we have said, this hill is visible from all parts of Immanuel's dominions, and the eyes of His subjects are often lifted up to it, for it reminds them of the love of their Prince for them, and of the sufferings which He endured on their behalf. It assures them also of their present safety; for, so long as they can see that cross standing there with the handwriting of ordinances that was their condemnation affixed to it (which document, full of terrible maledictions on all rebels against the Good Prince, I saw nailed to the top of the cross, and I observed that the black category of accusations and curses was blotted out with drops of blood),† and while the snow-white Dove of Peace‡ that came down from heaven is seen resting on this monument, or soaring round it on silvery pinions glancing in the sunlight, so long they know that Belial has not advanced one foot into Immanuel's Land. For that dark marauder has sworn an awful oath that his first act, when he retakes this country, will be to hew down this dry tree and raze the monument to its very foundation, and scare away the snowy Dove, which he hates the sight of. And he says that, if the people wish a cross for a cairn, he will replace this one by one of the countless imitation crosses which he has erected in many parts of his own dominions. But any one who has studied architecture can readily distinguish the genuine cross of Christ from these spurious crosses or crucifixes; and moreover, in no single case has the snowy Dove been observed to build on any of these handiworks of him who hateth peace.

It is no wonder, then, that whenever this hill-top is obscured with clouds, or vapours which rise from the valleys, the people are ill at ease. For not only are they wont to look towards this hill of Calvary in the morning when they rise to their labours, and at evening when they retire to rest, but often through the course of the day. For every look which they take at Sinai with its fire they take at least two looks at Calvary with its cross. This cross is the first object in their land which welcomes the rays of the morning sun, and the last to lose the golden glory of the sunset.

Within the homes of this happy land there is much peace and prosperity. Their Lord, though His set time has not come for appearing among them once more in royal state, yet likes to travel in homely guise up and down through the country, and whenever He enters any dwelling He first says, 'Peace be to this house;' and should any of the inmates be alarmed at His sudden appearance, He commonly says, 'It is I, be not afraid,' or 'Let not your heart be troubled,' and when He departs He says, 'Peace I leave with you.'§

These visits of their Lord are naturally greatly valued, for they evince His condescension, and the loving interest which He takes in all His subjects individually.

Sometimes they meet Him on the road as they return from their daily labours, and they press Him to enter their dwelling, saying, 'Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.'‖ The Prince not unfrequently complies with their invitation, and goes in to tarry with them a little, joining in their evening repast, and blessing their food. At other times He comes in the darkness, after the family are gathered round the hearth, and says, 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.'¶ Right gladly, indeed, do they open the door to Him; and He has been known on His entrance, when some have doubted whether this traveller was indeed their Lord, to show them the nail-prints in His hands and the spear-print in His side, and then He vanishes out of their sight.

Then the household, before retiring to rest, gather round the family altar, and read out of His written book, of which they all possess at least one copy, and pray to His Father, who seeth in secret, and join in singing some such simple strain as this, expressive of their confidence in Him:—

'I will both lay me down in peace,
And quiet sleep will take,
Because Thou only me to dwell
In safety, Lord, dost make.'**

(To be continued.)

* John xiv. 21, 22.
† Col. ii. 14.
‡ The Holy Spirit; Matt. iii. 16.
§ John xiv. 1, 27.
‖ Luke xxiv. 29.
¶ Rev. iii. 20.
** Ps. iv. 8.

THE COVENANTING PREACHERS.

III. JAMES RENWICK.

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, LOCKERBIE.

(*Continued from page* 172.)

RENWICK'S visit to Dublin was not unfruitful. Friends showed him 'great kindness,' although at first he had 'many frequent and fervent contests' with the ministers that he met there, 'for their rmness in the cause of Christ.' These ts' had a happy issue. Shields records ıey produced a conviction on their :hat Renwick was 'a pious and zealous

rick left Dublin in the following month ɔtland. He had difficulty in getting om Dublin without what was equiva- ı passport. On the passage, the captain r refusing to let him leave the ship t giving his name. At last he was pre- ıpon to set him ashore 'in the night- t a hill-side, some few miles below ck.' No one was waiting for him, for knew where he was likely first to land. seems to have suffered a good deal of p ere he fell in with friends. He first h the Societies on October 3, at their eneral meeting at Darmeid, a muirland the parish of Cambusnethan. He had up at Groningen, in the preceding his Testimony against prevailing de- ı in Church and State. It is a bold compromising document. This docu- ɜ now read to the general meeting. It showed them what manner of man he The great majority of those present ɪ it with much acceptance, and rejoiced e standard that had fallen from the ɔf Cameron and Cargill was again to ɪd by one who so cordially approved of aching.

rick began his ministry at Darmeid in ber 23. Wilson has preserved, in a ɪ form, the lecture on Isaiah xl. 1–8, rt ye, comfort ye My people, saith od,' &c., and two sermons on Isaiah), 'Come, My people, enter thou into mbers, and shut thy doors about thee: yself as it were for a little moment, e indignation be overpast.' The lec- short, for it is little more than two ɪut the sermons are evidently given at

In the first sermon he deduces and ɛs two doctrines from the text: There ability and willingness in the Lord to ı whatsoever your necessity requires, ı chambers in Jesus Christ to which ɜ invited are safe, and they who are need not fear wrath. In the second he ɜ some marks of those who come not, n of those who come to Christ. Both ɜ had evidently been carefully pre- They are evangelical and earnest, and scarcely allude to the sins of the time. Indeed, save one or two sentences, they might have been preached in the nineteenth century as well as in the seventeenth.

For fully four years Renwick continued to preach up and down the south of Scotland. He seems scarcely ever to have been silent a single Sabbath, and yet all the time he was the object of eager search by the emissaries of the Government. He often narrowly escaped from their hands. He relates three escapes in his letters of date July 9, 1684, and August 23, 1684, and January 12, 1688. Dr Simpson, in chapter xxxiii. of his Traditions, records several more that are little short of miraculous. No danger overawed or prevented him from going on with his work. Indeed, the very dangers that surrounded him seem to have had no other effect than stirring him up to greater exertions in preaching the gospel; and these exertions were really very great.

In a letter to Sir Robert Hamilton, dated May 3, 1686, in apologising for not writing to him, he says, 'I had written to your honour far sooner, but as my work keepeth me busy, so much of it lies in the remote corners of the land—as Galloway, Nithsdale, Annandale, &c.—I have not been near Edinburgh since the 16th of October 1685, and I have travelled since through Clydesdale, Eskdale, some of the Forest, Annandale, some of Galloway; and all these ways I examined the Societies as I passed through, several other persons coming to hear, and I found my work greater this last journey than ever before. Also in Lower Cunningham, where there had never been any field-preachings, I got kindly acceptance, and great multitudes came to hear; and I have had several calls since from that country-side. Such like have I found through Renfrew. Moreover, the Lord hath wrought a great change upon the barony of Sanquhar, the parish of Kirkconnel, and these dark corners; generally they come to hear the gospel; yea, I may say to the Lord's praise, that our meetings were never so numerous, and the work did never thrive more than since man opposed it so much.'

In a letter written six months afterwards, January 27, 1687, to the Laird of Earlston, he says, 'I have not been forgetful of you though I have long delayed to write, and the real occasion of my long delay was the throng of business—having so much to do, I being in continual travel,—together with a designed forbearance until I had this course finished in Galloway, that I might give you an account of the present case of this country.

I had great access in it to preach the gospel, the Lord wonderfully restraining enemies, and drawing out very many to hear, and moving them to give great outward encouragement. We kept thirteen field-meetings, whereof four were in the daylight; and I studied publicly to declare and assert in its own place every part of our present testimony. We had also nine meetings for examination of the Societies, casting the most adjacent together into one meeting for that effect. And I hope, through the Lord's blessing, that that small piece of labour shall not want its fruit.'

Such unremitting labours in all weathers, and we might almost say at all hours (for fully three-fourths of the field-meetings were held during the night), and the constant danger that threatened his life, soon told upon his constitution, which never seems to have been robust. So early as November 14, 1683, he says in a letter to Sir Robert Hamilton, 'As for myself, in other things since I came home, I have been more pained and indisposed of body than these several years before.' And in a letter to the same correspondent, about four years later, July 15, 1687, he says, 'You may readily be offended with my long delay in writing to you, but your knowing the cause thereof, I am hopeful will remove it. My business was never so weighty, so multiplied, and so ill to be guided, to my apprehension, as it hath been this year; my body was never so frail. Excessive travel, night wanderings, unseasonable sleep and diet, and frequent preaching in all seasons of weather, especially in the night, have so debilitated me that I am often incapable for any work. I find myself greatly weakened inwardly, so that I sometimes fall into fits of swooning and fainting. I take seldom any meat or drink but it fights with my stomach, and for strong drink I can take almost none of it. When I use means for my recovery I find it someways effectual; but my desire to the work, and the necessity and importunity of people prompts me to do more than my natural strength will well allow, and to undertake such toilsome business as casts my body presently down again.'

In spite of his bodily troubles, he does not complain or murmur. In the same letter he adds, 'I mention not this through any anxiety, quarrelling, or discontent, but to show you my condition in this respect. I may say that under all my frailties and distempers I find great peace and sweetness in reflecting upon the occasion thereof. It is a part of my glory and joy to bear such infirmities, contracted through my poor and small labour in my Master's vineyard.'

Renwick's labours early attracted the notice of the Government. An Act of Council, October 8, 1683, describes him as a 'traitor and pretended clerk to the treasonable convention lately kept at Edinburgh,' and charges him with having 'kept a numerous field-conventicle' on 'October 3d last,' 'at Brownridge, in the laird of Dundas his land,' 'where the said Mr James took upon him to preach, and baptise ten or twelve children; and upon the fifth of October another at little Dumbreck in the parish of New Monkland, belonging to the trades of Glasgow.' For these meetings the Laird of Dundas and the trades of Glasgow were fined fifty pounds sterling each, and were allowed to levy these sums from 'their tenants and cottars on their ground, in regard they did not timeously inform their master.' In August 19, 1684, 'The Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council appoint Mr James Renwick and other vagrant preachers to be summoned by way of dispensation at the cross of Edinburgh, and pier and shore of Leith; and those summons are declared to be as sufficient as if they were personally cited. On September 16 he was 'intercommuned'—that is to say, all were forbidden to 'furnish him with meat, drink, house, harbour, victual, or any other thing useful or comfortable to him,' or to 'have intelligence with him by word, writ, or message, or any other manner of way,' 'under the pain' of being 'reputed and esteemed art and part with him in the crimes aforesaid, and pursued therefore with all rigour to the terror of others.' And on September 19 he was summoned before the Lords of Justiciary on the charge of being at Bothwell Bridge, although he was not there. 'He was then,' says Alexander Shields, 'but a boy at the college,' and preaching at field-conventicles, and teaching 'the king was no king but a tyrant.' As might be expected, Renwick did not appear, and in the language of the time he was 'put to the horn'—*i.e.*, he was declared a rebel.

While Renwick was thus put to the horn, Claverhouse was in the southern shires scouring the country, pressing the heritors to take the test, and in case of refusal sending them to prison, so that the prisons and guardhouses were everywhere full to overflowing. But the so-called 'rebels' were the special object of his search. The result was that Renwick and his followers were put to great straits. In their extremity the Societies, at the general meeting, October 15, 1684, agreed to issue a Declaration, which was affixed to 'several market crosses and parish church-doors' on November 8, 1684. This Declaration does not seem to have been the work of Renwick, yet when the necessity of doing something to stop the fury of their persecutors was pointed out to him, he consented, and assisted in its publication. The Declaration will be found at the close of the Informatory Vindication, and in Wodrow's History. It is entitled 'The Apologetic Declaration and Admonitory Vindication of the True Presbyterians of the Church of Scotland; especially anent Intelligencers and Informers.' It runs much upon the lines of the Declaration that had been published by the Societies at Sanquhar, June 22, 1680, and at Lanark, December 15, 1681, although the increased fury of the persecution gives it a colouring of its own. Its authors say, 'We utterly detest and abhor

principle of killing all who differ
t or persuasion from us;' 'we are
ot to injure or offend any whomso-
pursue the end of our covenants
to the defence of our glorious
formation and of our own lives;'
e unto all whoever stretch forth
s against us, whilst we are main-
cause and interest of Christ,' 'shall
by us as enemies to God and the
work of reformation, and punished
ording to our power and the degree
ence.' 'Intelligencers who by your
informations endeavour to render
e enemies' hand that our blood may
re endanger your immortal souls, if
prevent not, seeing God will make
for shedding the precious blood of

Perhaps the most striking feature
ument is the strong conviction it
hat the cause its authors contended
ghteous one, and was sure in the
triumph. 'All that is in peril is not
are fully persuaded that the Lord,
ideth His face from the house of
suddenly appear, and bring light
ness, and perfect strength out of
nd cause judgment to return again
sness.'

laration did not in the meanwhile
nd its authors intended, and the
hope of a coming triumph that
its every line stirred up more than
ry of the persecutors. The Lords
vy Council, November 22, 1684,
opinion of the Court of Session
owning of the Apologetic Decla-
an act of treason, and received as
; it was. Fortified by this answer,
ved that all who owned, or would
n, the Apologetic Declaration,
ey had arms or not, should be
y put to death, wherever persons
commission of the Council might
provided two witnesses were pre-
, December 30, 1684, a proclama-
sued, in which the Declaration is
the strongest terms, and no one
en years of age allowed 'to travel'
ountry without 'a certificate' 'to
free pass,' in which it was to be
the traveller 'did compear,' 'and
er solemn oath' 'did abjure and
he late traitorous "Apologetical
,"' and declaring that 'all such who
ture to travel without a testificate
ner aforesaid, that they shall be
used as concurrers with the fore-
ble rebels.' 'And, finally, for the
ent of such as shall discover any
traitors or assassins,' a reward of
Scots, about £27, 15s., was offered.
lay a large commission, including
nding officer of our garrisons,' was
with full power to prosecute the
Renwick, who are styled, in the
nable language of the supporters
and oppression, 'those who have
been debauched with schismatical and seditious principles,' 'desperate rebels,' 'inhumane monsters,' 'those bloody wretches,' 'and all who in any manner of way have harboured, reset, sheltered, supplied, connived, or has seen or heard of any of them, and hath not given timeous advertisement to our nearest magistrates.'

The Government left nothing undone to give reality to its furious legislation and utterances. The following year, 1685, was the most terrible year of the persecution. It was the year of the tragedies of John Brown of Priesthill, and of Margaret Wilson and Margaret Maclauchlan of Wigtown. The persecution against Renwick, says his biographer, Alexander Shields, never abated. The defeat of the Argyle expedition set the royal troops free to range over the western and southern shires. He had many narrow escapes, 'and had little sympathy, but from them that could give him little succour.' But 'these things did not move him from, nor mar him in, his work, but under all those afflictions he was confirmed more and more that the work was the Lord's, and that He would own it. And, by the grace and goodness of God, he was still the more animated and enlarged in spirit, and enabled in body, to increase his diligence in preaching, baptising, and examining every week once at least.' And he 'had such success, that a great and effectual door was opened to the bringing of many to Christ out of' the 'ignorance and darkness of nature, and bringing back many from the times' sins and compliances,' and attracting 'such multitudes' to 'the persecuted gospel ordinances in the open fields, that it was impossible for him to answer all the calls he received from all parts to preach to them.'

On February 6, 1685, Charles II. died, and James II. immediately ascended the throne. About four months afterwards, May 28, 1685, the Societies held their nineteenth general meeting at Blackgannoch, on the Spango Water, in the parish of Kirkconnel, and agreed upon the second Sanquhar Declaration. Immediately after the meeting, about two hundred and twenty men drew up in arms, and marched to Sanquhar, five miles to the south of Blackgannoch, where, after a psalm had been sung, and Renwick had offered prayer, the Declaration was published, and a copy was affixed to the cross. The Declaration is manifestly from the pen of Renwick. It begins by a short statement of the tyranny under which the country was suffering, it vindicates the Societies from the charge of teaching the duty of assassinating their enemies that the Government had tried to fasten upon them; it then protests against the proclamation of 'James, Duke of York, to be king, on the ground that he was 'a subject of Antichrist,' and it calls upon all Protestant Reformed Churches, kingdoms, and commonwealths to take to serious consideration the low and dangerous condition of the gospel interest, and to advert to the increase of

Popery in all parts, and to bestir themselves timeously against it, lest they lose what much blood and contending may not recover again. The Government found it most prudent to take no notice of this Declaration. It was evidently felt that the less said about the religion of the new king the better.

The year 1686 was marked rather by excessive fines than by martyrdoms, but it was still a year of danger, and, in addition to dangers from without, dissension arose among the Societies. The very dangers by which the members of the Societies were surrounded unhinged the weaker minds among them, and sent some of them into the extremes of fanaticism, while others were for taking up a less uncompromising position than that of the Declarations. Renwick was greatly troubled by these disputes, and some of the best of his letters were written to allay them. In the close of the year, December 10, 1686, the Government issued a proclamation against him, in which £100 were offered to any one who should bring in his person dead or alive. He is described as 'a flagitious and scandalous person,' 'a wretched impostor;' 'and if in pursuit of the said Mr James Renwick, he or any of his rebellious associates resisting to be taken, any of our subjects shall happen to kill or mutilate him or any of them, we hereby declare that they nor none assisting them shall ever be called in question,' 'and their doing thereof shall be repute good and acceptable service to us.'

But nothing really daunted Renwick. The letters he wrote in 1686 and 1687 are among the most hopeful he ever penned. In the close of 1686 his heart was cheered by the accession of two labourers in the ministry—Alexander Shields and David Houston. But these brethren left him in the following spring. Houston went back to Ireland, and Shields proceeded to Holland to print the Informatory Vindication. Though thus left alone, Renwick still zealously preached the gospel up and down the country.

In 1686 Renwick wrote the only work ever published by him: 'An Informatory Vindication of a Poor, Wasted, Misrepresented Remnant of the Suffering, Anti-popish, Anti-prelatick, Anti-erastian, Anti sectarian, True Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland, united together in a general Correspondence. By way of Reply to various Accusations, in Letters, Informations, and Conferences given forth against them.' In a letter to Sir Robert Hamilton, dated January 11, 1687, he says it was read in part to Alexander Shields before his admission by the Societies. Renwick took very kindly to Shields, and both engaged in revising and completing the Vindication. The seventh head, which lays down the terms of Christian union, is very much in the language of Shields' letter, dated June 1685, 'to the Prisoners for Christ in Dunnotar,' given in M'Millan's Collection, Letter lxxv., p. 267. The lengthy title is very clearly Shields' work when in Holland. At a meeting of the Societies, March 24, 1687, at Frierminion, a lonely farm-house half-way between Sanquhar and Muirkirk, at a spot where Dumfriesshire, Ayrshire, and Lanarkshire all meet, the greater part of the three days was spent in carefully considering its contents. The document, while thus mainly the work of Renwick, was deliberately adopted by the Societies, and may be regarded as an authoritative statement of their opinions. It is to be regretted that it should be so little known, for its clearness and even terseness make it one of the most readable papers of that age, while its catholicity will surprise those good people who have derived their conceptions of the Covenanters from the fictions of their enemies, rather than from the documents which they themselves issued.

(To be continued.)

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.—We are not to despise the day of small things in the Church, or the feeblest beginnings of grace in a professed convert's heart. We are not to be discouraged when the kingdom seems to advance slowly. We are not to give over heart and hope because we are in a minority, our helpers being few and unlearned. One, with God, is always a majority. The kingdom the Christian loves is sure to triumph. The kings of the earth shall yet bring *their* glory and honour unto it.

COMPLAINTS OF THE WEATHER.—To complain of cold, stormy, rainy, snowy, or disagreeable weather, which interferes with our plans and our convenience, is no doubt a temptation, especially at this uncertain period of the year. But is it right? Who disposes of cloud and wind, and sends forth hail and stormy wind as He pleases? Our Father in Heaven. He sends us nothing that is not best for us, and although a winter day may be tempestuous, we have therefore no right to be cross, fretful, or unhappy.

God Careth.

One of the sweet old chapters,
  After a day like this:
The day brought tears and trouble,
  The evening brings no kiss,

Nor rest in the arms I long for—
  Rest, and refuge, and home;
Grieved, and lonely, and weary,
  Unto the Book I come.

One of the sweet old chapters—
  The love that blossoms through
His care of the birds and lilies
  Out in the meadow dew.

His evening lies soft around them;
  Their faith is simply to be;
Ah! hushed by the tender lesson,
  My God, let me rest in Thee.

S. P. Bartlett.

VENING PRAYER.

hed his nice supper of oat-
milk; the family worship,
yer and the sweet singing,
he sat in his night-clothes
ɔe, warming his feet before
ɜ had had a very busy day
'as so much skating, and
sliding to do that snowy
ittle rest every night in
ɔre going to bed was very

" Our Father which art in
l, after sitting still for a
as usual with him. 'I had
y *my* Father to-night, for
· Sabbath-school it's differ-
nly one praying now.' •
y boy,' replied his mother.
ireds of little children are
ɔout this time, and are say-
" just as you did a few
t even if they were not, I
us to say these words, so
ays recollect that all the
·e our brothers and sisters,
s the Father's house, into
l of us to come one of these

iid Harry, 'everybody isn't
! Must I call that drunken
sing the house to-day my
i't throw stones at him, or
s the other boys did, but—
my brother.'
r, Harry,' said his mother,
an may have said "Our
ɔther's knee once, just as
l him then just as He does
d for him just as much as
Don't you remember the
story of the son who went away from his father's house, and how the father waited and watched for him to come back, and ran to meet him when he was a great way off? This poor man is far away from his Father in heaven, I am afraid, but he may want to come back some day. Try and think of these things always when you say "Our Father." You can pray for these people now; and perhaps one of these days, if you love Jesus, you can try to bring them back to your Father and their Father.'

'I think I'll be a missionary when I grow up,' said Harry after a pause—'only——'

'If you are going to be a missionary,' papa's voice said at the bedroom door, 'you'll have to begin to prepare for it by going to bed soon. You'll never grow up a strong man unless you have plenty of sleep, and unless you are strong, you can't do much hard missionary work.'

But in spite of these warning words, papa did not let Harry go to bed till they had one more good play together, and then the little boy was left snugly tucked up in bed, to sleep sweetly through the night, watched over by his kind Heavenly Father.

Grapes and Thorns.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.

Is it not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours?
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

Alice Cary.

A Daily Portion.

APRIL 9.

IS A CROWN OF GLORY, IF
N THE WAY OF RIGHTEOUS-
:vi. 31.

ld in knowledge and obedi-
ssed. We may then say of
h, that it is better in the
ıe beginning. The Israelite
y a homer full of manna;
re the Sabbath, two homers
in youth every day a little,
rice as much, because thy
Old men are busy to gather
terity, but their fittest em-
ɜ to gather grace for them-
ast time of gathering, there-
I covet now I am old? shall
am old? shall I lie now I
courses are reprovable in
n age. The grey head is a shame if it be found in the way of wickedness. As our bodies decrease in strength, our souls must increase in grace; mending the unsoundness of our limbs with the soundness of our lives; recompensing a weak body with a strong faith.—*T. Adams.*

APRIL 10.

'LORD, NOW LETTEST THOU THY SERVANT DEPART IN PEACE.'—Luke ii. 29.

Will you know when old age is a blessing? principally when a man hath sure handfast of Christ, as Simeon. He desired not to die sooner, he desired not to live longer; Now, Lord, send away Thy servant in peace. It was promised Abraham that he should go to his fathers in peace, and be buried in a good old age. Now, there is no peace without Christ; whoever dies in peace, he dies in Christ, the Prince of Peace. Abraham died

many hundred years before Christ was born, yet 'Abraham rejoiced to see My day: he saw it and was glad.' He saw Him with the eyes of faith.—*T. Adams.*

APRIL 11.

'ABRAHAM GAVE UP THE GHOST, AND DIED IN A GOOD OLD AGE, AN OLD MAN, AND FULL OF YEARS.'—Gen. xxv. 8.

He 'gave up the ghost,' willingly surrendered it; it was not rent from him; there is the easiness of death. 'In a good old age;' not tempest-beaten with troubles, and wearied out with vexations. There is the happiness of age. 'An old man and full of years,' like corn ripe and white for the barn of joy; there is the fulness of life. When a man is assured of peace in heaven, he is then full of days.—*T. Adams.*

APRIL 12.

'REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.'—Eccles. xii. 1.

He that will be old long must be old while he is young. Express the sobriety of age in thy youth, that the remembrance of thy youth may sweeten the bitterness of thy age. A young saint, an old angel. So then let us spend our life in the thriftiness of grace; that when youth hath ended infancy, age ended youth, and death ended all, we may be young again in heaven, into which eternal doors old age shall never enter; but every body shall be made young for ever, strong for ever, healthful for ever, beautiful for ever; fashioned like to the glorious body of Christ, and in that glory be preserved for ever and ever.—*T. Adams.*

APRIL 13.

'AND WHEN THE SUN WAS UP, THEY WERE SCORCHED; AND BECAUSE THEY HAD NO ROOT, THEY WITHERED AWAY.'—Matt. xiii. 6.

Stony ground hearers anon or promptly receive it eagerly 'with joy.' They differ from the former in going further and yet not getting through. It is not from their being diverted and losing the truth, but from their not being converted to it; not deeply feeling it, but hastily and superficially catching at it. They spring up in a moment from some exciting impulse. Their hearts are not truly exercised, and not at all changed. Religion has taken no root in their bosoms. They cannot endure trial or persecution any more than such a hasty sprout can stand the scorching mid-day sun. False professors who sit and hear, but do nothing in Christ's service, and make no advance, have no root. Such are offended, 'scandalised' is the Greek term. It refers to a stumblingblock. They stumble and fall when a severe trial of temptation or persecution comes; they find it a stumblingblock to them, and they turn aside from religion. This furnishes a caution against false hopes, high excitements that soon pass off, and loud professions on light grounds.—*Jacobus.*

APRIL 14.

'WHEN HE SOWED, SOME SEEDS FELL BY TH WAY SIDE, AND THE FOWLS CAME AN DEVOURED THEM UP.'—Matt xiii. 4.

These are they who hear the word, and d not understand it, and do not care for i They give it no attention. It falls upon thei as upon the hard, unploughed, unprepare edge of the field that skirts the road. Sata takes away the word by diverting the minc starting objections, or keeping the thought dull, sluggish, and careless about the whol matter, or exciting an interest in anythin else about the sermon or service, rather tha the truth itself; or, this seed is trodden down The young are often prevented from attendin to God's commands by gay diversions, companions, pleasures, and by Satan's snatchin up, by his temptations, any germ of truth from their minds, just as birds pick up seeds that have lodged on the hard ground. Yet this is no excuse for them, because 'they love darkness rather than light.'—*Jacobus.*

APRIL 15.

'SOME FELL UPON STONY PLACES, WHERE THEY HAD NOT MUCH EARTH: AND FORTHWITH THEY SPRUNG UP, BECAUSE THEY HAD NO DEEPNESS OF EARTH.'—Matt. xiii. 5.

Stony places (Luke, 'a rock')—that is, where there was but a thin surface of soil with rock underneath; a mere covering of ground upon a base of rock, just enough to conceal the rock from view, but not enough to allow of any rooting in the ground. Forthwith—immediately. Though they sprang up the sooner for the lightness of soil, yet they sooner withered on the same account. There are often hasty conversions and professions that have no depth or genuineness—are gone and vanish as quick as they came. Noisy, boastful converts are often such.—*Jacobus.*

APRIL 16.

'AND SOME FELL AMONG THORNS; AND THE THORNS SPRUNG UP, AND CHOKED THEM.' —Matt. xiii. 7.

These are the natural, wicked desires of the heart. They came up thick and rank—crowded the seed, and shaded them, and took all the sustenance from the ground. In other words, they choked them. These thorns that choke the truth and prevent sermons and other teachings from coming to anything in the heart, are the cares of this world—*i.e.*, the anxieties and concerns of a worldly kind; of business or pleasure, which occupy men's minds. Their thoughts are so full of these matters that they cannot attend to the word. So, 'the deceitfulness of riches,' the planning and worrying to make money, with all the hopes and fears, the successes and disappointments attending it, and even the temptations to unjust gain. This keeps the heart busy and crowds out other and better things.—*Jacobus.*

THANKSGIVING, CONFIDENCE, AND LOVE.

STUDIES WITH THE PEOPLE.

BY REV. JOHN ALEXANDER, SYMINGTON, BIGGAR.

(PHIL. i. 3-11.)

IE THANKSGIVING OF THE APOSTLE.

nk my God upon all my remembrance
lways in every prayer of mine for you
ng request with joy, for your fellow-
the gospel from the first day until
This is more than usually earnest; he
of the joy with which his prayer is
'It is very remarkable that in all his
Paul returns thanks to God, or blesses
the spiritual state of his converts,
a sad exception of that to the Gala-
Ellicott). Here his thanksgiving is
vent—he thanks God in all his re-
nce of them. Philippi was the scene
f the gospel's triumphs; in it he had
privilege of testifying to Jesus Christ
isen Lord, and the members of the
were well known to him as Christians,
d not in word only, but also in deed.
er he prayed for them, he did so for
joy. He was so much interested in
t it was a joy, a privilege, to pray for
He thanked his God; attributed to
honour and the praise for this good
hings. And he looked upon God as
as one in whom he believed. God to
a person, not an abstraction; was
hom he could tell his joys and his
one whom he could approach at all
thout the fear of being spurned by

hows the happy state of mind that
tle was in, though he had much to
m otherwise. And this happiness
use of the well-doing of the Christian

he had preached the gospel of Jesus
ey believed it, and became partakers
efits. The cause of Christ was taken
siastically by them. They saw the
ess of the gospel, realised its en-
ower, felt its sustaining grace, recog-

17.

nised the value of the liberty and the light it brought, rejoiced at the salvation and redemption it held forth, and, after hearing of the great love and condescension of Jesus, God's Son, they gloried in the cross, instead of despising and contemning it. They saw that the sufferings and death of Christ were the great centre of the new religion, and after they had once understood the bearing and place they held in the working out of man's salvation, and in satisfying the righteous demands of infinite justice, the knowledge of the gospel was spread by them, and they, in no ordinary degree, furthered and strengthened the cause of their Saviour. And they always looked with affection upon the soldier of Jesus Christ who had first heralded the good news to them. They were one with him in his work; they strengthened his hand and encouraged his heart. They, in a measure, appreciated the boldness, the great earnestness, and the burning zeal of the Apostle of the Gentiles, and caught some of his ardour. And this fellowship continued; they did not forget him; though their spiritual father was away from them, their love to him, their interest in his work, did not flag; their zeal was gratifying to the prisoner at Rome.

From these verses we learn that we should thank God for all our happiness, especially for those who labour with us, and are at one with us in the gospel of Jesus Christ. They are Christians like ourselves, and thus really one with us in the fellowship of the gospel, and instead of being grieved at one another's success, we should be thankful. But, alas! this is not always the case. The human element is always bulking largely, and prevents that fellowship which ought to exist. One of the great hindrances in the present day to the spread and success of the gospel is the lamentable fact that Christians are often working against one another; are often so jealous of one another's success, that the great object

is lost sight of in the attaining of some trifling or vain-glorious end. Many are so proud and boastful, that they little know how much damage they are doing to their brethren who are weak in the faith. We ought always to be helping one another on in the Christian life, encouraging one another to a closer walk with God, and emulating one another in good deeds. This fellowship in the gospel ought to make the interest of one the interest of all, the sorrow of one the sorrow of all. The law of the gospel is love, and this is to distinguish us from those who are not partakers with us of the grace of God.

Further, we ought to pray for one another, and make our requests with joy. The hands of those who labour ought to be held up. Some of you cannot work much in the vineyard of the Lord, you can do a little, you ought to do the most you can; but your greatest *forte*, your greatest work, may be that of prayer. You can thank God for what He has already done in your neighbourhood, in shedding abroad His light and His truth, and plead that He would bless still more.

II.—THE CONFIDENCE OF THE APOSTLE, FROM THEIR MARKED KINDNESS TO HIM, THAT THEY WILL GO ON IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

'Being confident of this very thing, that He who hath begun a good work in you will perfect it up to the day of Jesus Christ: Even as it is meet for me to think this of you all, because I have you in my heart; inasmuch as both in my bonds, and in the defence and confirmation of the gospel, ye all are partakers with me.'

Not only was the Apostle thankful for the past, but he had cause for thankfulness when he considered the future of his Philippian converts. The good work in their hearts was begun, their feet were in the way of holiness, true piety and religion were theirs, and the work of grace was to go on.

They were justified, and they were being sanctified; day by day they were advancing in the Christian life, growing in grace, and in likeness to their Lord and Master; day by day they would be bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit, crucifying earthly affections and lusts, dying unto sin, and living unto righteousness, and the blessed work of the Holy Spirit prospering in their individual hearts and lives, and in their community. This work would go on up to the day of Jesus Christ. When He appeared they would be found perfected. And no wonder that the Apostle was confident of this result, for the worker was God. He had begun the good work; He would continue it, and make it perfect.

Paul here makes a statement similar to the one, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh *in* you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure.' We Christians must co-operate with God in our sanctification. It is God who worketh; for 'we live and move and have our being in Him.' Our ability to work, our wisdom and prudence to guide and direct our energies, our very desires and aspirations after holiness, and the perfecting of our salvation from sin and uncleanness come from God, and He is therefore the worker. But we are not to conclude that we have nothing to do, that we are simply to be passive in the hands of the Almighty. No; we are to be active agents. An end is set before us—viz., the freeing ourselves from the power of sin, and strengthening our desires for good; the opportunities and the powers to attain to this end are given us, and these we must lay hold of, and use them as God hath required of us. Many people do not seem to understand this truth, and imagine that they themselves have nothing whatever to do in the perfecting of the good work in them. In order to be good we must do good, and hence the necessity for active work. But it is primarily of God; we derive all strength from Him.

And we Christians are to be sure of this, that since it is God who has begun the good work in us, He will finish it. He never leaves anything unfinished. All things have been created by Him, and reflect His greatness, wisdom, and power. Systems of worlds revolve in obedience to fixed laws, and depend one on another. No irregularity is to be found in them. Organisms, too, of the tiniest description show perfection in their construction and adaptability. And, as in the outer natural world, so in the inner spiritual sphere, God perfects everything He undertakes. And why should He not? There are no difficulties which hinder His working; no enemies who are too powerful for Him; no state out of which He cannot rouse us. He who has begun the good work in us will perfect it up to the day of Christ Jesus, when we shall stand before Him as new creatures, having our wills subordinated to His, our whole nature in harmony with His holy one, our minds and spirits sanctified, our bodies purified and incorruptible, all complete in Christ Jesus, holy and unblamable, and unreproachable in His sight. The day of Christ Jesus is the

He shall come the second time to
eople unto Himself. In 1 Thes-
v. 15 we read, 'For this we say
y the word of the Lord, that we
ive and remain unto the coming
shall not precede those who are
r the Lord Himself shall descend
n with a shout, with the voice of
gel, and with the trump of God:
d in Christ shall rise first: then
alive and remain shall be caught
with them in the clouds, to meet
the air: and so shall we ever be
rd.' The 'looking for the glorious
f our great God and Saviour Jesus
to be the great motive power to
o become holier, and to live useful
ives. They were to be always on
for they knew not when their Lord
. But whensoever this coming may
be sure of this, that the good work
perfected. This should be encour-
all. Let us, then, not despond of
grace in us, but rouse ourselves to
vity and exertion, for we shall be
Let us not give way to the power
we shall yet conquer. Let us not
it we shall never master some evil
r lay aside some besetting sin,
e feel inclined to give up trying
er, because we fail so often; but
mber that we shall be victorious
hat we shall get rid of them, be-
God who works in us, and He can
s.

n why the Apostle was sure of this
dence his converts had given, and
g, of the good work prospering.
o-operated with him in testifying
th, they had lately shown their
still to do so. He was not for-
them. In his bonds, and in the
l confirmation of the gospel, they
kers of his grace. '*In his bonds*'
situation; he was now a 'prisoner
l,' waiting his trial before Nero.
efence and confirmation of the
ers to his work, his duty, his

of a twofold character—(1), *He*
gospel, proves its reasonableness,
power to satisfy the spiritual
en, shows the preciousness of the
reveals, how that God's infinite
l His infinite love to men were
n the life and death of Christ;
n the new revelation set forth, for
striving after the light. And (2)
he confirms the gospel, by building up believers in this most holy faith, by telling them more and more of its power, showing them the richness and the depth of the truths it reveals, and reminding them of the grace and mercy of God exercised toward them. This he did whilst he was a prisoner. He was allowed the liberty of seeing any one who came to him, and, no doubt, enemies and friends, believers and unbelievers, availed themselves of this opportunity; and hence Paul had to defend the gospel of his Master, and to confirm those who believed it. And he was further comforted by the thought that although the Philippians had not to suffer as he had, they were yet one with him, because one in Christ. They, too, were partakers of the grace of God, for they had been brought into the light, and had turned from idols to serve the true God. And, as such, they felt with him; they bore his burden, and so fulfilled the law of Christ. Their brother in adversity was beloved by them, and was joined to them in the bonds of the gospel.

And can what the Apostle says here be applied to us? Would we, had we lived in his day, have been one with him in his bonds, in the defence and confirmation of the gospel? If we believe in Christ as our Redeemer, we certainly would. Indeed, it is at once our duty and our privilege to defend the gospel against the attacks of unbelievers or of scorners. Immorality and lawlessness in many quarters are gaining ground, hypocrisy and deceit are eating away the principle of virtue, and men are appealing to our gospel as giving license to continue in sin. We must indignantly resist such an imputation, and set forth the gospel in its utter abhorrence of sin, in its unqualified opposition to it, in its awful purity and holiness. We must lay great stress on the death of Christ, as showing the punishment that sin deserves, and the death it brings. And we must defend the character of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Men are openly defaming Him. But we must defend our Lord with all the earnestness and zeal of which we are capable, to show that this is untrue; that no one was so kind, that no one could be so loving and kind as He. And shall we not tell of His grace and condescension in coming to live and die in order that we, sinners, might be saved and made heirs of eternal life? We have much to defend; let us do so in word and also in deed. This latter—the defending of the gospel in our daily walk and conversation—is the most powerful argument. Many of the arms of the enemy have been drawn

from the unworthy and unholy living of Christians; many of the greatest assaults have been made through the weakness of believers; our envyings, our jealousies, our strifes and contendings, and our hatred are levers which our enemies use to try and break down our holy religion. Let us see that we, at any rate, are honest and true Christians, having the love of God in our heart, and our actions actuated by the high motive of love to God and love to man.

And we can confirm the gospel of Jesus Christ. There are believers who are weak; these need strengthening. Some of us are naturally disposed to look on the dark side of things—let us who are cheerful sympathise with and encourage these; some are timid and fearful—let us who are strong stand by them; some are ignorant—let others instruct; some are rash and impetuous—let us in a kindly and loving spirit guide and control these. Let us all remember that we are partakers of the same grace, journeying to the same city of God, that we are servants of the one Master, children of the same Father, and therefore ought to 'love one another with a pure love fervently, and be one in our defence of it, for union is strength.'

III.—THE LOVE AND PRAYER OF THE APOSTLE FOR HIS CONVERTS.

'For God is my record, how I long after you all in the bowels (tender mercies) of Jesus Christ. And this I pray, that your love may abound more and more, in accurate knowledge, in all perception, that ye may prove things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and without offence against the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God.' The Apostle had said that he had them in his heart; here he confirms this, and calls God to witness his love to them, his yearning after them all, even the meanest. It was a yearning akin to that of Jesus Christ—it was great. He says, 'Did I speak of having you in my own heart? I should rather have said that in the heart of Christ Jesus I long for you. A powerful metaphor, describing perfect union. The believer has no yearning apart from his Lord; his pulse beats with the pulse of Christ, his heart throbs with the heart of Christ' (Lightfoot). This ardent love of the Apostle was expressed in his prayer for them, that their love should abound more and more; love not only to him and others, but to God too; that they should obey their Master, who said, 'This is My commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.' But this love was not to be blind, it was to be in 'accurate knowledge and perception,' in order that they may prove things that are excellent —*i.e.*, that they should love the good and the pure, from the conviction that they were really what was right. They were to exercise their power of discrimination along with their love, in order that they might not waste time, and opportunity, and power on that which yielded no fruit. But, further, this would have a reflex influence on themselves. It was gone about that they might be sincere—*i.e.*, pure, 'proved in the sunlight,' and found to be holy; or sifted, and found to be precious grain, and without offence, without stumbling —*i.e.*, their accurate knowledge would keep them from falling into temptation, and giving way to the evil in the world; and they were to be found ready at the day of Christ when He called them to account. Their whole life, further, was to show their calling of God, their union with Christ, He the vine, they the branches, bringing forth the fruits well-pleasing to God, and thus showing forth His praise and adding to His glory.

'I DON'T FEEL ENOUGH.'

BY REV. J. H. BROOKES, D.D.

A LADY came to her pastor to talk with him about salvation and eternity. She said she had longed to be a Christian, and had been trying to do right in every respect, but she had met with poor success. 'Perhaps,' he replied, 'you have not tried in the proper way. Permit me to ask what you have been doing in order to be saved?'

'I have read my Bible and prayed regularly morning and evening, I have gone to church whenever I was able to leave the house, I have taken my children to the Sabbath school. I have been watchful over my thoughts, trying to keep down a naturally irritable disposition, and some years ago I was baptised and confirmed.'

'Well, I do not see that you can do any more; but is it not amazing that one who reads the Bible regularly has not discovered that Christ is the only Saviour? Why, from first to last it is Christ, and Christ alone, and not our doings in whole or in part. "He that

ı on Him is not condemned: but he
eveth not is condemned already, be-
hath not believed in the name of the
otten Son of God" (John iii. 18);
believeth on the Son hath everlast-
(John iii. 36); "Verily, verily, I say
ı, He that heareth My word, and be-
ı Him that sent Me, hath everlasting
shall not come into condemnation
nent]; but is passed from death unto
hn v. 24); "This is the work of God,
elieve on Him whom He hath sent"
. 29). Such is the tenor of all the
of the Acts of the Apostles and of all
tles; and it is surprising that, having
Bible regularly for years, you have
its leading truth, lying on the very
f almost every page.'
: have seen it, and I do believe in
ut'—and she hesitated.
vhat?' he asked. 'There is no "but"
If you believe in Christ, why are
ubled? His testimony is, "Verily,
say unto you, He that believeth on
H everlasting life" (John vi. 47);
e said to the woman, Thy faith HATH
ee; go in peace" Luke (vii. 50). In
of such sweet declarations, that are
or you as they are for anybody who
ept them, I cannot understand why
have anxiety.'
ifficulty is,' she sadly said, 'I don't
gh.'
glad of it,' was the abrupt reply.
emed much surprised and startled,
vered in a disappointed tone, 'you
ı not mean to say that you are glad
[have no more feeling.'
[mean to say just that. I am heartily
hank God, that you have no more
for I now perceive that you are try-
ake a Saviour out of your feelings, in-
finding a Saviour in Christ. If you
uch feeling as you desire, would you
ed?'
she responded, 'I would be perfectly

is to say, you would rest your hope
ion upon your feelings, rather than
word apart from feeling, and would
ı enter heaven at last because you
l, and not because Christ's blood by
ufficient for your cleansing.'
I thought I had to feel before I could

ın me, but it is of little consequence
ı thought; it is of far greater moment
what God says. You cannot find me
om the first of Genesis to the last of
ın, which teaches that he who feels
feels bad, shall be saved; but I can
many hundreds of texts which plainly
ively assert that whosoever believeth
; perish, but have everlasting life.
:now that the word *feeling* occurs but
the entire Bible?'
thought it occurred a great many

'There, your thoughts are wrong again; and it is high time for you to heed the text which says, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord"' (Is. iv. 7, 8).

'But does not the Bible speak of love, joy, peace, and other happy emotions as a part of Christian experience?'

'Undoubtedly; *as a part of Christian experience*, but not as the means of becoming a Christian. Nor do you get love, joy, peace by looking at self, nor by worrying about feeling, but by looking at Christ, and resting by simple faith upon His word. The only two places in the Bible where the word *feeling* occurs are, first, the passage in which it is said of him, "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities" (Heb. iv. 15); and, second, the passage which speaks of certain abandoned, wretches, "who being past feeling, have given themselves over unto lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness" (Eph. iv. 19). Let me advise you to quit thinking of feeling and to think only of Christ, and the feeling will come of itself.'

The lady went away comforted, resolved to confess the name, and to show the death of Him, 'who His own self bare our sins [lack of feeling, and all] in His own body on the tree' (1 Peter ii. 24). She was able to look at her case somewhat as follows: Her want of feeling, which had so long held her back, is either a sin, or it is not a sin. If it is not a sin, of course she could not be lost on account of it. If it is a sin, Christ either made atonement for it when He died upon the cross, or He did not. If He did not, then He did not make atonement for all the sins of His people, which supposition would be contrary to Scripture, and render the salvation of any one impossible. But if He did make atonement for it along with the other sins for which He died, it is obviously foolish to let it stand in the way for a single moment of the full and cordial acceptance of the free and certain salvation, offered in the gospel to every one that believeth, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me HATH everlasting life' (John vi. 47).

NOTHING REMARKABLE.—'Father,' said a little girl, 'why does everybody speak so much of poor E——'s goodness? We never heard of her doing anything remarkable.' 'My child,' asked the father, 'what is the lamp doing?' 'Nothing, father.' 'You are right, my child; it is not doing anything. Nevertheless, it is lighting up the whole room. "Let your light so shine before men," said One, "that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven."'

A Portion for the Aged.

TRUST NECESSARY.

BY W. M'DONALD, D.D.

ON the banks of a certain River there once lived a widower, with a house full of *spoilt* children.

In a neighbouring town lived a maiden lady, who was one of the noblest workers for Jesus that I ever saw. She combined the loftiest learning with the deepest piety and the most patient and unconquerable perseverance in good works.

The widower sought and won her for his second wife. His children, however, had made up their minds that they would tolerate no step-mother.

When, therefore, their father brought one to their home, they did all in their power to make her feel that she was not wanted in that house. When she would sit down by any of them, they would jump up and leave her. When she started to walk with them, they would turn around and go back. If she hinted at any of their faults, they would tell her to mind her own business.

As for this step-mother, she went into that family in the fear of God, with the hope and the prayer that she might win those wayward children to Jesus.

At first their hearts were utterly closed against her. She could do them no good whatever. But she was not to be discouraged by a few failures. She would go alone to God, and plead with Him in prayer that He would open their hearts to her, and let them see that she was their true friend.

God takes His own way to answer our prayers. In this case He sent long and serious sickness into that family. All the children were prostrate. Day after day, night after night, that noble step-mother nursed the sick and ministered to their wants. She excelled in this work so much that very soon none of the children were willing to let any one but her be their nurse. Thus it was that at last all their hearts were won.

After they all began to recover, and were finally all able to sit up, they talked together about their step-mother. One said, 'If ever there was a good woman, she is one.' Another said, 'I feel heartily ashamed of the way we treated her when she first came here.' Another said, 'I see one thing: we were a much worse set of children than I then thought we were; and I, for my part, intend to live a new life, and I intend to ask her to help me.'

So, finally, when the step-mother came in, they all confessed their past sins, asked her pardon, told her they wanted to live a new life, and wanted her to help them.

She burst into tears, and cried out, 'Oh, thank God! thank God!'

Her prayers were answered. Now all her fine talents, all her splendid education, all her deep piety, could get access to their voluntary characters. She would sit with them in long conferences;

ıld point out their faults to
ıd pray with them. In a
hile it began to be talked of
the town that a great change
ne over those children. Ah,
›ble step-mother was exert-
legitimate power now.
hrist is in the heart of the
ust as that step-mother was
family before the sickness.
door is shut against Him;
ı do the sinner no good.
the heart's trust is once
ıd the door opened, He comes in, with all His holy and divine power, and dwells there, to train that soul for glory.

That heart's trust is absolutely necessary. No matter how kind or how powerful the Lord may be, He can do the soul no good while the door is closed against Him. He cries to every poor sinner, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.'

THE FAMILY ALTAR ERECTED.

BY A FATHER.

ƎW days ago I united a son
n marriage to his chosen
›ride. They immediately
ıeir departure, to reside in
the great cities of our land.
first letter that I received
m, he wrote that they had
the family altar, 'which,'
, 'is the most home-like of
ıg yet.'

vas brought up at the do-
altar. Morning and even-
m his earliest recollection,
been accustomed to bow
ȝ at the mercy-seat. And
ıt he has gone out from us,
ʏe to dwell under the old
› commence family life in
ı abode, it is a great satis-
to know that he has an
ɑ his own dwelling. We
ured that it has been better
ınd our family that we have
ch an altar, and we feel
that it will be better for
ıd his family. Abraham
h an altar, thus honouring
nd God honoured him. And we read that 'The ark of the Lord continued at the house of Obed-Edom the Gittite three months; and the Lord blessed the house of Obed-Edom.' What the ark was to Obed-Edom, that is the family altar to the household. God, we believe, has a special favour to those families that daily offer on their altars the incense that is acceptable to Him. He graciously listens to their humble petitions; and, instead of pouring out His fury upon them, pours out upon them His choicest blessings. He blesses them in respect to temporal things, and He blesses them more abundantly in respect to spiritual things. Children thus reared are usually early converted. They go forth into the world to be blessings to their fellow-men. And, when they come to have families of their own, then the family altar is regarded as an indispensable necessity. And their household, too, is blessed with the blessing of the God of their father.

THE COVENANTING PREACHERS.

III. JAMES RENWICK.

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, BY LOCKERBIE.

(*Continued from page* 190.)

THE year 1687 brought a change in the action of Government. The sluggish intellect of James II. discovered that liberty could not be extended to his co-religionists in the Church of Rome without giving some liberty to the Presbyterians. Accordingly a proclamation was issued, February 12, 1687, permitting, 'Moderate Presbyterians' to meet in their private houses, and hear all such ministers as accepted the Indulgence, but not 'to build meeting-houses, or to use outhouses, but only to exercise in their private houses.' A somewhat greater liberty was given to 'Quakers' and Roman Catholics 'to exercise their religious worship in houses or chapels.' But 'field-conventicles, and such as preach or exercise at them, or who shall anywise assist or connive at them, shall be prosecuted according to the utmost severity of our laws made against them.' The third sentence in this proclamation, however, betrayed the nature of the king. 'We have thought fit to grant, and by our sovereign authority, prerogative royal, and absolute power, which all our subjects are to obey without reserve, do hereby give and grant our royal toleration to the several professors of the Christian religion afternamed.' And a little further on he says, 'By our sovereign authority, prerogative royal, and absolute power aforesaid, suspend, stop, and disable all laws or Acts of Parliament, customs or constitutions, made or executed against any of our Roman Catholic subjects.' Two months afterwards, April 4, 1687, a second Declaration, more cautiously worded, was issued, granting further liberties to Nonconformists, especially allowing them to preach 'in private houses or places purposely hired or built for that use' without taking an oath, but at the same time disclosing still more plainly the Romanism of the king. It was followed by a third on June 28 and July 5, in which protection is assured to 'all our subjects of the Protestant religion.' After this assurance, in the same language as he had used in the proclamation of February with respect to the laws against the Roman Catholics, he set aside all the laws made against Nonconformists. But 'field conventicles,' and 'such as shall be guilty of the said field-conventicles,' are denounced as unsparingly as ever.

It was very plain that the object of the king in these proclamations was to pave the way for the further introduction of Romanism. Renwick was not afraid to say so, and to warn his countrymen of the danger of accepting freedom on such terms. And, as might be expected, the Government, while for the time favourable to those who kept silence as to its claims to 'absolute power,' did not cease in their efforts to capture him. In October 18, 1687, a hundred pounds sterling were again offered to any one who would 'take him,' 'dead or alive.' It is marvellous how he escaped so long, for his health, never robust, was becoming so infirm 'that sometimes he could not go himself, nor mount nor sit on horseback,' 'and with great difficulty was carried to the place where he preached in the fields.' In the five months after the issuing of the proclamation for toleration, 'fifteen most desperate searches, both of foot and horse,' were made for him, but all were unsuccessful. He lived safe away among a people who would on no account betray him.

In the same month in which the reward was offered for his apprehension, he twice ordained ruling elders, October 9 and October 16. John M'Main, the first publisher of Shield's Life of Renwick, has added a report of the charge Renwick addressed to the elders on the second of these occasions. The ordination took place at Darmead, in the parish of Cambusnethan. Renwick lectured upon Zechariah iii. 6 to the close of the chapter, and preached upon Song viii. 11, 12, passages well suited for such an occasion. The charge is a compact little treatise of sixteen pages. Renwick endeavours to show (1) what is understood by the name elder; (2) the divine institution of the office; (3) what has led him to this ordination; (4) he answers objections; (5) he points out the nature of the office; and (6) the duties of the elder. It closes with the formula of questions Renwick put to the elders before ordination, and a very brief address to the people on their duties. The readers of 'Old Mortality,' who fancy that Renwick and his predecessors in the ministry during the years of persecution did nothing but bewail the sins of the time, and pour out maledictions against the Government, will be surprised to find that Renwick does neither in this charge. Indeed, the charge, save for its occasional archaic expressions, and its seventeenth century style of many subdivisions, might, so far as reference to the tyranny of the rulers is concerned, have been delivered in our own day.

In January 1688 Renwick came to Edinburgh to present a Testimony that he must have drawn up in the close of the preceding year. He had expected to find a Presbytery or Synod of the tolerated ministers, to whom it might be given. But he found there was to be no

r some time, and he left it in the
he Moderator, Mr Hugh Kennedy.
ing day he preached twice at Braid
out two miles to the south of Edin-
a spot still pointed out. From
he went to Fife, where he preached
l places.' His last sermon was at
unness, January 29, from Isaiah liii.
hath believed our report, and to
ie arm of the Lord revealed.' In
Collection there are notes of a
on Psalm xlv. 10, 'preached in the
fe, January 24, 1688;' of a second
xii. 32, 'preached in the shire of
ary 27, 1688;' and of a third, 'being
's last sermon.' They are obviously
reported as the notes of his first
t they are full enough to show the
, the evangelical, and earnest char-
s preaching up to his last days. If
y change in these later sermons as
with his earlier ones, it is to the
they present more exhaustively the
ght in the text.

returned to Edinburgh, January
dged in the Castlehill, the portion
h Street above the Assembly Hall,
se of a friend, John Lookup. The
that of a trader in what were called
ed goods from England,' a profes-
at age, from the character of the
n power, by no means looked upon
vour by patriotic Scotsmen. An
cer, on the watch for contraband
d family-prayer in the house, and
that the voice was that of Renwick.
e house surrounded next morning
break. An entrance was soon made,
Excise officer exclaimed, 'My life
is Mr Renwick,' and declared that
must go to the guard-house to show
they were of. Renwick rejoined,
on show you what is my trade.'
cise officer now went out to the
called for assistance to carry the
ck to the guard-house. Meanwhile
with two friends in the house, tried
y another door, but it was found
ched by the Excise officers, and
f the two sought to break through
ven back. Renwick fired a pistol,
nce opened a way for himself and
it as they went out he received a
a staff that partly stunned him,
him fall several times as he ran
Castle Wynd, a narrow causewayed
connected the High Street with the
et. When he got to the head of the
e lost his hat. His repeated falls
irsuers time to gain upon him, and
his hat marked him out, so that he
aught by a person on the street, but
iends made their escape. He was
ie guard-house. Here he was kept
me, until he was carried away to a
the Council. The quorum ordered
confined in irons. In a day or two
ken before the Chancellor, to the
Viscount of Tarbet's lodging.' Here he was examined after the fashion of the time. How minute the examination a single specimen will suffice to show. His note-book had been carefully looked into. Among other matters, it contained some letters in capitals. His examiners were eager to know what they meant. As the persons were out of their reach, Renwick readily disclosed what they were. There was, however, a M.M. at G. that he declined to tell about. He was threatened with torture if he did not disclose what the letters meant. On saying that the initials were those of a woman, whom he might endanger if he disclosed her name, the Advocate promised to guarantee her safety, when he told them that they stood for Mrs Miller, at Glasgow, where he had left a hat. He received his indictment on February 3. Among other things, it asserts the doctrine that made the Revolution necessary. 'The kings of Scotland' are 'absolute princes,' and hold their crown and authority from God Almighty only,' and declares 'you the said Mr James Renwick, having shaken off all fear of God, and respect and regard to his Majesty's authority and laws; and having entered yourself into the society of some rebels of most damnable and pernicious principles and disloyal practices, you took upon you to be a preacher to those traitors, and became so desperate a villain that you did openly and frequently preach in the fields.'

His trial took place on Wednesday, February 8. He conducted his own case. He was narrowly examined. Three of the questions put, and his answers, will show what were the charges brought against him, and the view he took of them.

'Did he adhere to his former confessions, and own all that was in the libel?'

'All, except where it said, "I have cast off all fear of God," for it is because I fear to offend God and violate His law, I stand ready to be condemned here.'

'Did he own authority, and King James VII. to be his lawful sovereign?'

'I own all authority which hath its prescriptions and limitations from the Word of God, but cannot own this usurper as lawful king, seeing both by the Word of God such a one is incapable to bear rule, and also by the ancient laws of the kingdom, which admit none to the crown of Scotland until he swear to defend the Protestant religion, which a man of his profession cannot do.'

'Did he own that he taught his hearers to come armed to their meetings, and in case of opposition to resist?'

'It were inconsistent with reason and religion to teach otherwise; you yourselves, in like circumstances, would do it. I own I taught them to carry arms to defend themselves, and to resist your violences.'

He was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged the following Friday. The Lord-Justice, the Earl of Linlithgow, asked him if he desired longer time. He replied, 'It was

all one to him. If it were protracted it was welcome; if it were shortened it was welcome; His Master's time was the best.' Without his knowledge, however, and after he had refused to ask it, a reprieve was granted him till the 17th. The object of this reprieve was evidently to give time to the supporters of the Government to visit him, and try to draw from him some approval of the toleration. But they failed. Renwick remained firm.

On the 14th he was again brought before the Council. He was examined about the Informatory Vindication. He was told how kindly the Council had dealt with him in granting him a reprieve, and it was somewhat plainly hinted that if he would petition for it, a further lengthening out of his term would be given him. But Renwick would do nothing that would seem to own the right of Government to grant toleration irrespective of Parliament. In prison none of his friends, except his mother and sisters, was allowed to visit him. His Testimony that he had begun to write, and even paper and ink, were taken from him. 'Yet,' says his biographer, 'by secret conveyance he got a short word sent out the night before his suffering.'

This 'short word' is his 'Last Speech and Testimony,' given in the 'Cloud of Witnesses.' It very happily presents the three points for which he suffered, and it gives full evidence of his faith and hope. The original autograph is in the Free College Library, Edinburgh. The handwriting shows marks of haste, or of being under some restraint, but it has much of the legibility and even beauty of his earlier letters. The document, as a whole, is in every way honourable to Renwick, and nobly closes up the roll of the testimonies of 'The Cloud of Witnesses' in Scotland for the royal prerogatives of Jesus Christ. Its last sentences are:—

I may say to His praise that I have found His cross sweet and lovely unto me; for I have had many joyful hours, and not a fearful thought since I came to prison. He hath strengthened me to outbrave man and outface death; and I am now longing for the joyful hour of my dissolution; and there is nothing in [the] world that I am sorry to leave but you; but I go unto better company, and so I must take my leave of you all. Farewell, beloved sufferers, and followers of the Lamb! Farewell, Christian intimates! Farewell, Christian and comfortable mother and sisters! Farewell, sweet societies! Farewell, desirable general meetings! Farewell, night wanderings, cold, and weariness for Christ! Farewell, sweet Bible and preaching of the gospel! Farewell, sun, moon, and stars, and all sublunary things! And farewell, conflicts with a body of death! Welcome, scaffold for precious Christ! Welcome, heavenly Jerusalem! Welcome, innumerable company of angels! Welcome, general assembly and Church of the firstborn! Welcome, crown of glory and white robes, and song of Moses and the Lamb! And, above all, welcome, O Thou blessed Trinity and One God! O, Eternal One, I commit my soul into Thy eternal rest.

sic subs.

JAMES RENWICK.

February 13, 1688.

Friday, February 17, was the day of his execution. In the morning the jailor visited him, and desired him when upon the scaffold to say nothing of the cause of his death; but Renwick answered, What God would give him to speak that he would speak, and nothing else, and nothing less. The jailor next told him that he might have his life if he would sign the petition he presented him. But Renwick declined, as such a signing would be a giving up of his testimony for Christ. Renwick now asked that his mother and sisters be permitted to stay with him for a short time. This request was at first refused, on the ground that he might give them papers to carry out, but on Renwick's saying he might search and see, it was granted.

Renwick now spent an hour with his weeping mother and sisters. He talked and prayed without fear. In prayer, 'he run much out in praises, and pleaded much in behalf of the suffering remnant.' When the drum beat for the guard to take him out, he cried as if in transport, 'Yonder, the welcome warning to my marriage. The Bridegroom is coming, I am ready, I am ready.' He took his leave of his mother and sisters, and entreated them not to be cast down, for ere all were done they should see matter of praise in that day's mercy.

He was first taken to the Town Council Chamber, where his sentence was read to him, and he was told that what he had to say must be said there, but he firmly declined. He was next told that the drums would be beat all the time at the scaffold, and therefore he must now pray, but he refused. He was then desired to forbear reflections. He replied, I have not premeditated anything, but what the Lord gives me that I will speak.

He was now led along the High Street and down the West Bow to the Grassmarket, to the spot, still marked by a cross in the pavement, where so many had already suffered, and where, he had told his mother that morning, he had seen Robert Gray, a worthy Englishman, suffer for the same cause six years before—May 19, 1682. He went to the scaffold 'very cheerfully, as one in a transport of triumphant joy, and had the greatest crowd of spectators that readily was seen at an execution.' As the Town Council told him, the drums beat all the time he was on the scaffold, so that little could be heard of what he said. But the Council, at Renwick's request, permitted a friend, whose name Shields does not give, to be with him, and to him we are indebted for a report of what he said.

When he mounted the scaffold, he was again told that he need not say anything, for the people could not hear. But he proceeded to

ı 103d Psalm, to read Revelation, xix., and then to pray. He com- his soul to God through the Re- and His cause to be vindicated in His e. He blessed the Lord that He had d him with the crown of martyrdom. plained that he was hindered in wor-, 'but by-and-by,' he said, 'I shall be he clouds, then I shall enjoy Thee, ify Thee without interruption or inter- forever.'

prayer, he addressed the people much vords of what he had written in his ny, but he was not allowed to finish tended to say, and he was ordered to he ladder, where in prayer he said, [die in the faith that Thou wilt not otland, but that Thou wilt make the f Thy witnesses the seed of Thy and return again, and be glorious in d. And now, Lord, I am ready, the he Lamb's wife, hath made herself

The napkin was then tied about his ıen he spoke a few words of counsel couragement to the friend who had d him. He was now turned off the and died with the language of Psalm on his lips: 'Lord, into Thy hands I my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed d God of truth.'

s died Mr James Renwick,' says his nd biographer, Alexander Shields, 'on rd day over the twenty-sixth year of a young man and a young minister, pe Christian and renowned martyr of for whose sake he loved not his life to the death, by whose blood and the His testimony he overcame.'

entry in the Edinburgh Tolbooth is very curt:—

'Edr 17 feb. 1688

James Renwick execut then att the nercate betwixt two and four in the one conforme to his sentence'

the Passages in the Lives of Helen der and James Currie,' printed for use, in 1869, by one of their descend- ir Charles U. Aitchison, K.C.S.I., her y's Chief Commissioner in British Bur- Helen Alexander records that she was d in the year 1687, November 30, by thy Mr James Renwick. And when nwick was execute, I went and saw prison; and I said to him, "Ye will white robes;" and he said, "And n my hands." And when he was exe- went in to the Greyfreer's Yard, and I im in my arms till his cloathes were ff, and I helped to wind him before he t in the coffin.'

as buried in the north-east corner of rchyard, in the spot where the mortal s of so many other witnesses lie. This is, in the intention of the Government, ıere criminals were buried, but the tra- s that the gravedigger, secretly inclined cause of freedom, took care that the martyrs were all buried in a corner that had never been disturbed by the bodies of those who had been put to death because of their crimes.

In 1748 William Wilson published two 18mo volumes, with the title: 'A Choice Collection of very valuable Prefaces, Lectures, and Sermons, preached upon the mountains and muirs of Scotland in the hottest time of the late persecution, by that faithful minister and martyr of Jesus Christ, the Reverend Mr James Renwick.' The collection contains fifty-five different pieces. It has been several times reprinted in an octavo volume. None of its contents was revised by Renwick himself. It is entirely from notes taken by his hearers. It is, nevertheless, a very creditable collection, and says much for the earnestness and evangelic savour that must have characterised Renwick's ministrations. So far as we have compared the contents of Wilson's volumes with such of the sermons as we have seen in a manuscript form in old note-books, they have been printed very much as he found them. In giving a specimen of Renwick's preaching, we have not gone to the printed collection, as it is an easily-met with book; and notwithstanding its excellence as a faithful transcript of notes taken by hearers, it is yet something Renwick never saw. We have preferred to take a hitherto unpublished letter, which we have transcribed from Renwick's own autograph. The letter is one of much beauty, and explains why the memory of James Renwick should still be cherished by pious people in Scotland. It will be found upon page 205.

In 1724 John M'Main, M.A., schoolmaster at Liberton's Wynd, Edinburgh, published in an 18mo volume of 248 pages, 'Alexander Shields' Life of Renwick.' Shields finished it in September 1688, but it had lain in manuscript until it came into M'Main's possession. M'Main has added to it a preface of forty pages, in which he takes exception to Wodrow's History for doing scant justice to the sufferers whose testimonies are given in the 'Cloud of Witnesses.' Shields' Life, as written before the Revolution, contains a good deal of strongly-worded declamation against the tyranny and cruelty of the Government. In our peaceful times we naturally wish he had given more of a narrative of what Renwick did and suffered, and less declamation. But the declamation was, no doubt, what was most needed when the book was written.

TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR.—Attentive hearing is as important as faithful preaching. 'The poorest gospel preaching, well listened to, is better than eloquence merely enjoyed as a pleasant song. Men should take heed *what* they hear—not pleasant things but useful ones; not error but truth. Time is short. The hearer is to be a preacher as well as hearer. Truth is measured to him that he may mete it to others. By this means the kingdom is to be advanced and souls saved.

A Daily Portion.

APRIL 17.

'FOR WE THAT ARE IN THIS TABERNACLE DO GROAN, BEING BURDENED: NOT FOR THAT WE WOULD BE UNCLOTHED, BUT CLOTHED UPON, THAT MORTALITY MIGHT BE SWALLOWED UP OF LIFE.'—2 Cor. v. 4.

We groan, being burdened; wherefore—*i.e.*, because thus burdened—we do not wish to die; death is not that for which we long, but that which comes after death. It is not mere exemption from the burden of life, from its duties, its labours, or its sufferings, which is the object of desire, but to be in heaven. That mortality (that which is mortal) may be swallowed up of life—*i.e.*, absorbed by it so that the one ceases to appear, and the other becomes dominant. This is the elevated object of the Apostle's longing desire. It was not death, not annihilation, nor mere exemption from suffering; but to be raised to that higher state of existence in which all that was mortal, earthly, and corrupt about him should be absorbed in the life of God, that divine and eternal life arising from the beatific vision of God, and consisting in perfect knowledge, holiness, and blessedness.—*C. Hodge.*

APRIL 18.

'NOW HE THAT HATH WROUGHT US FOR THE SELFSAME THING IS GOD, WHO ALSO HATH GIVEN UNTO US THE EARNEST OF THE SPIRIT.'—2 Cor. v. 5.

God had not only prepared him for future glory, but had given him the assurance of a blessed immortality, of which the indwelling of the Holy Ghost was the earnest—*i.e.*, a foretaste and pledge. The object of the Apostle's desire was not the resurrection, nor the change which the living believer is to experience at Christ's coming, but the state of glory immediately subsequent to death. It is therefore of that the Holy Spirit is here declared to be the earnest. Elsewhere, as in Romans viii. 11, the indwelling of the Spirit is represented as the pledge of the future life of the body, because He is the source of that life which the believer derives from Christ, and which pertains to the body as well as to the soul. All therefore in whom the Spirit dwells—*i.e.*, manifests His permanent presence by producing within them the Christian graces—have the pledge of immediate admission into heaven when they die, and of a glorious resurrection when the Lord comes.—*C. Hodge.*

APRIL 19.

'FOR WE WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT.'—2 Cor. v. 7.

This is a passing, parenthetical remark, intended as a confirmation of the preceding declaration. 'We are absent from the Lord, for we now, in this life, walk by faith.' The passage is parallel to Romans viii. 24, 'We are saved by hope' (or in hope—*i.e.*, in prospect). Salvation is not a present, but a future good. So here, presence with the Lord is now a matter of faith, not of fruition. The condition of our present state of being is that of believing. The faith which is the evidence of things not seen and the substance (or assurance) of things hoped for, is the element in which we live, so long as we are not present with those things. Being the objects of faith, they are of course absent.—*C. Hodge.*

APRIL 20.

'WE ARE CONFIDENT, I SAY, AND WILLING RATHER TO BE ABSENT FROM THE BODY, AND TO BE PRESENT WITH THE LORD.'—2 Cor. v. 8.

It is absence from the body and presence with the Lord, not the being changed from corruptible to incorruptible without dying, that he earnestly longed for. The Lord is of course Christ, the supreme Lord, who in virtue of the fulness of the Godhead is the rightful sovereign and possessor of the universe, and in virtue of His dying for the redemption of His people, in a peculiar sense the sovereign and possessor of believers. The Christian's heaven is to be with Christ, for we shall be like Him when we see Him as He is. Into His presence the believer passes as soon as he is absent from the body, and into His likeness the soul is at death immediately transformed; and when at the resurrection, the body is made like unto His glorious body, the work of redemption is consummated. Awaiting this consummation, it is an inestimable blessing to be assured that believers, as soon as they are absent from the body, are present with the Lord.—*C. Hodge.*

APRIL 21.

'FOR WE MUST ALL APPEAR BEFORE THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST.'—2 Cor. v. 10.

As Christ is to be the Judge, as all men are to appear before Him, as the secrets of the heart are to be the grounds of judgment, it is obvious that the sacred writers believed Christ to be a divine person, for nothing less than omniscience could qualify any one for the office here ascribed to our Lord. The punishment which men are to receive will be what they have earned, and therefore what is in justice due to them. The reward of the righteous, although a matter of grace and not of justice, yet being, agreeably to the tenor of the covenant of grace, according to their works, it is of the nature of a reward. The pay of a faithful soldier is a matter of debt, titles and estates are matters of favour. There is no inconsistency, therefore, in the Scriptures denying all merit to believers, and yet teaching that they shall be rewarded according to their works.—*C. Hodge.*

THE LOVELINESS OF CHRIST.

Y JAMES RENWICK, THE LAST WHO SUFFERED MARTYRDOM IN SCOTLAND.

From a hitherto unpublished Letter to Sir Robert Hamilton.

July ii, 1684.

NOURABLE AND DEARLY
'ED IN OUR LORD,—

he report of the continuance of your with us, and of the increase of your e Lord of hosts, is greatly encour- refreshing to me; and which thing, 'ith the great uniteness of my heart impels me to presume upon the a line unto you, though I be vrite unto such, and know not how ate myself. Now, that which I sire is to commend unto the world ness of Christ, the preciousness of , the easiness of His yoke, and the of His cross, whereof I am sure you norant. But O, this is a work above of poor sinning finite creatures! n think, who can speak, or who of this? The immeasurableness om of the grace of Christ, the ness of His power and infiniteness ve, are such a bottomless deep of nder, wherein those who are made re everlastingly drowned. What this falling tabernacle say or think, ee in part and know in part? But ake our eyes from beholding vanity, them allenarlie [*i.e.*, only] upon the nd all-sufficiency of precious and hrist. What doubts and fears can we enough is there to solve and answer) us. And I think if we poor crea- never a fear or doubt did arise, pre- ned our eyes to contemplate Christ's fficiency, we would find it immedi- anish as dispelled smoke, indiscern- ; ah! our tempers are sinfully ready pore upon our fears than to em- st for our help; and thereby the we might have of joyful praise is o a life of despondent anxiety. O see Christ to be theirs can find no

hat mad fools, idle persons, and oosers are they who make it not

their work to have Christ! But I confess Christ unto many (even that profess much) is as the ample world is to them; they have a passing view thereof, with little or nothing of possession. So many get a dissolving, transient view of Christ with the literal, illuminate eye of the mind, but have never a renewed heart to affect Him only for Hmself as the all-satisfying and enriching pearl of price. O these think they have a love to Him, but their desires are after that which is His and not after Himself. They desire liberation from the guilt and punishment of sin, and a possession in a heaven which they build up to themselves in their brain, but they care not though there were not such a thing as Jesus Christ. O what spurious love is this!

Can any in reason think but a suitor whom a maid condescended to match with only upon the accompt of his estate and means without regard of his person, had good ground to refuse such base and spurious love? And how shall Christ regard the adulterate love of such self-seekers? And another sort of folk covers over their pride with a vizor of humility, and cries forth, Christ is a King, and they are sitting upon a dunghill. How can they consent to so great and high a match! If they were queens they would do it. But O that such would consider that, while they seek anything in themselves to commend them to Christ, they will still stagger and stay away. But let them lay aside their coyness and once come to Him and match with Him, and He will make them queens and matches meet for Himself. Christ comes to woo His bride in the garments of condescendency. He took upon Him our nature, that He might say to the worms of the earth, 'Ye are My brethren and My sisters.' And O how glorious is He in those garments, being also clothed with the robes of ravishing majesty! How complete and how free a Saviour is He! Yea, how communicative a good; so that each of His own have Him—so as if not any other beside them had Him. Each of us hath

as much of the sun as we would have though there were no others on earth to partake with us. So is the enjoyment of that blessed Sun of Righteousness to all His chosen. Each one of them hath Him all.

O what a blessed enjoyment is this which each of His saints does enjoy without envying or wronging one another! What a blessed choice is Christ! What a lovely choice is He! O He is lovely — He is lovely! And all that choose Him will say that He is lovely, and that they have made a brave bargain. It was said of a heathen, Socrates, all that knew him loved him, and they that did not love him it was because they did not know him. Indeed, they that love not Christ it is because they know Him not. If He were known, what a great, gracious, powerful, loving, bountiful, and excellent One He is, the heart would be filled with love unto Him. If He were known —if He were known, the soul's outcry would be, 'He is altogether matchless; who is like unto Him?' Love thinketh the beloved hath no parallel, and love loveth all that is the beloved's. Hence, as Christ is lovely to His own, so His cause is precious. It is precious —it is precious. It is His declarative glory. It is that whereby He maketh His name known.

How honourable is it to be an owner of the same! What badges of honour are reproaches and revilings upon that account! As love unto Him makes His cause precious, so where that is nothing will be thought too costly to bestow upon the cause's accompt. What will love not undergo! What will love not forego for the beloved's honour! We need no more to commend this common cause unto us than this: It is Christ's cause. And, seeing His glory is concerned in it, it is our honour to be concerned with it. So also love to that lovely One, or an uptaking of His loveliness which cannot but beget love unto Him, maketh His yoke easy. Love is an oil to our wheels, to make them run swiftly and lightly the way of His commandments. O love makes obedience easy and pleasant work, for the command binds the conscience, and love gains the affections. So, when conscience and inclination go together, it must needs be an easy work. Christ's yoke was easy and pleasant unto David when he said (Ps. cxix. 127), 'I love Thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold.' And that which is greatly to be marked there is, as the world was casting off Christ's yoke, so David was taking it on more heartsomely. They have made void Thy law, therefore I love Thy c &c., saith he. A mark of true l more that Christ is rejected others, the more to be beloved

O what shall be said of love t is a resolute soldier for Him; champion in His lists. Love may say, wishes for difficulti shown. Love sees not a spot u Love gets never a bitter c hand but the beloved frowns. His cross bitter, but reads deli graven upon it. Love will re natural part of the will to plea will not stand to venture up of Jordan with Him and for H of great waters are nothing in deeper that love wades it think Losses, wanderings, tossings, d gers are nothing to love. C 'Love is strong as death; jeal the grave; the coals thereof which hath a most vehemen waters cannot quench love, floods drown it: if a man would stance of his house for love, be contemned.' O what sha us love Christ. Let us love His grace. And they that do Anathema Maranatha.

Now, right honourable and in our lovely Lord, ye have e your love to wronged Christ a cause by your standing still commisserate the case of Hi distressed people in this land denced heart sympathy with u have not been bound up strengthening, and encouragi been instruments to minister of consolation unto us. Ye l us when others have left u truth and duty; keep there men should deny the one a other. Let this be your study And so let us stand on with a Let nothing damp you or mar The cause is the Lord's. H He will overturn thrones and get Himself a name. And a the tribe of Levi must get a on. Let it be your only wor Lord fully and seriously, and shall be peace. Thus committ the Lord for directing and u for His making you in yo stations, as hitherto He hath measure, brazen walls and iro

ıd ungodliness, and for His enabling
s grace to endure to the end, that
everlastingly triumph with Him in
, hoping that I need not desire you
dful of a poor wrestling, bleeding,
ed Church; and of him whose life is a wading through snares, discouragements, hazards, deaths, and dangers, and who is, right honourable and dearly beloved in the Lord, your real and constant friend and servant in all Christian duty,

JAMES RENWICK.

HISTORICAL PROOFS OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY GEORGE P. FISHER, D.D., LL.D., YALE COLLEGE, CONNECTICUT.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL THE WORK OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.

(*Continued from page* 178.)

HAT the Apostle teaches dualism is a groundless allegation. The contrast between light and darkness is represented as moral, as having its roots in the will (John iii. 19-21; cf. viii. 47 with viii. 34, 5, 36, with xii. 43). Where is there lualism when '*all* things were made ord? How can the Jews be thought taphysically speaking, of the realm ss when it is said of Christ in rela- ıem that 'He came unto *His own*'? ifest that John has a certain concep- sus, and announces it at the outset rative. The same is true of Matthew, show, partly by a comparison of facts hecy, that Jesus is the Messiah. The tion is, Whence was that conception Was it excogitated in the writer's n? Was it a dogma acquired by ɔn? Or did it arise from the im- made on the mind of the writer by nself and by His testimony respect- relation to God? A man, let it be , proposes to depict the life of Wash- He may have an enthusiastic convic- his hero was the noblest of patriots. ıo express himself at the beginning ɔk. But if he derived his persuasion ıt he saw and knew of Washington's ıd if he sustains his view by present- ɔrd of facts within the limits of his knowledge, his procedure is surely a. The credibility of his narrative the least diminished. Is it a condi- ustworthiness that a historian should ninterested chronicler? The main John's narrative is one that belongs ıcts as they occurred. Did not the and malignity of the Jews actually Jesus more and more revealed Him- ıem and disclosed the nature of His ? Why, then, should not John, ıis eye back on the course of events, ı in their real nexus, and shape his ɔ accordingly?

ɔuld be made to appear that the vari- ı of the narrative are artificial or con- probability, the conclusion of Baur ı warranted. But the interpretations ı this is sought to be done are them- selves artificial and forced upon the text. What, for example, can be more groundless than the assertion made by so many critics, from Baur to Keim, that, according to this Gospel, Jesus was not baptised? What fair-minded reader, with John i. 32, 33 before him, would ever have attributed such an intent to the evangelist? How, it might be added, could the author, whoever he was, expect to dislodge from the belief of Christians a fact like this, ingrained as it was in the Gospel tradition? If he were foolish enough to undertake such a feat, how could he hope to effect his end by merely omitting expressly to record the circumstance? It is one of the fancies of the Tübingen critics that Nicodemus is invented as a type of unbelieving, sign-seeking Judaism. Why, then, should he be depicted as attaining more and more faith (iii. 2, vii. 50, xix. 39)? The Samaritan woman, on the contrary, is said to be a type of the believing heathen. Why was not an actual heathen chosen to figure in this character rather than a Samaritan who believed in Moses and was looking for the Messiah? But into the details of exegesis it is impracticable here to enter.

It is a strange error into which the critics fall who have said that the author of this Gospel attaches no value to miracles, setting them up, so to speak, merely to bowl them down. It is true that, as he looks back upon the Saviour's life, everything in it is seen to be a manifestation of the glory that was veiled in the servant's form. The nature of the only begotten Son shone out in supernatural exertions of power and mercy. That which is censured in the Gospel is the disposition to rest in the miracles as bare facts which minister to wonder, or supply some lower want, instead of catching their suggestion. Unbelief, even when not denying that they were wrought, failed to look through them. They were a language the deep import of which was not comprehended. They were opaque facts. Hence the Jews called for more and more. They clamoured for something more stupendous—for 'a sign from heaven.'

This is the view of miracles which is found in the Fourth Gospel. There is not the re-

motest suggestion that they are not actual occurrences. The narrator does not stultify himself in this manner. In every instance where Baur appeals to exegesis in support of his view of the evangelist's intent in this matter, he is obliged to do violence to the passage in hand. For example, when Jesus said, 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed,' there is, to be sure, a reference to the reluctance of Thomas to believe without seeing; but to believe what? Why, the miracle of the resurrection to which the other Apostles had testified. This was the object of faith. It is not on faith independent of miracles, but on faith independent of the ocular perception of miracles, that Jesus pronounces His blessing.

Scattered over the pages of the Fourth Gospel are numerous indirect proofs that the author draws his material from personal recollection. Only a few illustrations can be here presented. 'And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch' (John x. 22, 23). Why should it be mentioned that Jesus was in this porch? Nothing in the teaching recorded in the context called for it. How can it be accounted for except on the supposition that the scene was printed on the author's memory? Stating this fact, he must needs explain to heathen readers why Jesus walked in this sheltered place. 'It was winter:' the festival occurred in December. A similar instance of obvious recollection is John viii. 20. The iron boxes constituting 'the treasury' the author had seen. The image of Jesus as He stood near them was present in his recollection. Why should he refer to 'Ænon,' where John was baptising, as 'near to Salim'? (iii. 23.) Why should he describe the pool at Jerusalem as being by the sheep-gate—as called in Hebrew 'Bethesda'—as having five porches? (v. 2.) Why should he interrupt his narrative (viii. 1) with the statement that 'Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives, and early in the morning came again to the temple,' a bare chronological fact with nothing to hang upon it? What else can it be but an accurate reminiscence? Other chronological statements, extending not only to the day, but to the hour, are frequent. They come in, not as if they had been sought, but as a component part of the author's recollection. For what reason is Philip designated (xii. 21) as 'of Bethsaida of Galilee,' the incident here recorded not requiring any such particularity of description? What reason is there for adding to the statement that Pilate sat down in his judgment-seat, that the place 'is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, 'Gabbatha'? What can this be but an instance of precise description, such as is natural in referring to a spot where one has witnessed a memorable event?

If the Fourth Gospel was not written by John, it is the product of pious fraud. Among the Jews, in the later period of their history, prior to the time of Jesus, many pseudonymous works were composed. This took place chiefly among the Alexandrians, but was not confined to them. Conscious that the age of inspiration had gone by, authors felt prompted to set forth, under the name of Enoch, Solomon, or some other worthy, the lessons which they thought suited to the time. They aspired to enter into the mind, and speak in the spirit, of the prophet or sage whom they personated. In this literary device there was often no deliberate purpose to deceive. It early led, however, to intentional fraud. This practice passed over into certain Christian circles where Judaic and Judaising influences prevailed. The distinction between esoteric and exoteric doctrine, which may be traced to the Alexandrian philosophy, availed as a partial excuse for it. Writings were fabricated like the Sibylline Oracles and the Pseudo-Clementine Homilies. But pious frauds of this nature, as every one feels, are repugnant to the sense of truth which Christianity demands and fosters. Christianity brought in a purer standard. In the ancient Church, as now, books of this sort were earnestly condemned by enlightened Christians. Tertullian informs us that the presbyter who was convicted of writing in the name of Paul the *Acta Pauli et Theclæ* confessed his offence, and was deposed from his office. This incident shows what must have been the feeling entertained by Christians generally in regard to this species of benevolent imposture. The reader can judge for himself as to the moral tone of the Gospel and Epistle which we are considering. Did the author, as regards sound ethical feeling, stand on the low plane of the manufacturers of spurious books? Would such a man fabricate, in the name of an Apostle, a fictitious history of the Lord? Such a work, let it be noticed, is of an utterly diverse character from a merely didactic writing. Doubts have been entertained, both in ancient and modern times, of the genuineness of the Second Epistle of Peter. But if we can conceive of a well-meaning Christian, with a conscience imperfectly trained, undertaking to compose a homily under the name of an Apostle, it is still something utterly different from the attempt to traverse the ground, which to him must have been sacred ground, that was already covered by the authentic Gospels. The irreverence, the audacity, of such a procedure far outstrips any examples furnished by the Gospels known to be apocryphal, which mainly confine themselves to the infancy of Jesus and to the Virgin Mary. Baur, in defending his position, actually compares the author of this Gospel to the Apostle Paul. Paul, he reminds us, was not one of the Twelve. Why should there not be still another Apostle? Think of the Apostle Paul sitting down to invent a fictitious history of the Lord Jesus Christ! And yet the author of the Fourth Gospel is put by Baur on a level, as regards moral and spiritual worth, with the Apostle Paul.

There are some other traits of the Fourth

Gospel which are adapted to impress the candid reader with the conviction that it is the Apostle John who writes it.

1. The peculiar mode in which the authorship is indicated. There is one prominent disciple whose name is not given. He is referred to by a circumlocution. At the Last Supper there leaned on the bosom of Jesus 'one of His disciples whom Jesus loved' (xiii. 23). To him, described in the same terms, Jesus commits His mother (xix. 26). He accompanies Peter to the tomb of Jesus—'the other disciple whom Jesus loved' (xx. 2). Once more (xxi. 7) he is designated in the same way. He it is who is spoken of as 'another disciple' and 'that other disciple' (xviii. 15, 16; compare xx. 2, 3, 4, 8). Nor will it be doubted that he is the 'one of the two' whose name is not given (i. 40), the associate of Andrew. In the appendix to the Gospel (xxi. 24; compare verse 20) he is declared to be its author. As might be expected from the passages just quoted, he refers to himself in the third person when asserting that he had witnessed a particular occurrence (xix. 35). That he was one of those personally conversant with Jesus is left to be inferred from his use of the first person plural of the pronoun (John i. 14; 1 John i. 2, 3): 'We beheld His glory,' &c. It was not denied by Baur, nor is there any reason to doubt, that the author of the Gospel intends his readers to believe him to be the Apostle John. Now, if it is the Apostle himself who, from a certain delicacy of feeling, prefers to veil himself, as it were, instead of referring to himself by name, this peculiar manner of indicating the authorship of the book is easily and naturally explained. If it be not John, what is the alternative? It is not simply that we must infer that deceit is intended, but it is deceit of a very different sort from that which has been referred to as belonging to pseudonymous writings. There is adroit painstaking; there is, as Weiss observes, an abandonment of the *naïveté* which belongs to the authors of those books, and which is the sole apology that can be pleaded in behalf of them. They do not go to work in this sly way. They do not seek to decoy the reader into ascribing the book to the pretended author. They assume his name without hesitation. On the contrary, if the Fourth Gospel was not written by John, we have an artful imposition, carried from beginning to end of the book. The forger not only assumes to be John, but in order to accomplish his end affects modesty. He puts himself side by side with Peter, leans on the breast of Jesus, goes to the sepulchre, stands before the cross, there to have the mother of the Lord committed to his charge; but, in order to impose on his readers more effectually, takes pains to avoid writing the name of John—except where he speaks of the Baptist, whose usual title he suppresses—doing thus from cunning what John the Apostle, being of the same name and his disciple, would have done naturally.

2. The author (if he be not John) is guilty of direct falsehood, amounting almost to perjury. He asserts that he saw water and blood issue from the side of Jesus as He hung on the cross (xix. 35). Baur correctly interprets the writer as speaking of himself. He would resolve this alleged direct perception of material objects into a kind of spiritual discernment—an intuition of spiritual effects to follow the death of Jesus. What is this but to trifle with historical statements? What is it but to confound sober prose with a poesy which hardly consists with a sane mind? If the author of the Gospel did not see what he so solemnly asseverates that he did see, his misstatement is due to something worse than the mysterious agency called by the critic, 'die Macht der Idee.'

3. The Gospel is, in a sense, an autobiography. It is a record of the origin and development of the author's faith in Jesus as the divine Son of God. It is the grounds of his own faith which he professes to set forth. And his purpose is to bring others to the same faith or to establish them in it. Why not recount the very facts which had planted this deep persuasion in his own heart? Why resort to fictions? Were not the words and works of Christ which had actually evoked faith in his own soul sufficient for others?

4. The personal love of the author of the Gospel to Jesus is inconsistent with the supposition that it is a spurious work. It is evident from the whole tone of the composition that he regards Jesus with a warm personal affection. Whom does he love? Is it an unreal person, called into being by imagination? The person whom he loves is the historic Jesus. Of Him he says: 'Whom we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled' (1 John i. 1). He is conscious, with a mingled humility and joy, that he had been specially an object of the love of Jesus—'the disciple whom Jesus loved.' With Jesus he is consciously united by the closest personal tie. Shall we say that the author imagined a character, and then, conceiving of him as an actual person who had said and done what imagination had ascribed to him, gives to this product of fancy his heart's deepest love? This is to impute to the author insanity.

5. The tender simplicity which marks so many passages of the narrative stamps them with the seal of truth. The record of the tears of Jesus on witnessing the sorrow of Mary and her friends; the saying that as death approached, having loved His disciples, 'He loved them to the end;' the pathetic words, 'Behold Thy mother,' 'Behold Thy Son,' which were spoken from the cross—to think of these as the inventions of a theological speculatist, who is bent on writing up or writing down a person or theory, is an unnatural and offensive supposition.

To complete this discussion, it is necessary to notice a middle theory which has found favour with some recent writers—namely, that disciples of John composed the Gospel

on the basis of oral instruction which they had received from him. Mr Matthew Arnold has conjectured that the Ephesian presbyters, partly on the foundation of materials furnished by the Apostle, are the authors of the book. Clement of Alexandria, as it was said above, reports the tradition that John wrote at the urgent request of familiar friends. The Muratorian fragment makes a like statement, with the additional circumstance of a revelation to Andrew to the effect that John 'should write down everything, and all should certify.' There is no patristic support for the hypothesis just explained. But what compels its rejection is the testimony respecting the authorship of the book which the writer himself gives in the peculiar, indirect form which has been adverted to. He is brought before his readers in such a manner that the necessary alternative of denying his personal authorship is the supposition of intentional deceit.

ONE OF GOD'S ENGINES.

BY GEORGIANA KLINGLE.

'HOW hard can you pull?' inquired Grandpa Larue, holding Maurice by the two hands; 'let me see how hard you can pull.'

'I can pull hard,' said Maurice; 'I can pull very hard.'

'Ah, indeed? So you can, so you can. You are quite strong.'

Maurice was pleased to hear grandpa say that he was strong; boys like to be considered strong. Maurice was not a large boy, he was only nine years old, but he was large for his age.

'I wonder how many pounds you can pull?'

'I do not know, sir; a great many, I think. I can pull Jemmy Westcott on the sled,' and Maurice began to feel very proud.

'Pull Jemmy Westcott! Why, that must be a pull. I am glad you are a strong boy.'

'So am I, grandpa,' said Maurice, leaping over a stool, and leaping back again.

'Come here,' said grandpa, taking both his hands again; 'what makes you strong, Maurice?'

Maurice threw back his head and smiled, and began thinking what to answer, but he did not seem to find just the right words.

'Maurice, you are strong, because God made you so,' said grandpa; 'your strength is a power which God has given you. When God gives us strength of body and mind, He expects us to pull a great deal.'

'Does He?' inquired Maurice, a little perplexed; 'what does He want me to pull?'

'Your body is the engine, your spirit is the fire; you are one of God's engines. God will show you what to pull.'

Maurice was not sure that he quite understood.

'Who made you, Maurice?'

'God made me, grandpa.'

'Everything that is made is made for some use or purpose. If a man makes anything, he makes it for some purpose, does He not?'

'Yes, grandpa.'

'If God makes a boy, He makes him for some purpose.'

Maurice had never thought that God had made him for any special use.

'You are one of God's engines. He kindled a fire in you, and made you have strength—that is, He gave you life, and mind, and health, and made you all in good running order, like a first-class engine.'

Maurice laughed at this. He could hardly forbear puffing and pretending to pull off with a train.

'Now, the important part is to have God Himself run you. A great many of God's engines do a great deal of damage, ruin a great many other engines, and are destroyed themselves, because they like to run by themselves, or because they have the great Spirit of Evil to run them.'

Maurice thought this was all very strange; he had never before considered himself at all like an engine.

'Grandpa, when you say "God's engines," do you mean people?' he inquired.

'Yes, I mean people. Now, what would become of that engine over there if it should be left to run by itself?'

'I think it would run into the twelve o'clock up-train, unless switched off until the twelve o'clock goes by.'

'And suppose it did not run into any train what would become of it?'

'Oh, it would whiz off the track going around the curve, or run smash into another engine, or into a depot.'

'Then you do not think it could run by itself?'

'I know it could not, grandpa.'

'Neither can God's engines run by themselves, although they sometimes think they can; but suppose somebody should run that train who would prefer to see it broken in pieces, and who did not want it to go over the road appointed for it, that would be as bad as running by itself; don't you think so?'

'Yes, sir, I think it would.'

'So, it is very bad and very dangerous for God's engines to be run by that wicked one who wants to see them go off the track, and come to evil.'

Maurice smiled brightly. He saw what grandpa meant.

'God must run His own engines if they are to go on the right road, and at the right speed then they will come safely to the depot by and-by.'

'Do you mean heaven, grandpa?'

I mean heaven. God only can run
ines to that depot.'
I really and for true one of God's
grandpa?'
Maurice, He has made you a good
tle engine. He wants to run His little
Himself, and put certain loads on for
l, and He wants to bring it by-and-by
epot safe and sound.'
nt Him to run it, grandpa,' said
, gently.
He will, my boy, He will so;' and
wiped his eyes and laid his hand
on Maurice's head.
shall I get Him to run it, grandpa?'
Him.'
ce had always been taught to pray,
seemed such a new, strange prayer,
was altogether perplexed.
Him, and then be sure, whatever
goes, that you do just as He wants
o.'
what will I pull, grandpa? it is so
be an engine.'
or push whatever God lays on or
ou.'
not understand that.'
ose you see a boy carrying a load, and
him, and tease him as he goes, would
doing as God's engine should?—it
e better to give him a lift. Suppose
a strong boy, annoy or injure a little,
y, would that be using your strength
God's engines should?—it would be
o help the weak boy. If papa or
gives you something unpleasant or
to do, how should you act as God's
You will pull the load—that is, do
cult or unpleasant thing. Whenever
your strength of body or mind in
mething which is right, which you
od will approve, you are moving a
the burden which He has given you
r to push. All the little duties be-
o every day make up the load which
nded you to push or pull when He
u, and gave you strength of body and
. Every time you do the slightest
hich you know to be right, you are
Him, and doing the work He intended

lo not want to study my lesson, but
t because it is right, is that moving
ıe load, grandpa?'
tly.'
if we want to do a thing very much,
ot do it because it is wrong, is that
?'
giving the best proof in the world
want God to run His engine, and
run it yourself, or have the wicked
run it. To have God run the engine
ight, no matter what comes; to always
in spite of everything.'
oys make mistakes sometimes when
not mean to do so.'
does not leave the engine if a boy
mistake when he does not mean to
do so; but we must try not to make mistakes.'

Maurice was looking very thoughtfully up in grandpa's face.

'God has put power in you, little boy, just as the engineer puts power in the engine when he puts the fire and water in it. God has put a strong power in you; now, make sure, all your life, that you are using that power for God, and doing the things He wants you to do, and then you will be safe all the way as you go, and God will bring you to the end of your road all right.'

THE REST WHICH CHRIST GIVES.—The *rest* which Jesus gives is not inaction, nor lethargy, but well-balanced, peaceful, and blessed activity. It implies rest from struggling, from weariness, from the burden of a guilty conscience, from bondage to the world, from the condemnation of sin, and from the fear of death. It introduces us into the path of labour for Christ, which is according to the normal condition of the soul, and implies no more painful effort than for a bird to sing, a gem to sparkle, or a rose to fling its sweetness to the air! The service of Christ is the Christian's highest freedom, and he who is most active in that service enjoys the sublimest rest.

My Infant Sleeps!

Sink, sink, ye summer moon behind the veil
Of yonder steeps!
Quench, quench your silvery light o'er hill and dale!
My infant sleeps!
Safe, safe beyond the reach of life's alarms,
She slumbers in the Everlasting Arms!

Set, set, ye summer stars, like jewels spread
O'er yonder deeps!
Shroud, shroud your fires in presence of the dead!
My infant sleeps!
Free, free from pain, her weary head doth rest
In peaceful slumber on her Saviour's breast!

Hush, hush, ye summer winds that softly sigh
Where ivy creeps!
Fold, fold your feathery pinions silently,
My infant sleeps!
Long, long she cried for rest, and now at last
Her cry is answered, and she slumbers fast.

Sad, sad, beside a little snow-white bed
A mother weeps;
The strife is over now, and with the dead
Her infant sleeps!
Dry, dry those tears, fond mother, weep no more;
Your child will wake upon a happier shore!

G. A. T.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

'Hours with Girls'* is a book by Mrs Sangster, a lady whose papers have often graced the pages of the *Christian Treasury*. It discusses, in twenty-three chapters, a variety of themes sure to be interesting to the class for whom it has been specially written. While addressed to girls, it yet contains much fitted to interest and to benefit readers of all ages. Mrs Sangster writes in a style of more than ordinary clearness, and even beauty. It is easy to see that she is largely read in our best authors. She has a wide knowledge of the ways of the world; and in her own department, the affairs of a Christian household, she evinces a practical and yet loving wisdom rarely to be found. Her poetry is perhaps even better than her prose. It is the product of a rich and well-regulated fancy, as well as of great powers of expression. But, better than all these excellences, Mrs Sangster possesses what many a gifted writer has never attained to, an experimental knowledge of the way of salvation, and full sympathy with the struggles, the hopes, and the prospects of the people of God. On an earlier page we have given a specimen of the excellent matter contained in this volume. Its less grave chapters on self-control, courtship and marriage, dress, hospitality, pen, ink, and paper, &c., are of not less value, and form a book that will be much prized, and which abundantly shows Mrs Sangster to be one of whom it can be said, 'She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'

The story of Blanche Gammond,† the first of these two heroines of the faith, was originally published in 1867. It has been translated into English, and is to be found on the catalogue of the Religious Tract Society. In its present form its notes have been revised. The nature of the book will be best understood by some sentences translated from the Introduction:—

'In the rich collection of documents and of writings of all kinds which form to-day the archives of French Protestantism, an important place is occupied by the private journals, the relations, and the memoirs in which many of the contemporaries of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes have deposited their recollections, and told the story of their sufferings. From a historical point of view, the utility of these works is indisputable; and in themselves, generally speaking, they are of great interest. This twofold merit characterises the account of the sufferings of Blanche Gammond.

'The Episcopal city of Saint Paul-Trois-Chateaux, in Dauphiny, is one of those cities that, in the seventeenth century, up to the Revocation, had preserved within their walls numerous adherents to the evangelical faith. In this city, and of a pious family, Blanche Gammond was born about 1665. The troublous times in which she lived helped to develop within her a religious precociousness, and when she was scarcely out of infancy she had begun seriously to study the Word of God. The sight of the annoyances that assailed her co-religionists, and the presentiment of the greater evils coming upon them, produced in the young girl a deep impression. Henceforward she found, as if by instinct, the necessity of tracing the afflictions of this present life to Him who sends them upon His people; she sought the things which are above, and turned her heart to Christ. The fears of Blanche were not long of being realised, and soon over all France the hurricane of persecution burst upon the Reformed. Mademoiselle Gammond, whose ardent piety seemed to tone and elevate her courage, formed the project of leaving the kingdom. She put her project into effect, but was arrested before she reached the frontier. She saw herself, after a captivity of several months, condemned to perpetual imprisonment. She was then in her twenty-first year.'

She was first kept in Grenoble, and then, some time after, she was imprisoned in Valence. Here, to overcome her firmness, and to lead her back to the Romish Church, her jailors were not ashamed to subject her to the severest and most revolting punishments. In the midst of her cruel sufferings the young Christian always knew to find in a humble submission to her trials, in a habitual consciousness of the Divine presence, in an unreserved faith in the promises of the gospel, the secret of an energy and of a strength of mind that on many an occasion struck her persecutors with astonishment. She had the rare privilege of triumphing over all their attacks, of wearying out their cruelty, and after twenty months of struggles, and sadly enfeebled by their vile treatment and by disease, she at last received permission to go into exile. She found refuge in Switzerland. Here she met with her former pastor, M. Murat. At his request she committed to writing an account of her sufferings.

It is this account which is contained in the volume before us. Notwithstanding its artlessness and occasional tediousness, it is hard to read without emotion its simple record of the frightful sufferings she endured; and it is impossible not to admire her unwavering faith in God amidst all her terrible trials.

The account of Jeanne Terrasson is now published for the first time, from the manuscript recently found in the Canton de Vaud.

* Hours with Girls. By Mrs Margaret E. Sangster. Cr. 8vo, pp. 152. London: S. W. Partridge. 1881.

† Deux Heroines de la Foi. Two Heroines of the Faith—Blanche Gammond, Jeanne Terrasson. Accounts of the Seventeenth Century. Edited by T. Claparède and E. Goty. Cr. 8vo, pp. 400. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher. 1880.

reface justly says there is a great re- nce between the two accounts. Both es were visited with the same trials, aptives for the same cause, and suffered in the same way, and even at the same n the same prisons. But both of the ts have each their own distinctive fea- that gain in interest by being put side with each other. They add another age to the history of the persecution of nth in France, and they place in the f day the living faith and the heroic erance of several hitherto unknown or en confessors of the gospel.

ne Terrasson was a native of Die, a n the river Drôme, in Dauphiné. She ed to a burgess family. Her parents nstructed her in the doctrines of Holy ire. She readily imbibed these instruc- nd her soul, fed upon the bread of life, p strong to bear up under the trials s yet to endure. Like Blanche Gam- she gives a vivid account of the s that assailed the Protestants after vocation. At last she resolved to leave tive country, but she was seized ere ached the frontier, taken back to le, and cast into prison. She gives a l account of the horrid place into she was put. She found in it twenty- men imprisoned for the same cause. vering, they were only allowed a little and a stone for a pillow, while the vas alive with vermin. Every means ied to lead her to renounce the evan- faith, but to no purpose. After fifteen this vile prison, she was transferred to on, where she found nearly sixty of her fessors of the same faith with herself. he first met with Blanche Gammond. underground dungeon was more free ermin than her former prison, it was and ill-ventilated, and the prisoners d preceded those with whom she was sociated had been afflicted with some of st forms of disease engendered in such odes.

was six months shut up in this vile n. Thrice over she was taken before ges, where every effort was put forth to make her recant, but she remained faithful, and was condemned to the galleys at Valencé. When she and her compatriots were brought out of prison, they found a great crowd of the people of the city, who accompanied them to the boat, singing with them the 80th Psalm. On the voyage every effort was again made to lead her and her fellow-prisoners to recant, but to no purpose.

At Valencé they were put under a fury of the name of Hérapine. Here the stick or cudgel was freely used upon the poor prisoners, until they were often felled to the ground, black with its blows, in order to bring them over to Romanism. Furious dogs were also shut with them in prison, and encouraged to fly at and bite the prisoners. Other worse means were threatened, when Hérapine's employers removed him from the prison. Her sufferings were, however, not yet at an end. After his removal, she says, we were beaten only very seldom.

Her narrative gives an account of how her sufferings came to an end. She and her fellow-prisoners discovered the means of opening the window of their prison, but when they looked upon the depth beneath them, their hearts quailed at the thought of casting themselves down. Stirred up, however, by a fellow-prisoner, La Peloux, whom her jailors had threatened to banish to America if she did not immediately recant, Jeanne and Blanche Gammond, and Anne Dumasse, and La Peloux cut their bed-coverings into lengths, and tied them together, put them out at the window, and at midnight, Saturday, September 5, 1687, descended by the rope thus formed, one after another, without any one perceiving them. How they further got on, and how she survived all her troubles and reached Geneva in the beginning of May 1688, we must leave the volume to tell.

Her story is still more artlessly and simply told than that of Blanche Gammond, but her faith and courage appear all the more strikingly from the very artlessness of her narration. And no one who reads either of the two narratives will readily forget them, so vivid is the picture which they give of their sufferings.

Intelligence.

ON WORK IN THE WEST INDIES.—The ndies are an immense group of islands ts, amounting to about a thousand in . They are now for the most part out of the condition of a mission-field In those belonging to Great Britain a population of nearly 1,250,000. The ans were the first to preach the gospel egroes in the West Indies. At present ve 36,000 communicants. The Wes- ave seven large districts in their West dissions. They have 97 missionaries and 39,004 members. The West India Mission of the London Missionary Society has, during the last ten years, passed almost entirely out of the care of the Society, for the people themselves have now undertaken the responsibility of Christian Church life. Ten churches, which ten years ago were more or less dependent on the funds of the Society, are now self-supporting. The United Presbyterian Church has in Jamaica 4 Presbyteries, 33 principal and 87 out stations, 18 ordained European missionaries, and 8 ordained native

missionaries. The Jamaica Baptist Union reports 25,422 members. The Presbyterian Church in Canada has in Trinidad 4 missionaries with 2 assistants. The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States has in Haiti 1 bishop, 10 priests, and 3 deacons.

THE NATION'S DRINK BILL.—Mr William Hoyle, in his annual letter to the *Times*, calculates from the Board of Trade and the Inland Revenue Returns the expenditure upon intoxicating drinks during the year 1881. This expenditure is:—

	1881.	1880.
Beer, 970,788,564 gallons, at 1s. 6d., ...	£72,809,142	£67,881,673
British spirits, 28,730,719 gallons, at 20s., . .	28,730,719	28,457,486
Foreign spirits, 8,295,265 gallons, at 24s., . .	9,954,318	10,173,014
Wine, 15,644,757 gallons, at 18s., ...	14,080,281	14,267,102
British wines (estimated), 15,000,000 gallons, at 2s., ...	1,500,000	1,500,000
	£127,074,460	£122,279,275

The consumption of beer shows an increase of 7·3 per cent., and British spirits 0·96 per cent., while foreign spirits show a decrease of 2·1 per cent., and wine 1·3 per cent. Taking the percentage of the whole, it gives an aggregate increase of 3·9 per cent. The total expenditure upon intoxicating liquors of all kinds during the past ten years has been £1,364,818,357; or, in round numbers, £136,500,000 yearly. These figures do not include any of the indirect costs and losses which result from drinking. These, at the very least, will amount to another £100,000,000 annually, giving a total cost and loss to the nation from expenditure on drink of over £240,000,000 yearly! Mr Hoyle estimates the gross rental of land and houses in the United Kingdom at £135,000,000; yet the drink expenditure is greater by £1,500,000. Mr Hoyle derives some gleam of comfort from the drink bill figures of last year, for there has been an improvement in trade, and yet little or no increase in our drink consumption. But this gleam of comfort is very small, and the whole matter, when we remember Canon Robertson's estimate of our missionary contributions at £1,108,950 annually, is fitted to fill every follower of Christ with humiliation and shame. What a mine of wealth in this drink expenditure the nation possesses, if it only acted with a view to its own well-being, and how our poorhouses, lunatic asylums, and prisons would soon be greatly too large, and how many miserable homes would become the abodes of happiness, if these vast sums ceased to be expended on drink.

IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS TO ROMAN CATHOLICS.—The Society has been in existence for thirty years. The agents at present employed are 290 in number—viz., 26 ordained clergymen, 75 Scripture-readers, 99 schoolmasters and mistresses, and over 100 Irish text teachers. There are 37 Sunday schools, attended by 2300 scholars; and 65 day schools, attended by 3140 pupils. There are 153 Sunday and 146 week-day services, with an aggregate attendance of about 24,000. The funds are devoted wholly to spiritual work, and are never expended in building, or in providing food or clothing. But the Society has been instrumental in promoting the erection (chiefly through local efforts) of 19 churches, 8 orphanages, and 33 schoolhouses. The income of the Society last year, from all sources, was £19,381, only £244 less than in 1880, which, considering the times, is encouraging. In every part of Ireland mission work has decidedly advanced in the last two years, but the most marked advance has been in Dublin. All the mission buildings there have been enlarged in the last year (by special donations) and all are now too small.

TURKEY—THE RELIGIONS OF ITS POPULATIONS.—M. W. Jakchiteh of Belgrade has put forth the following statement:—In the immediate possessions of the Sultan in Europe there are 2,484,501 Christians, 1,883,127 Muhammedans, 55,018 Jews; in Eastern Roumelia 559,776 Christians, 359,434 Muhammedans, and 3969 Jews; in Bulgaria 1,196,248 Christians, 768,267 Muhammedans, 8959 Jews; in Bosnia and Herzegovina 780,276 Christians, 400,653 Muhammedans, and 6968 Jews—total in Turkey in Europe, 5,020,801 Christians, 3,403,463 Muhammedans, and 74,914 Jews. For Turkey in Asia we as yet possess only figures that are far from being certain. The immense majority of the people are Muhammedans. The Christians are estimated generally at 2,000,000 to 3,000,000.

WALDENSIAN MISSIONS AID SOCIETY.—The Central Committee in Scotland of this Society has recently issued its Annual Report. It contains much interesting information regarding the progress of the Waldensian Missions in Italy. The Waldenses have in the valleys 16 parishes with 16 pastors, but outside the valleys in Italy they have now 39 ordained pastors, 19 evangelists, 46 teachers, and 7 colporteurs and readers—in all, 111 labourers employed in Italy. The converts enrolled in church fellowship now number 3225, the great majority of whom were Roman Catholics. These church members have been received after careful examination into their faith, knowledge, and profession. And the examination has been preceded by at least six to seven months' attendance at religious services, and then about the same period in a Bible class. A Bible waggon has traversed Italy north and south, south and north, and across it several times. In the last ten months 320 Bibles, 350 New Testaments, 3000 Scripture Portions, and 13,000 religious books were sold. Signor Revel of Genoa is at present visiting Scotland, advocating the cause of the Society; £1212 were remitted last year. It is hoped a still larger contribution will be sent for 1882.

A Daily Portion.

APRIL 22.

'BUT OTHER FELL INTO GOOD GROUND, AND BROUGHT FORTH FRUIT, SOME AN HUNDREDFOLD, SOME SIXTYFOLD, SOME THIRTYFOLD.'—Matt. xiii. 8.

Good ground. Luke explains, 'an honest and good heart.' The difference turns upon the state of the heart. It is not the truth that changes the heart of itself, but, like seed, it must find a prepared soil in order to grow and yield fruit. Such a heart as grace has prepared is called here honest and good—that is, such as receives the truth soberly and acts upon it, 'heareth the word and understandeth it,' 'having heard the word, keep it,' and does not reject it, nor let it die out. A hundredfold—*i.e.*, yielding a hundred grains for one that was sown, &c. So it is at times with grain. True religion shows a large increase and growth upon the first beginning. 'Much fruit' is a mark of discipleship. All true Christians do not produce alike, any more than all good seeds yield an equal product. Yet there is always a harvest.—*Jacobus.*

APRIL 23.

'FOR WE MUST ALL APPEAR BEFORE THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST; THAT EVERY ONE MAY RECEIVE THE THINGS DONE IN HIS BODY, ACCORDING TO THAT HE HATH DONE, WHETHER IT BE GOOD OR BAD.'—2 Cor. v. 10.

We are said to receive the things done in the body, because the matter is conceived of, or is here represented as an investment. Our acts are treasures laid up for the future, whether treasures of wrath or treasures in heaven; and these we receive back. According to that he hath done, indicating the rule according to which the retributions of the final judgments are to be administered. Both with regard to the wicked and the righteous, there is to be a great distinction in the recompense which different members of each class are to receive. Some will be beaten with few stripes, and some with many. It will be more tolerable in that day for Tyre and Sidon than for those who reject the gospel; and, on the other hand, those believers who suffer most will love most and be most blessed. Whether good or evil—*i.e.*, whether he did good or evil. Each shall receive according to his deeds whether good or bad.—*C. Hodge.*

APRIL 24.

'THERE IS THEREFORE NOW NO CONDEMNATION TO THEM WHICH ARE IN CHRIST JESUS.'—Rom. viii. 1.

On the ground of the one offering of Christ, by which those who believe are for ever sanctified (*i.e.*, atoned for), God does not impute to the penitent believer his sins unto condemnation. He is not judged by the law or treated according to its principles, for then no man could be saved. But he is treated as one for all whose sins, past, present, and future, an infinite satisfaction has been made, and who has a perpetual claim to that satisfaction so long as he is united to Christ by faith and the indwelling of His Spirit. Hence the Scriptures are filled with exhortations, not merely to the unconverted, to Jews and Pagans, but to baptised Christians, to repent of sin and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—that is, to exercise trust in the merit of His sacrifice and the prevalence of His intercession for the pardon of their daily and manifold transgressions and shortcomings. The sacrifice of Christ avails for the sins committed from the foundation of the world to the final consummation. It affords a permanent and all-sufficient reason why God can be just and yet justify the ungodly.—*C. Hodge.*

APRIL 25.

'THESE ARE THEY WHICH ARE SOWN AMONG THORNS; SUCH AS HEAR THE WORD, AND THE CARES OF THIS WORLD, AND THE DECEITFULNESS OF RICHES, AND THE LUSTS OF OTHER THINGS ENTERING IN, CHOKE THE WORD, AND IT BECOMETH UNFRUITFUL.'—Mark iv. 18, 19.

'The lusts of other things,' which Mark adds, 'entering in,' have the same choking effect. An appetite for worldliness in various shapes, a hankering after gratifications of sense in forms nameless and numberless, issue in the same sad result. They keep the soul excited and distracted by the mere frivolities of the hour, passing shows, enjoyments, planning for gratification; and the truth cannot enter in where so much else enters and crowds it out. Those who wish to serve God should treat the cares, and riches, and pleasures of this life as the seductive baits and snares of Satan, that only mislead the soul and destroy all that is good. 'As strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the soul.' And if the hearers of the word produce no fruit, they are known to be lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God. We should pray against the evils of our own hearts, which will crowd out all good.—*Jacobus.*

APRIL 26.

'MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE.'—John x. 27.

When Christ saith, 'Mary,' she answereth, 'Rabboni,' my Lord. God's call is the offer of grace, our answer is the accepting of grace offered; there must be receiving as well as offering; vocation is not effectual unless it end in union; it is receiving that giveth us interest. The Scriptures do everywhere imply

and signify this answerable act of the creature to the call of God. God saith, 'Seek ye My face,' and the soul, like a quick echo, 'Thy face, Lord, will I seek.' 'Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal you;' and then, 'Behold we come unto Thee, for Thou art the Lord our God.' The soul is enabled to do that which it is exhorted to do. God saith, Come to Christ, and the soul saith, Lord, I come. Well, then, is the call obeyed? do you receive Christ for your Lord and Saviour? The proper answer of the call is the consent and full purpose of the heart to take Christ; for offering is the call, and receiving is the answer. Have you subscribed and consented to take Christ upon His own terms? as the prophet, when he was to take a wife, maketh an offer, 'I will be for thee, and thou shalt be for me.' Are you content? Christ will be for you in all His graces, merits, benefits, if you will be for Him in all your motions, tendencies, aims.—*T. Manton.*

APRIL 27.

'BE RENEWED IN THE SPIRIT OF YOUR MIND.'—Eph. iv. 23.

That is, in that which is most intimate and excellent therein; in our discourse and reason; all the discourses, debates, purposes, and cares of the soul will be to please God. The mind is made a forge for holy uses, wherein to debate and contrive how to carry on the work of grace, how to glorify God in our relations, concernments; certainly this will be found in all those that are called and converted. So in the will and affections there will be a constant inclination towards God as the chiefest good: 'Thou art my portion, O Lord: I have said that I will keep Thy words.' The soul is resolved; there is a decree issued forth in that behalf to dedicate itself to God and His will. This is the great difference between men and men in fixing their chiefest good and utmost end. The soul, finding comfort in God, setteth the whole bent of her endeavours towards Him. When God changeth a soul, He putteth a disposition into it somewhat like His own nature. God cannot abide sin, and a sanctified heart cannot abide it; 'Get thou hence;' the new life hath an antipathy to that which is contrary to it.—*T. Manton.*

APRIL 28.

'WALK WORTHY OF GOD, WHO HATH CALLED YOU UNTO HIS KINGDOM AND GLORY.'—1 Thess. ii. 12.

A new calling requireth a new conversation. The divine calling puts an honour upon you. It is not for princes to 'embrace the dung,' nor for eagles to catch flies; to be vain, voluptuous, carnal, and worldly, as others are. You are called to the fellowship of saints and angels; will it become one of your hopes to drive on such a low design as a worldly interest? If you saw a man labouring in filthy ditches, and soiling himself as poor men do, would you believe that he were heir-apparent to a crown, called to inherit a kingdom? Who will believe your calling when you stick in the mud of pleasures, and are carried on with such a zealous respect after secular interests? Remember your dignity, and walk worthy of your high calling; walk as having the world under your feet, with a holy scorn and contempt of sublunary enjoyments. And as you should walk worthy of the dignity of your calling, so of the purity of it. 'He that hath called you is holy,' and your condition is a 'holy calling,' and the end of your calling is holiness. 'God hath called us unto holiness.'—*T. Manton.*

APRIL 29.

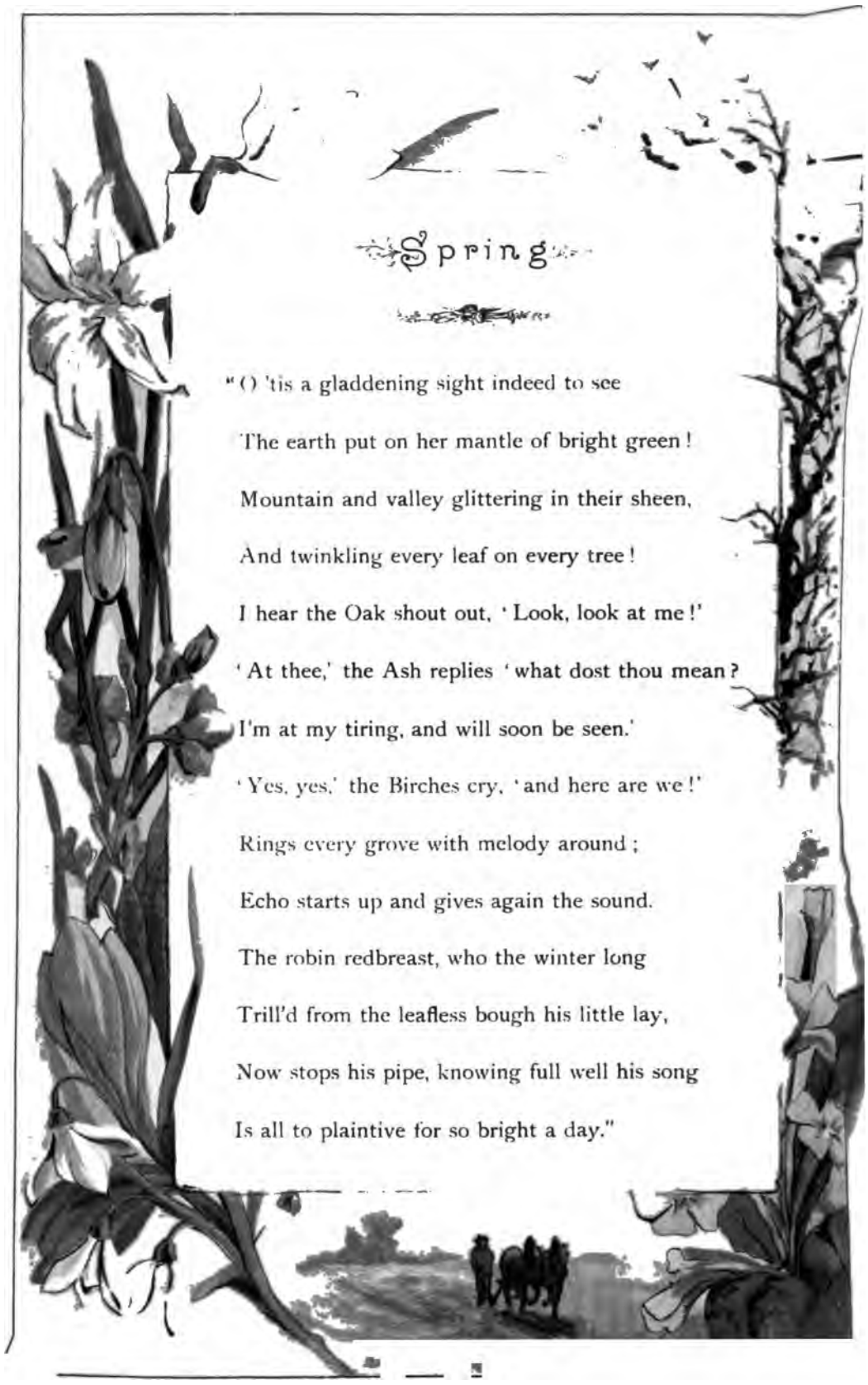
'KNOW THAT THE LORD HATH SET APART HIM THAT IS GODLY FOR HIMSELF.'—Ps. iv. 3.

God's people are set apart by God, and they dedicate themselves to His use and service; 'vessels of honour for the Master's use.' They are set apart by God both in time and before time. Before all time they are set apart by God's decree, to be a holy seed to Himself in and by Christ, separated from the perishing world to be vessels of honour; as the reprobate are called 'vessels of wrath and dishonour;' thus we are said to be 'chosen to be holy.' But then in time they are regenerated, and actually set apart. Sanctification is an actual election (as before) by which we are set apart from the perishing world to act for God, and to seek the things that make for His glory. Thus we are called God's 'first-fruits,' which were the Lord's portion, and is there made a fruit of regeneration. And thus we are said to be 'a holy priesthood,' the priests being men set apart to minister in God's presence. Now, this consecration inferreth a holy preciseness and singularity in the godly, that they may 'keep themselves unspotted from the world,' as holy things were to be kept from a common use; and it implieth that every sin is a kind of sacrilege, it stealeth a holy thing from God.—*T. Manton.*

APRIL 30.

'A NEW HEART ALSO WILL I GIVE YOU.'—Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

As the priests under the law, when they came to minister before the Lord, were not only washed in the great laver, but adorned with gorgeous apparel, so to be sanctified is more than to be purified; for besides the expulsion of sin, there is an infusion of grace, a disposition wrought clean contrary to what we had before, therefore called 'a new heart and a new spirit;' from whence also there floweth newness of life and conversation; there is a new heart or conformity to God's nature, and a new life or conformity to God's will. The pattern of that sanctification which is wrought in the heart is God's nature or image; and the pattern of that sanctification which is wrought in the life is God's law or revealed will; the one is our habitual holiness, and the other our actual.—*T. Manton.*



Spring

"O 'tis a gladdening sight indeed to see
The earth put on her mantle of bright green!
Mountain and valley glittering in their sheen,
And twinkling every leaf on every tree!
I hear the Oak shout out, 'Look, look at me!'
'At thee,' the Ash replies 'what dost thou mean?
I'm at my tiring, and will soon be seen.'
'Yes, yes,' the Birches cry, 'and here are we!'
Rings every grove with melody around;
Echo starts up and gives again the sound.
The robin redbreast, who the winter long
Trill'd from the leafless bough his little lay,
Now stops his pipe, knowing full well his song
Is all to plaintive for so bright a day."

TO BE AND TO APPEAR.*

BY REV. EUGENE BERSIER, PASTOR OF THE REFORMED CHURCH OF PARIS.

'Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them: else ye have no reward with your Father which is in heaven.

'When, therefore, thou doest alms, sound not a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee.

'And when ye pray, ye shall not be as the hypocrites, for they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee.

'Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may be seen of men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face; that thou be not seen of men to fast, but of thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee.'—MATT. vi. 1-6 and 16-18.

JESUS CHRIST, in the passages I have just read, selects three acts of the religious life—prayer, fasting, and alms—and in pointing out in what manner these acts ought to be performed, He unfolds that magnificent teaching regarding secret piety that He makes the very foundation of religion. This is the subject, my brethren, that I wish to-day to set before you.

But before entering upon it, an important reserve must be made, without which we run the risk of going astray; we must remember that if there be one side of religion which must be concealed, there is another which must be brought to full daylight; and this other is our faith itself, which we must be always ready to profess.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, says Paul. Now those who, in believing, blush at doing so, do not fail to insist that religion ought to be humble and silent. But we must not leave them this misleading excuse. And we must do so all the more readily, because cowardice in the matter of religious profession is one of the sad characteristics of our epoch. Whilst narrow and sectarian spirits choose with predilection that which is offensive by isolating it from that which is edifying, whilst they shelter their peculiar eccentricities under the 'foolishness' of the cross, and love nothing so much as to brave common sense, at the risk of compromising a cause which ought to be dear and sacred to them, we see only too many Christians especially priding themselves upon their moderation, carefully shunning what may draw upon them the criticisms of their fellow-men, and consenting to conceal their convictions and their hopes. Many a man among those who, for their own interests or those of their political party, would endure an ardent opposition, and, indeed, brave it, becomes feeble and recoils as soon as there is a call to confess his faith. Many a man of the highest military courage will blush at the thought of facing a disdainful allusion, a smile, a shrug of the shoulders. Against such obstacles their bravery shamefully suffers shipwreck. The gospel, well acquainted with our hearts, points out to us Peter denying his faith, not before a scaffold—he would doubtless have bravely gone thither—but before these words of a maid-servant, 'Of a truth thou also art one of them.' The same feebleness before temptation is met with in all ranks of society. The coarse sarcasm of the workshop, of the street, or of the tavern is here not more to be feared than the lofty disdain of a so-called science, or the keen raillery of the drawing-room.

We must, then, be ready to declare with gentleness and firmness what we believe, and in what we hope. Even though your faith be

* Translated from the French for the *Christian Treasury*, by the permission of the author, from the fourth edition of the sixth volume of his sermons. Paris: M. Fischbacher. 1881.

still feeble, even though it should only lay hold of the most elementary truths of the gospel, you have no right to conceal it. The divine light will become extinguished if it is deprived of the fresh air of confession. What generous convictions have been thus stifled by our cowardice, and lie dead in the depths of our souls! On the contrary, faith is strengthened by the profession that we make. The standard to which we have willingly rallied becomes so much the more dear to us. The truth to which we have engaged ourselves becomes always the clearer and the more radiant. It begets in us a satisfaction and a calm assurance which are not at all too dearly purchased by the humiliations of our self-esteem. You Christians, who mourn that you believe too little, are not your hesitations and your uncertainties explained by your silence? Your faith, in order to increase, expects sacrifices from you. In refusing it these sacrifices you condemn it to die. It is, then, for your own interests that you are bound to make a profession.

I add, that you owe this profession to your brethren of mankind, for faith is not a treasure which we are to enjoy only for ourselves. On the contrary, it has pleased God that man transmit it to man; and brotherhood is no more brotherhood if it does not manifest itself in the exchange of religious convictions. What kind of relations are those which touch merely the surface of our being, merely our own interests, or those of politics or of society? What kind of affection is it which does not go even to the very soul, and which does not seek in a common faith a bond superior to the accidents of life or of time? Why leave in ignorance those that we see going astray from the only path by which we can arrive at peace? In fine, what shall we say of this silence when we remember that God calls every believer to be a witness for the truth? It is His cause that we constantly see compromised, and yet we have not the heart to take up its defence! It is His gospel that we sometimes are ashamed of! What! There is not a Utopian folly which has not its apostles, not a degrading superstition which has not its devoted advocates, not a negation, however cruel and desolating it be, which does not find lips to preach it, and pens to defend it; atheism and annihilation have their fanatical propagators; even corruption boldly advertises itself; insinuating or provoking, to attract attention, it takes all possible forms. Every form of error, every kind of folly, every species of falsehood, every perversion have their enthusiasts; and the gospel, shall it alone be without them? And when it comes to defend it, shall we weigh our slightest words, shall we fear being imprudent, shall we dread, above all, being exaggerated? Paul did not know these calculations. He made nothing of all human opinion. 'We are fools for Christ's sake,' he wrote to these Corinthians who, true Greeks as they were, dreaded nothing so much as to be regarded as unwise (1 Cor. iv. 10). Paul loved, and love does not know the reticences of a prudence which studies its slightest steps. And we who are so skilful in acting cautiously with the world, and so much afraid of everything which can compromise us, dread one day to see this formidable threatening realised for ourselves: 'But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven' (Matt. x. 33).

With these reservations I now come to my text; and I remark that these three acts of which Jesus Christ speaks—fasting, alms, and prayer—are admirably chosen to summarise the entire moral life. Let us take them, in effect, in their largest sense; through the exterior act, let us go even to the idea which they express. Fasting is the submission of the body to the spirit. It expresses, then, in summary, our duties to ourselves. Alms are nothing if not inspired by love of our neighbour: it expresses our duty towards men; prayer, on the other hand, is the highest affirmation of our duties towards God. I have, then, the right to say that there is here, as it were, THE SUMMARY OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE MANIFESTED IN THREE PRINCIPAL ACTS. Now these acts can be performed by us to gain the approbation of men or the approbation of God. Hence, in the entire religious life, there are two opposite modes of action, and it is upon these that I now wish to direct your thoughts.

We can perform religious acts to be seen of men, and this without any real internal feeling. But this is hypocrisy. There have been epochs and circles in which hypocrisy has raged like a frightful epidemic; but, at the same time, a silent epidemic which quietly undermined and gangrened hearts and consciences. There has been a time when the Church opened to its defenders almost all the paths to a rapid fortune, when submission to the Church was the most unerring form to secure success in life. All interests joined together to counsel to the practice of a devotion that advertises itself. Atheists then made themselves defenders of Christianity, and corrupt men the apostles of morality.

Such a state of things was seen, for example, at the Pontifical Court in the fifteenth century; it was seen in France at the commencement of the eighteenth century; and at these two epochs the external unity of a religion, in appearance universally accepted, concealed the moral decomposition which soon manifested in an abandonment of the old beliefs. It seems to me that such remembrances ought to diminish the regrets of those believers who sigh at seeing the Church everywhere somewhat losing the external influence which the support of governments hitherto gave it. What it gained in apparent authority has been too dearly bought at the expense of its spiritual force and its true authority. There are losses which are gains for the future. Everything that renders faith suspected is an evil. If Christianity, reduced to its own resources, were not capable of living, it would then deserve to die. Those who know what it can do, those who are attached to it by a personal and living faith, have no anxieties for its future. They are not terrified at the perspective of a future in which the Church, impoverished in the goods of this world, can offer no prize to hypocrisy; on the contrary, they foresee that this will be the secret of its strength and approaching triumph.

On this subject permit me to express a thought which has often struck me. However attacked the Church may be, it will always be called to the guardianship of the poor. The poor are clients which will never fail it. Now, all those who in the name of religion are called to succour the poor, know how delicate a task it is. On the one hand, they see come to them beings with whom misery has destroyed all nobleness and all moral dignity, and who are ready, in order to obtain relief, to clothe themselves with all the allurements of devotion. Pious words, feigned emotions, eyes turned heavenward, language made up of Biblical expressions, cost nothing to these unfortunates. In the presence of these creatures, on the other hand, you will often meet with an honest workman who, repelled by all this devotion of parade, shuts himself up, and hardens himself in his haughty incredulity. What, then, shall be done? I do not hesitate to reply, At any price we must strive to awaken up a sense of moral dignity, we must raise up the conscience from its ruins. We must absolutely forbid all that in any degree may favour falsehood. There is a mode of exercising charity which degrades those who receive it. To encourage self-respect is the first of duties.

But deliberate and conscious hypocrisy is rare; and I hope, for the honour of those who listen to me, that no one is to be found among you who professes convictions that he really does not possess. It is with another object, and in perfect sincerity, that men often propose to draw upon themselves the gaze of their fellow-men; they say that, above all, it is essential to give an example, and that the deeds we perform will act upon others. We see unbelief more and more taking possession of the people. Men persuade themselves that in frankly professing before the people the religion they reject, they will end by exercising an influence over them. Nothing is more natural, and, in a sense, more respectable than this ambition. It only remains to inquire if the end proposed is reached. Well, I do not fear to say that it is altogether otherwise, and you will presently see that it is inevitable that it should be so.

Suppose, in effect, a man who, with perfect sincerity, proposes, above all in his religious acts, to give an example, what will result therefrom?

First, that men, judging only by appearance, will preoccupy themselves above all with appearance. It is the scandal that will frighten them, much more than the evil itself. Behold him, then, set out upon the path of Pharisaism! Now from even the most respectable Pharisaism to hypocrisy there is after all only a difference of degree. Men know nothing of the secret springs which inspire it; men do not read the thoughts; men judge only that which strikes their eyes and their ears. Provided that the evil is hid, and that the good makes itself known, they will be satisfied.

This is not all. As soon as men are preoccupied in the first instance with producing an effect, this is given out as the rule of opinion for others. Now, not only does this opinion rest merely upon appearances, but also, and above all, it is movable and strangely varied with the circles in which it is found. Without doubt, all agree to render homage to the moral ideal which the gospel presents; but once this homage is rendered in theory, they not the less agree in recognising that its practical realisation is impossible. What is becoming is usually the rule to which actions are referred. The more the world is observed, the more we see the immense place that Pharisaism occupies therein. Clement of Alexandria assures us—and we have no reason to doubt his word—that one of the utterances Christ loved to repeat, and which the gospels have not in any form preserved, was this: 'Do

not use false balances!' Now, I am struck with the fact that the world every day uses two weights and two measures. Whilst it is severe, and often pitiless, to that which offends the reigning ideas and received manners, at the same time it has pardons, indulgence, and even smiles for the evil which knows how to make the most of proprieties, and to clothe itself in what is imposing, or which flatters and fascinates the imagination. In certain circles a fault against etiquette discredits a man much more surely than an act that is plainly immoral. An unskilful, an ignorant, a boorish man, who dashes his head against the law, is overwhelmed under the public reprobation; whereas adroitness, which discretly passes in between the articles of the code, obtains not only impunity but consideration. Success is an all-powerful argument. Why should we be so hard to please? Why, in matters of business, when a fortune has to be gained, bring forth so many scruples and niceties? Has there not been in such matters quite a collection of rules, which vary with the circles in which they are found? Is it becoming to be rigorous when we see so many fortunes, whose origin is strangely suspected, giving their possessors a respectability which no one contests? Is it a question of moral purity? Why be more exacting than those by whom we are surrounded? Is there not a species of imprudence which is very well taken, which is wonderfully allied with distinction of mind, and which is accepted without much compunction, provided that scandal is avoided. Once that such conceptions are entertained, where shall we stop?

(*To be continued.*)

KENNETH.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER III.

THE Sabbath was a day of delight to the dwellers in the brown house. Kenneth's custom was, to rise early, perform his duties about the house, then dress for church. Karl and his good wife Christine never departed from this rule. Flowers lent beauty and enjoyment to the breakfast table. Appetising dishes gave one to feel that it was a marked occasion; a day of rejoicing and gladness. Everything in and about the house put on holiday attire.

Since meeting with Mr Vernon Kenneth had looked forward to the Sabbath. The encounter with Hinckley French humiliated him; at the same time it gave him to feel that his position was appreciated. Mr Vernon had been a witness, and was not repulsed by it. He had learned, likewise, that Hinckley was a nephew of Mr Vernon.

'There are days when nature concentrates the sunshine,' Karl Lubeck said, as together they walked to church. 'Plates of gold beaten out, rather than the film that vanishes.'

'And this concentration comes with the fulness of autumn days. Is it not so?' asked Christine, taking up the thought.

'You say well the fulness,' returned Karl. 'This necessitates a process; in other words, growth; the perfect plan of unfolding. First, the bud, then the flower, and, to crown all, fruit.'

The trees were tinged with red and gold, and purple distances shone through a mist of diamond dust.

As they reached the church, a flossy-headed child, whose acquaintance Kenneth had recently made, sung out to him—

'Good morning, new boy! I 'most didn't know you this morning. Papa 'most didn't,' running up and giving him her hand.

Kenneth blushed with the consciousness of being clothed in a new suit. Christine made it for him. All through the week he had seen her smile over his work, but only when she said—

'It used to be Paul's; but it fits you, and looks nice,' did he appreciate the strength of the struggle that had shaken her away from the old selfish desire 'always to keep them.'

'New boy, are you to come in my papa's class?' chattered the child, with one fat, dimpled hand nestled in Kenneth's palm. 'My papa's real good,' lifting her frank, earnest eyes to her father's face.

'Zoe is quick to make acquaintances. Her little loving heart is ready to welcome all the new boys, and she seems to consider it her especial duty to bring them into papa's class. We shall be glad to have you with us, provided you chose to come,' said the gentleman, as if to second Zoe's wish.

The child smoothed her face into proper decorum. They were entering the church.

One of the especial features of the Sabbath service in Brentford was the singing. Music is to the receptive faculty of the soul as sunshine to the harvest; both stir the vital forces, and prepare the way for the germination of the seed. Karl Lubeck led the congregation. The melody was not intended to smother the meaning of the grand old hymns, but as a means, an avenue through which spirit and letter made an impression upon the soul, and drew it by invisible lines heavenward.

Kenneth had been in the habit of singing with his mother and Rachel. Joining in the

song, he was reminded of that mother. She did not seem to be far from him.

Mr Vernon was not a man to use vain words. It was plain, even to the youngest, that he had come up to the house of the Lord with a message to the people. His speech was clear and forcible; his aim was to persuade men to follow after the highest good.

Kenneth listened with marked attention. The subject of the discourse was the witnessing for Christ.

'The fact is established; we cannot put it aside if we would. Every human soul is a witness for Christ, or against Him. To follow after good is to love the Author of good. The eagerness of the pursuit is the witness of our devotion. It is positive witness, a witness that can be read by all men. Words cannot refute it.'

Illustrations were wisely chosen, and at last, when the question was asked, 'On which side is our witness to-day, my friends?' Kenneth tottered quite unconsciously to his feet, and stood there.

Sabbath school was held directly after morning service. Mr Vernon came down from his desk to introduce Kenneth to his teacher, Mr Crownley.

'Zoe introduced us,' rejoined Mr Crownley.

'Zoe asked me to come to Sabbath school,' smiled Kenneth, with the freedom of one who had been there before.

The class was composed of lads of his own age. Kenneth noticed, as he took his seat, that Carey Kew was there; and, yes, he could not be mistaken, there was Hinckley French.

Going home, Zoe came up flushed and out of breath. 'I 'most lost you, new boy. You'll come again. Papa has 'most all the new boys.'

'Call me Kenneth,' was whispered.

'I love you, Kenneth,' came frankly.

'I love you, Zoe,' was the echo.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr Crownley was a prosperous merchant in Brentford. He was a widower, and his sister kept his house. The last of a large family, Zoe occupied a position that, for one of less amiable temperament, would have been decidedly unfavourable. As it was, petting had not made her selfish, neither had leniency rendered her disobedient. Her little trusting heart was full of love, and especially poured out upon those who seemed to her to be alone in the world. Hence the 'new boys,' as she termed strangers.

Mr Crownley's dwelling was not far from Karl Lubeck's, and directly on the way to the village. Zoe was not long in discovering the hour Kenneth was likely to pass with his basket.

'A good time for Zoe to go and see papa,' she would say to her aunt. 'Kenneth will take care of me; won't you, Kenneth?' running down the avenue to meet the lad.

'Certainly I will,' was the response, so frank and full as to set her eyes dancing.

On such occasions Kenneth did not feel that his basket was heavy. Zoe was not as old as Rachel, but her flossy curls and merry blue eyes reminded him of the sister who was expecting him to send for her when he became a man. Zoe's little upturned face made him feel that the time was drawing near. Zoe had never been to school, but she could read; and from passing so much of her time with her papa and her aunt, she knew many things, that lost nothing of their significance to Kenneth's ear by her naïve manner of repeating them.

Besides gardening, Kenneth was an expert rower. Many were the excursions he made to the islands for nuts and bright-coloured leaves, thus enlarging his acquaintance and making him to feel still more at home with Karl Lubeck.

Carey Kew, from being simply a classmate, had become a firm friend. Whether this had anything to do with softening Hinckley French's aversion, it was evident he took more pains to conceal it, going so far one day as to invite Kenneth to drive with him, and then going off without him.

'One of his old tricks,' Carey said; 'he used to play off on me that way.'

'I try to think of him only as a boy with splendid opportunities; I trust he will not throw them entirely away,' returned Kenneth.

'Sowing his wild oats,' laughed Carey, Then in a more serious mood, 'My father says such seed is sown at a fearful risk.'

Sometimes it was at the Sabbath lessons, letting their talk run out to school and college days.

'I manage to study a little every night, and I hope to go to school for a few months in the winter; with this I must be satisfied.'

Kenneth was altogether bright and active. In the years to come he intended to be a man, and to do a man's work; but he could not, like Carey, choose a life work, and then prepare himself for it; he must prepare himself so as at all times to be ready to do his best wherever he might be. These little chats, like his lessons, snatched in intervals of work, did him good, inasmuch as they helped him to go forward. Thus far God had led him, and would lead him.

With the twilight falling over the porch, Kenneth did not see that Christine had company. Only as Zoe sprang out and caught his hand did he realise that Miss Crownley was sitting, with her hat off and her work idly lying in her lap. The attitude was suggestive. Of course she had been there some time; not merely dropping in, but a visit.

Kenneth sat down quite as he ordinarily would have done. The interruption did not change the conversation. Miss Crownely was saying—

'The Providence which watches over the affairs of men works out of their mistakes, at times, a healthier issue than could have been accomplished by their wisest forethought.'

The words, spoken with so much simplicity,

touched Kenneth pleasantly. He did not doubt but Karl and Christine had been talking of the old life, and the evidence they had met with of God's care and loving-kindness. Christine was the first to speak.

'I can realise this in part when I think of my children, and the difficulties they daily brought me to solve—running up with their work or their lessons, and never once doubting but mother would make it plain. It is the deep, abiding love we must have. This is the reason Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst.'

Zoe had curled down by the side of Kenneth, and sat leaning her flossy head against his shoulder. The action was so like Rachel, he could hardly restrain himself from stooping to kiss the red lips.

Karl was speaking: 'The Israelites made mistakes, and wandered far out of the way; still, they were led by the pillar of cloud. As I near the end of my journey I think of this more and more. God has led me and will lead me, and His way is the right way.'

In the pause that followed, Kenneth ventured, 'Does God accept of our every effort, and thus send it forward in a channel for our good?'

'It must be so,' Miss Crownley said; 'everything works for good; not in the precise way we hoped, or expected, perhaps; but His way. Straitened as we may be in this world, it is comforting to know that however things may seem, evil cannot succeed; neither can the least treasure of good prove a failure.'

The soft twilight lay in purple folds on the garden walks. Miss Crownley stood up.

'If we wait longer, papa will be uneasy and search for us,' she said to Zoe.

'I 'most know papa will come here if he does,' gazing up into Kenneth's face.

'We must spare him the trouble. Come!' reaching forth his hand.

They walked together to the gate. A number of small boats were coming in. They were singing. The melody floated over the water and up to the old garden, very sweet and tender, but sad withal. Banners were waving. They were bringing the brightness of the forest with them.

Zoe whispered 'Good-by'; but not before she had asked Kenneth to take her out in his boat.

'To-morrow, if you will join us?' was said to Miss Crownley.

'To-morrow!' echoed the child, as she walked down the street.

An hour later, Kenneth sat in his room with his books open before him. Try as he would, however, he was conscious of depression. The day had been full of work, and he was thoroughly tired. Physical exhaustion dulls mental activities; reason becomes clouded; the perceptions are not as keen; thought flags.

Bewildered, and almost despairing, the book closed over the limp fingers, and the brown head drooped. He had so often thought that he could work and study. Rachel expected him to do this. If he failed, his failure would drag her down with him.

Listening to Miss Crownley, there had been a moment's elevation. He did not intend to murmur, he was not conscious of doing so; but there was so much to do, and he had so little time to do it in.

A sudden brightness touched the wall. He raised his head with a little surprised look.

'I am here,' the light of the star seemed to say, 'and you are crying.'

'Not much,' returned Kenneth.

'It is plain as anything,' said the star.

'I did not mean to forget. The fact was, I was thinking——'

'Of yourself, and what a hard life you had to lead; when you should have been thinking how altogether pleasant it is to rest in the watch and care of such a Friend.'

The star was not by any means fault-finding, only very serious and anxious that Kenneth should not again forget.

The Book was opened.

'Read for yourself, lad. I will stand here.'

'Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.'

'Some inducement to work,' said the star. 'Read on, lad!'

'Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

'What a promise!' exclaimed the star. 'Only trust in the Lord, and do good. Very nice! Very nice! How can one ever be sad! Anything more lad?'

'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.'

'Still more and more of promise,' said the star, darting a bright look over the room. 'Everything that one can possibly need. The springs of life all full, and the desires of the heart realised. Ever read this before, lad?'

Kenneth continued—'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.'

'I see!' exclaimed the star, fully comprehending the difficulty. 'It is the rest; you cannot make up your mind to wait. It is the resting that gives life and vitality. The seed dropped in the ground waits patiently for the life-giving energies of the soil to fold themselves about it; very quiet and calm and restful, and the first thing it knows it is lifted right out of the darkness into the light without a particle of trouble or misgiving. A good example to follow. Suppose you try it, lad.'

'I will!' answered Kenneth, still reading—

'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for the Lord only makes me dwell in safety.'

'A very sensible thing for you to do,' said the star, 'and as plain as anything. I am going now; good night.'

'Good night!' echoed Kenneth.

Strange peace filled the chamber; the peace that passeth understanding.

(To be continued.)

THE DOMESTIC AND PERSONAL LIFE OF LUTHER IN HIS LAST YEARS.

BY JULIUS KOESTLIN, PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE-WITTENBERG.

MUCH as Luther complains of his age and increasing weakness, frailty, and unserviceableness, his writings and letters not merely show us a constantly renewing, unbroken strength, and a fire not to be quenched, but often a lively, sportive humour, maintaining itself in the midst of his sufferings, annoyances, and indignation at wrong-doing. He himself, indeed, asserts that the multitude of his opponents, especially of the sectaries who always were anew rising against him, made him always young. The true fountain of his strength he found at all times in the Lord and Saviour, who is mighty in the weak, and in whom he sought to abide resolute and peaceful in faith. A peculiarly favourable influence over him we may certainly ascribe to the essentially different side of his life and calling which opened up to him after his marriage. When he speaks of his family, of his wife, and of his children, he is always full of gratitude to God, his heart cheers, and in the midst of his ardent labours and contests he breathes in a fresh and life-giving atmosphere. When, during the Augsburg Diet, in order to encourage the Elector, he pointed him to the pleasant paradise that God was causing to flourish for him in his dear boys and girls, he doubtless experienced and enjoyed a like blessing in his own house. He saw in his domestic life a calling laid out for him by God; not, however, that he, the Reformer, had in it something special to perform or to experience, but rather that in a station appointed for all, yet undervalued by proud monks and priests, and dishonoured by carnal men, he should serve God and enjoy God's goodness, as was the duty of all Christians.

Five children in succession grew up about him. His first-born, Johannes, or Hänschen, was followed in the anxious days of the year 1527 by his first daughter Elizabeth. But eight months afterwards she said to him 'Farewell,' as he announced to a friend, in order to go to Christ, by death to life; and he felt constrained to wonder how sick at heart indeed, how almost womanly he had become by her death. In May 1529 he was partly compensated in a little Magdalena, or Lenchen. Then followed the boys Martin, 1531, and Paul, 1533. Martin was born only a day before the anniversary of the holy Martin, and on the birthday of his father, and so received the same name. With the name of Paul, Luther wished to be reminded of the great Apostle, to whom he himself owed so much. At his baptism he expressed the hope 'that perhaps God the Lord would make him a new enemy of the Pope or of the Turk.' A little daughter, Margarethe, born 1534, completed his family circle.

Magdalene von Bora, an aunt of his wife' also belonged to the family. At an earlier period she was a nun in the same convent with her niece, and there had chief charge of the hospital. She lived among Luther's children as a beloved grandmother, of whom he, in 1530, wrote to his son Hänschen, 'Give her a kiss on my account;' and when he, in 1537, delivered from the danger of death, could travel homewards from Smalcald, he wrote to his wife, 'Let the dear children, with aunt Lene, thank our kind Father.' Not long afterwards she died. Luther comforted her on her deathbed: 'Ye will not die, but fall asleep as if in a cradle, and when the morning twilight shall appear, ye shall rise again and live forever.'

At this period Luther had also two orphan nieces with him, Lene and Else Kaufmann, from Mansfeld, sisters of Cyriak, who was with him at Coburg in 1530, as well as another young relative, not further known to us, with the name of Anna. In 1538 Lene was betrothed to Ambrosius Berndt, the worthy receiver of the dues of the Wittemberg University, and Luther directed her bridal feast.

When his children grew up and required instruction, he gave them a tutor. We find young men with him in the position of an amanuensis. Thus, at Coburg, he had Veit Dietrich with him. Afterwards we hear of a pupil, indeed of two or more, that he had in the house along with him. This appears, however, to have been too much for his wife, for in the autumn of 1534 Dietrich left Luther's house and table.

Like other professors, Luther received for payment a number of students at his table. Among these also were more mature men, who took part in the studies at Wittemberg, and were eagerly desirous to become acquainted with him. But, above all, he opened his house and his table to a multitude of guests, theologians and non-theologians, high and low, who, passing through Wittemberg, wished to converse with him.

The former convent building had become the abode of this great and increasing household. According to the Elector's orders, which John Frederick ratified, the convent was to be Luther's own property. The house, since the building at the commencement of the Reformation was not completed, stood still unfinished, while at the same time it required many improvements. Its present richer architectural appearance dates from a restoration in recent times. It was connected with the fortifications of the city, which the protecting Elbe flowed past. There, projecting outwards, he had his own room, which formed a screen before the water of the canal, and, as indeed he complained in 1530, was threatened by the military preparations, and perhaps during his

lifetime might be a sacrifice to them. Only one larger room of the dwelling has kept itself in the memory of posterity, and is now called the Luther room. It was indeed the chief room of the family.

The young married pair at first possessed only very moderate means for their support. Both brought no possession. When Luther, in 1527, lay sick unto death, he could refer his wife to no other legacy than to the cup which he had received as a gift, and it happened that he was obliged to pawn this in order to get money for his present needs.

But gradually both income and possessions increased. Luther's salary from the university (he drew no fee from his lectures) was, on his marriage, raised by the Elector John from 100 to 200 gulden, and John Frederick added another 100 gulden; the value of a gulden of those times was, according to our present prices, about sixteen shillings sterling in value.

Now and then an extraordinary gift came from the Elector's hands; a piece of fine cloth, a cask of wine, or a piece of venison. John Frederick, in 1536, once sent him two casks of most—*i.e.*, new wine not fermented, with the note that it is of this year's produce from his own mountains, and that Luther would find its excellence as he used it. As his share of the paternal inheritance, Luther received 250 gulden, which his brother Jacob, the heir of the immovable goods, was at a later period to pay him by instalments. In 1539 Bugenhagen brought him 100 gulden as a present from Denmark, and, two years afterwards, the Danish king engaged to pay him and his children 50 gulden annually. Luther was always unconcerned about his means of subsistence, and gave away what came into him with a noble generousness. His wife took charge of the means for maintaining the household, and she managed them in an industrious, vigorous, and skilful manner, and was prone to increase and extend them.

As an addition to the garden, which belonged to the convent, some other pieces of garden-ground and also a field were bought. In 1540 Luther bought for 610 gulden, from a brother of his wife, who had fallen into straitened circumstances, the small estate of Zülsdorf, or Zulsdorf, that lies between Leipzic and Borna. His wife, when the market in Wittemberg was wont to be only poorly supplied, drew her supplies of the means of life from her own labours, and to do this she had to secure a larger number of servants. Trees and hops were planted in the garden, and among the trees were also better ones, such as the mulberry and the fig. There was also a small pond with fish. At Zülsdorf Katharina conducted matters after her own mind. In Wittemberg, according to the practice of the time, she brewed the beer, the right to do which was attached to the convent buildings. We hear of a large number of swine which she kept, and whose purchase occupied her. By-and-by Luther mentions his coachman along with other servants. At last Luther bought another small house in the neighbourhood of the convent, when he was apprehensive that the convent must be sacrificed to the fortifications, and, at all events, it could not be left as an abode for his wife. A part of the purchase money he gradually paid off in ten years.

In his married and domestic relations the Reformer, therefore, found recreation and pleasure, and, indeed, his calling as a man, a spouse, and a father. It is from his own experience that he says: 'The world, according to the Word of God, has no more precious treasure upon earth than the holy marriage state; the highest gift of God is a pious, kind, God-fearing, and thrifty wife, with whom thou peacefully livest, to whom thou entrustest all thy possessions, yea, even thy body and thy life, and with whom thou trainest the children.' At the same time he calls the married state a life which, where it rightly exists, is throughout full of good works. He knows, however, of many 'crabbed and wonderful people who neither ask after their children nor have any hearty love for them;' such people, he says, are not men; to be with them is a hell.

In his sayings regarding married life and his own action therein, there is an entire absence of all sentimentality, excess of feeling, and artistic idealising. On the other hand, there is a powerful, sound, and, according to the judgment of many, a somewhat rough naturalness, but which is at the same time tender, pure, and fervent; and with it is allied a constant, hearty, and sincere reference to the Heavenly Giver and Lord, to His will and to His requirements.

With his children, Luther's first thought was, out of a wicked, destructive, and condemned world, to devote them to God. We have still several letters from him, wherein he, with great warmth, prays his friends to undertake the place of godfather for a child, and to help the poor heathen to Christianity, or from its sinful, deadly birth to the holy and happy second birth. When he presented such a petition for his son Martin to a young Bohemian noble in his house, he was so earnest in his speech that his voice trembled, to the amazement of those that stood by; but he said that it came from the Spirit of God; since he here acted about a godly matter, which demanded awe from him. He saw a precious, godlike creation and guidance in the natural, simple, harmless, and happy ways of children. With thoughtful, joyful contemplation could he look upon the sports and enjoyments of his little children, since all arose so simply and naturally from their hearts. Children, said he, also believe so simply and undoubtingly that God is in heaven, and is their God and dear Father, and that He is the giver of eternal life. When he heard one of his children chatting of this life and of the great joy in heaven, with eating, dancing, &c., he said: 'They live in the happiest and best manner, and have only pure thoughts and

pleasant speculations.' At the sight of his little children sitting at table, he at once thought of the exhortation of Christ, that we must become as little children, and said, 'O God, Thou makest it all too clumsily that thou raisest such little fools as children so high; is it justice that Thou rejectest the prudent and receivest the foolish? But our Lord God has purer thoughts than we have; He must therefore remove our clumsiness, as the enthusiasts speak; He must hew off from us clumsy branches and splinters before He make out of us such children and little fools.'

How suitably he knew to speak with his children is seen in his letter from Coburg to his four-year-old son Hans. He himself taught them to pray, to sing, and to repeat the Catechism. Of his little daughter Margarethe, when she was four years old, he could tell her godfather how she had already learned to sing holy verses. His own hymn—

> From heaven on high I come to you,
> I bring a story good and new;
> Of goodly news so much I bring,
> Of it I must both speak and sing.
>
> To you a Child is come this morn,
> A Child of holy maiden born;
> A little Babe, so sweet and mild,
> It is a joy to see the Child, &c.—

one of the freshest, most joyful, and most childlike of hymns that on Christmas night sounds out of the lips of children, he as a father had composed that he might keep the joyful festival with his own children. On that night he might be seen making use of a practice in our religious festival plays in old times, in which an angel comes, who, in the first verse of his hymn, brings the good tidings, and his children answered—

> 'Let all of us then gladsome be,
> And with the shepherds go and see
> What wondrous thing our God hath given,
> Sent with His dear Son down from heaven.'

The words—

> 'O my dear heart, young Jesus sweet,
> Prepare Thy cradle in my sp'rit,
> And I shall rock Thee in my heart,
> And never more from Thee depart.
>
> 'That so I always gladsome be,
> Ready to dance and sing to Thee
> The lullaby Thou lovest best,
> With heart exulting in its guest'—

remind us of an old usage to accompany the Christmas night hymn with an encircling dance.

Luther warned others against harshness to children and outbursts of passion, and he himself kept in memory his own bitter experience which he had passed through as a child. It was not, however, but what he could be severely angry, and practise sternness. He would rather, he said, have a dead son than one to grow up unrestrained.

Wittemberg lacked a good learned school for boys. Luther himself had not time to devote himself sufficiently to their instruction, hence he employed a young theologian to act as house tutor. His eldest son, Johannes, gave him trouble in his instruction and training. He himself seems to have been somewhat too easy with him, and his affection for his first-born led him to yield too much to him. Luther then handed him over to his friend Markus Crodel, the rector of the school in Torgau, whom he highly esteemed as a grammarian, and as a schoolmaster of great earnestness and firmness.

Among all his children, Lenchen, a pious, gentle, loving child, and heartily attached to him, gave him special joy. We still possess a pleasing portrait of her, in which, according to an old tradition, she has been represented by the friend of the family, Cranach. But she, when she had grown up full of promise, was snatched from him by death, September 20, 1542, after a long and severe illness. What he indeed had experienced at the loss of his little Elizabeth he was again constrained to feel still more deeply and painfully. When she lay so ill he said, 'I have much love for her, but ah! my God, if it is Thy will that Thou willest to take her hence, I will submit to know that she is with Thee.' To herself he said, 'Magdalene, my little daughter, thou willingly remainest here with thy father, and also willingly goest to thy heavenly Father.' 'Yes, dear father, as God wills.' When he was with her, as she was dying, he fell down upon his knees before her bed, wept bitterly, and prayed for her deliverance, whereupon she fell asleep in his hands. When she lay in the coffin he looked upon her and said, 'Ah, dear Lenichen, thou wilt rise again and shine as a star; yea, indeed as the sun.' And, again, 'I am so happy in spirit, but according to the flesh I am sad; the flesh will not submit, the departure grieves one above measure; it is a wonderful thing that she is certainly in peace, and it is well with her, and yet still I am so sad.' To the multitude of mourners he said, 'I have sent a saint to heaven. Oh that we had such a death! One such a death would I accept this very hour.' The same sorrow, and yet the same rising above sorrow, he expresses in his letters to his friends. Thus he writes to Jonas: 'Thou wilt have heard that my most beloved daughter has been born again to the eternal kingdom of Christ; and although I and my wife should be only joyfully grateful for such a happy departure to her, that she is thereby snatched from the might of the flesh, the world, the Turk, and the devil, the might of the natural love is still so great that we cannot help sobbing and sighing; yea, indeed, a weighty inner dying; so deeply and firmly abide in our heart the ways, the words, the gestures of the living and dying, obedient and respectful daughter, that not even the death of Christ can quite drive away this pain.' His Hans, who longed once more to see his sick sister, he had summoned from Torgau fourteen days before her death.

In writing to Crodel, he said, 'I would not have anything neglected that my conscience might afterwards reproach me with.' But when Hans, several weeks afterwards, about Christmas time, under the influence of grief and the moving words which his mother had addressed to him, desired to come home again from Torgau, he exhorted him manfully to overcome his sorrow, not to increase his mother's sorrow by his own, and to obey God, who through his parents had sent him there.

The outward cares about the children and the entire household lay essentially upon his spouse, and he had good reason to hand them over to her. She was a thoroughly practical, energetic woman, who made it her joy to work industriously, and to extend her rule over a wide field of labour. For Luther himself she, in her own way, at all times truly and lovingly cared. It was much for his good that in his outer and inner sufferings, and the violent commotions and storms of his inner life, there should have fallen to his lot a partner of so healthy a nature, of so healthy nerves, and of so sensible and composed a mind as she was.

In loving gratitude Luther at all times inwardly held by her, and even the slanders of gossiping malicious opponents were not able to cast any shadow over their mutual life. He declared of her in his Table-talk, 'To me, praise be to God, it has fallen out well that I have a pious, loving wife upon whom the heart of her husband may rest.' And again, he could also say of her: 'Käthe, thou hast a pious husband who loves thee; thou art an empress!' In earnest and playful language he expressed his tender love to her, and even the sportive and bantering words in which he reminds her of little weaknesses, testify to their loving, sincere, and harmless relations to each other. Even in his old age, and in his last letters, he calls her his dearly beloved friendly housewife, and his darling, and he signs himself again and again, 'Thy Sweetheart,' 'Thine Old Sweetheart,' and also 'Thy Loving Lord.' He also frankly and gently expressed that his original suspicion that Katharina suffered from pride has a foundation. He speaks of her in his letters as of his 'Lord Käthe,' and also calls her his 'illustrious' housewife, and himself 'her obedient servant.' Once he declared that if he had still to woo, he would like to hew out from a stone an obedient wife to himself, because he despaired of the obedience of wives. In like manner he expressed himself over the persuasiveness of his Käthe. In reference to her affectionate but excessive and anxious care for him in his last journey, he called her a holy, anxious wife. On account of her economical activity had she to submit to be called by him not merely the wife in Zulsdorf, but also a swine merchant, as indeed he does in one of his last letters: 'To my loving housewife, Doctor Katharine Luther, the wife in Zulsdorf, swine merchant, and whatever else she may be.'

(To be continued.)

WASTE OF MATERIAL.

BY MRS MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THERE is a great deal of waste of material in our daily life, concerning which the best economists are little troubled. Our Saviour told His disciples to take no thought for the morrow; the morrow would take thought for the things of itself. The divine wisdom declared that sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. But we, forgetting that the heavenly love is pledged to guard us from disaster, and that the heavenly promise is that our steps shall be guided, insanely endeavour to carry the burden of a week, a month, a year, or a lifetime in an hour. We waste our strength in trying to do more than God is willing that we should. Here and there we come to a turn on the road, and we dread to go forward, for we know not what of danger, of difficulty, or of sorrow may be just out of sight. Querulous and complaining, we pause and question Providence, though clear and sweet above our waves of trouble sound the words of comfort, 'As thy day shall thy strength be.'

Another reckless waste is found in the intensity of feeling we spend over trifles. An expected letter fails to come. A storm delays our journey. The friend we looked for is detained from visiting us. Somebody has borrowed a favourite volume and neglected to bring it home. A servant is exasperating or careless. A little child is perverse and contrary. A dish is broken. The cup of coffee is upset on the clean table-cloth. There are muddy footprints on our immaculate front porch. The carpets are wearing out. The clothes do not get dry, and the washing is likely to be around the whole week. An acquaintance, hitherto cordial, passes us with a hasty bow. A friend misconstrues our motives. An enemy sows tares in our field of wheat. There are a hundred little things in every life—nay, in every day—that, if allowed, may disturb our composure and give us distress. We waste our resources in feeling too keenly the trifles which should be met with philosophical firmness, or, better still, with Christian patience.

A very large waste of time and of force comes from the habit of postponing necessary effort. By-and-by, we say, will do as well as the present time for this and that engagement. And so our work gets ahead of us, and we never overtake it. They who look steadily after the present moment, utilising it, and grasping it with its appointed task, are surest of harvesting their sheaves in golden hours of glad fulfilment and joy.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

THE uncle of a little girl, only six years of age, was brought home very sick, and the

loctor told the family he could not live. The ittle girl heard it, and at a time when no one was in the sick room, she went in and up to he bedside, put one hand on the cheek of the nan, and reaching up, pressed her face close o his, and whispered, 'Cast your sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God.'

His bodily distress had been very great, a noan coming with every breath; but at ıer whispered words the flood-gates of his ıoul were unlocked, and he burst into tears. The little girl went about her play, not telling ıny one she had been in the room. His menal anguish was as great as his bodily suffering. All through the night he lay praying for mercy ınd forgiveness of sin. The next day the ittle messenger God sent watched her hance, and again went to the sick man, and whispered with a winning tenderness—

'Did you do as I told you, Uncle William?'

'Yes, I did! I did! He washed away my ins.'

Only a few hours before he died he implored God's richest blessing upon his 'little ıngel,' as he called her, for teaching him the way to Jesus.

The Sunset of Life.

The sun is sinking in the west,
Released from daily duty,
But lingers till his exit, dressed
In richest beams of beauty.

He passed the day and all its hours,
And light and heat imparted;
And herbs and plants and trees and flowers
Have, with fresh vigour, started.

So days I've spent, but not like him,
In blessing every minute.
The light I've shed has been but dim,
And warmth, but little in it.

Dear Saviour, aid me by Thy grace,
And never more forget me;
But meet me at our trysting-place,
Where Thou so oft hast met me.

For thus communing, heart with heart,
When earthly ties shall sever,
I shall behold Thee as Thou art,
And be like Thee forever.—*Thurber.*

A Daily Portion.

MAY 1.

THE END OF THE COMMANDMENT IS CHARITY OUT OF A PURE HEART, AND OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE, AND OF FAITH UNFEIGNED.' —1 Tim. i. 5.

No act is gracious and an act of pure obedience unless it have these qualifications. It is ıot the matter that maketh the work good, ıut the principles: all that we do must come rom a principle of faith, love, and obedience. Obedience respects the command, love the ındness and merit of the lawgiver, and faith ıis bounty and reward. The first swayeth the onscience, the second inclineth the heart, and he third giveth encouragement. This is to lo duties with a gospel frame of spirit; obedince takes notice of the laws of God, love of he kindness of God, and faith of the rewards of God; and so obedience showeth us the natter of the duty, and faith the encouragenent; so that whatever is done as an act of he new nature or sanctified estate, it is an ıct of obedience, out of gratitude, upon the ncouragement of our glorious hopes and ıdvantages in Christ.—*T. Manton.*

MAY 2.

'CALLED TO BE SAINTS.'—Rom. i. 7.

Usually, by a fond abuse, we restrain the word saints to the saints departed. Ay! but we must be saints here, or else we shall never be saints hereafter. I mean true saints; for by another abuse the word saints is made matter of pretence in some, and matter of scorn by others; but to be saints indeed, that is all the evidence you have to show for your interest in your glorious hopes. What should others do with heaven that are not saints? How can they see God that have not a pure eye? A dusky glass cannot represent the image; the degree of vision is according to the degree of sanctification. And what should a carnal heart, that knoweth no other heaven but to eat, drink, and sleep, and wallow in sensual delights, do with 'the inheritance of the saints in light?' The Apostle saith, we must be 'made meet' for such a state. The vessels of glory are first seasoned with grace. Alas! otherwise carnal men can no more tell what to do with heaven than swine with pearls. We do not look for a Turkish paradise, but a sinless state; not to bathe our souls in carnal pleasures, but to be consorts of the immaculate Lamb.—*T. Manton.*

MAY 3.

'EVERY MAN THAT HATH THIS HOPE IN HIM PURIFIETH HIMSELF, EVEN AS HE IS PURE.' —1 John iii. 3.

Our hopes engage us to holiness. If his heart be fastened upon such a hope as to see Christ as He is, and to be like Him both for temper of soul and state of body, certainly he must needs be a holy man; he will be practising and trying here upon earth how he can conform to Christ, and begin his happiness as well as he can. Certainly he that expecteth that his body shall be 'like to Christ's glorious body,' he will 'possess his vessel in sanctification and in honour.' He cannot use his body, that is under so great hopes, merely as a strainer for meats and drinks, and a channel for lust to pass through; his mind, that shall see God, he cannot fill it with chaff, or suffer it to be occupied with vanity, toying thoughts, and vile cares and unworthy projects; and his

affections, that should cleave to God inseparably, to be prostituted to every base object. Thus, with respect to our hopes, we must be sanctified; the foundation and seed of glory is laid in grace, and that life begun which we must live forever.—*T. Manton.*

MAY 4.

'COME AND HEAR, ALL YE THAT FEAR GOD, AND I WILL DECLARE WHAT HE HATH DONE FOR MY SOUL.'—Ps. lxvi. 16.

To the people of God you must go if you would learn the grounds and import of Christianity. Only they can say, 'We speak that which we know, and testify that we have seen.' They can tell of a Saviour who has proved Himself sufficient in the day of trial, who has lifted them out of the swoon of despair, and breathed rapture into them with the kiss of peace. Their language will naturally be, Come and hear what the Lord hath done for our souls. They are not reluctant witnesses, but long for opportunities to report the greatness of the Divine love. Their number is incalculable. In all human tongues these attestations will be given. Out of all kindreds and peoples they will flock in concourse to the green and fragrant banks of the river of life, to renew, amplify, and perpetuate that testimony which they began below. Go to them, ye doubters, and not to the ignorant and deluded sons of philosophy, falsely so called; go to them and accept their record. They *know* that these things are so. They have believed; and believing have had the spirit of adoption. The things of religion are realities, ascertained to them by an infallible consciousness. It is the certainty of their assurance which gives earnestness to their unanimous declaration.—*J. W. Alexander.*

MAY 5.

'YE ARE MY WITNESSES.'—Is. xliii. 10.

Fellow-witnesses for God, consider whom you attest, and what the office you discharge. The voice which shakes heaven and earth says, 'Ye are My witnesses!' Let the solemn vocation penetrate, and the heavenly sanction overshadow your minds; let other duties, callings, and privileges be merged in this. Looking back on all the way in which the Lord has led you, must not you speak good of His name? Love should constrain you to testify that nothing has failed of all that was promised. But you live in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world. Let the light be brilliant and unmistakable. Hold it high, so that none need ever ask twice whether you are on the Lord's side or not.—*J. W. Alexander.*

MAY 6.

'YE ARE MY WITNESSES, SAITH THE LORD, AND MY SERVANT WHOM I HAVE CHOSEN: THAT YE MAY KNOW AND BELIEVE ME.'—Is. xliii. 10.

However ardent may be the professions of some, at a season of general awakening, and how firm soever their attachmen Church and ministers, observatic time works marvellous change ground hearers. Such were th warm converts, strenuous adh witnesses for a while. But list addresses them: 'Where is, then ness ye spake of? for I bear you if it had been possible, ye would l out your own eyes and have gi me.' Life, entire life, is a perioc ing. By act, by omission, by silence, whether you will or no ever testifying. Hour by hour fying, sometimes much more lou words, either for or against your are doing that which leads other either that Christ affords a satisf or that His service is annoying some.—*J. W. Alexander.*

MAY 7.

'STAND THEREFORE . . . PRAYI WITH ALL PRAYER AND SUPI THE SPIRIT.'—Eph. vi. 14, 18

Here, surrounded by the p common hope, and supported opinion which honours the gos prompt to appear on the side costs no sacrifice of profit, ease, o But change the scene; go among or even the gay. Enter the sum public resorts, where strict cc God's law is unknown; and allo is your mind made up to be a your Redeemer there also? Are be firm for Christ, when all the tid business, pleasure, runs the othe to be a consistent disciple is to and shunned; and when your te be as unwelcome as it is solitary Christianity you need a courag never come to you except upon Though left as solitary as was yo like Him, beset with false witn only have His Spirit, if His li you, if, believing on and clinging have inward pulses which keep ti heart; you will stand in the evil win souls, you will recommend you will live teaching and die *J. W. Alexander.*

MAY 8.

'UNTO ME, WHO AM LESS THAN T ALL SAINTS.'—Eph. iii.

The more love a Christian r God the more he sees himself a d grace, and the sense of his del heart humble; but presumption pride. He who presumes, disdain himself better than others. G Thee I am not as other men are publican. Feathers fly up, but go he who hath this golden assuran descends in humility.—*T. Watson*

TO BE AND TO APPEAR.

BY REV. EUGENE BERSIER, PASTOR OF THE REFORMED CHURCH OF PARIS.

(*Continued from page* 220.)

IT might seem that conscience ought to protest against this abasement of the ideal. But experience proves that even conscience can degrade itself, and hold itself satisfied, if nothing in the conduct offends in too sensible a manner the commonly received ideas. Conscience is transformed or deformed according to the image of the ideal that is proposed to it. In a circle where men, above all things, act for appearance, it will not seek much more. Notice in this connection the life of some worldly people who have had no other rule than received usages, the collection of rules and sentiments to which the world gives the general name of honour. You will see among them a well-regulated life, which wonderfully falls in with the reigning ideas; but as to knowing what are under these externalities, what are the principles which direct these men, in a word, what is their interior being, we must give up the inquiry. It seems that they have been sent here below to play a part, and their only preoccupation is that it come off well. How many people are there for whom the world is a theatre, where the aim is to make a good figure, and who think neither whence they come, nor whither they go, nor even what they are themselves!

This preoccupation with appearance, this seeking after effect, has a further consequence still more striking than the others; not only does it by little and little destroy the moral nature at the expense of appearance, but it does not in any sense obtain the object of its search—that is, the influence over others that, above all things, it sets before it. Indeed, the more men seek to draw upon themselves the attention of their fellow-men, the less do they act upon their consciences, the less do they gain their confidence. The world, especially in our own day, is distrustful in the matter of religion; it readily suspects the sincerity of believers, and when it sees in them the smallest intention of making a spectacle, its distrust changes into repulsion. If prayer, instead of being a veritable outpouring of the soul, becomes a discourse which addresses itself above all to the audience; if fasting, instead of being a spiritual discipline, a mortification of the flesh submissive to the will of God, displays signs of austerity, and assumes a sad, sententious, and severe language; if benevolence, instead of being inspired by a real love for the sufferer, proposes to present an edifying example, the effect that is sought to be produced is entirely wanting. The world divines with a marvellous skill the end proposed. The least penetrating of observers here have the full powers of vision; they refuse to submit to the influence sought to be exercised upon them.

Behold, then, what becomes of a religious life, however sincere it may have been in its origin, when it, above all things, seeks the approbation of men. We shall now see what it becomes when it takes God for witness and for judge.

We touch here upon the very principle of Christian morality. In order that an action be good, it is not enough that it be externally conformed to the will of God—that is, to justice; it must, in addition, be inspired by a love to God and to men. 'When thou doest alms,' says Christ, 'when ye pray, when ye fast,' think 'of thy Father which seeth in secret.' God is the only judge that no one can deceive. God alone reads the heart. To act truly for Him is a mode of action that will never lead us astray.

Have you been asked at the close of a day what, during this day, had been done for God? I do not know anything more fitted to humble us than the revelation of ourselves to ourselves. Put aside the other springs of action which have directed us. Separate, for example, what you have done out of respect to your Christian profession. There is in every

calling that which men call professional honour, a useful spring of action, which I do not wish to speak lightly of, for when evil has to be resisted, no barrier must be frivolously thrown down; but you will own that professional honour may very quickly become Pharisaism, and that it says nothing in favour of the moral value of the individual who takes it for his rule. Now, in all degrees of the social scale we have a reputation to guard, hostile judgments to avoid, sympathies to control, and encouragements to obtain. Put away these springs of action, and in what you have done during a day, ask yourselves what has been the part for God?

In short, think of what you have done simply to calm your conscience, to free yourself from certain qualms of remorse which trouble you, to silence the appeals, the cries of distress that do not suffer you to repose. Assuredly I do not say that any sacrifice that you have made with this end in view has no value; I do not despise these services rendered to others, and those works, the effects of which have been felt by those whom you have succoured; but, in return, you will grant me this, that in the motives that have prompted you, love to God had absolutely no place. It is your own personal satisfaction that you have thought of. Pursue this examination, examine your thoughts by this pure light. Consider that every day it is thus that you judge the actions of men; consider that I apply a rule that you constantly apply yourselves; I say that you will be frightened to see the enormous amount of Pharisaism and of egotism that mingles in our best works, in those that men boast most of, and that for these works, as for others, we must ask pardon of God.

Act for God, Jesus Christ says to you; think of God when you pray, when you fast, when you succour your brother. I have already reminded you that this was the only means of escaping self-deception, of destroying within you, even to the root, this poisonous plant of Pharisaism so deep rooted in all religions. I add, that this will be the most efficacious means of truly acting upon men.

This may seem paradoxical. How act upon men, if we do not wish to seek their approbation, if we shun being seen of them? I maintain the affirmation I have made. I do not fear to say that a life which would seek above all and exclusively the divine approbation, would be among all religious lives the most powerful and the most efficacious. I say that every triumph secretly gained over evil, every temptation secretly vanquished, every work of charity, where our left hand does not know that which the right hand does, is an assured guarantee for action upon others. How should it not be so? Do you not feel that every internal progress procures for you a new force, communicates to your will a special vigour, strengthens you for conflicts, and gives to your convictions that which you yourselves did not suspect? Indeed, it is impossible that this internal life should not penetrate outwards; it will naturally, spontaneously, and without seeking shine forth, and the most indifferent will feel its effects. Many a sceptic, who would refuse to submit to the influence that men propose to exercise upon him, will be gained, will be subdued, by the action of a life whose sincerity will strike him. Interrogate upon this point your own impressions. Recall what you have experienced when you have discovered in the life of a Christian whose religious reputation was otherwise known, some painful sacrifice, some act of piety or benevolence carefully concealed from the gaze of men, and of which God only had been witness. Is it not certain that your faith has been fortified thereby, and that a profound respect for him has been mingled therewith. I have, then, the right to say to you with certainty: Do you wish to act effectively upon men? Act above all for God, as if you had only Him for witness.

We have finished with this great subject, but there is, in the words of my text, an expression that we must still explain. Three times Jesus Christ here speaks of recompense. He opposes to the recompense which comes from men that which comes from God. What must be understood by this?

Would the question for the man who fasts, who prays, who succours his neighbour, be to act from a motive of self-interest? Would the only difference between the Pharisee and the disciple of Christ consist in this, that the first would find his reward in the approbation of men, while the second would expect his from God? But if it is so, we might serve God only from calculation, and the most skilful would simply be the man who sacrifices time for eternity, and the applauses of men for the eternal crown. Have you considered all the consequences of such teaching? Do you see a man setting himself to pray in order to be recompensed by God, and attaching to each of his words that he recites a meritorious value? Do you see this man obeying merely self-interest at the very moment at which he has the air of practising holiness or compas-

sion? I do not ask you what love would become in such a system. It is evident that it will be withered in the very germ; then all the attacks of unbelievers, who reproach believers with not seeking good for its own sake, and with acting only in view of the happiness that doing good will merit for them, will be found justified. But do I need to say that such an idea is foreign to the teaching of Jesus Christ, as well as to that of the Apostles? Consider such words as these: 'When ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do' (Luke xvii. 10). How reconcile these words with the idea of a recompense absolutely merited? Consider that according to the entire teaching of Jesus Christ, love must be the moving principle of an action in order that it be agreeable to God. How reconcile this thought with the sought-after self-interest of a recompense? My brethren, the gospel has solved this question in the only manner worthy of God and of man. It proclaims on every page that salvation is a grace; it offers it to him who believes, to him who loves; and it does not leave any place to interested calculations, to the religious egotism which would buy heaven by alms, by fasting, and by prayers. It must always come back to this grand doctrine of grace, to this source of all life, of all obedience, of all holiness.

What, meanwhile, should we do in the presence of the formal declarations of Jesus Christ regarding the recompense assured to whoever invokes and serves God with sincerity? I reply, that the contradiction here is only in appearance, and if it seem difficult to solve in theory, it disappears upon the territory of practice to such a degree that it does not present itself in the daily life of the Christian. Yes, he who knows God and who loves Him, serves Him without any mental reservation of self-interest; he is conscious, indeed, that all his works cannot merit him heaven; he never would wish to invoke God in order to gain a title to His favour; he never would act in a spirit of servile calculation. It is with happiness that he says that all is grace and compassion in the gifts that God dispenses to him; but, at the same time, he knows, and he believes, that God, who saves him by grace, and who by grace gives to him every day all that is necessary to his life, asks him in return to act and to be a worker with Him. He knows that God, who is just, does not reject, and does not disdain, any effort, any work, any sacrifice made in His service, not even a cup of cold water given in His name. He knows that God has, by an indestructible chain, connected happiness with fidelity, as He has united misery to rebellion, and that this higher law will always be met with, although often it may appear no more to exist. He knows when he accomplishes in secret a sorrowful work, a sacrifice which makes his heart bleed, that God is there, no more as a judge, but as a witness and a Father, who sympathises with his sufferings, and comes to his aid in his feebleness. If no thought of self-interest then dictates to him his obedience, he has need (and who will dare to blame him?) to know that this obedience awakens in the heart of Him who is love a profound and infinite sympathy, and it is with tears of gratitude that he blesses and that he adores his Father, who 'sees in secret.' Leave the Stoic to serve the cold and the magnificent idol of duty, leave him to offer his worship to this compassionless divinity; you know well that his enthusiasm will not long endure, that he is not far from despair, and that it is by a terrible logic that Stoicism has always conducted to suicide. For ourselves, we hail in the gospel a doctrine much more true, much more human, and which answers to the profoundest needs of our hearts. It is this doctrine which, by founding obedience upon love, and thus delivering it from all self-interested thought, causes it at the same time to find in the love of God the best of recompenses, the only one which is powerful enough to inspire to every sacrifice, to console in all our sufferings, to fill our hearts in time and in eternity.

DARK DAYS.—Many of the darkest days in history have borne the choicest fruit to the glory of God and the good of man. It was a dark day when Israel groaned in the bitterness of the Egyptian bondage. But if the bondage had been less bitter, Israel would have rested content in Egypt; out of the bondage came the Exodus, and out of the Exodus the Messiah. It was a dark day when the ardent, brave, eloquent Stephen, hope of the early Church, was stoned; but out of that day came Paul. It was a dark day when the persecution that arose about Stephen ravaged the disciples; but out of it came the world-wide preaching of the gospel. It was a dark day when the Puritans, finding no rest for the sole of their feet, sailed from the Old World; but out of it came America. Darkest of all days was that on which the sun hid his face from the Divine Man expiring on Calvary; yet all our hopes and all our happiness come from that day.—*National Baptist.*

LILY MELVILLE AND HER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

'Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them.'—MATT. vi. 1.

'WELL, there is no engagement here of any consequence,' remarked Mrs Melville, glancing again at some notes she had just read, as she and her niece sat at breakfast one morning in a handsome but rather dull house in London, 'so I think I must make an effort to go and visit that tiresome hospital to-day. Edith dear, I should like you to go with me. Lady Vernon, I find, goes frequently with her daughters, and since my name is on the list of patrons, it seems expected of me too; though certainly I have no taste for that sort of thing.'

'I shall like to go with you, aunt,' said Edith. 'What do the lady patrons do when they visit the Hospital?'

'I haven't an idea,' replied her aunt. 'I hope one isn't expected to talk to the patients, for I should not know what in the world to say to them. No, I should imagine that if we walk through some of the wards and put down our names in the visitors' book, it will be all that will be required of us. But what good their going can do I can't think.'

'Perhaps it does themselves good rather than the patients,' suggested Edith.

'That is quite impossible,' quickly replied Mrs Melville. 'The impure air of an hospital and the sight of a number of sick people must be anything but exhilarating; however, if it is the correct thing to do, by all means let us go. An hour after luncheon, then, you will be ready.'

'Very well, aunt.'

However, immediately after luncheon morning visitors arrived—Mrs Smythe and her sister, who were going to their milliner's to inspect a fresh importation of lovely bonnets from Paris, and had called to see if Mrs Melville would accompany them, to which proposal she readily agreed. As she left the room to prepare for going out, Edith followed her, and reminded her of the Hospital.

'Oh, I forgot.' (Had she forgotten?) 'Well, you see I can't possibly go now; but I don't see why you shouldn't go, and take Benson with you, and be sure you let your name appear in the book.'

'If Benson goes, Lily is sure to want to go too, aunt; she can scarcely bear her to be out of her sight.'

'Nonsense,' said Mrs Melville; 'as if the child had not suffering enough of her own without going to see a host of other wretched sufferers?'

'Ah, but you know it is quite absurd the interest she takes in all cripples and deformed, and sick people of all sorts. I am sure the Hospital is the place for her to delight in.'

'A strange taste certainly,' said her aunt. 'I have no time at present to talk to her about it, but if she wishes very much, she may go with you.'

Edith's announcement of the novel expedition gave much pleasure to her little sister Lily, whom she found, as usual, resting on her couch with a number of nice books and some work beside her.

Owing to the carelessness of a nurse, Lily had met with an accident in her infancy which had left her rather deformed and very delicate, and a severe illness which she had when eight years of age had rendered her for many months as helpless as a baby. Though still often suffering much pain, she had yet gradually so far recovered that now she was able to move about the house with assistance, getting very soon tired, however, and obliged to return to the sofa. She was so small and thin that she looked much younger than she really was, for now she was nearly twelve years old.

'You had better get ready, Lily, for the carriage will be here directly,' said Edith; 'and Benson is to go with us.'

'Will Miss Lily not find it too fatiguing, Miss Melville?' asked Benson.

'Oh no,' answered Lily for herself; 'I shall have you to lean on, and I can sit down if I am tired.'

Mary Benson was a maid recently engaged to wait on the young ladies, and between Lily and her a strong attachment had already sprung up. The little invalid felt soothed by the cheerful composure of manner and soft low voice of the waiting woman, and preferred having her by her with her work in Edith's large airy room to going down to the drawing-room, where her aunt's excitable manner fidgeted and annoyed her.

'Edith dear, you have not noticed my beautiful flowers. Dr Williams brought them to me this morning; aren't they lovely, and so sweet? I do like them so much.'

'They are indeed beautiful, and scent the room deliciously,' replied Edith.

'And they will last so long,' added Lily; 'hothouse flowers always do.'

While Lily was being dressed by Benson, she asked her whether she had ever been to a sick hospital. She replied that she had; but she was not sorry that any further questions were interrupted, since the subject only recalled painful memories. She had been with her mother to a military hospital to visit a soldier brother, who, while laid on a bed of sickness, seemed to repent of his past life and of all the sorrow he had occasioned his parents; but when restored to health, he had gone abroad with his regiment, and returned, as they feared, to his former thoughtless courses, since he never wrote home, leaving his friends ignorant whether he was alive or dead.

'Is there nothing we could take to the poor sick people we are going to see?' mused

Lily. 'Oh, my flowers; I might take them, mightn't I, Benson?'

'It would be very kind of you, Miss Lily, and the sight of them might cheer some one long confined to bed.'

So Lily took the choice flowers from the water and put them in a small basket, and was pleased that the idea had struck her in time.

But while she sat waiting for Benson, who had gone to put on her bonnet, her eye fell on the empty flower glass, and it looked so robbed and purposeless that for a moment she regretted having proposed giving away what she prized so much, and felt tempted to replace the nosegay. Why should she give away the beautiful flowers to some one she knew nothing of but that she was sick? The next instant, however, the words flashed into her mind: 'I was sick, and ye visited Me.' If it was in that spirit she was going to the Hospital, how could she grudge giving what most she prized? And her little pale face flushed crimson with shame at the thought, and she almost felt as if it had sullied the purity of the flowers, or at least of her gift.

'Flowers are God's ministers,
That always serve so joyfully
Their Heavenly Master.
Wistful they look at those who weary pace
Life's constant march, they smile in the sad face
And whisper softly, "In God's heart *we've* place,
Much more have ye,
For God is love."'

CHAPTER II.

'Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.
Tell it out, tell it out.'

Arrived at the Hospital, the young ladies and their attendant were being shown over a ward, when a nurse came up to the sister who was conducting them and told her that an additional blanket would be wanted for No. 7. The order was given with the remark: 'Poor Ruth Hayward! this is not the first time she has been in the Hospital, but I think it will be the last.'

Ruth Hayward!—the name struck Benson as familiar; and glancing towards the patient on the bed No. 7, she thought she could trace a faint resemblance in the forehead, with its wavy brown hair, to that of the companion of her childhood bearing the same name, although the sunken cheeks and large hollow eyes were so different from those of the prettiest girl in the village school they had attended together. Asking permission to speak to her, Benson stepped up to the bedside and was quickly recognised by the poor sick one—for the calm, cheerful, happy expression which Mary's face had generally worn was little altered.

'Mary Benson!' 'Poor Ruth!' they exclaimed, as the emaciated hand of the latter was held out to be grasped by her friend of former days.

Little Lily came forward and timidly offered her flowers, which were accepted with a grateful look and feeble words of thanks, and handed to a kind nurse, who put them in water, and placed them where another patient could enjoy the sight of them as well as Ruth.

Lily left the friends together and sat down by the bed of a little girl, with a very large head, wide-open eyes, and a small mouth firmly closed, who was sitting up, turning over a packet of Scripture pictures without seeming to take much interest in them. There was Joseph being sold by his brethren, Moses in the ark of bulrushes, little Samuel on his knees, Daniel in the lion's den, young Timothy reading the Scriptures, the Heavenly Babe in the manger at Bethlehem, Jesus blessing little children, &c., &c.

Lily began telling the story of each in few words; the child listened, looking now at the picture, now at the narrator, putting down one card when finished and taking up another, but saying never a word until Lily had told the wondrous story of Jesus' birth and life and death on the cross, when at last she opened her lips to say in a decided manner—'I like Him best.'

Lily could not help wishing she could have heard a tone of *love* in the voice, but as the little girl kept gazing at the picture, and seemed unwilling to exchange it for another, Lily began to repeat the verses of the old, old story of Jesus and His love, and when she had finished, the request came, 'Say that again,' which showed the listener had liked it. They were thus engaged when Edith, who meanwhile had been talking to some of the nurses, asking them questions about the management, &c., came to say that she thought it time to go.

In bidding the child good-bye, Lily asked her name. 'No. 13,' was the answer.

'That is your number in the ward, but if you do not mind telling me, I should so much like to know your name,' said Lily; but she had not courage to add, 'because I am going to pray for you,' which was what she meant.

'No. 13 is what I am called,' was all she could get from the taciturn child; and Lily knew that He who is acquainted with our thoughts before we utter them would know her by that name as well as another. She bent over the little girl and whispered, 'Will you ask Jesus to give you a heart to love Him? He says, "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me."' No. 13 raised her large eyes from the picture to look at the speaker, but said nothing.

Benson turned from Ruth's bedside with the marks of tears on her face; their interview had been a saddening one. With unmistakable signs of death being near, Ruth clung to the hope that she would be again restored to comparative health as twice formerly, and then she would give herself in right earnest to prepare herself for another

world. Did she forget that in similar circumstances before she had made the very same vows, only to break them?

'I don't know, Mary, that I should have recognised you so quickly,' she said, 'for I had no thought of seeing you here, but that ever since I lay down I have been thinking, and thinking, and thinking of our old Sunday school—and oh, what would I give to remember anything of what our dear teacher used to teach us! But I can't recall a single word she ever said—only the look of her face and the sound of her voice as she used to plead with us; it was like tears in her voice. These haunt me; I can't get rid of them; and they will be my condemnation!'

The cough here interrupted her, but then she went on, 'Do you remember, Mary, the pretty Bibles she gave us all when she was going away, and the passages she told us to mark in them? Oh, I thought at the time I would *never* forget them; but now in this Bible, one belonging to the Hospital, I can't find one of them.'

'And where is your own little Bible, Ruth?' asked Mary, at the same time taking from her pocket her own, which she generally carried with her.

'Lost, Mary, lost long ago. Oh, I have been a dreadful sinner, I have neglected my Bible, I have lived without God, and now He is leaving me to this incessant pain and racking cough.'

'Thank Him, dear Ruth, that He is not leaving you content without Himself,' said Mary; 'and as you have often heard, even at the eleventh hour the vilest sinner may return and find pardon. Here are some of the marked texts that you have forgotten: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price"; "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near" (Is. lv. 1, 6).'

'Ah, if I had done that! if I had but sought Him while He might be found!' cried Ruth in a despairing tone. 'And now I remember another fearful text, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved" (Jer. viii. 20). Oh, to think that is true of me, after all the warnings I have got! "Not saved!"—lost for ever!' she rather groaned than spoke.

'No, no, dear Ruth; listen to more of the texts: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Is. i. 18); "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins" (Is. xliii. 25); "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). That is surely you, Ruth—weary, heavy laden, needing rest! Unable to hold out longer, will you not cast yourself upon Him, when He bids you so lovingly? Again: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7); and, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon" (Is. lv. 7).'

'I would do anything in the world to win His pardon,' said the poor anxious soul.

'It hasn't to be won, Ruth; He *gives* it a free gift. His well-beloved Son has won it for us at an infinite cost, and to us it is free. He lays it at your feet; do but stoop and take it, and make it your own for ever. Another of the texts says, "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23).'

'Aye,' said Ruth, shaking her head, 'death is the wages my sin has earned.'

'And mine,' replied Mary; 'but God has paid those wages to Jesus Christ. He took what I had earned, and gave me instead what was His own to bestow—eternal life—life in Himself; and He offers the same to you. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).'

'Oh, if I could but grasp it,' sighed Ruth. Then eagerly, 'But surely I am not going to die? Say I shall get better, Mary, and then I shall be better able to understand these things.'

'The Word of God never says "to-morrow" or "by-and-by," dear Ruth; it is always *now*. "Acquaint *now* thyself with Him, and be at peace" (Job xxii. 21); "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). You have no strength of your own, and you will never have any more than you have now—and you do not need it. He does it all. "Salvation is of the Lord" (Jonah ii. 9). Look to Him and cry to Him until He says to your soul, "I am thy salvation" (Ps. xxxv. 3). And now I must bid you good-bye, dear Ruth, for you are quite exhausted.' Then, seeing her eyes fixed with a wistful look upon the book in her hand: 'Should you like me to leave my little Bible with you?'

'Oh, thank you, Mary; I should indeed, if you can spare it.' (But Ruth never knew how much it cost Mary to part with her precious Book, even for a short time.) 'Mine was the very same, only bound in red—but how differently used! You will come again and see me, won't you, Mary?'

'I shall be sure to come if I can, Ruth. Do your friends know how ill you are?'

'Miriam knows; and I have no one else. You know mother left Woodcot and came to London to please Miriam and me. Very soon after we came poor little Ned took fever and died. Mother caught it nursing him, and soon followed him; and then there was no one to look after us and keep us in the right way. Miriam married a sailor, and has been knocking about from place to place, and is

w with her children, badly off. This ddress; I keep it under my pillow, that ay know where to send for her in case d take a bad turn.'

'This street isn't far from the Hospital.'

'Is it not?' said Ruth; 'she doesn't come often to see me. I hope you will come back soon.'

CONVERSION AND CONSECRATION.*

WHAT is it to be converted? It is simply to be *turned* away from sin and worldliness, and toward God and heaven. What does consecration imply? Simply the surrender of all that we have and ; we are to the Lord, and the entire n of our lives to His service.

e sometimes experience a difficulty in g about coming to Christ, because they quired wrong and mistaken notions ubject. Many have an idea that when at change in their hearts and lives lace, it will be accompanied by signs iders. They have read the biographies ent saints, and they have noticed that them went through a period of dark- l distress, were agonised under a sense sinfulness, and finally were brought tate of rapture and joy, when Christ l Himself to their souls. If no similar al experience is given to them, they t they have not been truly converted. the fact is that no two minds are pre- ike. There is as much variety in men- acteristics as in human faces. It is ble to the quiet, practical, unimagina- son to enter the Christian life with feelings, intense, vivid, and exultant, aturally arise in the person of ardent nd quick poetical nature. One who ued a course of conscious enmity to is holy, or who has wandered like the into far-off lands, may feel, on re- to his Father in heaven, very differ- m the child who has always dwelt in sphere of Christian love and trust. dren of devout parents are frequently brought to Christ, that they cannot any date when they left the world e themselves to Him. They have the ess of having been His as far back as remember.

hile the *feeling* in many cases may be similar, the *principle* is in every case . There is but one way of salvation, t way is by the cross of Christ, who mself for lost sinners. The love that Him to be a little babe in his mother's at influenced Him through three-and- ars to toil and suffer among men, and minated at last on Calvary in that sacrifice, is the love which saves us, if accept it. The question is not, Will ceive and forgive us, will the Father sed with us and own us as His children, and will the Holy Spirit abide with us, our Comforter and Friend? but, Are we willing to be saved, are we sorry for our sins, and do we desire to lead a new life? No soul which ever came to Christ penitent and believing was ever sent away without a blessing.

Somebody asks, 'But how can I come? What do you mean by coming?' Simply this: Wherever you are, if conscious of estrangement and guilt, you long to return to God's love and service, lift up an earnest petition to Him, saying, 'Just as I am, I throw myself at the Saviour's feet. I trust His grace. I cannot atone for my own sins, but I do trust in His atonement. Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' So easy, so short, so childlike is coming, that whosoever will may come. The very purpose to come is the work of the Holy Spirit in your heart. The moment you have really done this you are accepted, and you have passed from the state of being unconverted to the state of being converted. It is necessary to confess your weakness and sinfulness, and your own inability to save yourself. It is equally necessary to believe in the strength, the grace, and the compassion of Christ, and to venture yourself wholly upon Him. Do it once for all and for ever. It may be that you will not immediately possess the happiness which you hope and long for, but never mind. Let your hand seek the hand that was pierced for you, and walk straight on in the narrow path. Light will come after a while. It will come the sooner if you cultivate the habit of looking away from self and up to Christ. Study His words as they were spoken to His followers when He was on the earth. Reflect often on His beauty, and think of Him as glorified and triumphant. He reigns in heaven to-day.

I have often heard people say that there was to them a difficulty in thinking of the Lord Jesus as a person. They could not realise Him as a living present being so thoroughly as they wished to. This seems strange to me, for there is no memoir in the annals of literature so minute, so tender, and so complete, as the memoir which is given us in the four Gospels. Perhaps those who have been troubled by this perplexity would find it vanishing, like a morning mist, if they would just read one of the gospels, that of John, for instance, constantly and lovingly, praying for light and for an understanding heart.

There are hundreds of persons whom we have never seen, with whom we are entirely familiar, and who are part and parcel of our

* Hours with Girls. By Mrs Margaret E. London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

daily lives. You can recall many historical characters, in remote ages and in periods near at hand, concerning whom you have no doubt, of whom you have pictures in your mind, and whom you would recognise were they by any possibility to be raised to life before your eyes. Queen Victoria is not a myth when her name is mentioned, and though you never saw her, and never may do so, you have no trouble in investing her with the purple of her royal womanhood. Now, try when there flits over your heart a shadowy doubt of the personality of our Lord, to realize that He is as much a person as your father, your brother, your dearest friend; and when you pray to Him, do away with the thought that your prayers are not heard by one who is as real in His individuality as He was in the days of His life upon earth.

Consecration I would have you regard as a precious privilege. The reason why some have little peace in the divine life is probably found here: that their service is feeble and half-hearted. They love their own ease, their own pleasure, and their own low ambitions. They do not seek first and constantly the Master's wishes and work. They give grudgingly, finding it hard to endure self-denial that the poor may have the gospel preached to them, caring more for luxuries and adornments than for Christ. They have not entirely lost their wills in blessed submission to His will; and until they do this, they will not have the full measure of satisfaction which is the birthright of all who are true disciples.

Take the words of that sweet singer, who so lately went to her heavenly home, for your own. Say with Frances Ridley Havergal,

'In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to Thee,
Thine utterly and only and evermore to be.
O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be Thine alone,
And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth be Thine own.'

HE GAVE UP HIS CLASS.

1. He gave up his class because he *thought* he was doing no good to it. He did not speak to the Master about it. If he had done so, he would have found the Master's thoughts somewhat different.

2. He gave up his class because some of his scholars worried him. He did not stop to consider how much the Master was worried and troubled with disagreeable pupils, nor did he reflect that he himself was a greater trouble to the Master.

3. He gave up his class because the superintendent rubbed him the wrong way on one occasion, unintentionally. He works under a good master during the week; the foreman and he do not get on well, but he has not thrown up his work.

4. He gave up his class because he thinks one or two of his fellow-teachers are disagreeable. He is associated with some nasty fellows during the week, and we wonder that he continues among them, seeing there are so many places in the world without disagreeable people.

5. He gave up his class because he differed with some of his fellow-teachers on some secondary point. He went off in a huff, throwing mud behind him. He often differs with his comrades in business, but, strange to say, he is still in a good situation. We are curious to know what he will do when he enters heaven, and sees his old friends there before him.

6. He gave up his class because he did not get the exact place in the school which he wanted. He wanted (did not *say* so) the school rearranged to suit him. He got, as he thought, footman's work, and he felt conscious that he ought to be butler. He did not ask the Master, however, to put him just where he could serve Him best.

7. He gave up his class because he accepted a situation with larger salary, but which stopped his teaching. Trouble upon trouble fell upon him, and his money went like water through a sieve. His increased wages took wings and flew away. Perhaps the Master would have dealt more tenderly if he had kept his class.

8. And when he gave up, how did he perform the operation? Not a word of warning. Resignation sent in on Friday or Saturday, scarcely a day left to provide a successor. No thought of the superintendent's trouble—what cared he? No thought of a disturbed school—what cared he? Nay, rather, he was somewhat gratified that his sudden departure should make us feel that he was of consequence. No anxiety for his class—what cared he? It could take its chance; the scholars might go to heaven or hell, no matter to him which—his feelings were more to be considered than their souls. The ties which bound him to them were cotton threads, easily snapped. The other day he had to change his workshop. He gave his master a fortnight's warning. Why did he not set off at once? Why did he not say all at once that he would not come back? Because he would have been fined? But he is not fined for leaving the school. Stay, what are we saying? Not fined! When pay-day comes, on the day of reckoning, he will be fined *a crown*.

SAVING FAITH.—Intellectual belief alone cannot save us. The demons knew Christ and confessed Him as the Holy One of God. Saving faith is of the heart as well as the head. It both obeys and trusts.

BEST LEFT WITH GOD.—Things which we cannot understand are best left with God. There are many things which we must believe simply because God *says* them. And there are many others which we must acquiesce in simply because God *does* them. Nothing can help us over hard places so well as 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.'

A RURAL WINTER FUNERAL.

BY REV. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D., EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

remises of the *New York Observer* ully consumed by fire on Tuesday January 31. The editors and were just finishing the last columns ber when the fire broke out, and so d the flames spread, that Dr Prime sociate-editors had little more than r the first alarm, to rush out of the Dr Prime made a narrow escape. creep out by a window, and hold ign until he reached the adjoining Three of his workmen were not so . They perished in the flames. The letter—one of Irenaeus' Letters, with Prime has so long graced the pages *w York Observer*, and that we have ranferred to the *Christian Treasury* story of one of these men.

Dr Prime says of printers in the ates is equally true of them in this Every one who has been long con- th the press must have known more of the stamp of Alfred W. Harris.—*Christian Treasury.*]

W. Harris was the assistant-foreman ting office of the *New York Observer*, of the three who perished in the of the last day of January. I have ned from his funeral, in the country, eart prompts me to tell you the story -work, and how it was woven into of others, who loved him, and now sad death.

ears ago he was born in this city, ther died when he was very young. ation was obtained in the public the city, and he entered the printing ne of the daily papers to learn the

was a member of the Sabbath school l Spring Street Presbyterian Church, in very early life became a Christian. re few persons who get a better edu- an intelligent printers. A thought- careless youth may do his work ally, while what he reads makes little n on his memory. But one who is tentive, and reflecting has a fine ty to cultivate his intellect, and lay of useful and entertaining know- he words 'composition' and 'com- ave a technical meaning. As in omposition is the setting ideas in in printing, the compositor sets the rder, formmg words and sentences. osing-room is the office in which this ne. To the compositor is given the the pieces that are printed for the l as he stands before it, lying on his se, he reads it word by word, letter

Thus Benjamin Franklin, and Weed, and Mayor Harper were edu- he knowledge thus picked up is indeed fragmentary, but it is very extensive, and the good sense of a smart boy will assimilate it. His taste will be cultivated. His range of thought will widen. Often, like Franklin, from composition of types he goes to composing ideas. Many printers have become men of letters, literary men, and leaving the mechanical department, have taken hold, successfully, of the editorial work. I have known several printers who edited their own newspapers without writing a line. They would stand before the case and set up their editorial articles unwritten, composing the ideas while they were composing the types. When the printer is also a 'proof-reader,' he has a still better opportunity for intellectual culture. He takes the column after it is printed and reads it carefully, while another reads to him the copy that he may correct whatever errors may have been made in setting the types. Thus he goes over the whole newspaper, reading it twice and sometimes three times, for it is a great work to get all the letters right—nearly half-a-million in every copy of the *Observer*.

This intercourse with the literature of the paper stimulates to wider reading, and the printer may become a man not of one but of many books. His daily duties may prevent him from becoming an author, but these duties have fitted him for usefulness among his fellow-men in the church and the community at large. Alfred Harris was seventeen years old when he came into the *Observer* office as a compositor. Very soon his abilities, tastes, and ambitions revealed themselves. While others were quite content to do the work in hand, as it had been done before, he was given to improving upon it, suggesting alterations, refining the silver if it were silver, and gilding the gold. He was in the habit of coming into my study, which was on the fifth floor of the building and opened into the composing-room, to talk about his duties in the printing office, and then in the church with which he was connected. When he became a Christian he entered with earnestness into the church work, and in the Sabbath school, Bible-class, and prayer-meetings, he was zealous, faithful, and very useful. Thus, in his daily work and in the walks of Christian life he was found diligent in business and fervent in spirit.

Eight years ago he married. The parents of his young wife were unwilling to have her go from under the parental roof-tree at Allandale, a farming town on the Erie Railroad, twenty-six miles from New York city, and he settled down with them on their handsome farm, but coming into town in the morning and going out at evening. Monday nights he spent in the city, because Tuesday is 'press day,' and oftentimes he would be detained late, and must be on the ground early in the

morning. We were all at our several posts on the morning of the day of the fire. What was the fate of this young man has been told already.

On Tuesday, a week after the fatal day, I went out to Allendale to the funeral. The whole country-side was covered with a foot of snow. It must be a lovely region in summer. The woods and hills and meadows were now clad in white raiment. A brilliant sun was shining. Sleighing parties were careering through the country roads. Sleighs were in readiness for the friends at the station when we arrived, and we rode past the beautiful Methodist church to the house of mourning. It is a handsome double two-storey house, with neat out-buildings, and having a fine view of field and woods. The house was full of loving friends. I never saw a more sympathetic assembly. In the churches of Allendale he was universally known and beloved. He had identified himself with Christian work there, as elsewhere, and endeared himself to the whole community. The old Spring Street Church of this city was represented, and the Central Church by Dr J. D. Wilson, who had been the pastor of Mr Harris in New York. The Rev. Mr Lake, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Ramsey's, was there with Rev. R. B. Collins, a former pastor of the Methodist Church at Allendale, and Rev. James Cameron, the Episcopal rector at Edgewater; and the present pastor of the Methodist Church at Allendale, the Rev. E. Clement, who conducted the funeral services, in which all these ministers took part. We spoke of the departed brother, the gentleness and grace of his character, his fidelity to every trust, his attachment to home and to his family, and to the house of God and the place of prayer. We told one another how much he was loved in all the churches where he had resided, and how useful he had been in teaching the Bible to the young; of his nice literary taste, his reading, and his pride in the work to which he gave his life, and our sure hope that he was safe in the arms of Jesus when the pains of death got hold upon him.

And while we were speaking and praying, the patter of the little feet was heard on the floor overhead, with the sobs of her so suddenly smitten a widow. Then we sang the hymn, 'Abide with Me,' which was a great favourite of our departed friend.

The most of the people were much in tears during the exercises, and it seemed as though each one was a mourner. All were. And after the last words had been said, they lingered in the rooms as though they could not leave the sufferers alone.

I trust they are not alone. The ways of the Lord are indeed past finding out. His footsteps are in the mighty deep. But He is very good, even when He takes away. Why He takes away we may not now know, but we shall hereafter. Leave thy fatherless children (saith the Lord), I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me.

SHOW YOUR COLOURS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

PRETTY! The children stood back in speechless delight for a moment and looked at it. Mast, rigging, sails, all was complete, even to the tiny pennant. Ina clasped her hands behind her and exclaimed, 'It's just lovely!'

'Did you make it for somebody? Would you sell it to anybody?' asked Clifford, his eyes sparkling with boyish eagerness to possess the treasure.

'No, I didn't make it to sell. It's for two little friends of mine; something to remember old Nelson by,' said the old man, holding it toward them.

'For us? Oh, Clifford, it's for us!' said Ina, dancing on the smooth sand. 'Won't we have fun?'

'Yes, it's a pretty little thing. I see a deal of beauty in a real ship always,' said the old man soberly. I often think they're something like our lives in the way they come and go on the broad ocean, speak each other and pass on. All honest craft are ready with a friendly hail to others, ready to help any ships in distress, and never afraid to show their flags or own what port they are bound for. That's the sort I want you children to be. Think of it sometimes, and don't be afraid to own your King or the country you're sailing to. Never you be ashamed of your colours.'

It seemed easy enough just then, with the bright sea stretching away before them, and old Nelson talking so earnestly. Clifford walked away with his head erect, as if he were brave enough to face the world, and Ina looked up in her cousin's face. 'I mean to do it; don't you?' she said.

The little ship attracted great attention in the large 'Seaside Cottage,' where several families were stopping for the season. The group of children admired it greatly, and envied its young owners.

'Isn't it a beauty? Let's go out and try it to-morrow,' said Georgie Hastings. 'Take just a ball of light twine and tie one end fast to it, so we won't lose it, and then see how it will sail.'

'But to-morrow is the Sabbath,' said Ina, turning around on the stairs; 'we can't go then.'

'What of it?' Georgie called after them. 'Real ships don't stop for that.'

The next day, when many of the older

of the cottage had gone away to a service, and a number of the children, books, were wandering in the hall, proposed his plan again: 'Real ships p that day, and so what harm is it? won't care.'

will, and so I can't go,' said Clifford. then, lend me your sloop; I'll take kind of care of it; and I've lent you a ıy things.'

as true. Georgie was always generous ıding, and he had been especially so Clifford knew, and he did not doubt would take good care of the boat. not want to seem selfish, and he to please Georgie; but, then, if it ɜ wrong to spend Sunday that way would it not be wrong to help another t was not just what Georgie's father about such things, or what anybody thought, but what God said, that ɜ right and wrong of it.

d was slowly mounting the stairs, as ıg what had been asked, but he paused thought. He had not told Georgie ıaw any harm in it; it was easier to hink he could not go simply because er would not allow it; but was not ıg afraid to show his colours? He round—

't do it, Georgie; I'm willing enough ıld have the boat a little while, but [don't think it would be right—not

anyway it's part mine,' interposed ɜ. 'Why, George Hastings, Nelson ɔ us, and if you had heard what he wouldn't think it a bit queer that we nt to begin by sailing it to-day;' and ıted, as well as she could, what the had said to them. 'And then he ɣanted us to be like all good, honest ot afraid to show our colours,' she d, 'and not like—like——'

-ships and pirates,' added some

ught pirates had a black flag?' sug- small boy.

they don't show it, or everybody now what they are, and keep away m.'

hey have all kinds of flags, and use es one and sometimes another, just ɔpens to suit them. My uncle was ıel once that was chased by pirates, and he told me all about it,' said George Hastings.

The children had found something to talk of, and, sitting on the stairs or in the hall, they clustered around Georgie, eager to hear his recital. His explanation and the stories it suggested to others helped to make old Nelson's meaning clearer, though perhaps they did not think so much of that until afterward. So the hour slipped away, and the older people came home.

But had not two children done a little of what the old sailor would call 'good sailing' that day?

Weary!

I am weary! oh, so weary! I long to be at rest;
I long to lean my aching head upon a Saviour's breast.
I am weary of earth's tumults, its sorrows, and alarms;
I long to reach the haven of a loving Saviour's arms.

For many years I've wandered, a pilgrim, far and wide;
The way has oft been difficult, but One has been my guide;
And now I am so weary, I cannot journey more,
I long to cross the river, and to reach the shining shore.

The dear ones who in former days shared in my pilgrimage
Have long since reached that better land where tempests never rage,
And I am lingering here alone, but soon I too may go,
For I am very weary, and my work is o'er below.

I hear soft angel voices, in the twilight of life's day,
Like mystic music in the air, they whisper, 'Come away!
Come to the Golden City, to the mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

G. A. T.

A Daily Portion.

MAY 9.

ɔD OF PEACE SHALL BE WITH YOU.'—Phil. iv. 9.

ɜ is the God of order, so He is the peace. This was the form of the blessing the people, The Lord give ce. God the Son is the purchaser of peace. He had made peace by His blood, having made peace by the blood of His cross. The atonement Aaron made for the people, when he entered into the holy of holies with blood, was a type of Christ our High Priest, who hath by His sacrifice pacified His Father, and made atonement for us. Christ purchased our peace upon hard terms; His soul

was in an agony while He was travailing to bring forth peace to the world.—*T. Watson.*

MAY 10.

'THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS PEACE.'—Gal. v. 22.

He seals up peace to the conscience; the Spirit clears up the work of grace in the heart, from whence ariseth peace. There was a well of water near Hagar, but she did not see it, therefore wept. A Christian hath grace, but doth not see it, therefore weeps. Now the Spirit discovers this well of water, it enables conscience to witness to a man that he hath the real work of grace, and so peace flows into the soul. Thus you see whence this peace comes—the Father decrees it, the Son purchaseth it, the Holy Ghost applies it.—*T. Watson.*

MAY 11.

'BEING JUSTIFIED BY FAITH, WE HAVE PEACE WITH GOD.'—Rom. v. 1.

Go to Christ's blood for peace. Some go to fetch their peace from their own righteousness, not Christ's; they go for peace to their holy life, not Christ's death; if conscience be troubled, they strive to quiet it with their duties. This is not the right way to peace; duties must not be neglected, nor yet idolised. Look up to the blood of sprinkling. That blood of Christ which pacified God must pacify conscience; Christ's blood being sucked in by faith gives peace. Being justified by faith, we have peace with God. No balm to cure a wounded conscience but the blood of Christ.—*T. Watson.*

MAY 12.

'THY COMFORTS DELIGHT MY SOUL.'—Ps. xciv. 19.

Joy is not a fancy, or bred of conceit; but is rational, and ariseth from the feeling of some good—viz., the sense of God's love and favour. Joy is so real a thing that it makes a sudden change in a person; it turns mourning into melody. As in the spring-time, when the sun comes to our horizon, it makes a sudden alteration in the face of the universe, the birds sing, the flowers appear, the fig-tree puts forth her green figs; everything seems to rejoice and put off its mourning, as being revived with the sweet influence of the sun; so, when the Sun of Righteousness ariseth on the soul, it makes a sudden alteration, and the soul is infinitely rejoiced with the golden beams of God's love.—*T. Watson.*

MAY 13.

'ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THY LORD.'—Matt. xxv. 21.

If God gives His people such joy in this life, O, then, what glorious joy will He give them in heaven. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord; here joy begins to enter into us, there we shall enter into joy; God keeps His best wine till last. Heliogabalus bathed himself in sweet perfumed waters; what joy when the soul shall for ever bathe itself in the pure and pleasant fountain of God's love! What joy to see the orient brightness of Christ's face, and have the kisses of those lips which drop sweet-smelling myrrh? If a cluster of grapes here be so sweet, what will the full vintage be? How may this set us all a longing for that place where sorrow cannot live, and where joy cannot die.—*T. Watson.*

MAY 14.

'GROW IN GRACE.'—2 Peter iii. 18.

True grace is progressive, of a spreading, growing nature. It is with grace as with the light; first, there is the crepusculum, or day-break; then it shines brighter to the full meridian. A good Christian is like the crocodile, *quamdiu vivit crescit;* he hath never done growing. The saints are not only compared to stars for their light, but trees for their growth. A good Christian is not like Hezekiah's sun that went backward, nor Joshua's sun that stood still, but it is always advancing in holiness, and increasing with the increase of God.—*T. Watson.*

MAY 15.

'FROM ME IS THY FRUIT FOUND.'—Hosea xiv. 8.

It is proper for grace to grow. It is the seed of God. It is the nature of seed to grow; grace doth not lie in the heart as a stone in the earth, but as a seed in the earth, which will spring up, first the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. Grace cannot but grow, from a believer's engrafting into Christ; he who is engrafted into this noble, generous stock cannot but grow. Christ is so full of sap and vivisical influence, that He makes all inoculated into Him grow fruitful. —*T. Watson.*

MAY 16.

'FILLED WITH THE FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, WHICH ARE BY JESUS CHRIST, UNTO THE GLORY AND PRAISE OF GOD.'—Phil. i. 11.

The growth of grace is the best evidence of the truth of it. Things that have no life will not grow; a picture will not grow, a stake in the hedge will not grow; but a plant that hath a vegetative life grows. The growing of grace shows it to be alive in the soul. Growth in grace is the beauty of a Christian. The more a child grows, the more it comes to its favour and complexion, and looks more ruddy; so, the more a Christian grows in grace, the more he comes to his spiritual complexion, he looks fairer. Abraham's faith was beautiful when in its infancy, but at last it grew so vigorous and eminent that God Himself was in love with it, and crowned Abraham with this honour, to be the father of the faithful.—*T. Watson.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

III. THE COUNTRY OF FERTILITY.

NATURE OF THE SOIL—HAMMER TO BREAK THE ROCKS—HISTORY AND QUALITY OF THE SEED—ITS INCREASE—STIPULATIONS IN LEASES—THE RAINBOW—REAPERS AND GLEANERS—SLOTH — FOUNTAINS — MARAH — ELISHA'S WELL—THE SMITTEN ROCK — FAINTING TRAVELLERS—MOTHER AND CHILD—CONVERSATION BETWEEN MR WELL-DOING AND THE MOTHER.

THAT Province of Immanuel's Empire which adjoins the Country of True Peace is the Country of Fertility, so-named from the very great fruitfulness of its soil. As I had heard many reports of this country, and of its wonderful productions, and as it extended almost to the base of Mount Calvary, I resolved to travel through it on my departure from this mount, as I could thus form my own opinion of its fields, orchards, and gardens, and of its flowers and its fruits.

Immediately on entering its borders, the traveller cannot but be struck, if he visits it as I did in the beginning of autumn, with the wide, rich fields of golden grain which greet his eye on every side. This province is indeed the granary of all Immanuel's dominions. It exports its produce to the most distant parts of the universe, for it is the wheat grown here that is gathered into Immanuel's barns in the celestial country. One of the agriculturists, to whom I had an introduction, not only took me over his fields, and explained to me the most approved processes of tilling, of sowing, and of reaping, but gave me much interesting information regarding the history of the country before it became so fruitful as it now is. In early days, he said, the ground was very barren, the soil being no better than that in Diabolus' Country of Sterility, which lies right opposite to this land, and which he strongly advised me to visit, as thus I should be better able to estimate the true extent of the improvement which had been effected by Immanuel and his servants, after He regained possession of the country, and set Himself earnestly to reclaim its waste places. A great part of the surface had been strewn with enormous boulders of such hard texture as to resist all efforts to break them, while they were too large for the cultivators to remove. In their difficulty they applied to their Prince, who said that He would take away the 'stony hearts' (for such was the name of these boulders), and He gave them a heavy hammer, forged in His own foundry, saying, 'Is not My word like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?'* My friend had one of these in his house, which had evidently done good execution, and was not kept merely for show. In some places the bare rock cropped out on the surface, while in others there was only a thin covering of earth over it. This rock they blasted with an explosive powder compounded of conscience-of-sin and fear-of-judgment, and the shivered fragments were then more easily broken up by the foresaid hammer, which was weighty and powerful,† as even some of those declared who were no admirers of it or of its designer.

The former character of this country will be understood when I come to describe the present aspect of the Country of Sterility, for a specimen of the native soil of each has been tested by a high authority, and declared to be 'of the same lump.'‡ Now all is changed, for the pastures are clothed with flocks and the valleys are covered over with corn.§ My friend said that while much of the fruitfulness of their fields was owing to the method by

* Ezek. xi. 19; Jer. xxiii. 29.
† 2 Cor. x. 10.
‡ Rom. ix. 21.
§ Ps. lxv. 13.

which the soil was dressed, so as to turn it into good ground, the richness of the crops was also due to the quality of the seed. The whole wheat crop, he said, was the produce of one single grain of the finest wheat, which had been brought from fields of glory, where both the soil and climate are far superior to those in this land. This precious seed, brought hither by Immanuel, He resolved to sow in this earth of His with His own hand. The spot He selected was on the top of the hill from which I had descended, and just at the sepulchre. As He buried it there, He said, 'I lay it down of Myself; I have power to lay it down.'* His friends who were with Him on this occasion sought to dissuade Him from sowing it here, lest it should perish, and so all hope of its increase be lost. They would rather that it had been preserved in the golden bowl in which it was brought into this world, and that the silver cord that bound this precious casket had never been loosed,† but the owner replied, 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.'‡

In three days it was observed springing from the ground, and it brought forth first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear, and this being gathered, formed a little handful of the precious seed. This handful of corn in its turn was sown on the top of the same mountain, and under the blessing of a favouring heaven, multiplied so rapidly that it covered the prepared ground like the grass that had previously grown there, and now fills the face of this part of the world with its fruit. It must not be supposed that in every case this seed springs up in three days, or anything like such a short time. The period of its germination is very varied, depending much on the season as well as on the soil. My friend told me that sometimes he had to wait wearily for this precious fruit, and to have long patience for it, but that in no case had it failed to grow in due season if the regulations of the Lord of the harvest were duly observed by the labourers. In some rare instances the seed has lain dormant in the ground during the whole life-time of the men who sowed it, so that there is a proverb in the country, 'one soweth and another reapeth.' One field I saw which had an uncommonly fine crop, and was even then yielding its golden treasures to the reapers' sickle, and I was told that the tenants thereof, who were busy with their harvest, were the successors of the husbandmen who had sowed the crop, all of whom had now passed from this earthly scene; so that other men had laboured, and these men were now reaping the fruits of the labours of a past generation. The harvesting work is not complete until the fruits have been safely lodged in the royal granaries in the celestial country, and there the sowers welcome the sheaves sprung from the seed which they once watered with their tears, so that he that soweth and he that reapeth rejoice together.§ From various causes the amount of the return varies, some yielding thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, some an hundred-fold. But in every case the old song comes true, that—

> 'That man who, bearing precious seed,
> In going forth doth mourn,
> He doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
> Rejoicing shall return.'‖

Some farmers in this country, like their neighbours of the same occupation elsewhere, are continually grumbling about the weather, watching the direction of the wind in the morning in spring, and postponing their sowing until they may light on a day to suit their fancy in all points, and for the same cause delaying their reaping in autumn, until they chance on a morning without any threatening clouds in its sky. Of course these very particular gentlemen seldom get a day to their liking, so they fall behind-hand with their work, and their farms seemed to be going to wreck and ruin. I was informed on good authority that unless they at once altered their mode of working, and attended strictly to the regulations laid down in their leases, which were, that they should neither watch the wind nor pay any attention to the clouds,¶ their Prince (for they held their farms from the crown) would evict them from their holdings, and give out the farms to others who would render the fruits in their seasons. The clauses in the leases are very explicit (my friend showed me his), and more especially about the work in the seed-time. The stipulation as to this was, 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.'** On His part, Immanuel pledged His royal word that neither seed-time nor harvest should cease,†† for you must know that this Prince excels all others, inasmuch as He upholds all things by the word of His power, and commands the very clouds of the heaven. To prove to His people that He has not forgotten either them, their needs, or His own promise, He hangs a beautiful seven-tinted bow in the cloud in the time of rain, and the reapers, seeing the bow, work on merrily, even though clouds should be gathering on every hand. This, indeed, was the very first token of the Covenant between Himself and His subjects which He gave them,‡‡ for the farmers and ploughmen of the country having all originally emigrated from the plains of Carnal Security, naturally felt much alarm at any gathering of clouds in the heavens, lest they should pour down a new Flood like that which had devastated the whole land in which formerly they dwelt. It

* John x. 18. † Eccles. xii. 6. ‡ John xii. 24.

§ John iv. 36-38. ‖ Ps. cxxvi. 6. ¶ Eccles. xi. 4. ** Eccles. xi. 6. †† Gen. viii. 22. ‡‡ Gen. ix. 12-14.

that the welfare of His people lies so
is heart, that He has even surrounded
rone in the celestial country with a
dent bow, brilliant as an emerald, which
ıp with a thousand tints of glory the
of justice and judgment which form a
round about Him.* These heavenly
re among the most beautiful sights in
ınd of Fertility, and lead the desires of
habitants upwards, which otherwise
be apt to rest satisfied with the many-
d opulence of their teeming fields.
he time of harvest reapers are often
from a distance, for the Lord of the
t will not allow the reaping to be done
kind of machines, lest the grain should
ıred. It must be cut, and bound, and
ed by hand and eye moving in sym-
and, therefore, the Lord has need of
reapers. When the fields are white,
e harvest waiting, they petition their
to send forth labourers into His harvest.
ı wages are good, and the work, though
ıus, is pleasant and healthful, He can
secure reapers, and He employs child-
o, to follow after the adult labourers,
ıan the stray ears, so that nothing may
. Some of these children, by diligent
ıg, gather sheaves well worthy of being
ted to the Lord of the harvest. One
band of young gleaners were singing
e song in the fields as I passed one day,
ıaught the refrain—

Forth to the harvest field we'll away,
Gathering handfuls while we may;
All day long in the field we'll bide,
Gleaning close by the reapers' side.'

ıt told me that some of these youthful
ers had done work which the most stal-
orkman could not have accomplished.
ıy he pointed out a city in Beelzebub's
y of False Worship, and told how, long
little Jewish girl, who had been taken
ı by one of Belial's officers, was able by
igence both to sow and reap a good bit
ınd near that city, which is Damascus.
oduce of this plot of ground she pre-
to Immanuel, and her work was re-
in the Annals of His Kingdom.†
ıost was a very cheerful man, and not
t a vein of humour in his conversation,
ıe day as I was assisting him in his
-work as a small return for all his
ss, I complimented him upon his uni-
ood spirits. It was a proverb in their
y, he said, that a merry heart was as
ıs a medicine; and, besides, that he
such a good Master that it was the
ı could do to be contented with his lot,
ppy in the pleasant place his lines had
n, and that plenty of work in a plenti-
vest-field could not but keep up the
He acknowledged, however, that the
ing-time was not so merry as the reap-
ıe; besides, that the changes of weather
in spring often of themselves affected the
health and spirits. He used, however, a
patent coulter, called the ploughshare of Hope,
which Immanuel had designed for His tenants,
and this easily cut deep furrows in the stiffest
clay, and when he was very tired he kept him-
self up by picturing the brown fields in a few
months clothed with yellow corn. The rain-
bow assured him of the coming harvest, and,
above all, the promises recorded by the Prince
in his lease. The name of this good man was
Well-doing. This was his family name; his
Christian name was Patient Continuance, he
being named after his father, who having here
continued in faith, had now been presented at
the Court of Elshaddai holy, and unblamable,
and unreprovable in His sight, and after his
mother Patience, who also was now inheriting
the promises,‡ whose names are in the Book
of Life. His two eldest sons, who were now
a great assistance to their father in the field,
both in ploughing, sowing, and reaping, were
called Not-weary and Faint-not.§ Their
mother, whose name was Sarah, had a meek
and quiet spirit, which was the best jewel she
wore. It was the gift of Immanuel, and was
said to be of great price. It was beautifully
set in gold, and never tarnished, but all the
rubbing it got in her daily work seemed to
make it more lustrous. Her daughters were
very like their mother.‖ Such was the family
of the Well-doings. The father was heir to a
title, but had not yet succeeded to it.¶

Mr Well-doing told me that there was a
person who interfered constantly with their
work, a minion of Diabolus, who had located
himself here, and his name was Sloth. This
fellow was the essence of laziness himself, and
it made him wretched to see other people
active and energetic. In winter he would not
plough because it was too cold, and in summer
he would not reap because it was too hot. He
often loitered about the street-corners in their
towns, with some friends of his own stamp,
and would not work even when offered fair
wages. I often saw him stretched at full
length on a field among the busy reapers, and
occasionally he got some of them to sit down
beside him, and throw away their sickles.
This fellow, being determined not to work,
had taken to poaching, but he was said to be
so lazy that he would not take the trouble to
cook what he caught in his snares and traps.**
His hands were always in his pockets (such
pockets as he had, for he was a ragged rascal),
and it was said he was too lazy to take them
out even to feed himself!†† This man had
had a little farm of his own, and one day
when I passed it, it was all grown over with
thorns, and nettles had covered the face there-
of, and the stone wall round it was broken
down. The poor wretch was lying asleep
against the crumbling wall of what had doubt-
less once been a comfortable home, and as we

ıev. iv. 3. † 2 Kings v. 2–4.

‡ Col. i. 22, 23; Heb. vi. 12. ¶ Rom. ii. 7.
§ Gal. vi. 9. ** Prov. xii. 27.
‖ 1 Peter iii. 4–6. †† Prov. xix. 24.

tried to arouse him, he mumbled to himself, 'Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,' and then he folded his hands to sleep.* So we had to leave him unawakened. Poverty and want had already overtaken him and stripped him of all that he possessed, and he seemed likely ere long to die of hunger, for though the warm-hearted people gave him food now and again when he came begging at their doors, it was ill-bestowed, and was against the police regulations of the country, which were, that 'if any would not work, neither should he eat.'† I was informed that these laws would soon, by Immanuel's order, be actively enforced, and that this wreck of a man, and the other idle loafers who were his associates, would be driven back into the land of Diabolus, where eternal poverty would be their portion.

After spending a week both pleasantly and profitably in this Farm of Fruitful Fields, the hospitable home of the Well-doings, I prepared to depart. In their home there was abundance of everything, for the Well-doings were blessed in their family, blessed in the fruit of their ground, in their herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, blessed in their basket and their store, blessed in their coming in, and blessed in their going out.‡ My host kindly furnished me with an introduction to a friend of his in a different part of the Province, who had large and famous gardens. Setting out in the morning, he gave me a convoy for a considerable way, and drew my attention to many things worth noticing. Among these was a very abundant fountain, the stream from which watered a large district. In former ages the water from this spring had been of a briny character, whence the spring was called 'Marah,' but one of the Prince's servants, being directed by his Master, hewed down a particular tree and cast it into the pool, by which means the waters§ were made sweet, and have so remained until this day.

Further on was another fountain, near the ruins of an ancient city. This well had likewise formerly flowed with bitter water, and all the land round it was barren by reason of its brackish streams. At the request of the inhabitants of the place, another of Immanuel's servants healed this spring, which he did by casting into it a new cruse filled with salt.‖ The waters of this fountain also are now both sweet and abundant. And by these works Immanuel's power over nature is manifested.

Before this land was brought under cultivation, and while it was yet a waste desert, a great company of fugitives from one of the provinces of Diabolus, where they had long groaned under his cruel bondage, marched through it under the leadership of one of Immanuel's servants, with whom He used to speak face to face, as a friend with his friend. Of all the springs, perhaps the most remarkable is one that sprang out of a Rock near the mountain-range of Horeb. The people were perishing from thirst when this great Leader, at his Master's bidding, struck this Rock (which is visible from a great distance) with his rod, when, lo! an abundant stream of water gushed out, forming a torrent which flowed down through the country, on the banks of which this nation of exiles encamped during forty years, until at last they settled in a land of their own. This rock, named Rephidim, is a portion of the Rock of Ages, and my friend explained that, like other things in this land, it had a mystical meaning, that the rock was a picture of Christ; that it was smitten by the law and its curse; and that the stream of water flowing from under the stroke was the Holy Spirit, who alone can quench the thirst of men's spirits, and remove the barrenness from the earth which the curse of the law had called down upon it.¶

By the time we drew near this rock it was the hour of noon, and right thankful was I at the prospect of soon sitting down beside rivers of water in a dry place, and resting under the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. For though the land is fertile, yet at this season the heat was intense, and though we had passed two fountains, since we left the last the road had been long and fatiguing, and the sun's rays were most powerful. Accordingly, we quickened our pace as the sun rose to its mid-day station, when my friend descried on one of the Roads that led out of Belial's Country of Sterility, and here joined the road we were on, what appeared to be a passenger who had fainted by the wayside. The road was that of Spiritual Desire, and is always a wearisome road to travel on, so that it is not uncommon for wayfarers thus to faint on their journey.

When we came up we found that the fallen traveller was a woman. She was sitting on the ground, leaning her head on her hand, and every now and then a large tear dropped from her eyes. Mr Well-doing addressed her in a kindly manner, and asked what ailed her. She said she had left her home some days ago, and had been travelling with what speed she might towards a fountain she had heard of in her own land, called the Fountain of Living Waters, bringing along with her her only child, who, like herself, was perishing from thirst. The little fellow's strength had been the first to give in, and after running beside his mother as fast and as far as his legs would bear him, he sat down crying by the road. A cottage being in sight, his mother coaxed him to get up and come with her to the door, where they would surely get a drink of water, of which they were in so much need. The woman who opened the door not only gave him a draught, which revived him, but filled a bottle from her well, and gave it to the mother to help them on their way. The poor woman, though faint herself, would not touch

* Prov. vi. 10, 11.
† 2 Thess. iii. 10.
‡ Deut. xxviii. 3–6.
§ Exod. xv. 23–25.
‖ 2 Kings ii. 19–22.
¶ Exod. xvii. 1–6; 1 Cor. x. 4.

the precious fluid, but from time to time gave it to her boy, until by nightfall the water was all spent, and now they had travelled along the burning road since sunrise without seeing stream or spring, although they were told by occasional passengers that they were getting nearer the Smitten Rock. At last the boy could go not a step further, for his strength had utterly failed, and his mother carried him in her arms until her limbs gave way beneath her, and now she thought he was going to die in her bosom of thirst. Mr Well-doing at once asked for the flask, but seeing it was small, and would not hold enough water for the two thirsty ones, he lifted the little lad tenderly in his strong arms to carry him to the fountain. As he took him from his mother's knees, she gave a cry, and said, 'Art thou come unto me to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son?'* 'By no means,' replied he; 'I will carry him for you to the fountain, and do you follow.' With the best of will she could not keep up with him, and when within sight of the Rock, and when she saw that her boy had reached the stream, she sank down again by the wayside.

We placed the boy in the shadow of this great Rock to shield him from the noontide heat, and filled the vessel and gave him to drink. On the rim of the vessel, which had been made in the Royal Works named 'The Promises,' were these raised letters, 'Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward.'† It was wonderful to see how rapidly the little fellow revived, and how a look of life returned to the eyes from which we feared it had for ever fled.

We now came back to the mother to help her to the Fountain, but when her anxieties about her son were relieved, strange to say, nothing would induce her to come and drink of the fountain herself. My friend sat down beside her, and reasoned with her, to constrain her to rise, and, with his help, come to the Rock; but if she had no strength to walk, she had still strength to argue against what was the only means of preserving her life. Their conversation, to which I listened, was carried on thus:—

Well-doing—My good woman, if, as you say, you are perishing with thirst, and your appearance confirms your words, why will you not come to the Fountain?

Woman—Because I have no strength to go so far.

Well-doing—But the Smitten Rock is now no distance from you; you have come a long way, but have not far to go now.

Woman—I have no strength left to go even that short distance.

Well-doing—If you will drink the water I have brought in this flask, you will gain strength to go to the Rock, and this at least is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart. He then handed her the vessel, saying, 'O taste and see that the Lord is good!'‡ but she thrust it away with an impatient gesture.

Well-doing—Well, after all, the fountain is fuller than the flagon, the Master is more than the message, the Promiser is to be preferred to any one of His promises, such as this. Will you not be persuaded to come to the Fountain of Life itself? I assure you the Fountain is near.

Woman—I cannot see it.

Well-doing—You can see the Rock if you will only look, and if you cannot see the stream gushing from it, you can hear the sound of its waves. Do you not?

Woman—I am not sure. Even if I do, I have no money of this country's currency to pay for the water.

Well-doing—My good woman, the water is perfectly free. Immanuel has commissioned all His servants to go through your own old parched country and proclaim, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come!'§ He has bid them publish in all lands and in all languages that this water is 'without money and without price.' (In these lands you must know that the wells are precious, being few and far between, and the people, instead of paying water-rates, pay so much for every pitcherful to the owner of the spring.) Yea, our Prince's last message, which He sent us from His Father's Court, through one of His chosen friends who went there to visit Him, was, 'Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'‖ Observe, my poor friend, that that word 'freely' was the *last* word that Immanuel spoke to any of His subjects in these provinces of His Empire. It is engraved upon the Rock, as you will see when you come to it, and also printed at the very close of the records of His sayings and doings.

Woman—Ah, sir! that is just my hindrance. I am not sure that I am one of those who are thirsty.

Well-doing—My good woman, what extraordinary idea is this that has got into your head! You have told me that you and your child were both perishing of thirst; that you could find no water to satisfy your longing in your own country, that you fled hither on purpose to find living water, and now you say you are not sure that you are thirsty. Will you go back to the Country of Drought and try again to live on the water that is collected in its cisterns, such as it is?

Woman—No, sir, that I can never do. I was dying there, and I would rather die here, if die I must. But what I mean is, I fear I have not the right kind of thirst.

Well-doing—How so? Are you thirsting for the world or its pleasures?

Woman—No, sir—

'I thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share.'

* 1 Kings xvii. 18. † Matt. x. 42.

‡ Rom. x. 8; Ps. xxxiv. 8. § Is. lv. 1.
‖ Rev. xxii. 17.

Well-doing—What, then, are you thirsting for? Are you thirsting for sin? or thirsting to gratify yourself? or thirsting for a fortune?

Woman—No, sir, for none of these. I may say, in the words of my little boy's school-book (for I sent him to a day-school over the border, where he was taught in the great Teacher's lesson-books)—

> 'My soul for God, the living God,
> Doth thirst; when shall I near
> Unto Thy countenance approach,
> And in God's sight appear?' *

Well-doing—These are beautiful lines, and I am glad you can say that they express your feelings. If so, be assured your thirst is of the right kind. Will you come now to the Rock?

Woman—Ah, no, sir! I am not nearly thirsty enough.

Well-doing—What do you mean by thirsty enough? I read nothing about that in my Master's words. You have put in the word 'enough' to your own great distress.

Woman—I mean, sir, that if I was nearer death I would come, and that if I had a stronger desire for the water I would also come.

Well-doing—As to being nearer death, you are getting very near death as it is, nearer than you seem aware of; if you were much weaker, I don't see how you could come to the Fountain; and as to your thirst not being strong enough, what was the verse I heard you sighing over to yourself when I first came to you?

Woman—It was the first verse of my boy's hymn—

> 'Like as the hart for water-brooks
> In thirst doth pant and bray;
> So pants my longing soul, O God,
> That come to Thee I may.' †

Well-doing—Were you a hypocrite when you were sighing that verse to yourself? for if not, you can hardly say you are not thirsty enough.

Woman—I am not quite a hypocrite, but I am much worse than any one knows. If you knew how unworthy I am, you would not press me so kindly and tenderly to come to this water.

Well-doing—But, my good woman, we left your dear boy by the brink of the stream, even then greatly revived by the draught, and you are not more unworthy than he.

Woman—Yes, sir, I am much more unworthy than he is. My life has been one long course of transgression against Immanuel's laws; I cast them behind my back, and not only scoffed at His rule, but led others to do the same; and now, when I am eating of the fruit of my own ways, I feel that I am too unworthy to owe my life to His goodness, and to drink of this free provision of His gracious pity. My boy was different. When he heard about Immanuel, he seemed at once drawn towards Him. It was he that told me that he was very thirsty, and could not be satisfied with the wells in our own country, which were bitter, and made his thirst worse, and it was he who urged me to come and seek the Fountain of Life. I am more glad than I can tell that his life is to be restored, but mine is not worth the saving. You don't know how wicked I have been.

Well-doing—I neither know, nor desire to know. So far as it was public, your neighbours knew it, and perhaps made it worse than it was. So far as it was private, it rests between you and your God, and a stranger must not intermeddle with it; but I know that however wicked and unworthy you have been, it need not keep you back from this fountain, for in the Prince's regulations there is nothing about those who come to drink requiring to be worthy.

> 'All the fitness He requireth
> Is to feel your need of Him.'

You feel this, and therefore should come. Besides, it is written on the Rock, 'Whosoever will, let him come!'

The poor woman seemed to be at last going to give in, and to be about to rise and allow herself to be led to the stream when she caught at this word of invitation, and in such a way that, instead of finding it a help, she made it a hindrance.

Woman—Ah, sir, that is just what disqualifies me from coming to this Fountain—that I am not willing to come. I have feared this for long, and now I feel it. My heart is not truly willing to come to the water.

Well-doing—Poor woman, you are grievously wronging yourself, as well as your Saviour. You seem determined to perish, do what one can to save you. If you dissect your motives and your will at this rate you will never come. You may die here, as seems not unlikely; you may manage, perchance, to crawl back to your own country over all that weary road (and you will get more to help you to return back than to go forward); or you may go out of your mind altogether. Whatever be the issue, remember, you will be self-destroyed; *self-destroyed.* ‡

'Self-destroyed!' said the woman. I dare not do such a deed; and with a look of resolution in her eye, she rose and said—

> 'I can but perish if I go,
> I am resolv'd to try,
> For if I stay away, I know
> I shall for ever die.'

She now leaned heavily upon the strong arm of him who had proved to her such a patient and faithful counsellor, and in no long time we reached the rock, when she stooped down on her knees and took a long draught of the water out of the clear pool. I feared that such a prolonged draught might injure her in her enfeebled state, but Mr Well-doing allowed her to drink on, and told me after that no one, in whatever circumstances, can drink too

* Ps. xlii. 2. † Ps. xlii. 1. ‡ Hosea xiii. 9.

much of this water, or can possibly receive any harm from it. When she rose to her feet, she lifted her eyes to heaven and said, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things.'*

* Ps. ciii. 1, 4, 5.

She now turned to rest for a little in the shadow of this Great Rock, beside her child, whom we found on a grassy bank fallen into a sweet sleep, and breathing softly and steadily. He soon awoke, and mother and son embraced each other, while strange emotions filled her soul; for while she had given him the life that now is, was it not he that had guided her to seek and to find the life that is to come?

(To be continued.)

KENNETH.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER V.

ZOE was in high spirits. The brightness of the world outside was toned to that peculiar shade of semi-sunlight which constitutes the beauty and the charm of a perfect autumn day. Kenneth had taken especial pains with his boat. A small flag fluttered at the prow, with cushioned seats and an awning that gave it a holiday appearance. There was much laughing and chatting and merry 'Good mornings' to others going out. Mrs French was walking up and down the sands waiting somewhat uneasily for a boat to come in. Hinckley was skipping stones over the still blue water.

All this Kenneth saw, as he swung out into the river, leaving the shore and the dwellings and the people, until nothing but a misty grey line was left. The dim, receding shore, the shadows, and the blue waters were to Miss Crownley reminders of what she had seen elsewhere. At all times a genial talker, she surpassed herself in word pictures of places and manners and customs, giving Kenneth to feel how much there was to learn in the world by merely passing through it.

Zoe looked over the side and threw powdered crackers 'to the fishes.'

'I never step into a small boat,' said Miss Crownley, 'without being impressed with the fact that enjoyment is to be positive or otherwise, in keeping with certain isothermal lines. Cross these, and there is a vague sense of isolation, a world by yourself feeling, that divides the emotional faculties and diminishes enjoyment,' laughing merrily as she spoke.

'I see,' returned Kenneth, in the same lively vein; 'the lines of which you speak run well into shore—do they not?'

'We must not forget that we are in search of bright-coloured leaves,' added Miss Crownley.

Far out in the river a boat passed them.

'Hinckley and his friends!' was the exclamation. 'Mrs French must have changed her mind.'

Kenneth rested on his oars, and let his gaze follow the lads. He quite admired the free easy grace with which they bent to the oars. Miss Crownley was quick to interpret, but she was above the indiscretion of asking.

Scudding under the bank, they caught glimpses of cool nooks and alcoves, hung with loops of bronzed vines, with here and there a red leaf. Swinging out to avoid the branches of a tree that had recently been washed from the bank, they came to a sheltered bay with pyramids of colour shelving upward. White sands glistened, and smooth pebbles covered the narrow ledge between the water and the wooded shore.

Miss Crownley was the first to land. Kenneth raised Zoe in his arms and set her on the pebbled ledge. Then he made his boat fast and followed with the lunch basket.

Miss Crownley declared herself not unmindful of creature comforts.

Zoe flung away her pebbles, and took a biscuit in each hand.

'In this respect we have not advanced beyond the ancients,' laughed Kenneth.

'Cookery has become one of the fine arts,' returned Miss Crownley.

'If Cleopatra's cook was not a Frenchman, he understood the art of expensive dishes,' added Kenneth.

Zoe called to the birds and scattered crumbs.

Miss Crownley had brought a book in which to secure her spoils.

'A broad range, and liberty to choose,' she laughed. 'Sometimes I have thought there was a better chance of being suited, however, with less to choose from,' she added, with more seriousness.

'Is it so in other things?' Kenneth asked, in a blind way.

'Our life work?' asked Miss Crownley.

'Yes,' answered Kenneth, stopping short of what he wanted to say, through fear of having already said too much.

'Our natural inclination for a pursuit is, and must be, accompanied by a certain aptitude for that especial work, and entering upon it, we have a more reasonable hope of success,' was the reply.

'But when we cannot choose; when we must do something, and that something just the thing of all others we would not do?'

'In connection with a plan, we can hardly suppose such a case,' said Miss Crownley, be-

ginning to realise the complications that might, and probably did, arise to trouble Kenneth.

'Did you ever think that, if God had particular work for you to accomplish, He would bring it about?' was asked tenderly.

'But we are free moral agents. If we let opportunities slip, and thereby go down, God will not perform a miracle in order to give us back what we have lost.'

It was so unlike the bright-faced lad to question in this manner, Miss Crownley hesitated. Anxious, most of all, to be of service, she must know something of the path by which he had been led.

'You remember what was said yesterday, do you not?' with an attempt to lead the lad to speak more fully of himself. 'The providential care, the guiding hand, the following out after us, the tender compassion, the loving kindness; even as a father loves and pities his child?'

'I know, and sometimes I think I am sure, as mother was. Then, again, I am all at sea. There is so much for me to do, and I am not sure that I am doing it in the way and manner to bring about the end I desire.'

A tender sympathy shone in Miss Crownley's blue eyes. Kenneth felt it, and ventured to speak to her of Rachel, and all he hoped to do for her in the future.

When he finished, she said with a warmth of manner that would be to him a memory—

'In every human life there are moments of joy and of heaviness, times of exultation and of depression. The freshness of spring and the lush growth of summer are subject to the same changes. Growth is equalised, and strength is increased, and maturity follows. With us, phases and feelings are not guides: faith in God must be an abiding principle in our hearts. We devise, and plan, and hope: God sees from the beginning; and be assured that everything, both of joy and depression, He will control in a way to promote our highest good.'

'I have thought, perhaps these doubts and misgivings were peculiar to myself. I have sometimes felt that they dishonoured God; and, if I indulged in them, He would give me up.'

'This is the conflict: we must overcome and put them from us. Paul said when he would do good evil was present with him. If Paul was forced to admit this, surely we must not be discouraged.'

Miss Crownley's view had the element of directness; at the same time it conveyed the idea of very great tenderness. She was a woman to persuade. The strength of her convictions rendered her earnest, and the love in her heart, sweeping out with resistless energy, drew hearts after her.

Zoe's hat, with the bright leaves she had gathered, was lying on the grass, but the child was not to be seen. Kenneth sprang to his feet. Miss Crownley looked alarmed.

'It seems but a moment since she was here, Where can she be?' calling her name loudly.

There was no reply.

'Doubtless she is hiding away from us for a moment,' Kenneth continued. 'Zoe! Zoe!' plunging into the wood as he spoke.

Miss Crownley followed. With terror written on their faces, they walked the entire length of the island, and were on the point of giving up, when voices were heard, and the next instant Zoe's flossy head was seen perched on the bank overlooking the river, and apparently conversing with some one below.

'I was trying to induce this little lady to let me take her home,' exclaimed Carey Kew springing up the bank.

'She has given us such a fright, I must stop and take breath,' said Kenneth, trying to laugh.

Possibly Miss Crownley's white face troubled the child. Nestling close to her side she said, 'Did you think I was lost, auntie? I just come a little way, the leaves looked so pretty; and then I come a little way, and when I looked I could not see you. I'm sorry, auntie.'

Kenneth and Carey were talking of the boats out. 'We cannot expect many such days,' the latter said; 'but my time is up. I must go home now.'

Miss Crownley signified to Kenneth that it was time for them to go.

'A boat for each,' laughed Carey. 'Please divide the company.'

It was settled that Miss Crownley should go in Carey's boat, as it would relieve her of a long walk, while Zoe would go back after her hat and come down leisurely

When Kenneth reached his boat, he was surprised to find that it had been meddled with. The cushions had been taken up, and apparently flung down in haste, and the lunch-basket was empty. The fastenings had been nearly wrenched away, but the staple still held; and save a line of water in the bottom, no serious damage had been done. It required a little time to adjust it, and night was coming on before they were fairly under weigh.

The glory of the sunset won Kenneth to linger. It pleased him to see Zoe's eyes dance, and in listening to her artless prattle he thought of Rachel, and his mother, and the old life. The increased vibratory motion of the boat at length roused him to the consciousness that they were sweeping into the channel. He snatched the oars, with the intent to bring her in to shore. Just at that moment he observed that the bottom of the boat was covered with water. He took the alarm. There must be a leak. Zoe complained that her feet were getting wet. It was hard rowing The water was gaining. Great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Could he only reach the shore! Zoe cried out. Drawing the child to him, he told her to cling to his neck, and not be afraid, and he would carry her ashore. The boat was rapidly filling True, the bank was not many yards away, but the water was deep. The next instant Kenneth was struggling to keep Zoe's head out of the water. Had her hold been less firm, this

would have been impossible. Exerting himself, the waves carried him below, and, as it proved, to a point where the shore, shelving downward, made landing possible. Besides a thorough wetting, Zoe was unhurt. As soon as Kenneth could collect himself, he looked for his boat. A few rippling eddies were all there was to be seen. It was evident the boat had been scuttled.

(*To be continued.*)

DRESS.

BIBLE TALK TO AN AUDIENCE OF LADIES IN A NEW YORK DRAWING-ROOM.

BY MRS MARGARET BOTTOME.

MY subject this morning is dress—the desirableness of being well dressed, and the privilege of being beautifully dressed. You will immediately see that I cannot mean dress for the body, for that has been attended to. You are well dressed, beautifully dressed, and God only knows the time, the talent, and the money it has cost. But the Apostle says, 'There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body,' and it is to dress for the spiritual body that I wish to call attention. All through the Old and New Testaments we find our attention directed to this subject of clothing. It may be because in the earlier ages of the world garments indicated the wealth of the possessor. To a certain degree they do now, but not to the same extent. So the inspired writers use 'garments,' 'clothing,' 'raiment,' 'robes,' &c., to indicate character and draw our attention from the outward to the inward, from the physical to the spiritual.

In the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table' there was a certain John who soliloquised with himself after this sort: 'Now, there are three Johns: my John (what I know of myself), and other people's John (what other people think of me), and the real John (God's John).' And he wanted to get at the real John. Now, if you will turn to Rev. iii. 17, you will see a striking contrast drawn between the apparent and the real. Here the honest confession is made for once: 'I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing!' A perfect picture of satisfaction. That was the outward. Christ's piercing eye looked through into the real, and said, 'Thou knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' Think of the physical in this condition, and you would call it complete destitution. Yet, alas! under the most beautiful outward garments there may be the most shabbily dressed spirits, naked souls! I am glad Christ did not stop with this enumeration of wretchedness, but told us where we can buy what we need. He counsels us (our wise, loving Counsellor!): 'Buy of Me.' Don't go anywhere else. You can only get the materials you need at this one place. 'Gold tried in the fire, and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear.'

I think, if we would only come and look at these beautiful garments, we would be inclined to buy. One of the loveliest of these spiritual dresses is described by Isaiah (chapter lxi. 3) as 'the *garment of praise*.' I know how becoming this dress is. My mother wore it. I never saw her without it. It is the only dress that makes the wearer always look young. My mother died at seventy-five—*young*. Think what would be given for a dress for the natural body that would always keep it youthful looking. As age comes on, we say more dress is required; but it seems to me it only makes the contrast greater. I have seen old, wrinkled hands loaded with diamonds; but the sight to me is always pitiable, for my attention is sure to be drawn to the wrinkled hands. I was half amused at reading in a fashion paper, some time ago, of a 'restful dress.' And, as I thought of the restless women of fashion whose attention was sought by this caption, I said, 'Ah! the colour may be a restful one; but it will take another dress to rest the weary heart underneath. If the many, many women who wear the spirit of heaviness could only see that He came to give the "garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness," they would exchange the dark dress of the latter for the bright, beautiful robes of the former.'

Now, let us look at another garment—a cloak. 'Be clothed with humility.' It seems to cover all. To wear this, we must from our hearts say—

> 'Take away the robe of pride,
> And the worthless rags 'twould hide.'

The loveliest cloak that can be worn is this cloak of humility. Alas! that it should be so rare.

One cold, raw day last February I was crossing the ferry, when a young girl took a seat beside me, so thinly dressed that my sealskin cloak became oppressive to me. She had over her face a thick veil. Only once she raised it for a moment, and I saw such a sweet face! And, as we passed out into the cold, I thought of that 'after awhile,' when

> 'All masks shall fall away,
> All social silks and broadcloth intervening,
> Shall moulder with our bodies in the clay.'

And I said to myself, 'Maybe she is far more warmly clad than I in that part of her nature which is imperishable.'

But there are other dresses to be looked at.

'She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework.' The most beautiful laces worn by our women of wealth and fashion are made in the underground places, where sunlight comes not, and the lives of the makers of the favourite point lace are the price of its beauty. We shall know by-and-by the meaning of all the sadness and suffering of earth when we see the beautiful spiritual raiment that has been made in sick rooms and under the most trying circumstances. The 'costly raiment of needlework' will then be explained.

And now we come in sight of a dress of gold. 'The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold.' Not merely trimmed with golden fringe, but the whole dress of wrought gold.

'*Wrought into gold!* Ye that pass down life's hours
So carelessly
Might make your dreary ways so beautiful with flowers,
If ye would try.
Then every gentle deed we've done and every kind word given,
Wrought into gold, would make us wondrous rich in heaven.'

Now, the question for you and me is simply this: Shall we put on these 'beautiful garments'? or, in other words, Shall we put on the Lord Jesus Christ? All these garments He wore; or, to drop the figure, all these qualities were His, and they must be ours.

Many years ago, in one of the beautiful churches of England, I listened to a clergyman of the Establishment, and never shall I forget his voice as he leaned over the desk, and, looking at his wealthy congregation, said, 'Ah! you look most respectable to men; but I am afraid that in the sight of the angels you are not fit to be seen.'

Now, I appeal to you, as women, to do by your spiritual body as you do for your natural body. You say, I need such and such clothes, and I *must have them*. And, as far as your means allow (I do not say you go beyond your means), you buy what you feel you *must* have. And you make preparations, if you are sensible women, before the season comes, so that you are prepared for the change of season. Now, I ask you, Are you making preparations for the coming time—for the exchange of worlds? And yet, as I speak of another world, I feel how necessary that you should be well dressed in spirit in this world. Will you not come and look at these garments again? Will you not open your Bibles and make an inventory of these dresses? The 'garment of praise' (Is. lxi. 3), 'The robe of righteousness' (Is. lxi. 10), 'The cloak of humility' (1 Peter v. 5), 'The raiment of needlework' (Ps. xlv. 14), 'The clothing of wrought gold' (Ps. xlv. 13). Do you say, 'Yes, they are very beautiful, very attractive; but can I really have them?' I answer in the words of Christ, and He is truth, 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, will He not much more clothe you?' All, all that is necessary is for us to desire them, and to ask for them, and we shall receive. And some day, in white robes, we shall be presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

'"Buy of Me," I hear Thee say.
I have naught wherewith to pay;
But I give myself to Thee.
Clothed, adopted I shall be.'

DANCING.—Here is what a purely secular paper says about dancing:—A great deal can be said about dancing; for instance, the chief of police of New York City says that three-fourths of the abandoned girls in this city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing which, taken under any other circumstances, would be considered as improper. It requires neither brains nor good morals to be a good dancer. As the love of the one increases, the love of the other decreases. How many of the best men and women are skilful dancers? In ancient times the sexes danced separately. Alcohol is the spirit of beverages. So sex is the spirit of the dance; take it away, and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would go out of fashion very soon. Parlour dancing is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlour dancing leads to ungodly balls. Tippling and parlour dancing sow to the wind, and both reap the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acids, weigh it, and the verdict of reason, morality, and religion is, 'Weighed in the balance and found wanting.' —*New York Journal of Education.*

She whom I Loved is Dead!

She whom I loved is dead!
Nay, rather should I say
That she has passed *through* Death's dark night
To everlasting day;
Her Father's voice has called her home,
And heaven has claimed her for its own.

She whom I loved is dead!
And sleeps beneath the sod;
Yes, but beyond the starry sky
Her spirit dwells with God!
For death, which laid her low in earth,
Gave to her soul immortal birth.

She whom I loved is dead!
But death hath not undone
That bond of everlasting love
Which knit our souls in one;
Eternity seems very near,
When I remember she is there.

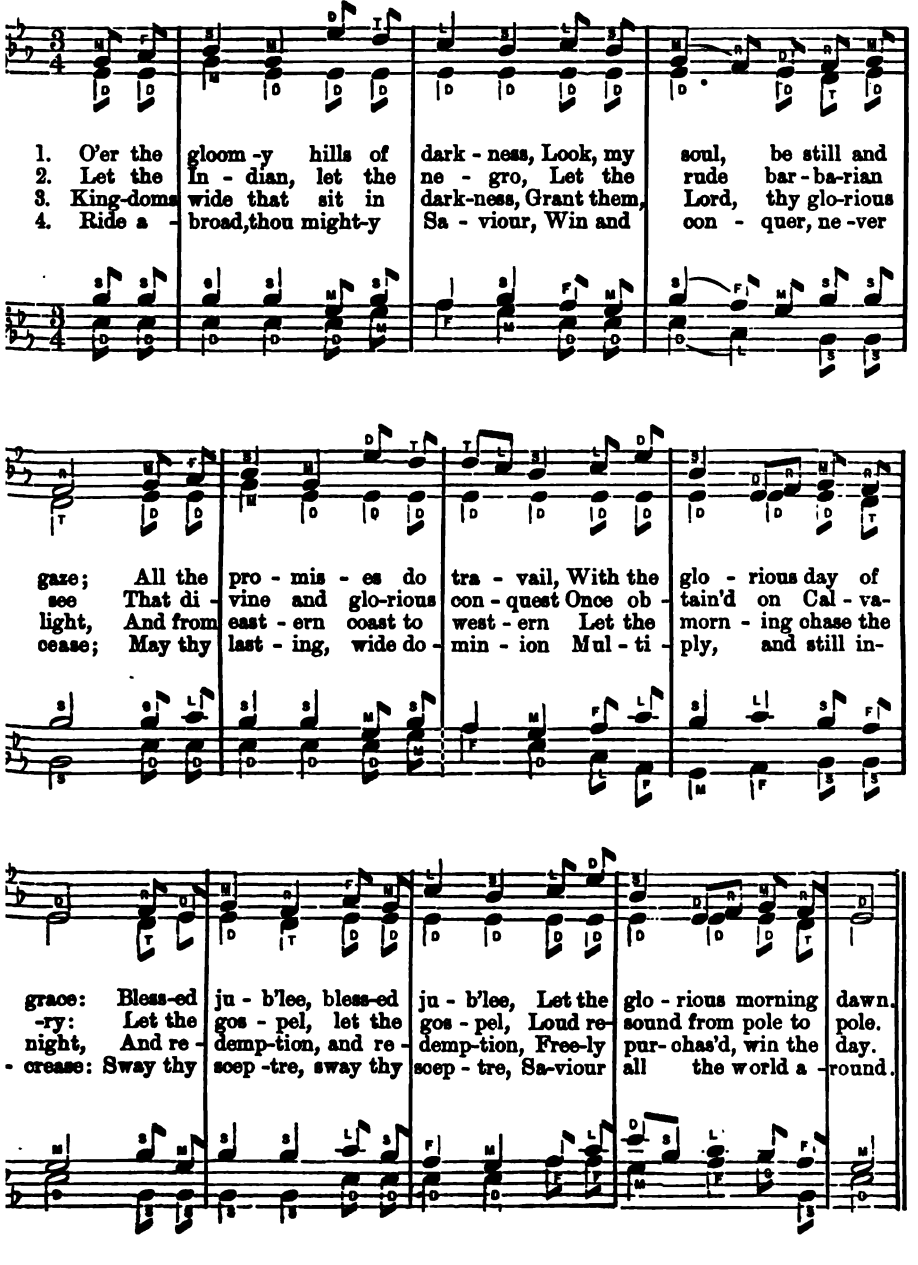
She whom I loved is dead!
And I must dwell alone;
Oh may her gentle memory be
A star to guide me home,
Until upon the heavenly shore
We meet again, to part no more.

G. A. T.

O'er the gloomy Hills of Darkness.

Words by
WILLIAMS.

Music by
SAMUEL BARR.

Andante. *M. 80=♩*

1. O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Look, my soul, be still and
2. Let the In-dian, let the ne-gro, Let the rude bar-ba-rian
3. King-doms wide that sit in dark-ness, Grant them, Lord, thy glo-rious
4. Ride a-broad, thou might-y Sa-viour, Win and con-quer, ne-ver
gaze; All the pro-mis-es do tra-vail, With the glo-rious day of
see That di-vine and glo-rious con-quest Once ob-tain'd on Cal-va-
light, And from east-ern coast to west-ern Let the morn-ing chase the
cease; May thy last-ing, wide do-min-ion Mul-ti-ply, and still in-
grace: Bless-ed ju-b'lee, bless-ed ju-b'lee, Let the glo-rious morning dawn.
-ry: Let the gos-pel, let the gos-pel, Loud re-sound from pole to pole.
night, And re-demp-tion, and re-demp-tion, Free-ly pur-chas'd, win the day.
-crease: Sway thy scep-tre, sway thy scep-tre, Sa-viour all the world a-round.

A Daily Portion.

MAY 17.

'HEREIN IS MY FATHER GLORIFIED, THAT YE BEAR MUCH FRUIT.'—John xv. 8.

The more we grow in grace, the more glory we bring to God; God's glory is more worth than the salvation of all men's souls. This should be our design, to raise the trophies of God's glory; and how can we do it more than by growing in grace? Hereby is My Father glorified, if ye bring forth much fruit. Though the least drachm of grace will bring salvation to us, yet it will not bring so much glory to God: filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are to the praise of His glory. It commends the skill of the husbandman when his plants grow and thrive; it is a praise and honour to God when we thrive in grace.—*T. Watson.*

MAY 18.

'SHE LOVED MUCH.'—Luke vii. 47.

Many directions and means of begetting and increasing this love of Christ may be here offered, and they that delight in number may multiply them; but sure this one will comprehend the greatest and best part, if not all of them. Believe, and you shall love; believe much, and you shall love much; labour for strong and deep persuasions of the glorious things that are spoken of Christ, and this will command love. Certainly did men indeed believe His worth they would accordingly love Him; for the reasonable creature cannot but affect that most which it firmly believes to be worthy of affection. Oh, this mischievous unbelief is that which makes the heart cold and dead towards God. Seek, then, to believe Christ's excellency in Himself, and His love to us, and our interest in Him, and this will kindle such a fire in the heart as will make it ascend in a sacrifice of love to Him.—*Leighton.*

MAY 19.

'IN WHOM, THOUGH NOW YE SEE HIM NOT, YET BELIEVING, YE REJOICE WITH JOY UNSPEAKABLE.'—1 Peter i. 8.

No wonder, seeing the matter of it is inconceivable, it is an infinite good. God reconciled in Jesus Christ, and testifying and sealing His love unto the soul, and giving assured hope of that blessed vision of eternity; what more unspeakable than this? The best worldly joys are easily speakable; they may be expressed to the utmost; yea, usually more is spoken of them than they are indeed. Their name is beyond their worth; they are very seldom found upon experience equal to the opinion and expectation that men have of them. But this spiritual joy is above the report any can make of it, say what they can of it who are of happiest expression; yet when a man comes to know it in his own breast, he will say, as that queen said of Solomon's wisdom, the half was not told me of it.—*Leighton.*

MAY 20.

'WE PRAY YOU IN CHRIST'S ST RECONCILED TO GOD.'—2 C

This is the message of the go which the ministry aims at, and ministers ought to be suitors, r selves, but for Christ, to espouse and to bring in many hearts And certainly this is the most way to persuade to all other Chr this is to converse with Jesus therefore, where His love is, no ot will be needful; for love delight ence and converse of the party l are to persuade to duties of the the sum of those is love to c resulting from the love of C diffuseth such a sweetness into it is all love, and meekness, an and long-suffering.—*Leighton.*

MAY 21.

'ADD TO KNOWLEDGE TEMPE 2 Peter i. 6.

Religion bars not the lawful are taken in natural things, but moderate and regular use of th far the sweeter; for things law selves are in their excess sinful, bitterness in the end; and if, in requires the forsaking of lawful as of pleasure, or profits, or hon and for His glory, it is generou truly delightful to deny them fo than to enjoy them. Men have this way for the love of their cou a principle of moral virtue; but delight, or to suffer any hards highest end, the glory of God, strength of love to Him, is far m and truly pleasant.—*Leighton.*

MAY 22.

'THE GOSPEL OF YOUR SALVA Eph. i. 13.

Salvation expresses not only t negative, but implies likewise perfect happiness. Thus, forgive is put for the whole nature of frequently in Scripture. It is n say of this unspeakable happines not, than what it is. There is in final freedom from all annoyanc are wiped away, and their fount up; all feeling and fear, or dange least evil, either of sin or pun banished for ever; there are no enemies, no robbing or destroying holy mountain, no voice of compla streets of the New Jerusalem. H the best but interchanges of mor with sad evenings of weeping. there shall be no light, no need moon, for the glory of the Lord it, and the Lamb shall be the ligh *Leighton.*

I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES TO THE HILLS.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

THE one hundred and twenty-first psalm is one of the most soul-inspiring in the whole psalter. It is named 'a song of degrees,' *i.e.*, a song of ascents, leading from the lower up to the higher. Whether this was originally intended as a musical expression or as a description of the ascent to the sacred mount in Jerusalem, it happily describes the spiritual idea of the psalm. The key-note is in the first verse. 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills [or mountains] from whence cometh my help. My help is from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.' The grand idea is, that we must look higher if we would live higher. We must have help from heaven if we would reach heaven.

In things material and in things spiritual not one of us is created to entire independence. From infancy, when we depend on a mother's milk for nourishment, and childhood, when we depend on our teachers for instruction, clear through the activities of manhood, which require the aid of customers and clients in order to prosper, we cannot ever live a year in and by ourselves. Still more true is it that our moral life is one of weakness and of want. The important question is: *Where* shall we find the supplies for the soul's wants and the help for the soul's weakness? And the fatal mistake so often made is, that the soul does not look high enough to secure substantial help and to insure a complete victory. For example, we are exposed to perpetual temptations, which draw us toward sin, and thus tend to drag us downward. How are we to meet them?

We may employ arguments that are wholly of the earth, earthy. They have no motives that are not essentially selfish; they do not recognise anything higher than self-interest, or appeal to any supernatural power for aid. Here is a young man of ardent temperament, who is strongly tempted to sensual indulgence. He may say to himself, 'This will not pay for the risks. I will injure my health; I will stain the reputation of another; I may be discovered and disgraced.' Assuredly, the young Hebrew who was put to the strain of a tremendous temptation in the house of Potiphar, laid hold of vastly higher motives than these. He lifted his eyes to the hills, and made his appeal to God. 'How can I do this great wickedness,' he cries out, 'and sin against God?' That appeal lashed him, as it were, to the everlasting throne, and divine grace made him temptation-proof.

Here is the only safeguard under the pressure of assaults against conscience, or of powerful enticements to some sinful self-gratification. The young man who is too fond of the champagne-glass needs something more than the conviction that the bottle is endangering his health and his pocket in order to keep him abstinent. He must recognise *sin* as well as sorrow in the sting which the 'viper in the glass' inflicts, and seek his help from the Highest. That is no trustworthy honesty which spurns the enticement to fraud simply because detection may bring disgrace, because the man may persuade himself that in his circumstances detection is impossible. He is only safe when he looks up from these paltry motives—up high enough to *see* God. In these days, when the press teems with obituaries of lost characters, it ought to be known that the only principle which can hold a merchant, or a cashier, or an accountant is a Bible-conscience, which draws its strength from the everlasting hills of Right.

There are some of us who have known what it is to drink bitter draughts of affliction, and to have the four corners of our house smitten by a terrible sorrow. At such times, how hollow and worthless were many of the stereotyped prescriptions for comfort. 'Time must do its work' was one of them. As if time could bring back the dead or cruelly eradicate the beloved image from the memory. 'Travel' is another of these quack recommendations for a wounded spirit. Just as if God had ever made an Atlantic wide enough to carry us out of the reach of heart-breaking misery. Wretched comforters are they all. The suffering heart heeds not the voice of such charmers,

charm they ever so wisely. Never, never have I been able to gain one ray of genuine consolation until I lifted my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh the Almighty help. As soon as I have begun to taste of God's exceeding great and precious promises my strength began to revive. As soon as His everlasting arm got hold around me the burden grew lighter. Yea, it carried me and the load likewise. God opened to me paths of usefulness which were in the line of His service, and also of blessings to my fellow-men; and so help flowed down to me from the hills like the streams that make music from the precipices to one who climbs the Wenzern Alp.

This sublime passage from Psalm cxxi. throws its suggestive side-light on the question why many of my readers have never obtained a solid and satisfactory religious hope. You will admit in your honest hours that you are not what you ought to be, nor what you yet intend to be. You admit that you are sinners. You have no expectation of being lost to all eternity. Certain steps you have taken in past times, but they all left you as low down as you started. Both your motives and your methods were pitched too low. All attempts at self-salvation were as futile as would be the attempt to lift yourself by grasping hold of your own shoes. Even religious services failed to bring you any substantial change of heart and character, because you did not get your eye or thought above them. The best sermon ever preached is only a cup, after all. It may bring the water, but the cup itself cannot quench thirst.

What you need is to lift your eyes above your sinful, needy self, above your church-goings and other religious observances, above every one and everything, to the only mountain whence cometh your help. That mountain is Calvary. The crucified and now living Son of God is the object on which you must fix your eye. As a living man, you need a living Christ. You want not a system of doctrine, but a personal Saviour. You need some one not only to lay your hand upon, but one who can return the grasp of that hand. The lift must come from Him. The new life must come from Him. 'His blood cleanseth from all sin' is a mere abstract truth until you come up to that atoning blood for yourself. Submit to its cleansing, as Naaman submitted to be washed in Jordan. 'A living trust in Jesus has power unto salvation only because it is the means by which the saving power of God may come into your heart.' Faith is not a mere intellectual opinion. It is a heart transaction, by which you lay hold on Jesus, and Jesus saves. His sacrifice for sin avails for you, His strength becomes yours, His example teaches you how to live your own daily life, His Spirit comes to dwell within you, His armour protects you, and His service becomes the inspiration of your whole being. When you ascend into Christ, you reach a loftier, purer atmosphere. Security is gained up there as in a stronghold on a cliff. Six times over in this psalm the inspired penman tells us how the Lord is thy *keeper*, and how He shall preserve thy soul to all eternity. My friend, lift your eyes upward. Let your voice go up in fervent prayer to the everlasting hills. Put your feet firmly on the path that leads straight toward God. When you reach Him in this world, you have reached heaven in the next world.

HEDGING UP OUR WAYS.

In my boyhood I lived in the family of Dr C., a man of devoted piety. Twice a-day we were accustomed to bow together at the family altar. After the lapse of half-a-century I well remember a petition that was frequent in his prayers. It was, that God would hedge up our ways whenever we might be inclined to go in wrong ones. He would have God to stop us in those ways, and to turn us to such as should be wise and good.

Men greatly like to have their own ways. They prefer those of their own choosing. They don't like to be restrained in them, or to be turned from them into other ways. They would break through the hedge that is mercifully placed across their path. It is the language of their hearts: 'Let us break His bonds asunder, and cast away His cords from us.' And yet the prayer of Dr C. was a proper prayer. It is a prayer that all would do well often to offer. We are short-sighted creatures. None of us can see far ahead of us. And, naturally, we are inclined to go in unwise paths. Left to ourselves, we shall make mistakes, and serious mistakes, that will occasion us regret. So has it often been. On a review of our lives, we can see many a place in the road that we have travelled where it had been well for us had our way been hedged up, and our feet been turned to another course. We can see that had we been less headstrong, less bent on having our own way, it would have been far better for us. God sees the end of any path from its beginning, and He knows infinitely better than we do what paths will prove safe and good for us; and if one would be guided aright, one must seek and follow the leadings of His Spirit and providence. It is a precious promise of His Word: 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.'—*H. S.*

STRANGE DOCTRINE.

BY REV. JAMES H. BROOKES, D.D.

A MINISTER of the gospel left his home on a certain Monday morning, and was travelling by rail to a place where he was to preach in the evening. A middle-aged man of respectable appearance took a seat near him, and stated that he had spent the preceding day in the city, that he had attended the services conducted by the minister; 'and,' he added, 'I heard you preach strange doctrine.' 'It may have been strange to you, and yet it may have been true for all that,' said the servant of Christ. 'If I did not bring "Thus saith the Lord" for it, you ought not to believe it; if, however, I proved it by the Word of God, you reject it at your peril, however strange it may be in your judgment. But what is the doctrine?'

'I heard you say that a Christian ought to know he is saved.'

'First of all, let me ask if *you* are a Christian?'

'I can't answer that question. I have been a member of the Church for many years, and have tried to do right, but I am not good enough to say that I know I am saved; and it is my opinion that it is a great presumption in any man to say so before he dies.'

'Do you mean *after* he dies, or just before he dies?'

'Well, I suppose God gives grace for the dying hour, and that many when they actually come to die know they are going to heaven. At least they die happy; but I do not believe that any man in health, who knows that he sometimes does wrong, and that he is exposed every moment to temptations, has a right to say that he is already saved, or that he is certainly going to heaven.'

'Suppose I were to ask you where you are travelling, and you replied that you really did not know; that sometimes you imagined you were journeying to East, and at other times you fancied you were on the way to South, that sometimes you thought you were going East, and sometimes you felt you were going South, and all you could say about it was that you were hurrying on to an unknown destination—what would I think of you?'

'You would probably think I was insane,' the man answered with a smile.

'My friend,' said the minister, 'there may be a broken rail on this road only a mile distant from the spot where we now are, or there may be a rotten timber in the next bridge we are to cross, and in five minutes the train may be dashed to pieces, and you may be crushed; and yet while hastening forward to eternity at the rate of thirty miles an hour, you tell me you do not know where you are going!'

'But how can we know it?' he earnestly and almost petulantly inquired.

'How do the dying Christians you mentioned a little while ago know it? By ceasing from their own efforts, and by taking God at His word. They get to the end of trusting in their prayers, and their trying to be good, and going to church, and their experiences, and rest simply and only on the promises of a faithful Saviour to believing sinners. You call it dying grace, but it ought to be living grace; and were it not for the abominable legalism in which you are wrapped up, you would see that you have at this moment precisely the same ground of assurance you would have, if you were taken out, mangled and dying, from the wreck of a shattered train. You would have nothing then but the Word of God to give you comfort, and you have that now.'

'That is so,' said the man, thoughtfully, 'but I am a sinner.'

'The seventy were sinners to whom Jesus said, "Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven" (Luke x. 20). How did they know it? They knew it by the testimony of the Son of God. Paul calls himself the chief of sinners, and yet he could write by the Holy Ghost, "WE KNOW that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we HAVE a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. v. 1). How did he know it? By the Word of God. The "little children" whom the inspired Apostle John addressed were sinners; but he says, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life" (1 John v. 13). How did they know it? By what is written.'

The man saw before the interview closed that, although the doctrine was strange, it is plainly taught in the Bible; and that it is not only a source of comfort, but a source of strength, and the very mainspring of a consecrated life. He saw also that under the guise of humility he had been thoroughly self-righteous, depending, not upon the finished work of Christ for acceptance with God, but upon his joining the Church, and doing the best he could.

It would be strange doctrine indeed to preach a present and certain salvation to persons leading a careless, prayerless, and worldly life; for they are 'condemned already,' and although they may be 'members in good and regular standing' of the Church, the wrath of God abideth on them. But every one knows whether he expects to be saved as the reward of his own worthiness, or whether he believes that it is the blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin; and if he trusts the word of the Lord Jesus, it is no evidence of a lowly spirit to express doubt of his forgiveness

and salvation, and to be looking at his own heart for worthiness.

The late Dr Jacobus, the well-known and honoured professor in the Theological Seminary of Allegheny City, frequently spoke of a visit he made to Cæsar Malan in Geneva, who said to him, 'You Americans hang your heads like a bulrush, and do not rejoice in hope.' The Doctor replied, 'we believe in Christ's work and word, and in Christ Himself; but we distrust our own hearts.' 'Ah!' he said, 'it is quite the same. You do not rejoice in God.' On taking leave, the Doctor announced his purpose to visit Chamounix and Mont Blanc. 'I will give you a note,' Mr Malan remarked, 'to a gentleman there who will serve you on my account.' 'Thank you,' answered the Doctor, 'that is a great favour. I am very happy.' 'Ah!' said he, '*you are already very happy. Then you believe!*'

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Dr Moody Stuart* is doing a great service to the Church by his books, discussing the views of Reuss, Wellhausen, and their followers in this country in regard to the Old Testament. He has great acuteness, and he writes with calmness, with full acquaintness of the opinions of the new school of critics, and with a loving reverence for the Holy Scriptures as the Word of God. He is clearly a learned man in the best sense of the words, but he writes in a manner suitable to all readers. The scholar will be captivated by his mastery of the theme, and the ordinary reader by the interest and freshness that he contrives to throw around his discussions on Holy Scripture. Of the four productions he has already issued, while all are excellent, we specially admire those on 'The Fall of Babylon: its Prediction not Anonymous,' and on 'The Fifty-first Psalm.' It is hard to see how his reasoning, bringing out the baselessness of the theory that the latter part of Isaiah, alike so brilliant in its style and so precious in its matter, was the work of an unknown writer long after the prophet's time, can be met.

'Israel's Lawgiver' is equal in value to its predecessors. It fully sustains its thesis, 'His narrative true and his laws genuine.' It is peculiarly successful in showing the imaginative character of the theory that sacrifices were an institution first heard of late in the history of Israel. He happily shows that the Scriptures have really no meaning if they do not teach that the Church in all ages has been accepted of God only through sacrifice. Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, presents a truth which was as indispensable for Abel as for the disciples of the Baptist.

'The Life of Luther'† is a presentation in a single volume, by Professor Koestlin, of Halle-Wittemberg, of the biographical matter contained in his larger work, 'Martin Luther and his Writings.' Professor Koestlin's aim is to adapt himself to the 'wide circle which we call that of educated German readers.' His book, however, is not a mere abridgment. It is really a large, independent work, entering fully into his theme, for it extends to 615 closely-printed pages, and is by far the best life of Luther that we have yet seen. Its fifty-nine wood engravings are of scarcely less interest than its text. They are mostly taken from pictures of the period, and have the realistic character that so marked the great painters that took the side of the Reformation, and lovingly depicted its heroes. There are no less than ten portraits of Luther, taken at different periods of his life, and all of them are interesting; and there are specimens of his handwriting, and of the quaint title-pages of some of his early works. On page 223 we have given his chapter on Luther's domestic and personal history in his later years as a sample of the deeply interesting matter the volume contains. We trust that ere long some enterprising publisher will present the whole volume, engravings as well as text, to the English reader in a translated form. If well translated, the book is sure to be a success.

Next year will be the fourth centenary of Luther's birth, and Germany is already making preparations for a worthy commemoration of the Reformer's memory. The Emperor himself has taken steps to bring out a collected edition of the Reformer's works, under the editorship of H. Knaake. No one who knows anything about what Germany owes to Luther, will marvel that his name should yet be revered by his countrymen. To a very large extent its literature received its special characteristics from the impress he gave it, and there can be no doubt that the unification that the Protestant States have succeeded in arriving at in our own time, and which has been such a blessing to Germany, has really been one of the results of the work begun by Luther. But Luther was a man for all time. His intellect was of the highest order, and, beyond all men of his age, he had the power of uttering thoughts that breathe and words that burn. In the twenty-nine years of his active life, after he had put up the ninety-five theses on the door of the castle church in Wittemberg, he poured forth pamphlets, letters, commentaries, treatises, and hymns, with a fertility and with a constancy that seems almost in-

* Israel's Lawgiver: His Narrative True and His Laws Genuine. By A. Moody Stuart, D.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 192. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1882.

† Luther's Leben — Luther's Life. By Julius Koestlin. With Authentic Illustrations. Fifty-nine Engravings in the Text and Six Supplementary Illustrations. Crown 8vo, pp. xvi, 615. Leipzig: Fues's Verlag. 1882.

were not his works still extant in at
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i it is said to be far from complete.
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as open to all visitors, and yet his
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n the harp, or to burst out in song.
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ıd tyrannies of the Romish See as
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:s theme is one that will never become
ninteresting so long as the Church
on earth.

Bible Educator'† has, since its first publication two or three years ago, taken its place among the best of our popular introductions to the study of Holy Scripture. It successfully brings together within its four volumes a highly readable account of the immense additions that have been made to our knowledge of the Bible in modern times. This first part is the first of a re-issue, to be completed in twenty-four parts. It contains papers on the Pentateuch, by the Dean of Canterbury, Dr Payne Smith; on the plants of the Bible, by Mr Carruthers of the British Museum; the history of the English Bible, by Dr Moulton; the animals of the Bible, by Mr Houghton; the music of the Bible, by Dr Stainer; illustrations of Holy Scripture from coins, medals, and inscriptions, by Canon Rawlinson, &c. Like all the many serial works of its publishers, it is copiously and beautifully illustrated; and, as a whole, it is one of the most useful and most attractive works illustrating the Bible that can be put into the hands of Sabbath-school teachers, or even still more advanced students.

* ds and Methods of Admission to Sealing s. By Rev. D. D. Bannerman, M.A. Post L. Edinburgh: A. Elliot. 1882.

† ible Educator. Edited by the Very Rev. mptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. Royal 8vo. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

THE prayer-meeting is an outgrowth of the principle that *it is better to set ten men to work than to do ten men's work;* better, because ten times as many have the joy and rewards of Christian labour; better, especially because growth of soul as well as of body requires exercise, and one man cannot take the exercise of either sort for ten. Men might as well expect to develop their bodies by hiring an athlete to walk or row for them, as to expect to develop spiritually by hiring a minister to do all their spiritual exercises of public prayer and testimony. Hence that minister makes most of the prayer-meeting who does least in it himself.

A second foundation-stone of the prayer-meeting is the special promise given to those who *unite in prayer*—'Where two of you agree,' &c. The Bible is full of intimations of the value of public united prayer, such as brought Peter out of prison and Pentecost down from heaven. Here, again, it is true that it is better for me to get ten persons to pray than to pray ten times as much myself. It is very important that Christians should become accustomed to pray aloud. What a reproach that a dying man often calls on a Christian to pray for him, and the latter has so neglected this dreaded duty at his own family altar and in the prayer-meeting that he cannot grant the dying man's request! All persons—those who are to become ministers as well as the laity—at first dread to pray aloud. And because those who do pray conquer dread by duty, a reward of strength and joy usually follows such an act of loyalty to conscience. Such strength and blessing are missed by those who do not or cannot lead in prayer.—*W. F. Crafts.*

A Portion for the Aged.

SPIRITUAL MEDITATION.

BY REV. WILLIAM LAMSON, D.D.

'While I was musing the fire burned.'—PSALM xxxix. 3.

ONE of the most common complaints heard by one who presses the claim of personal religion is this: 'I do not feel, I cannot feel. I admit all you say, but I do not feel it.' Is not the experience of the Psalmist as above expressed a good reply to this complaint? True it is. I cannot directly command my emotions, I cannot love or hate, be sorry or glad, by willing to be so. But there is a connection between thought and emotion. I can control my thoughts, I can direct them to one object or to another as I choose, and continued thought does move the feelings. Familiar illustrations of this law may be adduced. Suppose I have received a real, flagrant injury; my first feeling of resentment may be decided, but not strong. But let days pass in which I am perpetually revolving it in my mind, dwelling on all the aggravating circumstances, going over them again and again, and how will the injury become magnified, and my indignation increase till it becomes intense and cries out for revenge. Or, let an act of generosity or kindness be done to me; the first response of my heart may be a slight feeling of gratitude, real but not strong. But let the act be recalled, dwelt upon, and all the kindness of the benefacter thought of, and will not the review increase my thankfulness till my heart overflows?

A mother has a sailor-boy far away from home. She loves him. But there are whole days in which that love lies dormant in her breast. But in some evening hour, as she sits alone and the storm howls without, her thoughts go out after her sailor-boy, and he is brought vividly before the eye of her mind, and her emotions kindle, and as she muses the fire of maternal love burns till tears flow and she is overwhelmed. While she muses the fire burns. It is a law of her nature. The same law obtains in the realm of spiritual things. It is not strange that one whose thoughts seldom or never dwell on his relations to God and on the facts of Christianity should have little or no emotion. But let him take some text of Scripture revealing the great love of God, as for instance this, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son,' and let him persistently think of it, remembering all that was included in that amazing gift, the humiliation in dying and suffering to which that Son was subjected, and linger over each incident till it is distinctly realised, and will there be no emotion kindled? Will not such musing cause the fire to burn? If, then, I cannot immediately command my

ns, am I therefore excused
eeling? Can I plead an in-
e heart as an excuse? I
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what shall occupy them,
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for more spiritual musing,
re religious meditation! It
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its of some gifted writer.
ilege it is to feel the excite-
nd glow of a fervent prayer-
g. But the effect may leave
he meeting closes. But let
liberately choose to spend a
y hour in silent meditation,
ie results will probably be
more salutary and more permanent. 'I *thought* on my ways,' says David, 'and turned my feet into Thy testimonies.' We live in an age of intense action. The great gathering, the eloquent preacher, and the rapturous singing are sought, but how little religious thinking there is among us.

Try the experiment, my reader. Do as David did, think on your ways, muse on spiritual things, and see if the fire does not burn.

Is prayer cold, emotionless? The fact may be it is unthinking prayer—the mere utterance of accustomed phrases. It is good before kneeling in prayer to *think*, 'While I was musing the fire burned.'

'A LONG ETERNITY.'

he Memoir of the late Moses
allock of Plainfield, Mass.,
ccurs the following record:
815, he buried his venerated
erished father, at the age of
five, who for sixty years
a life of humble godliness,
; "one word," received from
ier, which he wished to be
itted to the latest genera-
"REMEMBER, THERE IS A
TERNITY."' Such a legacy,
panied with fervent, believ-
yer, may prove of infinitely
alue than thousands of gold
ver. Let a person seriously
on these brief words, '*a*
ernity,' and he cannot well
indifferent to its vast con-
The questions will be likely
in his mind, 'Where shall
d that eternity? Where
shall I be during all those endless years? Will it be in heaven or hell? Will it be in a world of joy, or of woe?' It will not be easy for him to be quiet, till he can feel assured that his peace is made with God, and that he is prepared to enter upon the world that is unseen and eternal.

Try it, dear reader. When you rise up in the morning, think of eternity. Amidst the scenes of the day, dwell on the mighty theme. And when you lie down at night, still give it serious thought. Do this for a few days or weeks, and it will be strange indeed if you are not awakened from your carelessness, and aroused to fly for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before you in the Gospel.

S.

Intelligence.

CANDIDATES FOR FOREIGN MISSION SERVICE.—No less than twenty-nine candidates, from the theological seminaries of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, have applied to be sent as labourers to the Foreign Mission during the coming summer and autumn. The *Free Church Monthly*, for last month, reports that the Free Church Foreign Mission Committee had received offers of service in the Foreign Mission field from ten fourth-year students. All the ten students are reported to be full of promise. A similar willingness on the part of the students in the Glasgow and Aberdeen Colleges also exists.

THE COLOURED FREEDMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.—'A very sensible coloured brother,' says the *Philadelphia Presbyterian Monthly Record* for last month, who is preaching to his own race in the South, and who knows the field well, writes:—'The American Churches have just such a field of usefulness among the coloured people of the Southern States. Not only is the door wide open, but they are desirous to have properly-qualified ministers to instruct them in the things which pertain to truth and righteousness. As the schooner *Sarah Fisher*, which had just come up the river, made fast to the docks at Newbern, North Carolina, not long since, it was discovered that her captain, mate, and crew were all coloured men. She was the first vessel that ever ascended the Neuse manned entirely by a coloured crew. It was a novel sight to the people of Newbern. Why may not coloured men command vessels and navigate the seas? Give them the education and training which our country honestly owes them, and they will soon fill useful stations in all the departments of life. There are in the public schools for coloured children, in the State of South Carolina, 72,119 pupils, with 1223 coloured teachers. There are in this State of North Carolina a little over 2000 in the parochial schools under our committee, with 29 teachers. There are over 100 newspapers edited and published by coloured men in our country. The *Africo-American Presbyterian*, edited and published by Rev. D. J. Sanders, one of our coloured missionaries at Wilmington, North Carolina, would afford good reading for any of our white brethren.'

SCHOOL-GIRLS' PRAYER-MEETING IN TRIPOLI, SYRIA.—Miss Fannie Cundall writes from Tripoli, Syria:—Sabbath afternoon I had charge of the girls' meeting. It was a warm, sultry day, and as I was still feeling weak, I felt utterly unfit to teach or help the girls. No subject came to my mind for them, and I really felt quite anxious about it. So I went and told Jesus all my weakness, and asked Him to help me. At once I remembered that Miss La Grange had taken the *tongue* for her subject the previous Sabbath, and I thought now it will be well to follow it up with the *heart*. So I searched the Word, and found abundant and beautiful texts; then met my girls with a quiet heart. They looked for the verses with interest, and listened attentively to all that the Spirit prompted me to say. Then I turned to one and asked her to lead us in prayer. I noticed that she started as if much surprised, and I saw an expression on several faces that told better than words that it was a 'cross.' So, taking advantage of that opportunity, I told them that I did not want them to feel as if it was a task to offer prayer; that we did not pray to gain each other's praise, but to express our gratitude to God for His gifts to us, especially the unspeakable gift of His Son, and to ask Him to make us true and pure and good. Then I said, 'If you were to see Jesus in this room, if you were to meet Him as did Mary Magdalene, you would not hesitate a moment, but, forgetful of everything else, you would kneel at His dear feet, tell Him your gratitude and love, and ask Him to bless you, or some of your dear ones.' Then I added, 'It is not possible for us now to see Christ in His human form, but His Spirit is here to-day; let us draw very near and take the blessing.' Then we knelt, and every one of the dear girls poured forth her heart in prayer; some with faltering voice and trembling lips, but all so earnestly; and when we rose from our knees there was a holy quiet all about us, and from each other's faces we knew that we had been with Jesus, and that His peace was in our hearts.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND. — The Quarterly Statement for April of this Society is of more than the usual interest. It contains an account of Captain Conder's recent discoveries on the east of the Jordan. This account is of much Biblical importance, and very distinctly illustrates the truthfulness of the Scriptural narrative in Numbers xxi.–xxiv. Whatever be the opinions that the critics of the school of Reuss and Wellhausen have formed out of their own so-called intuitions, it is plain that Numbers xxi.–xxiv. was written by one who is describing what he himself had seen. Captain Conder gives a very interesting account of the rude stone monuments in the land of Moab, especially at Hesbân. These monuments include structures of seven different kinds—viz., 1. Dolmens, or cromlechs; 2. Menhirs, or standing stones; 3. Cubical stones in circles, or standing alone; 4. Circles of rude stones piled in a heap; 5. Rude pillars; 6. Cairns; 7. Disk stones. The dolmens are by far the most numerous. Captain Conder speaks of 600 to 700 as already known. He has found among the numerous stone circles, dolmens, and menhirs, already known to exist in Moab, four undoubted great centres round which the monuments are disposed. They are Mushtbtyeh, at El Mareighet; and at Minyeh, south of Hesbân; and in the Ghor,

frein. The first of these Captain identifies with Ramoth Baal, the ith Baal Peor, the third with 'top Peor, which looketh towards Jeshi- the fourth with the 'sanctuary of r,' in the Jordan valley, where the worshipped while in Shittim. The he district, drawn by the surveyors, aptain Conder to study the country with its conformations for the first rately laid down; the collection of ows him how such memories, as one pect, still haunt the spot. The monu- hich still stand as they stood in the Balak, illustrate the religion of the hom the Israelites were to dispossess; this knowledge to help him, he has on Pisgah, and seen, like Balaam, art of the Israelite encampments; moth Baal, and also seen only a part; n Baal Peor, and seen how Balaam ve seen them all—'Israel abiding in according to their tribes.' He has overed many ancient rock-cut tombs, bly those of the ancient Ammonites, r in character than those commonly Palestine. He has discovered at Emir, the great palace of Hyrcanus, od of conveying the immense stones f them 20 feet long and 10 feet high he quarry to their destination. Cap- der's account of this discovery says a l for his ingenuity. On the western as explored the wonderfully irregular f Siloam, and discovered the place e workmen met, and he has obtained d made a reading of the now famous an inscription, which is supposed to o the time of Hezekiah. From his it is plain there was scamped work s done 2660 years ago, just as there own time. An account also is given ly-discovered Christian church near m. The committee of the Palestine ion Fund requires the sum of £3500 nd this expenditure will be needed our years the survey is expected to he subscriptions and donations for unted to only £2500. The committee, , most earnestly call upon their o make this work known and to enlist athies of others. What the committee ady done more than justifies the ure asked for.

N CITY MISSION.—A social gathering riends of the London City Mission e, March 30, in the Mansion House. d Mayor said that the presence of ssembly in the Mansion House was an honour to him as the meeting of r company there during his year of he thanks of the community were e missionaries who carried the civilis- ences of Christianity into the most homes in London. Mr C. M. Sawell, ecretary, stated that the essential of the mission-work was house-to- room-to-room visitation of the poor, which meant personal ministry to the great masses of the people. The mission was distinctively one for the benefit of the poorest of the London poor. During the past year the total number of missionaries employed was 447, and of visits paid, 3,143,801, of which 277,888 were to the sick and dying. Over 17,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scripture, and more than 4,000,000 of tracts were given away. Nearly 40,000 in-door meetings and 5775 out-door services were held. Among the results, within the year, were 2188 new communicants received, 364 restored to church communion, 725 families induced to commence family prayer, 2508 drunkards reclaimed, 500 fallen women placed in homes, 177 shops closed on the Lord's-day, 3563 children sent to schools, and 5746 persons induced to attend public worship.

CHRISTIAN CONVERTS FROM MUHAMMEDANISM.—'No Muhammedan is ever converted,' it is said again and again by the enemies of the Christian faith. Yet at Peshawur a church of ninety members, composed wholly of Moslems, may be shown, with a converted Muhammedan as their pastor.

ANCIENT TABLETS FROM SEPHARVAIM.—Nine cases, representing a portion of the results of the researches just on the eve of being resumed by M. Hormund Rassam, who left this country, March 6, for Alexandretta and Babylon, have reached London. The tablets contained in the cases are for the most part small, and, either whole or in a fragmentary condition, are estimated to reach about 5000 in number. The texts on the tablets are large beyond precedent, as compared with the size of the vehicle on which they are inscribed. So far as investigated, they consist chiefly of trade documents, and largely of contracts for the supply of corn and other agricultural products. They are dated in the reigns of Samas-sum-ukin and Kandalanu, the Chinladanus of the Greeks, who were cotemporary with the latter half of the reign of Assur-banipal, or Sardanapalus of Assyria, about B.C. 646. The tablets are from Ahoo-habba, the site of the ancient Sippara, the Sepharvaim of the Old Testament, which is mentioned by Sennacherib in his letter to Hezekiah as a city whose king had been unable to resist the Assyrians. Sippara, or Pantibiblon, as the Greeks called it, is mentioned by Berosus as having furnished five out of the ten Chaldaean kings of the time before the Flood, and as the place where Xisuthrus, or Noah, buried the records of the antediluvian world at the time of the Deluge, and from which his posterity afterwards recovered them. The Hebrew term Sepharvaim, which is the verbal equivalent of the 'two Sipparas,' is applied to the twin cities, one of which was situated on each side of the river. The Sippara from which the tablets just arrived in London have been procured is the Sippara of Samas, Tsipar sha Shamas, or Sippara of the Sun-god, as being the place where pre-eminently the sun was

the object of worship. The other Sippara, or Sippara of Annuit, is as yet unknown to modern investigators.

IRISH MISSION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN IRELAND.—The Presbyterian Church in Ireland comprises 626 ministers and 580 congregations. Only one of these ministers speak Irish, but twenty of them are in Roman Catholic districts where the Irish language is spoken. In these districts about 20 Irish-speaking colporteurs labour under the superintendence of the ministers. There are about 50 other Irish-speaking colporteurs, agents of the Bible and Colportage Society, similarly employed. The chief book they circulate is the Douay version of the New Testament, but without notes. Previous to the granting of Catholic Emancipation in 1829, it had been stated in the Houses of Parliament that the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland circulated no Bible except one containing persecuting notes. Roused by this statement, O'Connell and Dr Troy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, issued an edition of the Douay New Testament without notes. Dr Troy prefixed his approbation to the book, and had it stereotyped. After Catholic Emancipation had been secured, the plates fell aside as useless. But they found their way into the hands of Protestant publishers in Dublin. It is from these plates that this edition has been printed, and many thousands of it have been circulated throughout Ireland. The colporteurs sell them, and, except in the rarest instances, they do not give them free. Any one who desires two copies of this Douay Testament may have them by sending a shilling postal order to Mr Samuel Forsythe, 52 Eccles Street, Dublin. The Rev. Hamilton Magee, Dublin, is the superintendent of the Mission Press. He has issued an octavo pamphlet of 32 octavo pages, entitled, 'Our Principles and Agencies,' in which he effectively points out the lines in which the Mission seeks to run. He selects three principles as underlying every branch of the Mission work.

First, In dealing with Roman Catholics on the great subject of salvation, we proceed rather from the points in which we agree than from those in which we disagree. In the system of doctrine formulated by the Church of Rome there are two distinct elements—the Evangelical and the Papal. Both are found in the creed of Pope Pius IV., A.D. 1564. The first twelve articles of this creed consist of the Nicene, or more properly the Constantinopolitan Creed, A.D. 381, a summary of doctrine accepted by all our evangelical churches. The doctrines contained in this creed are familiar to the bulk of Irishmen. The great words—God, Christ, Sin, Atonement, Salvation, Judgment, Hell, Heaven—are common property between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and in the main express to both common ideas. Here lies the great secret of successful missionary work in Ireland—the recognition and turning to the best account this mutually accepted truth. The second twelve articles of Pope Pius IV.—and to these have been added in 1854 the Immaculate Conception, and in 1870 Papal Infallibility—express the unscriptural teaching of Rome. Romanism aims at binding together these two contrary systems of doctrine. Through the affinity of the human heart for error, the great bulk of those who constitute the membership of the Church of Rome cleave to the Papal doctrine, and virtually reject the Evangelical. But in many an individual conscience there may be going on—as in Luther before his conversion—a life-and-death struggle between these two conflicting elements of a really irreconcileable creed. The Spirit of God can make a little truth go a great way; and it may be that even amidst the darkness of Romanism a greater number than we might deem probable accept with a true though tremulous faith the Evangelical element in their creed. Hence the Irish Presbyterian Mission prefers approaching Roman Catholics from the side of truth rather than from that of error.

Second, We set before us as our great aim, not so much the bringing out of converts from the Church of Rome, as the bringing of sinners to Christ.

Third, We seek to regard Roman Catholics as victims, rather than as abettors of the system that enslaves them. Practically, the Church of Rome agrees with us (1) as to the fact that we *need* salvation, and (2) as to the fact that Christ has *purchased* it for us. It is when we come to the way in which this salvation is to be *applied* that the main difference arises. The position of Protestantism is, that we get it (1) from God, (2) freely, and (3) through simple and exclusive trust in Jesus. Here comes the tyranny of Rome. It virtually sets 'the priest' in God's room. The sinner must come to him for salvation, and submit to His teaching, and virtually surrender the right to listen to God's own voice in His word, the right to accept salvation as a free gift, the right to deal for this salvation with God Himself and with His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

The appendix to Mr Magee's pamphlet contains a list of upwards of twenty different papers and lectures that have been specially prepared for the purposes of the mission. A penny magazine, *The Key of Truth*, is issued monthly.

A deputation has been visiting Scotland during the past month, pleading for contributions to assist in carrying on and extending the work of the mission.

SOLD TO SATAN.

IN the family of Luther was a young woman by the name of Elizabeth, who, in consequence of some slight provocation, suddenly left the house, giving no notice of her intentions. She afterwards led a wicked life, and became

dangerously sick. In her sickness she sent for Luther to visit her. He came, and, taking his seat by her bedside, said—

'Well, Elizabeth, what is your wish?'

'I wish to ask forgiveness,' she replied, 'for having left your family so suddenly. But I have something else that lies heavily on my heart. I have given my soul to Satan.'

'So!' said Luther, 'that's no great crime. What more?'

'I have done many wicked things,' she continued, 'but what troubles me most is, that I have sold my soul to Satan. O, tell me, can I expect to be forgiven for such a crime?'

'Elizabeth, listen to me,' said Luther. 'Supposing you were still in my family, and had sold all my children to some stranger, and delivered them to him, would such a sale and delivery be lawful and binding?'

'No,' said the weeping young woman, 'for I should have no right to do such a thing.'

'Well, you had even less right to deliver your own soul to the arch enemy. It no more belongs to you than my children belong to you. It is the property of the Lord Jesus Christ. He created it. When it was lost He redeemed it. It is His, with all its faculties and powers; and you can neither sell nor give away that which does not belong to you. If you have tried to do it, the bargain was null and void. Go, then, to the Lord Jesus. With a sincere and broken heart confess your sins to Him, and entreat Him to forgive you, and to take back that which belongs to Him. And as to the sin of trying to give away His rightful property, throw that back upon Satan; for that, and that only, belongs to him.'

The young woman followed his advice, became truly converted, and died full of faith and hope.

THE ONE WAY.—The one way into His kingdom is by repentance and faith; we must turn from sin unto God, and believe His gracious words spoken by and concerning His Son.

Spring Rain.

Fall, gentle rain,
Thou dost not fall in vain;
Already may be seen
The tiny shoots of green
Peeping forth.

Fall, gentle rain,
On weeds as well as grain;
So do showers of love,
Proceeding from above,
Freely fall.

Hearts contain seeds
That grow tangled weeds,
As well as germs of life,
With wondrous beauties rife
Springing up.

Oh, Holy Ghost,
Send gentle rays and dew,
And warm to life such seeds
As crowd the noisome weeds
Quickly out.

L. B. N.

CHRISTIAN DUTIES.—If you come to us and say you are a praying man, we answer we are glad; but we would like to ask your wife and children what your praying is doing for you. If you say you daily read the Bible, that is right; but let us ask your partner in business how much of its teaching you practise. If you say you are a member of the church, we are glad of that, if you are a worthy member; if not, we are sorry for the church. But let us go on to the street to see whether the people you daily meet think you ought to be a church-member. So it comes to pass that a bundle of Christian duties may be dry and useless, or they may be the evidence of a sincere Christian life. Whether a man is a Christian or not depends entirely upon the principles which govern his daily life and the harvest the world is gathering from that life.

A Daily Portion.

MAY 23.

'MY SOUL SHALL MAKE HER BOAST IN THE LORD.'—Ps. xxxiv. 2.

Earthly joys are inglorious, many of which men are ashamed of; and those that seem most plausible, yet are below the excellency of the soul, and cannot fill it. But the joys that arise from union with Christ, as they are most avowable, a man needs not blush to own them, so they are truly contenting and satisfying, and that is their glory, and the cause why we may glory in them.—*Leighton.*

MAY 24.

'BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN: FOR THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED.'—Matt. v. 4.

Spiritual grief, that seems most opposite to this spiritual joy, excludeth it not; for there is a secret delight and sweetness in the tears of repentance, a balm in them that refreshes the soul, and even their saddest kind of mourning—viz., the dark times of desertion—hath this in it, that is some way sweet, that those mournings after their Beloved, who absents Himself, are a mark of their love to Him, and a true evidence of it; and then all those spiritual sorrows, of what nature soever, are turned into spiritual joy; that is the proper end of them; they have a natural tendency that way.—*Leighton.*

MAY 25.

'HER WAYS ARE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS, AND ALL HER PATHS ARE PEACE.'—Prov. iii. 17.

The delights and pleasures of sin religion indeed banishes, but it is to change them for this joy that is unspeakably beyond them; it calls men from sordid and base delights to

those that are pure delights indeed; it calls to men, Drink ye no longer of the puddle, here are the crystal streams of a living fountain. There is a delight in the very despising of impure delights; as he said, How pleasant is it to want these pleasures? But for such a change, to have in their stead such delights, as in comparison the other deserve not that name; to have such spiritual joy as shall end in eternal joy, it is a wonder we hasten not all to choose this joy, but it is indeed because we believe it not.—*Leighton.*

MAY 26.

'I AM FILLED WITH COMFORT, I AM EXCEEDING JOYFUL IN ALL OUR TRIBULATION.'—2 Cor. vii. 4.

It is true the godly are subject to great distresses and afflictions; but their joy is not extinguished by those, no, nor diminished neither, but often sensibly increased. When they have least of the world's joy, they abound most in spiritual consolations, and then relish them best. They find them sweetest when their taste is not depraved with earthly enjoyments. We rejoice in tribulation, says Paul; and here our Apostle insists on that, to verify the substance of this joy in the midst of the greatest afflictions.—*Leighton.*

MAY 27.

'OPEN THOU MINE EYES, THAT I MAY BEHOLD WONDROUS THINGS OUT OF THY LAW.'—Ps. cxix. 18.

This is the very life of divine faith, touching the mysteries of salvation, firmly to believe their revelation by the Spirit of God. This the word itself testifies, as we see, and it is really manifest in it; it carries the lively stamp of divine inspiration, but there must be a spiritual eye to discern it. He that is blind knows not that the sun shines at noon, but by the report of others; but they that see are assured they see it, and assured by no other thing but by its own light. To ask one that is a true believer, How know you the Scriptures to be divine? is the same as to ask him, How know you light to be light.—*Leighton.*

MAY 28.

'GOD WHO COMMANDED THE LIGHT TO SHINE OUT OF DARKNESS, HATH SHINED IN OUR HEARTS, TO GIVE THE LIGHT OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST.'—2 Cor. iv. 6.

The soul is nothing but darkness and blindness within, till that same Spirit that shines without in the Word, shine likewise within it, and effectually make it light; but that once done, then is the Word read with some measure of the same spirit by which it was written, and the soul is ascertained that it is divine, as in bodily sight there must be a meeting of inward light—viz., the visual spirits with the outward object. The Spirit of God within brings evidence with it, and makes itself discernible in the Word; this all arguments, all books and study, cannot attain unto. It is given to believe.—*Leighton.*

MAY 29.

'RECEIVING THE END OF YOUR FAITH, EVEN THE SALVATION OF YOUR SOULS.'—1 Peter i. 9.

Happy are they that have their eye fixed upon this salvation, and are longing and waiting for it, that see so much of that brightness and glory as darkens all the lustre of earthly things to them, and makes them trample upon those things which formerly they admired and doated on with the rest of the foolish world. Those things we account so much of are but as rotten wood or glow-worms that shine only in the night of our ignorance and vanity. So soon as the light beam of this salvations enters into the soul, it cannot much esteem or affect anything below it; and if those glances of it that shine in the Word and in the soul of a Christian be so bright and powerful, what, then, shall the full sight and real possession of it be?—*Leighton.*

MAY 30.

'OF WHICH SALVATION THE PROPHETS ENQUIRED AND SEARCHED DILIGENTLY.'—1 Peter i. 10.

The prophets inquired and prophesied of this salvation. How? By searching out and foretelling the sufferings and glory of Christ. His sufferings then and His after glories are our salvation. His sufferings are the purchase of our salvation, and His glories are our assurance of it; He as our Head, having triumphed, and being crowned, makes us likewise sure of victory and triumph. His having entered on the possession of glory, makes our hope certain. This is His prayer, 'That where He is, there we may be also,' and this His own assertion, 'The glory which Thou gavest Me, I have given them'; this is His promise, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'—*Leighton.*

MAY 31.

'YOUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.'—Col. iii. 3.

Christ and the believer are one; this is that great mystery the Apostle speaks of. Though it is a common known truth, the words and outside of it obvious to all, yet none can understand it but they that indeed partake of it. By virtue of this union their sins were accounted His, and Christ's sufferings are accounted theirs; and, by consequence, His glories, the consequent of His sufferings, are likewise theirs. There is an indissoluble connection betwixt the life of Christ and of a believer; our life is hid with Christ in God; and, therefore, while we remain there, our life is there, though hid, and when He who is our life shall appear, we likewise shall appear with Him in glory.—*Leighton.*

Summer.

"Eye never looked upon a scene more fair,
Save in a dream, or in the Golden Age;
The mountain tops as on an embassage
To Heaven appear (like priests who may repair
Unblamed to the high altar) in the air
At home, the empyrean air! The trees
In leafy stoles, wooing in vain the breeze
That sleeps, stand breathless as a soul at prayer.
The lake too sleeps from shore to island knoll,
Where all these beauties clear redoubled lie;
Yea, Heaven and earth are blended into one,
For deep within the water rests the sky!
Gazing on such a scene o'erwhelms the soul;
It thinks, and must be sad; this sin hath done."

THE CRITICAL CONFLICT.

BY REV. WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, D.D., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF ORIENTAL AND OLD TESTAMENT LITERATURE, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

ALL the signs of the times indicate that the whole of English-speaking Christendom is upon the eve of an agitation upon the vital and fundamental question of the inspiration and infallibility of the Bible such as it has never known before. The divinity and authority of the Scriptures have heretofore been defended against the outside world of unbelievers—against pagans, infidels, and sceptics; but the question is now raised, and the supreme authority of the Scriptures contested, within the Church itself. In the controversies which have agitated the Churches of Great Britain and of this country heretofore, the infallible authority of Scripture has been admitted as the ultimate test of doctrine by all contending parties. All made their appeal to this standard. The settlement of every question depended upon its interpretation, or upon inferences fairly deducible from it. But now the standard is itself brought into question. Utterances which fill the air on every side, and are borne to us from ever quarter—from professors' chairs, from pulpits, from the religious press; not to speak of what is incidentally woven into general literature and promiscuous conversation—show abundantly that the burning question of the age is not, What does the Bible teach? It is one yet more radical and fundamental: What is the Bible? In what sense is it the word of God? Is it a revelation from Him, and divinely authoritative? Or, is it to be left to the interpreter to say what in it is from God and worthy of our faith, and what is the fallible human element that may be rejected. This question is approached from all sides, and the most diverse and conflicting answers have been given.

It is not a new thing for the Church to have contests without and within. Our Lord Himself said, 'I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword.' The intrusion of a new principle leads, of necessity, to antagonisms; and the strife is not always nor wholly an unmixed evil. It is through struggle and contest that the truth has won its way, and that godliness is purified and strengthened. Nothing is more fatal to true progress than stagnation and quiet indifference. It is something to have attention roused, and interest excited, and important subjects narrowly inspected from different sides. Discussion results in clearer apprehensions, juster views, and a more thorough appreciation of all the elements entering into the decision of vexed questions than could otherwise be attained.

According to the sacred record, one providential reason why the Canaanites were not at once destroyed was to teach Israel war. By the conflicts which they were obliged to maintain from generation to generation Israel was prevented from falling into the supineness, effeminacy, and weakness resulting from too great ease and tranquility. The need of vigilance, of self-defence and daring deeds, compelled them to develop manly and heroic qualities. Our Saviour said to His disciples, 'When you hear of wars and rumours of wars, be ye not troubled; for such things must needs be.' The outward oppressions to which the Church has been subjected, and her inward dissensions and conflicts, disastrous as these sometimes appear upon the surface, have nevertheless invariably been overruled for good. It is in consequence of the vigour with which she has been assailed on every side that the defences of Zion have been made so strong. The skilful and ingenious advocacy of erroneous views has forced the friends of truth to clearer thinking, to more accurate definitions and more correct statements of the doctrines of religion. The adversary who uncovers a weak point in the reasonings or in the formulated statements of orthodox men, really renders them a valuable service by directing attention to what is faulty in position or construction, and compelling its correction.

Truth is many-sided and large; and it is by no means easy to frame exhaustive state-

ments which shall be precisely co-incident with the reality at every point; which shall embrace all the facts, and nothing but what is fact. It is only by a series of gradual approximations that absolutely correct solutions are found of complicated questions. And so long as any element of truth has been overlooked, or has not been assigned its due place in the system, so long will unguarded points be left open to attack, which an adversary will be sure to find out.

This has been the function of heresies and religious controversies from the beginning until now. The Church has come out of each great conflict with a more clearly defined creed, and a better apprehension of the truth that has been brought in question. And this has thenceforth been a substantial acquisition. The creed of evangelical Christendom of the present day is made up of articles, which have been brought to their present accuracy and clearness by just this process. From every period of Egyptian oppression the Church comes forth laden with rich substance. The weapons that have been employed against her are converted to her use, and the intellectual wealth and resources developed by her adversaries become her own legitimate inheritance.

The special aspect of the conflict to which we wish to direct attention as now imminent is the application of historical criticism to the Bible by Christian hands—in a manner to overthrow old-established views of the authorship of the books of Scripture; of the meaning and value of the Bible; of the course and character of God's revelation to men.

This is a reflex wave from German critical speculation which is now surging, with startling effect, upon English shores. The first impulse to this movement, however, came from England itself, and is traceable to the deism of the seventeenth century—the deism of Hobbes and Tindal, Bolingbroke and Hume. The effect of British free-thinking on the continent of Europe can be distinctly traced in the writing of the time. It is enough for the present to say that the combat against the supernatural which English deists conducted on abstract philosophical principles has been since carried forward on three distinct lines with direct application to the Bible. Three different methods have been employed to eliminate the supernatural from the Scriptures.

The first is that of the old German rationalists, of whom Eichhorn in the Old Testament and Paulus in the New may be mentioned as leaders and representatives. The genuineness and credibility of the books of the Bible were not impugned; but a method of interpretation was adopted which reduced the miraculous to the merely marvellous, and predictions to vague anticipations or shrewd forecastings of the future. The plagues of Egypt upon this hypothesis were not immediate inflictions, but simply an accumulation of extraordinary phenomena, the like of which in lower intensity are of frequent occurrence. The passage of the Red Sea was not made possible by any divine intervention; but the waters were driven back by a high wind which laid the shallows bare. The manna was not a direct gift from heaven, but a natural product exuded from a plant still found in the Arabian peninsula. The prophets were men of remarkable sagacity, who had a clear insight into the political combinations of the period and the various tendencies then at work, from which they were able to divine, with singular accuracy, the course of events. Much of the language of the prophets is mere poetic fancy and highly wrought emblematic descriptions, whose inspiration is that of genius and of the muses; but it is not in any special sense the very word of God.

The difficulty with this method was that it assigned to interpretation an impossible task. It is beyond the power of hermeneutics to expunge the supernatural from the Bible, which is wrought into it indissolubly at every point. If the genuineness of the sacred writings be conceded and any credit whatever for honesty and truthfulness is allowed to the writers, the language which they use and the facts which they record cannot be explained away. No fair sense can be put upon them which will make them consistent with the assumption that there has been no departure from the ordinary course of nature and the regular operation of its established laws. No amount of forcing that can be applied to their language, short of completely setting aside its obvious meaning, can bring down the miracles which they relate to the effects of natural causes, or can account for the predictions which have been manifestly fulfilled without transcending the bounds of the merely human. With the most liberal allowance for excited fancy and poetical exaggeration, there will still remain so many extraordinary occurrences and remarkable coincidences, conspiring to an end previously announced or taking place as was foretold by some man of God, that the miracle, which an attempt is made to escape in one direction, is nevertheless encountered in another.

The supernatural cannot be expunged from the Bible by the method of interpretation. A second method that was tried was that of denying the trustworthiness of the record and the good faith of the writers. The seed sown by the English deists produced upon French soil a harvest of a different description from that which we have just considered. To the frivolity and godlessness of the period all religion was accounted a fraud practised upon the masses by a designing and interested priesthood. The populace were the dupes of those who imposed upon their credulity to accomplish their own selfish and ambitious ends. The prophets and workers of miracles were conscious impostors; the sacred writers falsified the truth of history in order to maintain and perpetuate the cheat. Thus the scoffing crew of Voltaire and his compeers,

and the ignoble herd of imitators among ourselves, from Thomas Paine to Robert Ingersoll.

The trouble with this theory of deception is that it accounts for nothing which it professes to explain, while it shocks the moral sense of every thoughtful man. In ridding itself of the supernatural in the Bible, it sweeps away the supernatural altogether, and utterly discards the religious element from nature. It imputes all religion to fraud, which is not a satisfactory explanation even of the Pagan religions; for the frauds, which have been practised in connection with them, depended for their success upon a prior belief in the supernatural, and could not themselves have produced this belief. Then the circumstances and character of the miracles and the prophecies contained in the Bible are such, that the supposition of fraud is preposterous. And that such purity and excellence as characterise the religion of the Bible could be the work of deceivers, or find its support in fraud is simply inconceivable. The denial of the veracity of the record is of all modes of escaping from the supernatural the most shallow, and to all right-thinking and right-feeling persons it is the most offensive.

The supernatural cannot be abolished by adopting some different interpretation of the Bible, which shall bring all its contents down to a level with the operations of natural laws; nor by casting imputations upon the honesty and truthfulness of the sacred writers, and thus discrediting their narrative. But one resource remains. It is the method of what has been denominated the higher criticism. The genuineness of the sacred writings is called in question. It is freely confessed that the writers of Scripture really meant to affirm that miracles were actually wrought and that prophecies were uttered. At the same time no charge of dishonesty is brought against them; they doubtless believed themselves that these supernatural events, which they record, really took place. But such a length of time had intervened that legendary stories had grown to supernatural proportions, and writers have simply transmitted to us the mistaken belief of their own times. It is claimed that the miracles of the Bible are not attested by eye-witnesses and contemporaries, but by persons living in an age long subsequent to their alleged occurrence; and that the prophecies so-called were not committed to writing until after the events in which they have been thought to be fulfilled. The age and authorship traditionally ascribed to them are not correct; a critical examination shows that they must be referred to quite a different origin.

(To be continued.)

LILY MELVILLE AND HER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER III.

'Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.'—1 Cor. iii. 7.

FEW words were spoken during the drive home; and that evening, as Benson brushed Edith's beautiful hair, before she went down to dinner, it was a very sober, sad face behind her that she saw reflected in the glass.

'Do you think your friend in the Hospital will get better?' asked Edith kindly of Benson.

Her tears could not be repressed as she answered, 'She can't live long, Miss; and I wish I were sure that to her to die would indeed be to *get better;* but I fear she is not yet resting wholly on the finished work of Christ for salvation.'

Edith, who did not care much for listening to what she called preaching, quickly asked, 'Is it long since you have seen her before?'

'Yes, Miss, many years. We were at Sunday school together, and we have scarcely met since one night that she was alluding to, when our dear teacher took leave of us. She was going to be married, and she invited her class—there were nine of us—to tea before she left. We had it out of doors, on the lawn; and then she gathered us under one of the trees, and spoke to us so solemnly and affectionately, beseeching us to make sure of meeting her in heaven. She gave us each a Bible and another keepsake—that little workbox I always use was what I had. Then we tried to sing a hymn before parting, but we all broke down in loud sobbing and tears. I shall never forget that evening,' and Benson's lips quivered as she spoke, 'for I believe it was the turning-point in my life. The Lord laid hold on me, and made me willing to give myself up to Him, and He will keep me to the end. I remember, as we walked home that lovely summer evening, the Hayward girls were the loudest in their lamentations, especially Ruth, and in vowing to take the Bible as their constant rule, and never to do anything that would make their teacher sorry to hear of. But they had made their resolutions in their own strength, and that is of no use; is it, Miss?'

'Mamma taught in a Sunday school before she was married,' said little Lily from her couch. 'I have heard her say how much she liked teaching her girls.'

'I am sure it is a blessed work,' said Benson. 'Many have had cause to bless the day they went to a Sunday school.'

'And did you ever meet your kind teacher again?' asked Lily.

'No, Miss. She went down to her friends in Scotland to get married, and went abroad with her husband, I forget his name, and soon after that the old lady, her grandmother, that she had been living with, left our neighbourhood, and we never even heard of them again; but every day I thank God for sending me such a teacher, and ask Him to shower blessings upon her.'

When Edith had gone downstairs, Lily said musingly, 'Although I were old enough, I should never be able for Sunday-school work; but how nice it would be if Edith cared for it. Oh, Benson, isn't she beautiful?'

'Miss Melville is very handsome, and God can make her good as well as beautiful; can't He, Miss Lily?'

'Yes; how glad mamma would be, and papa too, if, when they come home, they found her changed. Is there not a text that speaks of two agreeing to ask for a thing?'

'In the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, I think,' said Benson.

'Oh, yes, here it is in the 19th verse. "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven."'

And so, without more being said, a kind of tacit agreement was entered into by the little mistress and her maid to pray together that the elder sister might be brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

The object of their thoughts, meanwhile, was not feeling quite at ease, as she usually did at the dinner-table. She had never before been struck by the utter frivolity and hollowness of the trivial talk kept up by her aunt and two or three friends who were of the party; and although she had not felt much at home amongst the sick and the dying in the Hospital, she could not help thinking that there at least was reality, while all around her here seemed a sham. And when, in the drawing-room, after dinner, she was asked to sing, she instinctively turned to sacred songs; but she was vexed and dissatisfied with herself and every one else, and sang badly, and was glad, so soon as the guests departed, to escape to her own room. She read longer in her Bible than usual before retiring to rest, but it was a task to her, and she felt very unhappy, and was more and more convinced that Lily and Benson possessed something she had not got.

Next day Lily was tired, and not at all well, but she had got up when her aunt came to see her, and seemed absorbed in the occupation of her hands.

'What are you about now, Lily?' asked Mrs Melville.

'Oh look, aunt, I am writing some texts on cards, or printing them rather, for a little girl in the Hospital; such a queer little thing. She calls herself No. 13, no other name; and she says so little that you can't tell what she is thinking about.'

'Why, child, you are quite excited; your face is so flushed and your pulse quite feverish. That is the effect of your yesterday's work; there must be no more hospital visiting for you. It is clearly not your work, whose ever it may be,' said her aunt very decidedly.

'But oh, aunt dear, I do so want to take these to No. 13,' pleaded Lily.

'She may be No. 13 or No. 300 for aught I care,' replied her aunt; 'you are not going to get yourself made ill for her. What should I be able to write to your mamma if I allowed it? But my dressmaker is waiting to see me downstairs. Keep yourself quiet. Benson, see that Miss Lily does not excite herself; it is the worst thing for her.'

Poor Lily's face had fallen, and when her aunt left the room she burst into tears, crying, 'Oh, I wish mamma were at home; aunt is so unkind, so cruel.'

'Please hush, Miss Lily, and don't fret. Perhaps Mrs Melville's words were true, and sick-visiting may not be your work,' said the faithful Benson.

'But I am of no use lying here,' grumbled Lily.

'What was that line of poetry you thought so pretty the other day in a book Miss Edith was reading? "They also serve who only stand and wait." It is possible that may be the kind of service the Lord has appointed you, my dear little mistress—is it not?'

'Of course He knows best,' said Lily through her tears. 'Then you must take these cards to No. 13 when you go to see Ruth.'

Every day Benson hoped to be able to go to see her dying friend, but always something occurred to prevent her, till one evening when she found her way to the Hospital, only to be told it was not an hour when visitors were admitted, unless in very special circumstances. She was much disappointed, but she knew that about the middle of the week Miss Melville went to practise music with some young ladies a long way off, which occupied all the afternoon, so that her services could not be required by her, and Miss Lily would be only too glad to have her go any day.

But when the time came, Mrs Melville discovered that she wanted the carriage in an opposite direction, and she did not like her niece driving in a cab alone, so Benson must accompany her young mistress. For an instant Benson's spirit rose within her; was not the work she had before her that day far higher and holier than that which she was ordered to do? But almost immediately she remembered she was a *servant*, and as such, not forgotten by God in His Word, who bids servants be obedient to their masters, 'as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men' (Eph. vi. 6, 7), and tried to go cheerfully, and took comfort from an expression used by some one that 'disappointment is physic to the soul.'

At last, after some more days' waiting, she found a time when she could go to the Hospital. Ruth was asleep, with a peaceful expression on her face, the little Bible in her hand,

with her finger between its leaves, but at what passage Mary could not see, being afraid to disturb her. Meantime she went along to No. 13, whom she found sitting up in bed, as if she had never moved since Lily left her, gazing at the picture of the Babe in the manger.

'See what the kind little lady who explained the pictures to you has sent you,' said Benson, laying the text-cards before her.

'I can't read,' said the child of few words.

'Then I shall read the texts to you. "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God" (Luke xviii. 16). "I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep" (John x. 11). "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29); and others.'

'I want *her* to come,' said the little girl.

'Ah, poor little lady, she wanted so much to come, but she isn't able.'

'Him, then,' nodding her head at the picture in her hand; 'she said He had gone to heaven; when will He come back?'

'He is indeed in heaven,' said Benson, 'but He is also everywhere, because He is God. He is speaking to you now, for these are His very words you have been hearing.' And then, as she saw the large eyes wander round the ward and upwards, 'No, you can't see Him, but He sees you, and will hear you if you speak to Him.'

'What shall I say?'

'I shall teach you this pretty hymn Miss Lily has sent you, and then you can say that to Him. Now say the words after me, and then you will know them—

"Lord, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;
Oh, put Thy gracious hand on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

Make me Thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;
And my whole heart from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee.

Oh, Jesus, take me to Thy breast,
And bless me, then I shall be blest;
Both when I wake and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep."'

There was almost the shadow of a wondering smile on the strange, silent little face as Benson kissed her and bade her good-bye.

Ruth still slept, but as Mary sat by her, lifting up her heart to God for the weak one who lay there, she opened her eyes, and manifested pleasure, but no surprise, at finding her friend beside her.

'I did wish to see you,' she said, 'to tell you . . . but even that wish I had given up; but it has been granted to me. Dear Mary, that's me,' showing the words to which her finger had been pointing (Luke xv. 5). 'He has sought and found the *lost* sheep, and He is carrying me home rejoicing, and will carry me to the end so safely, so lovingly. I looked for you every day, Mary, and wished you would come and teach me how to seek Him, how to find Him; but when you never came, that drove me to Himself, and, oh, He took me as if I had come long ago. "A faithful saying,"' but here her voice failed, and Mary finished, '"and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."'

'Even me, even me,' whispered Ruth; 'wondrous grace,' and the next moment fell into the weary sleep of exhaustion, from which she had awaked to bear her testimony to the almighty power and love of her Saviour God.

Mary's joy was deep; but for herself she felt humbled and rebuked. Had she not murmured that she could not be there, as if her presence or words were necessary? She could thank God now that He had stood in the way and prevented her, for she might have proved a hindrance instead of a help. God had all the glory of gathering into the fold this stray sheep at the eleventh hour. She kissed the companion of her girlhood and new-born sister in Christ, and left, scarcely expecting to see her again in this life.

When, about a week after, she was able to go again, she was met with the intelligence she looked for. Ruth was gone. About an hour after she had last seen her Ruth had waked up, the nurse told her, and charged her to deliver up the Bible, 'priceless treasure,' she had called it, and a paper to Benson, and then fallen asleep, only to awake in heaven.

The slip of paper was Miriam's address, and Mary took it as the dying request of her friend that she would find out her sister, which she resolved to do as soon as she had an opportunity.

On turning to No. 13 with some flowers Lily had sent, she was surprised to find the bed empty, and was told the child had been selected as one of a few for whom a kind lady had fitted up a house at Brighton, that they might have the benefit of sea air.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT IS FAITH?—They ask, What is faith? They think of it as something difficult and mysterious. In one sense they are not over-anxious. It is important that theirs should be true faith. This is the great condition of favour with God, and of eternal life. To Jairus Jesus said, 'Only believe.' To the woman He said, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' Nothing is so important as faith; yet in both these cases, how simple a thing it was. They took Jesus to be all He claimed to be, and confidently approached Him as such. There may have been imperfection in their manner of approach. There may have been a mixture of error, even of superstition, in the woman's idea of the hem of the Saviour's garment, but yet their faith procured the blessing. It was *real* and *true*, even if it was not perfect; and it is that which saves.

A Portion for the Aged.

JUST FOR FUN.

WINTER, with its severe cold, high winds, and blocking storms, had settled down upon a village of northern Maine. But 'He who rides upon the storm' was blessing that town with a quiet revival. One by one, souls were led by the Spirit to see their way to Christ as their Saviour, and to accept Him as such.

At the chapel of the village church, meetings were held full of tender interest and deep feeling. Only a little distance from it worked two young men in a foundry. One of them was the son of many prayers. His parents had consecrated him in infancy to God. His godly father, almost sightless, drawing rapidly to the world of eternal sight and light, still pled for his dear boy. He could not die content unless he could see him trusting in and living for Christ. At times his faith was sorely tried. His son cared little for eternal interests.

On a certain day these two young men fell to talking, as they worked, of the 'revival' in progress. They found in it much that was amusing to them. Finally one said, 'Let's go to the meeting to-night, and rise for prayers "*just for fun.*"' 'Agreed,' replied his fellow-workman. The evening was such as winter often brings in Maine. Snow had fallen to a considerable depth, the mercury had dropped below zero, and a high wind was piling the snow in huge drifts. The moon, however, struggled bravely with the fast-sailing clouds, and shed its mellow light o weird scene.

At the appointed hour sent its invitation forth clear, crisp voice; for nc however severe, was allc prevent the gathering of tl ful ones.

The pastor of the churc while was anxiously pac barren depot of a neigh village, waiting for the bl train. He yearned to be little company he knew assemble. As it was, h only lift his heart to God ir Little did he dream how whom the Lord was to m meeting a means of saving

A few, the chosen o muffled from head to foot, with frost and snow, b glowing hearts, entered th ful chapel. Besides thes one of the young men agreed to be present, th the praying parents.

The meeting began. on quietly, solemnly. If not in the strong and migl which hurled itself and t against the house of wor was in the still small vo the meeting progressed, lady, sensitive, shrinking voice was seldom heard gatherings, was moved to Jesus had done for her, precious He was to her. H were few and simple, sp fear and trembling. L that timid disciple know beating heart she ceased,

arrow she had drawn from the quiver of her God, and how quickly and swiftly it was to strike and pierce an unbelieving heart. It was God's way of reaching that young man. He fell wounded. He saw himself a great sinner, lost and undone, unless God had mercy on him. A short, sharp, bitter struggle ensued. In a few minutes he was on his feet asking the prayers of those present. Not 'just for fun' now, but in dead earnest; not 'just for fun,' but with trembling voice and choking utterance. The next meeting brought him to that now sacred place with a joyous heart and beaming countenance. He had yielded to Christ. Thus began an earnest Christian life.

Truly when God multiplies to pardon His ways are not as our ways. He can out-general Satan; He can wring victory from defeat. Christ can reach and win the scoffer. The Holy Spirit can ward off judgment from, and bring mercy and pardon to, the sinner. Those who would destroy themselves He saves by His power and by His own agencies. God often meets the sinner when and where he least expects to find Him. A.

'LIKE AS A FATHER PITIETH HIS CHILDREN.'

BY ANNA D. WALKER.

MR W. with his little son started out one bright spring day to ride. The carriage was drawn by a pair of young horses, one of which was wont at times to be quite fractious. Mr W. being obliged to alight to readjust some portion of the harness, the horses became at once possessed with a determination to return home.

Being a complete horseman, our friend thought he could manage the brutes, but madly they resisted all efforts at control, and strove fiercely to break away from his hand.

In relating the incident he said, 'I was about to let go my grip of the bridle, seeing there was danger of my being trampled to death under their iron feet, when a little voice from the carriage cried, "O papa, papa!" I had for a moment forgotten my boy; but that cry nerved me at once to bear danger, even death, for the sake of my precious child.'

It was a fearful struggle; the maddened brutes plunged and reared and dashed against a roadside fence, but the father held on to the bridle for the sake of his son, until by a dexterous stroke he was enabled to throw the most fractious brute, and that overturned the carriage, when out rolled the eight-year-old child, safe and sound.

The above incident brought very vividly to my mind the words, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' The father's pitying love for his child was so great that he was willing to give his life, if need be, for that so precious to him. And it was the child's cry that awoke that pity.

Be assured that the word is true: 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.'

THE DOMESTIC AND PERSONAL LIFE OF LUTHER IN HIS LAST YEARS.

BY JULIUS KOESTLIN, PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE-WITTENBERG.

(*Continued from page* 226.)

THE careful Katharine was not able to restrain the mild, freely-giving hands of her husband. His friend Mathesius tells us of one of his earlier years: 'A poor man complained to him of great want; he comes to his wife, who lay confined to bed, and asks for the godfather's present, and brings it to the needy man. "God is rich," he says, "and will provide another."' But afterwards he became more provident, since he noticed how often he was imposed upon. 'Evil men,' he said, 'have made me sharp-witted.' How concernedly, indeed, how anxiously he kept himself from every appearance of seeking presents or gain his letters bear testimony. He once wrote the Elector John, who had sent him a present, 'I have, alas! more, especially from the favour of your Highness, than I can in conscience bear; it also befits me, as a preacher, not to have abundance, and I do not desire it. . . . I pray, therefore, that the favour of your Highness would refrain until I complain and petition.' In 1539 Bugenhagen brought him a hundred gulden from the King of Denmark. Luther was for giving Bugenhagen the half of the money, although Bugenhagen was indebted to him for many services rendered during his absence in Denmark. For his labours as preacher in the city church he never received anything; from the city he received only now and then wine from the Council cellar, and lime and stone for the building of his house without payment. For his writings he received nothing from the publishers. He earnestly rebuked his wife for her anxious cares, and for setting her heart upon possessions, and urged her, by the many occupations of the household, not to neglect the reading of the Bible. In the year 1535 he promised her fifty gulden for reading through the whole Bible, whereupon, as he announced to a friend, she became very earnest about it.

He, however, now and then, helped his wife in her household necessities. He had also pleasure in the work of the garden and of the field. We hear, too, how he went with his wife to fish in their small pond, and he was rejoiced to see that she had greater joy in her few fish than many a nobleman in his great pond, with many hundred schock—*i.e.*, three scores of fishes. For a family treasure of linen he had in 1539 to get a chest in Torgau for his 'Lord Ketha.' Of how Katharina sought outwardly, worthily, and proudly to adorn her house—the house of her distinguished husband—we still have a beautiful memorial on the door of the house of Luther at Wittemberg. In conformity with her wish, Luther wrote in 1539 to Pirna, to a friend, Pastor Lauterbach, about 'a hewn house door;' for width he sends the measure. The door, hewn out of sandstone, and with the date inscribed above it, bears upon the one side Luther's bust, and upon the other his coat of arms.

In the prospect of his approaching end, Luther in 1542 wished to provide for his trustworthy spouse by a will. He assigned to her for jointure and for her free use the property at Zulsdorf, the already mentioned small house in Wittemberg, and his cups and other jewels, such as rings, chains, &c., which he now reckoned to be of the value of about a thousand gulden. At the same time, he wished to show his gratitude to her, inasmuch as she had acted as a pious, truly faithful spouse, always loving, worthy, and attractive, and, by the blessing of God, had gifted him with five children, still living, and had brought them up. And he wished hereby to provide that 'she must not keep an eye upon the children, but that the children must keep an eye upon her, hold her in honour, and be obedient to her, as God has commanded.' She was also to pay the debt which, especially for the house, he was still due, and which would amount to about 450 gulden, whilst he, except the jewels, had no ready money to leave. In this care for her there might also come into consideration that the right of a married person, who had been a nun, to inherit property might be disputed, as the lawfulness of such a marriage was still contested. Luther, moreover, was specially desirous in his testament not to express it in juridical forms. He prayed the Elector graciously to protect such a disposition of his property, and he closed the original document with the proud words: 'Finally, I also pray every one, because I, in this gift or settlement, do not use juridical forms and words, and for this I have reason, will allow me to be the person which in truth I am; and, indeed, I am openly known in heaven, upon earth, and in hell, and have reputation or authority enough that I may be trusted and believed more than any notary. Since to me a condemned, poor, unworthy, miserable sinner, God, the Father of all compassion, has entrusted the gospel of His Son, and made me true and truthful therein, and hitherto upheld me, so that many in the world have received it through me, and looked upon me as a teacher of the truth, notwithstanding the ban of the Pope, of the Emperor, of kings, of princes, of priests, yea, the wrath of all devils, men should so much the more believe me in this small matter, especially because here is my hand, very well known, and grant me the hope that it may be enough if it can be said and shown this is the earnest and well-considered meaning of Dr Martin Luther (the notary and witness of

God in His gospel), shown in his own hand and seal.' This will was signed on the day of Epiphany, the 6th of January 1542, and Melanchthon, Cruciger, and Bugenhagen witnessed with their subscription that this was truly the meaning, and will, and hand of the worthy Dr Martin Luther, their beloved teacher and father. After the death of Luther, the Elector John Friedrich at once gave it his ratification.

With his servants Luther was careful that they gave him no annoyance; since the devil had a sharp eye upon him, in order to be able to hang a disgraceful mark upon his doctrine. To trustworthy servants he showed himself mild, thankful, and patient.

His companions at table highly valued their personal intercourse with him, especially the men who came to see him from far and near. Several of these have written down what they heard him say at table. 'The Table-Talk' of Luther, as we now have it in a printed form, chiefly rests upon the notes of Veit Dietrich and of Lauterbach, who, previous to his call to Pirna in 1539, was a deacon in Wittemberg, one of Luther's most intimate friends, and his daily guest. But there is much on its pages arbitrarily and unskilfully inserted by foreign hands. A publication of its original text, of which we have lately had a specimen in a day-book of Lauterbach of the year 1538, we may yet expect to see. But, lastly, we have especially to mention Johann Mathesius, who, after he had studied at Wittemberg in 1529, and had become rector in Joachimsthal, once more, in the years 1540 to 1542, devoted himself to study in Wittemberg, and had the happiness to have access to Luther's table. His personal intercourse with the Reformer deeply impressed him. At a later period, in 1562-64, he gave his impressions of Luther to his people in the form of seventeen lectures. The preface was signed by him three days before his death, and the volume was published in 1566 at Nürnberg. It contains many sayings of Luther. It is the earliest biography, and on account of his personal intimacy with Luther, his simple-heartedness, his fervour and integrity, it must always be prized by the Church and fellow-countrymen of Luther.

Luther, indeed, as Mathesius says, often brought weighty and deep thoughts with him to the table, and maintained during the entire meal-time his old cloister silence. It sometimes, also, happened that he worked while eating, or that during dinner or after it he gave directions to friends who had to preach, and were still unpractised in it. But when the conversation began, it flew freely and richly, and, as Mathesius expresses it, joyfully. Friends were accustomed to call Luther's sayings their table seasoning. According to the occasion or accidentally, his conversation ranged over spiritual and worldly things, over questions of faith and of life, over the deeds of God and the ways of men, the occurrences of the past and of the present, in observations and short, truly practical, directions for church life and duty, in sentences full of worldly wisdom, and, in addition, proverbs and German rhymes, which Luther himself also was skilled in making. Cheerful humour mingled with deep and even warning earnestness. And throughout all there was constantly on Luther's part a reference to the highest matters, religious truths, decisions, and problems, and in his own uniformly natural, simple, and straightforward manner, without art, obtrusion, or unskilfully brought forward unction.

In his conversation, as in his writings and letters, and even in the pulpit, there came from him expressions and turns of speech that sound in our ears somewhat roughly. But they are, at the very least, the outcome of a frank, vigorous naturalness. There is nothing about them lascivious, nothing internally impure. Indeed, his companions could boast of the 'chaste mouth' of Luther. 'He was,' says Mathesius, 'the enemy of unchaste and immodest speech. I have, so long as I have known him, heard no unchaste word out of his mouth.' He was, indeed, a great contrast to the coarse obscenity that he indignantly rebuked in the monasticism out of which he himself had come, and to that of a more polished kind, as it was then cultivated by so many fashionably educated men among the priesthood and the nobility.

His conversation was also noted for its entire absence of the malicious or foolish gossip which was not by any means at that period unknown in Wittemberg. Of those who love to spy out evil in others, and to speak of it afterwards, Luther often said, 'They are truly swine who, in a garden, do not esteem the roses and violets, but burrow their snouts only in filth.'

After meals he practised music with his companions and his children in German, as well as in Latin hymns and songs.

Luther also had a bowling green made for his young friends, and he allowed them other games in running and jumping. In the bowling-green he himself liked to begin, and to let them laugh at him when he purposely let his ball fall short; but he reminded his young people that many one fancies that he will play well, but when he comes to do it quite fails, and that herein for their future lives they had something to think of.

In his own personal relations with God, Luther entirely followed the path which he saw presented in the revelation of Christ, and which he announced to others. He never allowed the consciousness of his own unworthiness to make him unhappy, and deprive him of the simple, childlike faith with which he fled to the love and grace of God, and hence he was certain of reconciliation and happiness, of victory over the world and the devil, and of the freedom with which a child of God may use the things of the world. He lovingly kept to the simple, childlike forms of belief. He was accustomed in the morning to repeat the ten commandments with his children, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and a psalm. 'This,'

he said in a sermon, 'I do because I wish to bind myself thereby, and do not want to have the mildew growing thereon.' He sincerely took part in the church services; and he who knew to pray so continuously and importunately in his closet yet affirmed that prayer came much easier to him in the church than in the house.

Loftily and proudly as he could speak in the exercise of his calling, and though he had from nature, says Mathesius, much of the heart and courage of a man, he was yet modest and unassuming personally. Indeed, Mathesius speaks of him as the humblest of men, and as one who readily followed the good counsel of his friends. He acted in a brotherly way with the humblest of his brethren, whilst, at the same time, his intercourse with the highest was in the most becoming simplicity and frankness. He comforted the tempted who complained to him how difficult a matter faith was to them, by saying that it was not different with himself, and that he had daily to pray to God for an increase of his faith. He referred, above all, to himself when he said a great doctor must always remain a scholar. The modesty with which at first, in his reforming work, he wished to place himself beneath his young friend Melanchthon, he maintained to the end, in regard to the great dogmatic work, the 'Loci Communes.' When he was asked about able books for theological study, and especially for a pure evangelical confession, he, above all, named this book of Melanchthon's as next to the Bible, or he specified it alone. During the Diet at Augsburg, we see how highly he put the word of Brenz above his own. With regard to Melanchthon, we may here add an earlier public utterance of Luther in the year 1529. 'I must destroy the stumps and the stems, . . . and am the rough setter of the woods to right, who must break up and prepare the path, but Master Philip goes softly and quietly along, prepares, plants, sows, and waters pleasantly.' He left unnoticed how much all the others, not merely with respect to breaking up the path, but in the entire planting and cultivating, depended upon him, the original, independent, and powerful spirit, and how Melanchthon only coined the gold which had been hewn out and melted by himself. In the later years of his life, to this modesty there comes the painful feeling that he had no more the same strength for his calling as formerly. His expression of this feeling often seems excessive, but was certainly meant by him in earnestness. He thus felt because the impulse to fulfil his duties remained still so livingly with him. He wishes at least worthily to remain, and that God would suffer him, the work-tool that had become useless, to stay behind the door in His kingdom. He wrote to his friend Myconius on the occasion of a dangerous illness, that he must outlive him. 'This I entreat, this I wish, and may my wish be fulfilled, because this wish seeks not my own pleasure, but the honour of God.'

With childlike joy Luther looked upon the gifts of God in nature, in the garden and field, among plants and animals. In many different ways he delightfully expresses this joy in his Table-Talk, and it even finds a place in his sermons. The spring, especially, called it forth. He complainingly notes it as a well-merited punishment for his past sins that he, in his old age, on account of his burdensome occupations, could not have, as he wished and needed, his pleasure in the garden, in the springing up of flowers and trees, in birds, &c. At another time he says: 'How we would have enjoyed ourselves in Paradise if only sin and death were away.' At the same time he looks onward to another heavenly world where all will be much more beautiful, and where there will be an eternal spring.

Among the gifts which God has bestowed upon our spirit for our joy and pleasure, music was above all others precious and dear to him. Indeed, next to theology, he gave it the highest honour. He himself had special musical gifts. He played not merely on the lute, and could sing in clear tones with his seemingly feeble yet penetrating voice, but he had the skill to compose. He particularly extols music because it drives out the devil with the disturbing thoughts which he produces, and also because it makes people gentler and more discreet. The heart becomes by it contented, enlivened, and refreshed. He regarded it as the great wonder of God, that the air by so slight a movement of the tongue and throat, as the spirit turns it, can give these skilful, powerful, and lovely sounds, and that there should be so manifold differences in the voices and utterances among so many thousands of birds, and especially among men.

The most important and best means for recreation and refreshment with Luther was always social intercourse with others—with his wife and children, with friends and neighbours. This he experienced himself, and he was wont to say this to the disconsolate who sought counsel from him. Therein, too, he saw a law of divine wisdom and love. A friendly conversation, and a good, cheerful hymn, he often represented to be weapons against evil and mournful thoughts.

While he had the full consciousness of his Christian freedom, and was altogether opposed to monkish scruples and sanctimoniousness, he always had very little to do with the enjoyment and the care of his own body. The simplest homely fare sufficed him, and for long days, in the pressure of work, he could forget food and drink. His friends wondered how so stately a body could be supported with so moderate an amount of nourishment, and the most hostile of his contemporaries were never able to reproach him, or to dare openly to say that the earnestness with which he contended against the eating and drinking of his own countrymen, he belied in his own conduct.

His bodily sufferings now chiefly consisted in those pains in the head, which never entirely

left him, and which, from time to time, brought upon him attacks of giddiness and faintness. In the morning headache and giddiness constantly appeared. In 1543 the violent and painful attacks of gravel again troubled him. At an earlier time an ulcer appeared on his left leg. It seems to have healed up; but a new outbreak of it appears to have lessened the severity of his headaches, and caused his friend, the Elector's body physician, Ratzeberger, to apply a seton and keep it open. His hair became white. He long marked himself as an enfeebled old man.

His body, however, always maintained its manly form, with his head erect, and his glancing countenance. His features, especially about the mouth, still more than at an earlier time, expressed a mild firmness, the result of contests and sufferings. The appearance of emotion which later representations have assigned to him, his countenance, according to reliable old pictures, does not seem to have had; indeed, there was rather something melancholy. The deep glow and strength of his spirit seems especially to have spoken out in his dark eyes, which are said to have so surprised Pollich, the old Wittemberg rector, and the Legate Cajetan, in Augsburg, and with which, on his arrival in Worms, the Legate Alleander saw him looking round demoniacally, and which, to the Swiss Kessler, sparkled like stars, so that men could scarcely look upon them. After his death another of his acquaintances called them falcon's eyes, and Melanchthon found in the brown pupils, surrounded by a yellow ring, the sparkling, courageous look of a lion.

This fire never left Luther. Under the pressure of sufferings and of infirmity, it only darted forth so much the more violently in new flames; and, in the midst of these sufferings, it made him still more attractive than ever.

'AS GODS.'

WHAT the tempter promised Eve as the reward of revolt from God many of her Christianised descendants now think they have realised. It is a peculiarity of the new dispensation that the tree of Knowledge grows in every soul. The primeval temptation repeats itself, to the testing, and often to the fall, of Christian loyalty. It is not necessary to suppose that the rebellious assumption of wisdom succeeds, or ever did. The Tree may symbolise merely capacity to attempt independence of God in our knowledge; to try, and to think ourselves, to be as gods, knowing good and evil; but with partial result, worse, in fact, than none—the light itself becoming in effect darkness.

The Reformation is accused by the so-called High Churches of introducing a right of absolute private judgment in religion. Whether such a perversion of individual responsibility as this is better or worse than abdication of it to another individual—a priest or a church—it were fruitless to inquire. That such a perversion exists is a fact as bad as can be. Perhaps it may be called a natural or illegitimate fruit of the Reformation. It showed itself but too plainly in some of the early reformers among their heroic loyalties, and the tare-seed thus mingled with the truth has multiplied to a choking and almost overshadowing growth in our day. The principle is most insidious where Christianised culture has most profoundly moulded the natural faculties and dispositions, insomuch that there seems to be comparatively few, in our hereditarily Christian communities, who do not, consciously or unconsciously, put their own notion of what God and divine truth should be (or else somebody else's notion) in place of the absolute divine oracles.

This is to be observed, on the largest scale, in the astounding coolness with which multitudes of apparently pious people set aside some of the plainest truths and commands of the Bible, either without a thought, or else with the conclusive argument that modern enlightenment or modern necessities cannot admit them. As a profound corruption of Christianity itself, it is witnessed most unequivocally by the prevailing tendency of Christian apologetics to ground itself on human reasoning, interest, and expediency; and by the marked absence of scriptural argument and authority in much of what passes for preaching.—*William C. Conant.*

A Daily Portion.

JUNE 1.

'THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST, AND THE GLORIES THAT SHOULD FOLLOW.'—1 Peter i. 11.

Seeing the sufferings and glories of our Redeemer are the main subject of the gospel, and the causes of our salvation and our comfortable persuasion of it, it is a wonder that they are not more the matter of our thoughts. Should we not daily consider the bitterness of that cup of wrath He drank for us, and be wrought to repentance and hatred of sin, to have sin embittered to us by that consideration, and find the sweetness of His love in that He did drink it, and by that be deeply possessed with love to Him? These things we now and then speak of, but they sink not into our minds, as our Saviour exhorts, where He is speaking of those same sufferings. Oh that they were engraven on our hearts, and that sin were crucified in us, and the world crucified to us, and we unto the world, by the cross of Christ.—*Leighton.*

JUNE 2.

'IF YE THEN BE RISEN WITH CHRIST, SEEK THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE ABOVE, WHERE CHRIST SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD.'—Col. iii. 1.

Let us be frequently considering the glory wherein Christ is, and have our eye often upon that, and our hearts solacing and refreshing themselves frequently with the thoughts of that place and condition wherein Christ is, and where our hopes are ere long to behold Him; both to see His glory and to be glorified with Him. Is it not reason, yea, it is necessary; it cannot be otherwise, if our treasure and Head be there, that our hearts be there likewise.—*Leighton.*

JUNE 3.

'BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED.'—Eph. ii. 8.

It is this wherein the doctrine of salvation is mainly comfortable, that it is free. It is true God requires faith, it is through faith; but He that requires that gives it too. That is not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. It is wonderful grace to save upon believing; believe in Jesus for salvation, and live accordingly, and it is done; there is no more required to thy pardon, but that thou receive it by faith. But truly nature cannot do this; it is as impossible for us of ourselves to believe as to do. This, then, is that which makes it all grace from beginning to end, that God not only saves upon believing, but gives believing itself. Christ is called not only the author and finisher of our salvation, but even of our faith.—*Leighton.*

JUNE 4.

'THY RIGHT HAND HATH HOLDEN ME UP.'—Ps. xviii. 35.

Free grace being rightly apprehended, is that which stays the heart in all estates, and keeps it from fainting, even in its saddest times. What though there is nothing in myself but matter of sorrow and discomfort? It cannot be otherwise. It is not from myself that I look for comfort at any time; but from my God and His free grace. Here is comfort enough for all times; when I am at the best, I ought not, I dare not, rely upon myself; when I am at the worst, I may, and should, rely upon Christ and His sufficient grace.—*Leighton.*

JUNE 5.

'FOR THY NAME'S SAKE, O LORD, PARDON MINE INIQUITY; FOR IT IS GREAT.'—Ps. xxv. 11.

Though I be the vilest sinner that ever came to Him, yet I know He is more gracious than I am sinful; yea, the more my sin is, the more glory will it be to His grace to pardon it; it will appear the richer. Doth not David argue thus: For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great. But it is an empty, fruitless notion of grace, to consider it only in the general, and in a wandering way. We are to look upon it particularly as addressed to us, and it is not enough that it comes to us in the message of him that brings it only to our ear; but that we may know what it is, it must come into us, then it is ours indeed; but if it come to us in the message only, and we send it away again, if it shall so depart, we had better never have heard of it; it will leave a guiltiness behind it that shall make all our sins weigh much heavier than before.—*Leighton.*

JUNE 6.

'THE GRACE OF GOD THAT BRINGETH SALVATION.'—Titus ii. 11.

Inquire whether you have entertained this grace or not, whether it be come to you, and into you, or not; whether the kingdom of God is within you, as our Saviour speaks. It is the most woful condition that can be, not to be far from the kingdom of God, and yet to fall short, and miss of it. The grace of God revealed in the gospel is entreating you daily to receive it, is willing to become yours, if you reject it not. Were your eyes open to behold the beauty and excellency of this grace there would need no deliberation; yea, you would endure none. Desire your eyes to be opened and enlightened from above, that you may know it, and your hearts opened, that you may be happy by receiving it.—*Leighton.*

JUNE 7.

'JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER.'—Heb. xiii. 8.

The Apostle, speaking of Jesus Christ as the foundation of our faith, calls Him the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. Yesterday, under the law; to-day, in those primitive times nearest His incarnation; and forever, in all succeeding ages. And the resemblance holds good between the two cherubim over the mercy-seat, and the two Testaments; those had their faces one toward another, and both toward the mercy-seat; and these look to one another in their doctrine, agreeing perfectly: and both look to Christ, the true mercy-seat, and the great subject of the Scriptures.—*Leighton.*

JUNE 8.

'THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST, AND THE GLORIES THAT SHOULD FOLLOW.'—1 Peter i. 11.

The things that the prophets foretold to come, and the Apostles reported were accomplished, were the same, and from the same Spirit; they were the sufferings of Christ and His after glories, and in them our salvation by free grace. The prophecies look forward to the times of the gospel; and the things then fulfilled look back to the prophecies; and each confirms the other, meeting all in Christ, who is their truth and centre.—*Leighton.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

III. THE COUNTRY OF FERTILITY.—(*Continued.*)

THE PALACE OF THE QUEEN OF THE COUNTRY—THE PRINCESS ECCLESIA—THE PALACE GARDENS—MAN FROM THE COUNTRY OF THE PRODIGALS—HIS CONVERSATION WITH THE PRINCESS—HOW HE GOT RID OF HIS LOAD—THE BANQUET IN THE PALACE—MUSIC—PARENTAGE AND YOUTH OF THE PRINCESS—FAREWELL TO MR WELL-DOING.

THOUGH greatly revived, and out of all immediate danger, the mother and her son were clearly not able at present to undergo any further fatigue. What they both needed, above all things, was rest, and careful nursing for a few days. Mr Well-doing then told me that somewhat further n the road by which we had come, and at no reat distance from the Smitten Rock, though s yet concealed by it from our view, stood he Palace of the Princess who, under Imanuel, ruled over the Province of Fertility. Moreover, that in this mansion it was her elight to receive all faint and perishing ravellers, and that this also was the will of Immanuel, who had assigned to her this Royal Residence.

He proposed, therefore, that we should go orward and apprise this royal Lady of the isfortunes of our recently-made friends. his Sovereign Lady was named the Princess cclesia, and in her Halls she entertained as ests all the noble and excellent in Imanuel's Kingdom, nor on this account or on count of the multifarious duties connected th the wise administration of the affairs of kingdom (in which she availed herself of wisdom and experience of many able ncillors sent to her by Immanuel), did she lect to succour those who were ready to ish. I feared there might possibly not be m in her Halls at present for these poor itives, but my friend said there was sure be room; indeed, that Immanuel's archit (whose name was Wisdom) had, under Lord's directions, planned and built it on h an extensive scale, that none were ever refused admittance from want of room. The difficulty rather was to get it filled, so that from time to time the officers and servants of the Palace were sent out into the highways and hedges to invite to its friendly halls all faint and weary wanderers whom they could find.* For the filling of these spacious apartments with guests concerned the honour of the Princess and the glory of Immanuel, as whose viceroy she reigned, as much as the welfare of the outcasts themselves.

At a turn of the road we suddenly came in full view of the palace. It is built on a hill, so as to be visible from a great distance,† but travellers approaching it from the direction in which we had come are prevented from seeing it by the Hill of Calvary, and afterwards by the Smitten Rock, for these are both more elevated than is the hill on which this Palace is built. Mr Well-doing said that Immanuel had selected the site on purpose, so that nothing should interfere with the fugitives' views of the Cross and the Smitten Rock. Broad and well-kept avenues run up to it, leading from all the countries which own the sovereignty of Immanuel; and couriers and messengers of all kinds are constantly coming and going on these approaches.

On making known our errand, we were at once admitted into the presence of the Princess, for though royal in rank, she has no pleasure in maintaining the barriers of formal etiquette between herself and her subjects. On being admitted to her presence, her appearance at once filled me with admiration, for her smile was like the dawn, and her face was fair as the

* Prov. ix. 1-5; Luke xiv. 21-23.

† The Church Visible.

moon, clear as the sun, and while tenderness dwelt in her eye, her bearing and step, as she advanced to welcome us, had the majesty of an army marching with its banners. Her appearance was such as to rivet the gaze of the beholder, and to withdraw his eyes from all the wonders of her ivory palace. For who could do otherwise than reverently gaze upon this fairest among women! Her eyes were blue, like rock doves bathing in milk; her hair dark and waving, like the tresses of cypresses; her temples were like the veined beauty of cut pomegranates within her locks; her lips were like a thread of scarlet; her teeth (according to the figure of an Eastern poet) were like a flock of sheep newly washed, whereof every one bare twins, and when she spoke, her speech was comely; her neck was like a tower of ivory, and was adorned with golden necklaces; she wore a richly-chased and jewelled girdle confining her flowing robes, which were fragrant with aloes, myrrh, and cassia; and even her shoes were beautiful, for she was shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.* Surrounded as she was by fair virgins, yet was she peerless in her beauty. She greeted Mr Well-doing as one of her valued subjects, and at once sent some of her maidens to convoy to the palace the mother and her son, whom we had left at the stream. While they were gone, she conversed with us on the affairs of her own province, and of all the provinces of Immanuel's Empire. She rejoiced to hear of the promise of an abundant harvest, and gave us the latest information of the success of Immanuel's arms on the frontiers, telling us what great things some of her own subjects had recently both done and suffered for His name's sake. When she spoke of Immanuel, her whole soul seemed absorbed in loving adoration.

The Princess soon proposed that we should walk through the Palace Gardens, by a path which would lead us to the spot where we had left our friends, nearly as soon as her attendants could reach them, and thus she would herself invite them to the Palace. To this we readily acceded. As one passes through the grounds the eye cannot but be struck with the richness of the flower-beds, alike in colour, form, and fragrance. All the plants which we saw here were exotics, having been imported from the celestial country, but so thoroughly had they become acclimatised, that they seemed as if native to the soil. The soil, however, of the garden, as of the fields, was barren in its state of nature, and had become thus fertile through the processes of grace. The plots were rich with the bloom of Faith; and when I asked if this flower was a native of this region, the Princess replied, No—

> 'Faith is a plant which will not grow
> In nature's barren soil.'

This plant of faith was growing exceedingly, and the Princess said that its seed was the least of all the seeds of the garden, but it was the first to be sown in spring, and therefore became the greatest among herbs. The next plot was filled with Love-lies-bleeding, which sent shoots out abundantly on every hand.† Next this was a bed filled with a beautiful small flower, blue as the heaven up to whose face it gazed, and the Princess said this little plant had an interest all its own, because it was the last flower Immanuel planted when He lived here, and He called it 'Forget-me-not,'‡ and of this she gave each of us a sprig to preserve in memory of her Sovereign and ours. This species bloomed all the year round. Here were plots of a beautiful flower named Sanctification. Though now far on in summer, it was still only in bud, and the Princess said that it never fully opened here, for the early autumn frosts checked it, so it did not come into perfect bloom till it was transported to Immanuel's Palace above, where, under a brighter Sun, it unfolds all its beauties in the gardens of glory.

Here also were parterres of Hearts'-ease, with the name of each variety indicated on a gardener's tally. There were all varieties of the original flower which had been planted in these gardens by Immanuel's own hand, and the name of which was, 'Let not your heart be troubled.'§ The choice-named seedlings produced from this single plant were, 'Hearts'-ease-from-guilt,' 'Hearts'-ease-from-wrath,' 'Hearts'-ease-in-sickness,' 'Hearts'-ease-in-bereavement,' 'Hearts'-ease-in-trouble,' 'Hearts'-ease-in-poverty,' and many others. Then came beds of roses, the richest of all being that called The Rose of Sharon, which was transplanted from the Gardens of El Shaddai. This rich and fragrant Rose indeed so attracted me that I could hardly tear myself away from the spot where it grew. Here also was the balm of Gilead, of whose wonderful virtues you have already been told, and many aromatic shrubs from which the perfumed spikenard for the King's use is made; and as we passed along, the south wind blew over the flower-plots, and made their fragrance flow forth.‖ Over the banks of the stream of the water-of-life, which irrigates the garden, and which is derived by a conduit from the Pool under the Rock, hung weeping-willows of the species called 'Penitence,' of which Immanuel is very fond.

The gardeners were busy at their work, and the Princess said that their labours demanded all their skill and time too, for the weeds grew fast even in this prepared soil. I asked if none of the native flowers were fair enough to be allowed a place in the Palace-ground. She replied, 'No. Some of them are very ugly, others are more pleasing to the eye, but are poisonous, and Immanuel's instructions are (and you must remember that the garden is really His) that every plant which His heavenly Father had not planted should be

* Song of Sol. vi. 4–10; Ps. xlv. 8; Eph. vi. 15.

† 2 Thess. i. 3.
‡ Luke xxii. 19.
§ John xiv. 1.
‖ Song ii. 1; iv. 14–16.

So the gardeners were busy
e sour sorrel, the deadly night-
ionkshood, the virgin's-bower,
es, and many other noxious
if left to spread at will, would
ll the flowers on which they
uch care. Immanuel has much
se gardens, as reminding Him
ther, who gives the increase, and
s, to whose planting and water-
ty is in part owing, and He has
ople often go there, and consider
w they grow, for though they
or spin, yet Solomon in all his
arrayed like one of them, and
them that looking at these
flowers should keep them from
xious as to wherewithal they
lves be clothed. In spring, we
eir beauty is as great as in
the snowdrops of purity and the
and lordly lilies that belong to
nd then the voice of the turtle-
in the bowers.

we reached the Rock the Queen's
d just succeeded in overcoming
luctance of those whom we had
come and lodge in the Royal
faces lit up with joy when they
doing, and he introduced them
s Ecclesia, who gave them a most
hearty welcome.

ned towards the Palace, the
elf observed a miserable object
behind the bushes, and appar-
s of escaping our notice. The
d him, and seeing that we were
ous party that he could not hope
he allowed himself to be led into

He was sadly emaciated, his
much the worse for wear and
menial kind, and he was stoop-
great burden that was on his

Whence dost thou come, my good
ther art thou making for?

me from the country of the
I am seeking for food that will
nmortal spirit, and also for rest
rom this burden of my sins.

Wast thou born in that country?
sovereign lady (for such by your
arel I must deem you to be), I
ubject of Diabolus, but not in
settled in it to gratify the fancy
en will.

Didst thou get there what thou
?

s! no. At first I thought it a
d, and free from the irksome
my childhood's home, but after I
l my means in riotous living, I
er from the pangs of hunger and
me food. At last a citizen of
sent me into his fields to feed

* Matt. xv. 13.

Princess—If your experience is like that of others I have met from that land, you tried to satisfy your own hunger with the swine's husks, and failed to do so.†

Man—You have just described my case, gracious Lady.

Princess—What wilt thou that I should do for thee?

Man—May it please thee to give me food for my hunger, and rest from my burden.

Princess—I shall most gladly do what I can to relieve thy necessities; but first thou must know that though I have food of all kinds in my stores, it is not mine, but belongs to the Supreme Ruler of this Land, who is called the Redeemer, seeing He has delivered it from Belial's bondage; and that as the food I will offer thee really comes from Him, so also the rest thou dost so sorely need is His, and to Him must thou apply for it.

Man—How can I address any request to this Redeemer, whom I cannot see, and who, as I have heard, is very far away.

Princess—Nay, my poor friend, though thou canst not see Him, He is not far from any one of us, and not far from thee, and thou must try to feel that He is near thee.

Man—I can only feel that He is absent, since I cannot behold Him.

Princess—Thou canst feel the wind which thou canst not see. But if thou canst not see or feel the great Redeemer's presence, thou must believe it, and speak to Him, knowing that He is present. If thou hadst been born blind, wouldst thou have believed in the presence of none whom thou couldst not grasp by the hand?

Man—Yes, if I heard their voice.

Princess—That is just what I mean. Well, here is Immanuel's voice, saying to us His people, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;' and to you as well as to us He says, 'If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it?' Dost thou believe that these are His own words?‡

Man—I do.

Princess—And canst thou not believe that Immanuel, the Redeemer, is here just now, spiritually present, though unseen? Thou canst not see thine own spirit, nor the spirit of any of those whom thou seest about thee? It should not be more difficult for thee to believe in the presence of Him who is present everywhere.

Man—I think I see your meaning, and will try to believe in His presence, hard though it may be.

Princess—Then thine is the blessedness of those who have not seen, and yet have believed. But let me first tell thee how thou mayest get rid of thy burden. Hast thou ever tried to get rid of it?

Man—Hundreds of times; but those who made great professions that they would help me never fulfilled their promises; and when I

† Luke xv. 11-16.

‡ Matt. xxviii. 20; John xiv. 14.

have sought to lay it on the ground, the Earth herself trembled under it, so that I made haste to take it up again. My sins have gone over my head, as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me.

Princess—You must know, then, that this burden of yours is of such a character that there is none in heaven or earth, except Immanuel, who is able to bear it. None can by any means redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him.

Man—Canst thou not bear my burden, and give me rest?

Princess—Alas! no. I could not if I would, and I know not whether I would if I could. There have been times when I could have wished myself accursed for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh, and I have prayed that my name might be blotted out of the book of life, if by this means the transgressions of my people might have been forgiven. But, alas! my heart is not always in this frame, and even were it so, El Shaddai has told me that my sufferings cannot take away others' sins, and that I have no works of supererogation which I can offer to God on their behalf. But when there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save, then El Shaddai laid help upon one that is mighty; and He so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son to bear away its sin. Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world! Didst thou not come past the hill of Calvary with its cross and sacrifice?

Man—No, my Lady; I did not see it.

Princess—Well, then, thou art now at the foot of this Rock, which is not like the rocks of thy country, or the ordinary rocks of this land, but is what is called the Spiritual Rock. It has a history, and has a hidden meaning. Long ago the great Lawgiver, by whom El Shaddai gave laws and commandments to His people, was told to smite this Rock, and that from the cleft living waters would spring forth for the people who were encamped here, and were perishing of thirst. Accordingly, the lawgiver took his rod and therewith struck the Rock, to signify that El-Shaddai's Son was to be smitten by the curse of the law for His people's sins. Hast thou never heard that He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, and that by His stripes we are healed?*

Man—That is good news for me. But canst thou tell me, noble Lady, since that happened thousands of years ago, is it not needful that this Redeemer should again come under the curse of the law, and be smitten anew for me?

Princess—By no means, for it is written in that precious Book which thou hast told me thou believest to be the Word of God, that 'by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified;' and again, that 'this Man, when He had offered one sacrifice, for ever sat at the right hand of the throne of God.'† It was because he struck this Rock a second time at the end of forty years, instead of simply speaking to it, that Moses, the Lawgiver, was excluded from entering the land of promise; since, besides his heat and haughtiness, and want of forbearance towards that rebellious people, he spoiled the type of the Messiah's atoning death, which Jehovah, the great El-Shaddai, had provided for them. Know, then, that Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.

Man—I understand this. But though this Messiah died for sins not His own, and, as thou dost tell me, to bear the sins of many, I know not whether His smiting was sufficient to expiate my sins, for they are very great.

Princess—Know, then, for thy instruction and comfort, that, seeing Immanuel was and is the true Son of God, His death must needs be sufficient to atone for all sin, for the divine dignity of the Sufferer gives infinite worth to His sufferings. Thou mayest assuredly rely upon this. Thou has too low thoughts of the glory of Immanuel's person if thou fearest that His sin-bearing is not sufficient to avail for thee. He has borne the countless sins of countless sinners in the past, and is ready to bear the countless sins of multitudes more now, and in the time to come.

Man—Besides the burden of my guilt, I am painfully conscious that sin exerts a power over me which I am not able to withstand. My whole being seems to have become so subjugated to my ruling lusts, that I cannot free myself from their miserable yoke. Alas! alas! I have nursed the love of sin in my bosom, like a venomous snake, until now it has grown too strong for me. I fear, for example, that on the very first occasion I might find myself too weak to resist the temptation to indulge in my old vice of intemperance. Though at this moment I loathe it, my good resolutions have so often been but bonds that have snapped like tow at the touch of fire before the burning fuel that has so long fed my inward craving, that I fear to trust myself for the future, or even to make a new effort to reform.

Princess—I do not bid thee trust thyself, but trust thy Saviour. He is able to save to the uttermost from sin's bondage as well as its burden. Thou canst not trust thyself too little, and thou canst not trust Him too much. But besides trusting to His atoning death, thou must receive the infused and sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit, represented to thee by this living water. This water, used with other means which I will prescribe to thee, will certainly remove the vicious thirst of thy body and spirit. It has proved effectual in the case of multitudes, and will prove so also with thee. I counsel thee to sit down and rest thee on this Rock, then I counsel thee to take this burden of thy guilt and lay it beside thee on the Rock, which will not tremble beneath its weight, while we withdraw to my Palace, leaving thee for a little alone to pray to Him who is invisible, and then, after thou hast drunk of this water, thou wilt follow us thither,

* Is. liii. 5. † Heb. x. 12, 14.

where thou wilt receive the sustenance of which thou standest in need.

The burdened traveller, bowing to her who thus spoke to him as with authority in Immanuel's name, stooped to drink of the stream, then fell upon his knees on the Rock and spread out his hands towards heaven, saying, 'O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to Thee, my God; for my iniquities are increased over my head, and my trespass is grown up unto the heavens! God, be merciful to me a sinner!' *

'Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.'

As he spoke thus he laid his burden on the Rock, and we saw the burden roll quickly into the stream, and sinking down into the deep lynn at the foot of the rock, and perhaps being carried out from thence into the middle of the current, it was soon lost to view. I made bold, as we turned away, to ask the Princess whether this burden of guilt of this poor man would not rise again to the surface, or be thrown up upon the river-bank. She answered, 'No; even though his iniquity should be sought for it could not be found. It is borne away into the land of forgetfulness, a land not inhabited, and is removed even from the sight and memory of El-Shaddai, for He hath said, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."† Such an assurance,' said she, 'from the lips of Him who cannot lie is sufficient to set at rest every doubt.'

Just as we reached the Palace, the poor man we had left by the rock overtook us, and as we entered the Porch we were welcomed by the sound of song and viol—

'O blessed is the man to whom
Is freely pardonèd
All the transgression he hath done,
Whose sin is coverèd.'

'Blessed are they who to observe
His statutes are inclin'd,
And who do seek the living God
With their whole heart and mind.'‡

The Tables being spread with all manner of dainties, and the new guests being furnished with suitable apparel from the Royal Wardrobes, we all assembled in the Dining Halls, and when the blessing of God had been asked upon the food, we sat down to meat. Here, indeed, was a feast of fat things brought from many lands. On some of the dishes there was angels' food, on others the Paschal lamb eaten with bitter herbs, on others cakes made from the finest wheat, on others the bread of life. For dessert there were apples from a famous tree in the wood, grapes from the true vine, the fruit of the tree of life, pure honey, oil from the royal olive-yard, besides water from the Rock, milk for the children, and red wine. Our friend from the Country of the Prodigals said he dared not taste the wine lest his old thirst for strong drink should return upon him. But the Princess told him that while he was right in totally abstaining for the future from what had wrought him so much harm, he need not fear to partake of this wine, because it was by Immanuel's instructions that it was given to those who were ready to perish, and that it was made from the juice of a special vine which grew in this country, called the True Vine, and which contained in it nothing that was hurtful. It was the same vine which produced the grapes which were now upon the Table, and it was also, she informed us, drunk in the Palace of El-Shaddai above.

After the feast was over there was more music, in which the guests were invited to join. The mother, whose life Mr Well-doing had been instrumental in saving, looked over one of the cases of music, and selecting a piece, sat down to the instrument, and running her hands over the keys, played a simple accompaniment, as with a rich, full voice she sang—

'I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd,
And now I live in Him.'

The Princess said that she and her boy must remain in her palace till they were thoroughly recruited, after which the mother said it was her desire to purchase a small freehold in this land (as she was not wholly without means), situated near the highway of Spiritual Desire, where she would build for herself a modest cottage, and be where she could bear timely succour to any poor fainting travellers from her old country, who might find themselves in the same extremity as she had been.

Mr Well-doing and I now bade a reluctant adieu to our friends, and as we walked down the avenue, before we parted, we conversed a little about those whom we had just left, and I expressed the feelings of mingled admiration and awe with which the heavenly grace and bearing of the Princess Ecclesia had affected me. So it is, he said, with all who are loyal to our liege Lord Immanuel, while those who see no beauty in Him that they should desire Him, see still less that is attractive in her who in some respects resembles Him. She has had, he said, a remarkable history, and if the oracles are true, she is yet to have as remarkable a destiny. Before we separate, I can but tell thee of her birth and infancy. Though now endowed, as thou didst rightly say, with heavenly radiance, and destined to grace that glorious land at last, she is sprung

* Ezra ix. 6; Luke xi. 13. † Heb. viii. 12.
‡ Ps. xxxii. 1, cxix. 2.

from the Earth. Her father was an Amorite and her mother a Hittite, and she was born in the land of Canaan, a province then of Beelzebub. At her birth she was exposed a helpless infant in her own blood in the open field, and there was no eye to pity the perishing babe. Then Immanuel passed by, and had compassion upon the poor infant; and, behold, the time was a time of love, and the tear stood in His eye, and He said unto her, Live; yea, He took His own garment and spread it over the babe to cover its nakedness, and said unto her, Live! Nor were good words all that He gave her, for He washed the babe in water, and anointed it with oil, and entrusted it to the keeping of those who would care for it, and clothed it with broidered work and fine linen and silk, and entered into a solemn oath that He would never leave it nor forsake it, and so she became His. He also, in due time, decked her with ornaments, and gave her those bracelets on her arms, and the chain round her neck, and the jewelled earrings, and, above all, set the beautiful crown upon her forehead, all of which thou didst so much admire.* And it is said that if she is faithful to her high estate, He will at last grant to her to sit with Him upon His throne.

As the sun was now sinking towards the horizon, my friend said that he must now say farewell, and return to his home. As we parted, he gave me the introduction which he had promised me to one of the chief gardeners in the Royal Vineyards, and I left my friend, and pursued my way in the cool of the evening, until, following his directions, I reached after sunset the house that was my destination, being guided to it by a lamp that shone from one of the windows.

(*To be continued.*)

* Ezek. xvi. 3–12.

KENNETH.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER VI.

KENNETH'S first care was to build a fire; the sun was already set, and the chill wind made a mournful sound in the tree-tops. Fortunately, his matches were in a tin case, and thus escaped wetting. Scraping up the dried leaves and twigs, Kenneth soon had a blazing fire. Then holding Zoe in his arms, he removed the small boots and wrung out her stockings, much to the satisfaction of the child.

'Were you much afraid, Zoe?' he asked, feeling that something was expected of him.

'I knew you would take care of me; you told papa you would,' looking into his face trustingly.

'As good care as I could, Zoe; and now are you quite warm, and do your shoes feel comfortable?'

Kenneth had no thought of his own wet clothes, save as they came in contact with Zoe's dry ones.

'Now, if you will sit here, I will take off my coat,' shaking himself and trying to make the child laugh.

Kenneth had a double purpose in lighting a fire. In the first place, Zoe would be less likely to take cold, and in the event of Karl Lubeck or Mr Crownley's coming for them, the fire would be a signal. Had they taken the other side of the island a passing steamer might possibly have taken them off, or a small boat have seen them. As it was, they must patiently wait until missed at home, and some one came purposely. This last was not a pleasant consideration, inasmuch as it necessitated anxiety on the part of Zoe's friends, to say nothing of Karl and Christine Lubeck.

Stars came out one by one, and the cold made them pile the fire still higher. Finding a sheltered nook already spread thick with fallen leaves, Kenneth made a bed for Zoe, and sung her to sleep. Then he curled up by the fire, and, watching the stars, went over all that Miss Crownley had said to him. He could not imagine what possible good there could be in the loss of the boat and the risk he ran in bringing Zoe to land. Still, in the light she had spoken, he must consider it as in some way needful, else it would not have been.

An owl, frightened by the ruddy glare, began to hoot, and the cracking of dry limbs led Kenneth to think of the night he slept on the prairie. Zoe woke up with a start, and had to be soothed again to sleep. Was it possible that his fire could not be seen? And bringing fresh fuel, he watched the flames as they leaped upward. Then a sound of oars drew him to the water's edge; but fainter, farther away. They had not seen, or did not choose to question the necessity of his fire. Never had the hours seemed to pass with such leaden steps. To keep himself from falling asleep, Kenneth repeated verses and snatches of songs he had learned from his mother, wondering what Rachel would say, could she know the plight he was in, and glad that it would not be necessary for her to know. If anything troubled her, he was sure she did not let it get into her letters. He had told her about Mr Crownley and Zoe, and he would braid the brightness of the day into his next letter; but he would not tell her that harm had come to his boat.

This time Kenneth was not mistaken. The steady dip of oars told that a boat was coming. He ran down to the water and shouted.

'Hallo!' was the echo.

'Here!' shouted Kenneth.

'Here!' rang out.

Zoe started, and sat rubbing her eyes, when her father sprang up the bank. He caught her in his arms and folded her to his heart with an energy that pained her.

'Did you think I was lost, papa? And were you very sorry?'

Dumb with joy, he could only fold her more closely in his arms, while he listened to the story of the boat.

Karl Lubeck was there, and so was Carey Kew.

'Of course we saw the fire; but supposed it must be Indians or raftsmen, and thus we have been rowing about for an hour when we ought to have been here,' Carey said, with a thread of self-reproach.

'I cannot comprehend how it could be done,' observed Karl Lubeck. 'The boat was a new one, and her timbers were strong. Possibly, when we raise her, we shall find some clue.'

Coming home, Kenneth was made to sit in the boat with a warm cloak wrapped about him. Zoe slept in her father's arms.

Miss Crownley and Christine Lubeck met them at the landing. There were tears, and kind words, and hand claspings, from which Kenneth gladly escaped to his own room, thankful that in the hour of peril he had been able to bear Zoe safely ashore.

CHAPTER VII.

The mystery of the boat was not solved. Karl Lubeck made close examinations; but proof was wanting. Mr Vernon was sure, from the clumsy way in which the work was done, that it was not the work of an adept.

'Doubtless, whoever did it, was little aware of the direct mischief he was doing.'

The effect upon Kenneth was to confine him more closely to his daily round of duties. Besides, he had the hope of more time to study during the winter. Of course, there would be paths to make through the snow, and fuel to prepare for the winter fires; but he could think while his hands were employed, and he would be happier in doing it, and Rachel would be glad.

Since Zoe's visit to the island, Mr Crownley had several times walked home with Kenneth, and from these little informal talks, perhaps, was better able to drop encouraging words into the Sabbath lessons.

From questioning, Kenneth was gradually learning to trust. The promise, 'Whatsoever ye ask in My name,' stood out before him as something tangible. In the old home he had read it to his mother. Mr Crownley was a business man. His observation was keen, and many of his interpretations showed the tact of the man of the world, the wisdom gathered from experience rather than books. To his class one day he said—

'It is like this, boys. I give you a bit of paper with a few words written, and at the bottom my signature, and say to you, "Go to the bank, and everything you need will be given you." "But I have no money," you say; "the bank is no place for me." I urge you to go. I explain that you have my name. The money will not be given because of your asking, but because you bear my name. I have an interest there, and they cannot deny you. Just this when we go to God in prayer. We must carry the name of Jesus. It is for His sake, not ours. The Father cannot deny the claim of His Son. The weakest earth-dweller who comes to Him in, and for the sake of, Christ brings away a blessing.' . . .

Secor Street, the schoolmaster, was a man with a conscience. He was a graduate of an Eastern college, and he had studied law and intended to pursue it. With him, teaching was a mere stepping-stone. His aim was good, and he fully intended to lead his pupils to the heights; but there were times when his eyes failed to discern the pitfalls.

The first day Kenneth was at school the pupils were asked at the close how many whispers should be set down against them.

'I have not counted; possibly a dozen,' answered Kenneth.

His frankness was rewarded by a reprimand, and his position given him at the foot of his class.

Going home, his associates upbraided him: 'What made you confess? We don't think it is any of his business.'

'But I did whisper, and I think some of you did,' Kenneth spoke up, stoutly.

'Of course we whispered, we always do; but we don't confess, and have to go to the foot of the class.'

'I'd rather stand at the foot of the class than tell a lie about it!' persisted Kenneth.

Notwithstanding this rebuke, there was manifest eagerness to learn which side he would take in the games.

'He is in your class; I think we can count on him,' was said to Carey Kew.

'Not of necessity,' laughed the latter.

'Oh, you are too provoking! Ask him. I would.'

Both sides could claim scholarship and influence. Kenneth had no desire to sail under false colours. 'Say to them that I am poor and friendless. If I keep up with my class—and I intend to—I shall have to work for it,' he said to Carey.

'Not friendless; you cannot think that,' was the quick reply; 'and as to keeping up, you would go far ahead, if you had been in class as we have been.'

Carey was at all times generous; but for Kenneth he already felt an ardent friendship.

'No, no! Not friendless!' as the two boys walked home together. 'Do you know, Kenneth, I can hardly tell how it will be brought around, but I quite believe you will be ready to go to college when I go;' a thread of joyful anticipation running through the words.

'No, Carey; do not tempt me to recall that

old dream. Once I did not feel that any other course would satisfy me; God has willed otherwise. I must study to fit myself for some occupation whereby I can support myself and Rachel.'

'But some way may open quite unexpectedly,' persisted Carey.

'I have no right to expect it!' with humility.

To find time for his lessons, Kenneth had to rise before daybreak. Hearing a noise at what seemed an unusual hour, Karl was led to investigate, and was not a little surprised to find Kenneth perched on a barrel for a platform, and declaiming before a brood of barn fowls, busily engaged in picking corn from the cleanly swept floor. Unwilling to disturb him, the former crept back to the kitchen, and was reading quietly in a rare old book of orations when Kenneth entered.

'Here, lad,' with serious appreciation in his manner, 'is a book that will aid you materially, I think.'

An ingenuous blush crept over the lad's face. He was conscious that Karl must have in some way found him out.

'I can memorise in this way, and it gives me confidence,' he said after a moment's hesitation.

Karl was still turning the leaves, and his words dropped slowly.

'It is a grand thing to write, but a still grander thing to speak, words of truth, that shall hold the hearts of men.'

'The ability to do this is, in a measure, acquired, is it not?'

'Yes; and I was thinking if you keep on, lad—at any rate, it is right to keep on.'

All through the day the music of the words, 'Keep on!' went ringing through Kenneth's brain, and at night, shut in with his books, they thrilled him with still more earnest purpose to succeed. It was the night for Rachel's letter. Christine did not open the door, but slid it under, and there it was, and there it must lie until the lessons were each thoroughly learned.

'Now I have time, now I can think of you as much as I like,' exclaimed the lad, reaching down his hand for the letter.

Rachel was improving in penmanship, and her spelling was perfect. She had folded it very neatly, and with glad tears he read—

'I am studying every moment I can get, and all the time I am thinking it is coming—the day when you will send for me to be your little housekeeper. I already know how to make biscuit and very nice tea-cakes, and when my arms are a little stronger I am to make bread.'

'Such a little girl to be doing so much;' and before the lad was aware, his elbows were resting on the table, and his tears were falling fast over the letter, crumpled in his hand. He knows how tired she must get, and at night how she lies awake and thinks of him and of the time coming. Will it come? He has his doubts, and blackness settles over him. He is not so very old, but he is longing to have a house of his own, with Rachel to keep it for him. Perhaps he did wrong in leaving her, and if wrong, as he cannot be quite sure, he wonders if right can be made of it; and if God, knowing the motive, will be pleased to accept it as an effort to do right? Rachel is all that he has in the world, and he is all that Rachel has, dear little heart!

Sleigh bells ring out merrily—possibly Hinckley French, or Carey Kew. The latter had told him of the moonlight drives, and asked him to join them; but he had no time. For a moment the contrast was painfully sad. Carey had a beautiful home, with a fond mother and loving sisters. He had but Rachel, and home to both was a myth, a something in the future. Choking down a sob, the lad raised his head and tried to think calmly. As he did so a ray of light touched the book from which he had read in the morning.

'Here I am,' the star seemed to say, 'and I do believe you have been crying,' very gently to the lad.

'Not much,' wiping his eyes.

'There is a time coming when tears will be all wiped away,' said the star, with very great tenderness.

'I know it,' was the ready reply.

'Then, why not think of it?' asked the star.

'It is not what God will do for me, but it is what I am to do for God. Rachel is doing great things, and she is a little girl. I am a boy, and I am to be a man. There is now, and there will be, a great deal for me to accomplish.'

'I do not doubt it,' said the star. 'Suppose you read. I like to listen, and I have a long journey before me.'

'"Why art thou cast down, O my soul! And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."'

'Just so; I say to myself, "Hope thou in God!" and it comforts me when I am faint and weary. Often I should fall by the way, and my light would go out, if His hand did not hold me up. The clasp of His fingers gives me life, and I go forward,' said the star.

'"Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."'

'Songs in the night! Yes, I have sung them myself many a time. You remember where it says, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?' said the star.

'When God created everything?' asked the lad.

'God created, and He creates,' was the reply.

'"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me,"' once more reading.

'He will do it. This is the comfort,' cried the star. 'He will do it. He will choose our inheritance for us.'

ur work?' was asked, timidly.
ork? Yes. Not a bit of trouble
Perhaps you don't know I am a
way from home; ever so many of
ut we never get tangled. It is all
ut. I must go now. You won't cry
?'

'I shall try not to,' was the answer.
And again the lad read from the Book—
'"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."'
'"Teach me the way, O, Lord, and lead me in a plain path!"'

(To be continued.)

THE CRITICAL CONFLICT.

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(Continued from page 267.)

O objection can be made to the demand that the sacred writings should be subjected to the same critical tests as other literary productions of antiquity. When was it written? and by whom? was it intended? and with what ew?—these are the questions that y be asked respecting the several he Bible as respecting other books, ame criteria that are applicable in ase are so likewise in the other. oduction of any age bears the stamp ge. Its takes its shape from in- hen at work. It is part of the life eriod, and can only be properly and understood from being viewed inal connections. Its language will guage of the time when it was pro- he subject, the style of thought, the personal allusions, will have relation cumstances of the period to which, ie whole and every part of it must adaptation, and which must have tful place in fixing its true explana-

tion has no tendency to obliterate inctive qualities and characteristics k men to their own age. It is as ul and Isaiah as it is of Plato and at their intellectual life and their received a peculiar impress from oundings. It is by the application rinciple that literary forgeries are

The attempt to palm off one's own n as the work of one of a different subject to different conditions, is cessful. In spite of every precau- thing will leak out to betray the fact real circumstances of its origin are from those that are pretended. If red writings, like others, are in all ary aspects the outgrowth of their hen the most thorough scrutiny can rm our faith in their real origin. any instance the view commonly d of their origin or authorship is n any particular, the critical study, ects the error and assigns each writ- proper time and place, can only con- s being better understood and more appreciated.

But in applying the principles and methods of literary criticism to the books of the Bible, it must be borne in mind that these books have a character peculiarly their own, as a revelation from God. And a criticism which denies this at the outset, and conducts all its investigations upon this assumption, is under a bias which must necessarily lead to false conclusions. There is a Biblical criticism which is born of unbelief, and there is Biblical criticism which is sprung from a reverent faith in the divine word; and it is not surprising that, proceeding from such opposite principles, they arrive at totally different results.

It is not necessary, in order to vitiate its conclusions, that the unbelieving criticism should formally proclaim the principles on which it proceeds, and the assumptions which lie at the basis of all its investigations. These are no less real, however, for not being announced, and for being hidden under a show of a strictly scientific procedure, by which they who conduct it may be themselves deceived. The latent principle which guides and controls throughout is, nevertheless, the elimination of the supernatural from the Bible. The problem to which it addresses itself is, How can this result be most effectually secured, and by the most plausible method?

That this is really the animus of the movement can be sufficiently shown by a survey of the various hypotheses which have been successively broached, and the arguments by which they have been defended. The only thing common to them all is the end at which they arrive; but this is reached by the most various and opposite routes. They universally agree in so dealing with the different books of Scripture, that their testimony to the actual occurrence of miracles and the utterance of real prophecies shall be discredited and nullified. But in the method by which this result is reached in individual cases, there is endless discord and disagreement; so that the most effectual reply to these various hypotheses often is to set them over against one another, and exhibit their mutual contrariety. In every instance in which the common result can be attained by a diversity of method, we find these different methods employed by one or other of the critics. If the supernatural can be removed

in a given case by a process of interpretation in the judgment of any critic, this method will be adopted, and the genuineness of the writing which contains it will be left unassailed; and any arguments that may have been advanced by others to set it aside will be pronounced inconclusive. Other critics employed upon the very same passage, and deeming this method ineffectual, maintain the charge of spuriousness with arguments adapted to the purpose; but just to the length that to their individual judgment seems necessary to compass their end. Where some are satisfied with removing a word or a clause from the text, others make bold to cast away paragraphs or the entire writing in which they are found; and the arguments for retention or rejection, while apparently satisfactory to each critic's own mind, fail to convince his fellows. So that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the validity of the arguments employed rests, after all, upon the end to be effected; and that criteria of like nature and of equal weight are admitted here and discredited there, according to the varying exigencies of the hypothesis which the critic is maintaining.

There is, accordingly, an unbelieving criticism, which may not openly avow its unbelief, or professedly make this the basis of its action, but nevertheless is practically governed in its course and its issues by radical principles that are at war with divine revelation. And there is a believing criticism, framed under the opposite principle of the reality of the supernatural revelation given in the Scriptures. A sense of the need of a divine salvation, and a conviction that the salvation set forth in the gospel of Christ meets this pressing necessity of the individual soul and of all men, as it is not and cannot be met elsewhere, produces an inward persuasion of the truth and divinity of the Scriptures that cannot be set aside. He who approaches them in this state of mind, instead of being offended by the immediate divine interventions therein recorded, and being under a temptation to deny their reality or to explain them away, is prepared to accept them on proper evidence as kindred to, or prognostic of, that supreme act of immediate divine interference which achieved the world's redemption.

What the one style of criticism is thus under a constant bias to set aside as unreal and untrue, the other is prepared to accept without difficulty, whenever it is properly attested. The latter consequently disputes the legitimacy of the entire process upon which the unbelieving criticism effects its work of negation and destruction. The antecedent presumption that all testimony, which confirms the reality of miracles and prophecy, must necessarily be false, leads to the suspicion that the records containing this testimony must be spurious, and to the admission of criteria of spuriousness which would not have been entertained but for this previous suspicion. Ingenious and apparently formidable arguments are derived from a minute and elaborate investigation of points of diction, of style and language, of aim and tendency; and conclusions of the most serious nature are built on these fine-spun arguments, which lie, after all, wholly in the region of hypothesis, which have no proof from established facts and no basis in known historical data, but are so dexterously contrived as to avoid collision as far as possible with what is indisputable; and thus, on the ground of what is purely conjectural, it is proposed to revolutionise what has always been credibly believed, and is supported by an authority which these ingenious processes cannot after all invalidate.

What has now been said casts no reflection upon the motives or the honesty of individual critics. It relates simply to systems and methods of criticism as such. The opposite spirit of these two systems is unmistakable. But it does not follow that each individual critic is aware of, much less that he is invariably penetrated by, the spirit of the system to which he has addicted himself. Earnest believers may be ensnared by the specious character of the arguments employed by an unbelieving criticism, and may not be able to emancipate themselves from its power, and hence may adopt its conclusions. Just as Christians may be living under a Pagan civilisation, or Pagans may be living under a Christian civilisation; the system to which they are attached being the outgrowth of principles most opposite to those which they inwardly adopt, whether they are themselves sensible of this contrariety or not.

(To be continued.)

Dirige nos Domine!

(Direct us, Lord.)

When in life's dark and winding way,
Without Thy guidance, we would stray,
Pierce through the gloom Thy cheering ray—
Dirige nos Domine!

When perils rise on every side,
When friends forsake and foes deride,
When none below can help or guide,
Dirige nos Domine!

When bowed beneath a load of cares,
Perplexed with dismal doubts and fears,
When sore beset with subtle snares,
Dirige nos Domine!

When by deep grief our hearts are crushed,
When hope seems buried in the dust,
In Thee alone we put our trust—
Dirige nos Domine!

And when we enter death's dark vale,
When flesh and spirit shrink and quail,
And earthly hopes and comforts fail,
Dirige nos Domine!

G. A. T.

E HEADS TOGETHER.

allowed be Thy name.'

aid Harry, a few evenings after
t 'Our Father,' 'do you remem-
as so little, that I did not know
allowed be Thy name"?'
led, and said she did. It was
ng ago, though Harry thought it

w yet *just exactly* what it *means*,'
y. '*Does* it mean that we must
let other people do so if we can
know the commandment says,
ot take the name of the Lord
ain." Mamma, to-day, when I
hat snow-man in the yard, some
reet began to swear *awfully*. I
o please to stop, but they only
lls at me, so I ran in.'
not swearing, and many other
,' replied his mother, drawing him
o her. 'Loving God, and prais-
trying to get other people to do
of hallowing His name. It is
acting always, so that those you
ow what a good and wise and
He is. Do you recollect when
made her visit here, how much
lk about her mother?'
said Harry; 'she was always
uch she loved her, and how good
what pretty things she could
would never do a thing unless
her mamma would like it. Do
t we must talk in that way about
heaven?'
rling,' replied his mother. 'That
id of preaching, and a kind you
But it is bed-time, and we must
-night hymn. What shall it be?'
"Precious Name, O how Sweet,"'

w minutes Aunt Ellen, who was
in the parlour thinking of her
om Jesus had taken a few weeks
as she listened and thought of
he 'Hope of earth and the joy of
re baby was. And so Harry
er even before his little head was
on his pillow that night.

To my Pocket-Bible.

Companion of my walks,
I like thee well;
Far sweeter are thy talks
Than tongue can tell.

I never am alone
When thou art near;
Thy light reveals the throne,
And casts out fear.

With thee I go to bed,
With thee I rise;
Thou sooth'st my burning head,
And wip'st my eyes.

By thee I fly from hell,
And rise to heaven;
By thee I am made well
When rudely driven

Through fierce Satanic wind,
Or fleshly breeze,
In dark and troubled mind,
To cruel seas.

Thou art a healing balm,
A friend indeed;
Thy voice creates a calm
In time of need.

Thou hast dove's eyes, my friend,
Thy mouth is sweet;
On thee the saints attend,
And kiss thy feet.

Thou'rt clothèd all in gold,
O wondrous guide!
I never knew thee cold;
Thou dost abide.

Companion, good and true,
Thou art my life;
Thine arm will bear me through
This vale of strife.

Break up my thorny way
Till life is done,
Then bear me out to day
Beyond the sun.

William Anderson, Tarbolton.

A Daily Portion.

JUNE 9.

AN BE BORN OF WATER AND OF IT, HE CANNOT ENTER INTO THE OF GOD.'—John iii. 5.

again is universally necessary, all men. Our Saviour knows t this mark. There must be a soul: 'Therefore if any man be is a new creature.' There must tion of the Spirit: 'If any man Spirit of Christ, he is none of must be a crucifixion not only of the corrupt affections of the flesh, but of the flesh itself: 'They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.' The old nature must be killed, with all its attendants. There is no sonship to God without likeness, no relation of a child of God without a childlike nature. Let a man be of whatsoever quality in the world, never so high, never so low, of whatsoever age, of whatsoever moral endowments, 'except a man,' every man, 'be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'—*Charnock.*

JUNE 10.

'EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN, HE CANNOT SEE THE KINGDOM OF GOD.'—John iii. 3.

We must be united to Christ, engrafted upon another stock, and partake of the power of His resurrection; without this we may bring forth fruit, but not fruit to God. There is as utter an impossibility in a man to answer the end of his creation without righteousness, as for a man to act without life, or act strongly without health and strength. It is a contradiction to think a man can act righteously without righteousness, for without it he hath not the being of a man—that is, man in such a capacity, for those ends for which his creation intended him. Well, then, since there is an unfitness, unwillingness, inability in a man to answer his end, there is a necessity of a new life, a new nature, a new righteousness. There is a necessity for his happiness that he should be brought back to God, live to God, be a son of God, and this cannot be without regeneration; for how can he be brought back to God without a principle of spiritual motion? How can he live to God that hath no spiritual life? How can he be fit to be a son of God who is of a brutish and diabolical nature.—*Charnock.*

JUNE 11.

'YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.'—John iii. 7.

Let men's religion and professions be what they will (men are apt to please themselves with this and that profession and opinion, but), there is no salvation in any profession, or any kind of opinion, but by regeneration. It is not necessary our understandings should be all of one size, that our opinions should all meet in uniformity, but it is necessary we should all have one spiritual nature. It is as necessary to the being of a good man that he should be spiritual, as to the being of a man that he should be rational, though there is a great latitude and variety in the degrees of men in grace, as well as their reasons. Some are of little faith, some of great faith; some babes in Christ, some strong men. It is not necessary all should be as strong as Abraham, but it is simply necessary all should be new born, as Abraham; no age, no time excludes it.—*Charnock.*

JUNE 12.

'HE SHALL SAVE HIS PEOPLE FROM THEIR SINS.'—Matt. i. 21.

Christ came to save from sin. Salvation from sin was more His work than barely salvation from hell: 'He shall save His people from their sins.' From sin as the cause, from hell as the consequent. If from sin, was it only from the guilt of sin, and to leave the sinful nature unchanged? Was it only to take off punishment, and not to prepare for glory? It would have been then but the moiety of redemption, and not honourable for so great a Saviour. Can you imagine that the death of Jesus Christ, being necessary for the recovery of a sinner, was appointed for an incomplete work, to remit man's sin and continue the insolency of his nature against God?—*Charnock.*

JUNE 13.

'OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, WHO GAVE HIMSELF FOR US, THAT HE MIGHT REDEEM US FROM ALL INIQUITY.'—Titus ii. 13, 14.

It was not His end only to save us from wrath to come, but to save us from the procuring cause of that wrath; not forcibly and violently to save us, but in methods congruous to the honour of God's wisdom and holiness, and therefore to purify us: 'To redeem us from all iniquity,' all parts of it, 'by purifying unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works,' that we might have a holy nature, whereby we might perform holy actions, and be as zealous of good works and the honour of God, as we had been of bad works and to bring dishonour to Him.—*Charnock.*

JUNE 14.

'ACCORDING TO HIS MERCY HE SAVED US, BY THE WASHING OF REGENERATION.'—Titus iii. 5.

As God by His Spirit, moving upon the face of the waters, created the world, so God by His Spirit, moving upon the face of the soul, new creates all the faculties of it. Can the coming of Christ, and the coming of the Spirit, the most signal favours of God to mankind, be intended for no other end than to convey to us the mercy of God, with the dishonour of His holiness, to change our misery without changing our nature, and putting us in a capacity both to glorify God and enjoy Him? To what purpose doth the Spirit come, if not to renew? Whatsoever was the office of the Spirit, cannot be supposed to be exercised without this foundation. Can there be any seal of the Spirit without some impression made upon the soul like to the Spirit, which is the seal whereby we are sealed?—*Charnock.*

JUNE 15.

'THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE.'—2 Cor. iii. 6.

Can He witness to us that we are the children of God if there be no principle in us suitable to God as a Father, no child-like frame? Is the Spirit only to bring things to remembrance for a bare speculation, without any operative effect? Is He to help us in prayer? How can that be without giving us first a sense of what we need, and a praying heart? And how can we have a praying heart till our natures, so averse from God and His worship, be changed? He is a 'quickening Spirit,' 'the Spirit giveth life.' How can that be while we lie rotting in our former death? He is a 'Spirit of holiness.' Can He dwell in a soul that hath an unholy nature? Though He find men so at His first coming, would He not quickly be weary of His house if it continued so? He comes to change our old nature, not to encourage it. What fruits of the Spirit could appear without the change of the nature of the soil?—*Charnock.*

A FIVE-MINUTE SERMON TO CHILDREN.

BY REV. JAMES HASTIE.

'Be ye angry, and sin not.'—EPH. iv. 26.

OW glad I am (I fancy some of you will say), how glad I am that the text does not read, 'Thou shalt not get angry;' that the Bible nowhere says that 'all anger is sinful;' for where is the man, or woman, or child who never was angry, or a babe who never showed before it was twelve months old some bad temper, either in the way of sulking, or screaming, or kicking?

Yes, young friends, the Bible is a wise and just book, because it came from a wise and just God. It does not forbid all anger, because it knows we could no more live without getting angry sometimes, than we could live without smiling and laughing sometimes.

We have feelings in our heart and muscles in our face for laughing, and we have feelings in our heart and muscles in our face to express anger. Though in itself laughter is not a wrong thing, yet we may commit sin by laughing—as, *e.g.*, when we laugh at cripples and poor people, or at the Bible, or make fun in church or at a funeral; so of anger.

There is an anger that God does condemn, and an anger that God does not condemn; therefore, He says in the text, 'Be ye angry, and sin not.'

You ask, then, perhaps, for some examples of persons being angry and yet not sinning thereby, and you hope to be able to do likewise.

Well, I will give you two or three.

As the Rev. Dr Spencer was walking down the street one day, one of the members of his congregation met him in a very excited state. His lips were set tight, his grey eyes flashed like fire, and his whole body seemed ready for action.

'How are you to-day?' said Dr Spencer, as he came up. The man stared like one just waked from a dream, and he said in a sharp, ringing voice, 'I am mad.' And then pausing for a moment, he said in a deep, earnest tone, 'Back there I saw some furniture and goods thrown out on the street, and a poor widow standing beside them. She could not pay her month's rent; the landlord turned her out, and one of her children is going to die. And that landlord is a member of our church. I told her to take her things back again. And I am now going to see that cruel man about it.'

This man was angry, but sinned not. The wrong done that poor widow was enough to make any man's blood boil, and he was bound to be angry.

The other instance I have to tell you about is of one who never committed sin in His life, either by being angry or in any other way, and yet He was angry again and again. His name you all know, I am sure.

In your Sabbath-school lesson for the last of January, you remember it is stated that Jesus entered into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day. There was brought to Him a man with a withered hand. There were also present some of His bitterest enemies, watching His every word and act, that they might accuse Him before the court. Jesus knew all the while the thoughts of their heart, and He was much displeased; and it is added, 'When He had looked round about on them *with anger* . . . He said unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand' (Mark iii. 5).

In the second chapter of John's Gospel you read, too, of His going up to the Passover, and finding in the sacred temple people buying and selling sheep and oxen, and making money where God should be worshipped. He was so angry at the sight that He whipped them out of the place, and overthrew the tables, money and all.

These cases show that it is a possible thing to be angry and yet not sin.

But, you ask, what kind of anger is sinful?

Well (1), all anger is sinful which has *hatred* in it, and revengeful feeling.

Christ hated sin, and still does, but the sinner He pities and prays for.

'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do,' was His prayer for His murderers,

as He hung upon the cross. And good Stephen, of whom you read in the seventh chapter of Acts, said, when his enemies were stoning him to death, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.' Neither in Christ's heart, nor in Stephen's, was there any hatred toward these cruel men, nor desire for revenge, though they condemned out-and-out their wickedness.

(2.) All anger is sinful which is *causeless*—that is, unnecessary.

If you go into a barnyard and wave a red cloth before a bull, he gets fiercely mad, and will rush upon you if he can. Drag the same cloth along the floor where a little kitten happens to be, and instead of getting angry like the bull, it finds great fun in it, and pounces upon it with delight.

As much difference do we see in some people over the same thing.

A word or an act which one turns off in good humour, kitten-like, another gets mad and furious over, like the big, coarse bull.

Please read again what Christ says in Matthew v. 22, 'Whoever shall be angry with his brother, *without a cause*, shall be in danger of the judgment.'

(3.) Anger kept up too long is sinful.

'Mary,' said a pious little boy to his sister, who was one day in a great passion; 'Mary, look at the sun, it will soon go down; it will soon be out of sight. It is going—it is gone! Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' That is what St Paul says after the text.

Now let me give you some short and simple rules for governing anger, so as not to commit sin.

Two persons, husband and wife, were both very passionate naturally.

Like a match touching powder, one word was enough to flash them into anger; yet by-and-by they came to live together very happily and peaceably, and how? Because they made and kept this simple rule, '*Never to be both angry at the same time.*'

That is the first rule.

Second rule—*Don't speak for a while when you are angry.* Julius Cæsar, the famous Roman general, was wont to repeat to himself the alphabet before he would open his lips when he felt passion rising, and by that time it had either passed away altogether, or had greatly moderated. If you speak when in a strong passion you are sure to say too much, or to put it too strongly and severely.

Third rule—*Keep your health good, if possible.*

If you are bilious, or if your stomach is out of order, if you have lost sleep at late parties, or by reading novels, &c., your nerves become unstrung, and you are irritable, and then the merest trifle is enough to make you fly into a passion. Mind your health, then, if you would keep free from sinful anger.

The fourth rule is a very important one—*Prayer and effort.*

Not prayer without effort, or effort without prayer, but both together, and both kept up. A little boy was born with the very worst of tempers. From babyhood he was noted for his dreadful fits of passion.

Every one in the house tried to avoid offending him, but in spite of all they could do, a storm of rage would come over him, and he would say and do desperate things.

But one day he heard some people talking about being like Jesus, and following Jesus, and he was seized with a strong desire to have the great God for his Father, and Jesus for his friend, and the Holy Spirit in his heart, instead of those stormy passions and evil feelings. And so he went to Jesus in earnest prayer and asked help, and then, day after day, he strived against his own temper, and by-and-by he succeeded.

The struggle was long and severe, but he gained the victory after a while; and he who was born with such a passionate nature became, through prayer and effort, one of the most agreeable of men.

But since all of us have in the past, and all of us do commit sin through anger, let us every day confess this our sin to God, and seek to sin no more in this particular way.

'Be ye angry, and sin not.'

WHEN MEN ARE MOST LIKELY TO SEEK THE SAVIOUR.—It is when they are in the greatest straits; when other dependencies and resorts have all failed. This seems to have been the case with Jairus. He came in behalf of his child just when all ordinary remedies and human physicians had been proved insufficient. Particularly true was this of the woman who approached Him in the crowd. She had suffered long and much. She had spent all she had. It was then that, finding herself rather worse than better, she made bold to come to Jesus. How true this is now seen to be. Men have to be made to see that their case is desperate; that self-exertion can work no escape from sin's misery and power; that friends cannot save them. Then, often after years have been wasted in delays and vain struggles, they consent to commit their case to Jesus. What self-confident pride and what unbelief does this show on the sinner's part! That Jesus is still willing to receive such, what a demonstration of His eagerness to save!

THE CRITICAL CONFLICT.

WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, D.D., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF ORIENTAL AND OLD TESTAMENT LITERATURE, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

(*Continued from page* 286.)

THE peculiarity of the present crisis, to which we have already adverted, does not consist merely in the fact that critical assaults are made upon the genuineness and integrity of the books of the Such assaults have been repeatedly d have been conducted with great in- ınd supported by great learning. But has hitherto been remote from our ɔnly faint ideas of the distant conflict ched our ears; and it awakened little ır attention among us. The evangelical s of Great Britain and America have ɛat extent been secluded from these contests. They have scarcely been by the agitation which struggles of ıre have produced in Germany, which ı their chief seat and fountain-head he present century. And the import- serious nature of these conflicts have been appreciated among us. We t only been sheltered by the remote- ur position, and by the barrier which nce of language has interposed, but l still more, by the absence of any or widespread sympathy with the ɛal bias which these various critical ɛes betrayed. Religious thought us was actively turned in quite a direction. Questions of doctrine, iastical organisation, or of practical life were eagerly discussed; these l the energies of leading minds and the attention of the religious public. liscussions were conducted on the edged basis of the divine authority of ptures. Their integrity and genuine- e regarded as settled beyond dispute. knowledge was indeed maintained of ical battles which were waging in y. But the questions which these ere not living, practical issues among s. They were consequently looked ingenious disputations about matters ich we were but little concerned, and ıd little intrinsic probability as judged o-Saxon common sense; and which, r, were urged in the interest of a dis- the divine original of the Scriptures, ıad gained small lodgment in this

ırious hypotheses which followed one in quick succession in Germany, each ts brief day of popularity while it was ıscendant, scarcely found their way the public eye, through the medium lations or by transfusion in our cur- rature, before they were already anti- in Germany itself, thrust aside by some more recent and popular novelty, or thoroughly and satisfactorily answered by noble champions of the faith, through whose learned labours Germany was constantly building up a believing Biblical criticism to match and overturn the unbelieving criticism, of which it was likewise the prolific hive. And thus the poison found its antidote already prepared by the time it had reached our shores.

Now, however, by a natural reaction perhaps, the period of theological controversy among us seems to be yielding to one of doctrinal indifferentism. Questions affecting the Trinity, the atonement, human ability, the parity of the ministry, the mode of baptism, which have agitated the Christian community by strifes between different denominations or different factions in the same denomination, no longer engage public attention to anything like the same extent. People are growing impatient of doctrinal and ecclesiastical dissensions, and the tendency of the times is rather toward a broad church liberalism and sinking the differences between hitherto discordant bodies in a more catholic fellowship, if not organic union.

We do not pause here to discuss this prevalent and growing tendency, nor to distinguish the elements of good and evil that enter into it. We simply remark upon its existence as an obvious fact, characteristic of the present in contrast with the recent past.

And concurrently with this indifference to doctrinal distinctions is a weakening of the strict religious sentiment which heretofore pervaded the Christian community, of reverence for the absolute authority of Scripture, and a feeling of the imperative need of the objective supernatural salvation which it reveals. The distinctive doctrines of grace are less urgently and prominently set forth in the instructions of the pulpit. In various prominent and influential quarters the shallow and self-sufficient view of man's estate is coming to be more and more distinctly formulated, which finds in men's moral instincts an adequate guide, and which looks to the forces of human nature to work out its own salvation.

We have now reached a juncture when the general sense of the need of infallible guidance in the Scriptures has been somewhat shaken by a growing confidence in men's own powers, and the fact of that infallible guidance has been assailed from the most diverse quarters; when students of physical science claim that the facts of nature are irreconcilable with the Bible account of the creation, the flood, and the dispersion of the human race; when antiquaries affirm that the monumental records of Egypt or of Assyria are in conflict with the

alleged facts of the sacred history; when comparative religious philosophers deny that there is anything distinctive in the religion of the Bible which does not find illustrative parallels elsewhere and cannot be accounted for on purely natural principles; when moralists bring into question its solutions of moral problems and challenge its alleged divine decisions as indefensible; when socialistic schemers oppose the Bible because it stands in the way of their disorganising theories; and the wayward heart is now as ever restive under its restraints and penalties, and ready to avail itself of any pretext to escape them. The antagonism directed against the divine infallible authority of the Bible from these and other quarters, while it does not shake the citadel of its strength, nevertheless has by persistent repetition had its influence on the public mind. Doubts and insinuations are freely uttered by those who venture on no positive assertions discrediting the Scriptures. And even professed friends of the Bible have said that there must be some abatement of its claims and some modification of its defences; something must be yielded to its antagonists in the hope of saving what remains.

In this condition of things, induced by the causes now described, doubts and misgivings from alleged critical discoveries find an opportunity for lodgment such as has not existed in the Christian community of Great Britain and America at any former period. Hence the peculiar peril of the position in which the Church in these lands finds itself at this moment. The barriers of distance and of language, in which we found our safety from the critical battles that have raged in Germany, are suddenly thrown down, and the conflict is at once transported to our own shores, with no interposed check or hindrance, and in the very acme of the struggle.

The particular critical hypothesis which has within the last few years risen to a sudden popularity, and just now is in the ascendant, met with no favour whatever when it was first suggested, less than fifty years ago, by Vatke in his Religion of the Old Testament. It was then deemed so preposterous by the leading critics of the time as to elicit from De Wette, who surely had no leanings toward orthodoxy, the caustic remark that the only propriety in its being propounded was that the criticism of the Pentateuch might thus complete the entire round of possible assumptions. And Riehm, in 1854, designedly passed it by in his discussion of the age of Deuteronomy as unworthy even of serious mention. In falling in with this novel scheme the Biblical critics have reversed all their previous hypotheses as suddenly and completely as was done a few years since by natural philosophers in their hypothesis of the origin of man, when, from disputing the unity of the human race, and the possibility that the several races of mankind could have sprung from a common source, they suddenly swung to the opposite extreme of maintaining a common origin not only for men, but for the inferior animals as well.

It is not our purpose to discuss this critical hypothesis at present. It is sufficient to say that its adoption would be attended with very far-reaching consequences. It would render necessary a complete reconstruction of Old Testament history; it would alter our views entirely as to the mode and the nature of God's revelation to Israel. It would compel a revision of the question: In what sense the Scriptures can be regarded as the word of God, and what measure of authority can be attributed to them?

We are thus, by the necessity of the case, set to grappling with the most fundamental inquiries. We must dig down to the very foundations, and re-examine the basis upon which our Christian faith reposes. And this necessity is not laid upon us a whit too soon. It is providentially ordered that at this very time when a lax theology is drifting away from the strict standard of the Scriptures, and is disposed to govern its faith by the moral intuitions of men rather than by the positive statements of the word of God, we should be summoned to a most thorough sifting of this whole matter—that we should be driven to a most minute and thorough inspection of the inspired volume, and discover by the most searching tests that can be applied to it whether it really is what it has hitherto been credited to be.

It is under the circumstances now recited that we are now living, and they speak to us in tones which should not be disregarded. The soldier is expected faithfully to execute his drill and evolutions, and to train himself in all the martial exercises demanded of him, even in times of profound peace, in order that he may gain the knowledge and practised skill which properly belong to his vocation. But a new responsibility rests upon him in time of actual war; there is a fresh demand for diligence, when he may soon be summoned to the field of strife, and the issue of the conflict turn upon the valour and dexterity of the troops engaged.

The venerable Dr Hodge, who was for nearly threescore years the glory and the strength of Princeton Seminary, was called upon for some remarks in the Week of Prayer at the beginning, I think, of the last year of his life. The subject before the meeting was the conversion of the world. It was his habit on such occasions to present a cheering view derived from the progress which the gospel had made or was making, or from the accomplished work of redemption which is the assured basis of the world's salvation, or the unfailing promises of God which make the issue certain. But at the time referred to he recited, in long and formidable array, the various forms of opposition which are directed against the gospel within the bounds of Christendom itself; the materialistic philosophy, the oppositions of science, the socialistic excesses, and how in various ways unsanctified

learning, power and influence in irreligious hands and unchristianised masses stand as barriers to the progress of truth and holiness. His aim was not to discourage, but to present a truthful and sober view of the actual aspect of the world, and of the forces which are at war against the progress of the gospel. It was the trumpet call of the veteran who had fought his battles and won his victories, summoning new recruits to the holy war and uttering loud notes of warning that the strife was by no means ended; that there are many and fierce battles yet to fight, and that others must take up the weapons which he was laying down.

We are coming now, as it would seem, to the culmination of the struggle. The battle rages around the citadel. No drones or cowards are wanted now. It is not the incompetent and the unfaithful who can serve the Church in such a crisis. She can well afford to spare the idlers and stragglers and faint-hearted from her ranks. The times emphatically demand those who shall be prepared to acquit themselves like men.

He has a very low conception of the work of the ministry, of the solemn duties and the momentous responsibilities which it involves, who can suffer himself to be slack and negligent in his preparation for it, or inactive and half-hearted in his discharge of it. And he gives little evidence of being called of God to the office, and little prospect of usefulness and success in it, who does not engage, whether in his preparatory studies or in the actual labours of the ministry, with a holy enthusiasm, throwing himself into them with all the energy of his nature; resolved, by the aids of divine grace, to make the most of the powers and faculties which God has given him in the special line of this high calling; seizing with eagerness every opportunity within his reach, and training himself by all available methods to the highest measure of fitness he can secure to be entrusted with the care of souls, to be an ambassador of God to men, to be a steward of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. If a charge so weighty and so sacred as this will not stir the energies of a man to the utmost, the least that can be said is, that he shows that he has no appreciation of this high and holy office, and no fitness for it.

But, besides this general demand which is always laid upon all ministers and all candidates for the ministry, to use the utmost zeal in the whole round of their professional or preparatory studies, there is a call to special diligence and thoroughness now in the circumstances which have already been recited. If supineness were ever admissible, there is a loud call for alertness at the present time. There is a demand now, as never before, for high Biblical scholarship, for well-trained exegetes and critics; for men well versed in the critical, speculative attacks made upon the word of God, and who are well prepared to defend it. The present phases of critical and speculative assault upon the Scriptures need create no alarm, as though they were more formidable than their predecessors. But though these should be repulsed and prove short lived, that will not end the strife. The assault will be renewed at some fresh point, or in some other form. And now that the critical battle is brought to our own doors, it will not do to wait till defenders of the faith in other lands work out a solution for us. We must have an English and American scholarship that is fitted to grapple with these questions as they arise. We need in the ranks of the pastorate men who can conduct Biblical researches, and who can prosecute learned critical inquiries; who can do in their own chosen field of Scripture study what German evangelical pastors have done, such as Baehr in his symbolism of the Mosaic cultus; and Ranke in the critical defence of the genuineness of the Pentateuch, and fuller in the interpretation of the prophet Daniel; and Keil, who published his learned defence of the Books of Chronicles and Ezra when he was only a licentiate.

FRIENDSHIP.

THROUGH human friendship we arrive at an idea of Jesus and His love, which we could not else receive. If it be common for us, limited as we are, bound and cumbered as we are, to cherish tenderly many and dear friends —loving each for individual reasons; giving to each a place which no other can fill, but which crowds out no other; spanning with electric swiftness miles of land and leagues of sea, that we may think of and pray for our friends; if in this way we almost touch the Infinite in our finiteness, does it not grow easier for us to comprehend how the Lord can love us all and love us individually? One of the precious things about earthly friendship is its lifting power, its way of helping us to climb to the idea of the divine.

Friends are worth most to us as they are impartial and candid. No friendship is worth keeping or making which is so flimsy that the first friction rends it apart. No true friend will shrink from wounding another if sure that the wounding is necessary. It is the cowardice of unkind criticism, the malevolence of suspicion, or the bitterness of malice, that mars friendship and separates acquaintances. Truth told in love never produces alienation.

M'Cheyne used to sign his letters with, 'Ever yours till the day break;' 'Ever yours till glory dawn.' The 'Yours truly' of formal conventionality may mean little or much upon occasion. But is not that friendship the choicest and best which remembers the transient nature of this world, and looks onward to the home where shall be no shadow of parting, and no sickness, pain, or anguish of bereavement? The friend who is ours for both worlds, in Christ Jesus, is the friend who makes the darkest day brighter and holier.

THE 'ENTRY-CLERK'S' RELIGION.

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.

A VACANCY had occurred in a department of a large mercantile house, called the 'entry-room.' There was much speculation among the clerks about who would fill the place.

'Nice berth for the right one, boys,' said Marcotte, who was leader, 'but a mighty poor place for the other kind—Sam Welch, for instance!'

Everybody laughed, and told comical stories of the defeated Welch.

'He thought there was no man like himself,' said Marcotte. 'We sounded him. He was orthodox because he "was brought up that way;" "didn't know as theatres were any harm," but wouldn't go—"the minister might hear of it!" Why didn't he take a square stand? A man has a right to his opinions.'

One morning shortly after, there was a stranger in the entry-room, slight, pale, almost boyish-looking. He sat beside the door, evidently awaiting orders, and each one on entering received from him a quiet penetrating glance.

Marcotte and his companions directly 'sounded' the new comer. But he evidently was on his guard. Marcotte first assured himself that the young man was a stranger, and had no personal acquaintance with 'our firm.' Then the attack began. Robert Campbell's low replies were almost unheeded in the laughter that followed Marcotte's audacious wit. It was a trying position, but bravely borne. Marcotte presently begged pardon for putting him through the customary course with 'us fellows,' then asked if he had seen the 'Countess's Diamonds.'

The young man inquired if they were on exhibition. There was another burst of laughter. Marcotte said it was a popular play.

'I never attend theatres,' replied Robert Campbell.

'Sam Welch again, boys!' said Marcotte. 'How do you spend your evenings?'

'At home, usually. If I need recreation,' continued the stranger calmly, 'there are many places less questionable than the theatre.'

'Perhaps he takes his fun on Sundays,' said one, winking at the others.

'Gentlemen—for such you doubtless call yourselves, despite your attack on me'—several faces flushed as Robert Campbell paused, 'if you wish to know my principles, I can give them to you briefly. I do not attend theatres or take amusement on the Sabbath, because I believe these things are wrong. I am a disciple of Christ. We probably will be associated in business. I hope so to live that you will respect me and my faith. While I bear you no ill-will for what has passed, I trust we shall henceforth treat each other as gentlemen.'

Each felt the rebuke. Marcotte strode off, secretly resolved to drive the stranger away. He felt that Robert Campbell was a true Christian; but the 'square stand' he had taken failed to please Marcotte. The entrance of Mayhew, the head of the department, sent the clerks to their places. Robert Campbell was assigned his work. The coolness shown at first seemed to abide with him in every emergency. He had a secret source of help of which the others knew not. Despite Marcotte's plots, the young hero held his own, growing daily in favour with Mayhew. But no sooner was his work finished than he became absorbed in a little worn Bible. It was always returned to his pocket. The clerks were much amused, and tried to draw his attention away by jokes and popular songs. Robert appeared deaf to all such interruptions, as he read or pencilled opposite a favourite passage, but Marcotte knew his sensitive nature was tortured. He read it in the feverish cheek and too bright eye. Only once did Robert give voice to his suffering. Marcotte had wounded him again and again by his irony, and made the burden of work doubly hard by his tricks.

'Oh, Marcotte, why do you hate me so?' he cried. Marcotte will never forget those imploring eyes.

'I like you well enough,' his enemy admitted. 'It's your notions I hate.'

'Do you mean my religion?' asked Robert Campbell, quickly. 'Then it isn't me you dislike? That is worse for you.'

'Why?'

'Because Jesus Christ is the foundation and author of my faith. When you hate that you hate Him. "Me they hated without a cause," He said. Oh, Marcotte, how I wish you loved Him!—you, who have so much influence among these young men!'

This leaped forth like a long-pent stream. In silence, but strongly moved, Marcotte turned to his desk. The young disciple had peace for a few days. He began to brighten, a natural vein of humour showed itself, so quaint and dry, that he was irresistibly attractive. Marcotte soon began to incite the others again.

One forenoon Robert did not seem himself. His figures were not correct, and Mayhew spoke sharply to him. Marcotte saw him often press his hands to his temples. He left his Bible behind when he went off at noon. Marcotte held it up.

'Let's read his notes, boys, and then hide his precious book!'

They all crowded about as Marcotte opened the volume. Next the cover was a woman's

picture, a thoughtful face, so like Campbell's, that the inscription 'Mother' was scarcely needed. On the fly-leaf was written—

'Robert Campbell, from his dying mother. Read and keep its "faithful sayings." I go before in peace, for He is "with me." May He help you in life's hard journey, and bring us safely together at its close. Margaret Campbell.'

Marcotte read aloud these last tender words, the rest gazing at the trembling characters in silence. 'She being dead' yet spoke to each careless heart.

'Boys,' said Marcotte, huskily, 'this is too sacred for trifling.'

Margaret's gift was reverently laid on Campbell's desk. But he did not return that day. Marcotte took up the little book in his first leisure moment. No one rallied him; there was a new sentiment in the entry-room.

'It's useless to fight Campbell's religion,' said Marcotte, when the day closed. 'We've made the journey of which his mother speaks pretty rough, but he hasn't veered from his course. He'd go to the stake before he'd give up his faith. His mother has the same steadfast look.'

Margaret's picture was looked at again, and in silence, as they look on the face of the dead.

Marcotte hastened to Campbell's lodgings to restore the book. The young man was too ill to see him. Marcotte was full of grief and self-accusations. During the anxious days that followed there was a marked change in him. He read Campbell's Bible often, dwelling much on the pencilled passages. One of these—'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven'—was like an arrow in the heart of his tormentor. 'Perhaps he is almost in that kingdom now,' he thought. 'I cannot have him go before I ask his pardon.'

There were others who felt so, too. And when, one morning, Robert went again out into the sunshine and appeared in the entry-room, a young prince could not have received more honour.

'I have come to say good-by. It has pleased God to supply me with funds and restore my health, that I may resume my interrupted theological course.' His face shone with solemn joy. 'Now I can spend the rest of my days working for Jesus. I wish I could have done something here'—his gentle, wistful look was not soon forgotten by them—'but somehow I repelled you all. I thank you for your kindness when I was ill. God grant that you may all find friends when sickness comes.'

They all broke down when he left. He never dreamed that his persistent Christian life had been the means, under God, of changing the infidel Marcotte, and sowing seeds of good among the rest.

Robert Campbell now breaks the bread of life to a humble parish far away from our mercantile city. There are precious souls led by him to the Saviour, and not the least among them those who learned to love 'religion,' as exemplified in the young 'entry-clerk.'

Justin Martyr and the Infant Christ.

BY P. W. R.

LITTLE Child, afar
Shines Thy young star; and I,
Weary of earth, draw nigh
To speak with Thee: no bar
Severs my soul from Thine,
Thou Babe divine!

For here no dreadful God
Holds out His rod: Thy brow
Wears not the lightning now:
And yet with feet unshod
And trembling heart I come
To Thy rude home.

Is this the place forlorn
Where Thou wast born? Did here
Thy tender dawn appear,
Star of the dewy morn?
Hard was this couch to Thee,
And all for me.

So, kneeling by Thy bed,
I bow my head, and vow—
By this rough cave where Thou
Didst first begin to shed
Life's tears—that I will bring
Gifts to my King.

And, oh, what answer sweet
Mine ear doth greet! 'No gift
I ask of thee; but lift
Thy soul in song; 'tis meet
To sing of God above
And all His love.'

Thou Child of heaven and earth,
Mysterious Birth! I know
That voice so sweet and low;
It tunes my soul to mirth
Like music heard at night,
My heart's delight!

Voice that I love so well,
Beneath whose spell my soul
Slips from her own control,
Within its reach to dwell:
The voice I love is Thine,
Thou Child divine.

Ancient of Days no more—
Yet, as before, Thine eyes
Illumine earth and skies:
'Tis *Thee* I would adore,
And some great offering make
For Thy dear sake.

'Tis such a foolish thing
Only to sing; and I
Would give Thee, ere I die,
Some sign Thou art my King,
To bear with Thee above,
Child of my love!

'The Heavens are mine, and earth:
I have no dearth: but see
To whom, instead of Me,
Thou mayest give: the worth
Of what's done for My sake—
That will I take!

'Give to the poor; make glad
The worn and sad; be thine
The service that was Mine
On earth: whate'er I had
I blessed and gave away:
Be this thy way.'

Gladly will I fulfil
In this Thy will. But see,
Thou little Christ, to *Thee*
I would give something still,
The passion of my love
Toward Thee to prove.

My heart must have relief;
I die of grief. 'Nay, then,
If thou must give again,
Give Me thy sins, thy grief,
Thy evil heart, thy fears,
Thy debts, thy tears.'

What wouldst Thou do with these?
Whom would they please. 'Dear soul,
I'll bear away the whole
Beyond the utmost seas.
Who spake of Me from old
These things foretold.'

Then tears pour down my face:
Is that Thy grace? O Child
Lovely and undefiled,
Is this Thy love? No trace
Of death is now on me,
Nor yet on Thee.

How Thou hast moved my heart
To weep apart, O Thou
Unsearchable! for now
I know Thee what Thou art.
So take what ere was mine,
And give me Thine.

A KIND WORD TO INQUIRERS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

AMONG those who read these pages there must be some who are seeking the salvation of their souls; to them let me offer a few plain suggestions. You cannot be seeking for salvation more sincerely or earnestly than Christ Jesus is seeking for you; nay, for a long time He has been knocking at the door of your heart and asking admission. Not more certainly does the morning sunlight offer to enter our bedchamber; but it can never enter until we open wide the shutters.

This is a vital fact for you to remember—that the loving Saviour really wants to save you. Another equally important truth is, that your salvation is a matter to be settled between the Lord Jesus Christ and yourself. It is well to talk freely with your pastor, or with a parent or discreet Christian friend, but they cannot do the needful work for you. Dr Spencer used to shake off those who clung to his skirts, and send them to the Saviour.

One hour spent alone with your Bible, and in close converse with Christ, is worth more to you than a month of sermons or of conversations with the wisest friends. Go alone to the quiet of your own room, and there give yourself in honest prayer and self-surrender to Jesus Christ. Just as you are, offer yourself to him. Do not waste time in trying to regenerate your own heart; that is the Spirit's office, not yours. Bartimeus had given up all ointments and eye-salve, when he arose and came to Jesus with his sightless eye-balls. Bring to the Divine Healer your *whole heart*. 'Ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye search for Me with all the heart.' The thin and shallow religion which yields such small fruit in the lives of many church members arises largely from half-way conversion.

There was no thorough sub-soil work, no entire surrender of the affection and will to Jesus; old sins were not cut up by the roots, and therefore all things did not become new. You cannot be 'hale fellow' with the irreligious and the lover of pleasure through the week, and a Christian on Sunday at the sacramental table; you cannot be tricky in business, or impure in secret, or cowardly in the face of the world, and yet be a genuine servant of Christ at the same time. Giving your heart to Him is not a clandestine transaction; people who know you have got to find it out; and if they don't detect it in your conduct, then it is a delusion.

Such thorough work costs something; it may lower your self-conceit, and put the knife to favourite practices, and require you to give up certain amusements and indulgences that are forbidden by the *spirit* of the Bible. 'May I go to the theatre?' To this we would reply, When you can take Christ with you to the theatre, and find spiritual blessing there, and do real good to your unconverted friends by setting them the example of theatre-going, then you may purchase a ticket and help to support the playhouse. Not before. The same principles apply to all kinds of self-indulgence. Whatever the Bible does not

approve, whatever you cannot with a clear approving conscience take part in, you must let alone.

Giving up sinful practices or pleasures—or even questionable ones—is not enough. Such negative religion will not last long, or avail much. Genuine piety is a positive thing; it is doing right, it is keeping Christ's commandments. Pulling up weeds does not make a garden, in these bright April days. Mellowing the earth and dropping the seeds, and setting out the young plants, is the only substantial way to do it. When the soil is busy in growing vegetables and flowers, there is little space left for weeds. Less than half your religion depends on the 'thou shalt *nots*.' Christ did not say to Matthew, 'thou shalt stay here at the toll-booth, and try to keep out of cheating and other evil practices of the publicans.' He said, 'Follow Me,' and then Matthew goes at once into a new line of conduct, and a new life.

Begin at once to do whatever your Master commands. Begin to practise religion. A child never would learn to walk by a hundred talks about the law of gravitation; it must use its own feet, even at the risk of many a tumble. Wait not for more feeling, or more pungent convictions, or for anything that you read of in other people's experiences. These are all snares and hindrances, if they keep you from doing at once the very first act that will please Christ. Have you ever opened your lips to any unconverted friend, either to avow your own feelings or to do that friend some good? Then try it; you will strengthen yourself, and may bring an unexpected blessing to him or her. In short, you must begin to *obey* a new Master, to serve a new Saviour, to strike out a new line of living, and rely on God's almighty help to do it. When you give yourself to Christ in this whole-hearted and practical fashion, He will give you a thousand-fold richer gifts in return. Yea, He will give you HIMSELF! When you possess Christ you have everything.

JESUS IN THE SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. R. M. PATTERSON, D.D., PHILADELPHIA.

DR SHEDD, in the Introduction to his 'History of Christian Doctrine,' after a quotation describing the rapidity, the impetuosity, the fire, the success with which Michael Angelo cut his marble, adds: 'Such is the bold yet safe power of a mind that works by an idea and methodically.'

To excite the enthusiasm of Sabbath-school teachers, and to guide them in their mission, I should like to present the high idea which ought to inspire them and methodise their labours. What, then, should be their mission and aim?

Briefly this: To their classes they should seek to represent the Redeemer as He presented Himself to men when He was upon the earth.

The Lord Jesus presented Himself as (1) the sacrificial Saviour, (2) the truthful teacher, (3) the regal ruler, (4) the perfect pattern.

(1.) 'Behold,' cried the forerunner, introducing Him to his public ministry, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' Old Testament history and prophecy were bathed in the deep red of His sacrificial blood. His instructions from beginning to end were coloured by it. His whole life was a life of obedience and of suffering to the death as our vicarious Redeemer. Take away that element from the texture of the gospel, and nothing is left worth having: for 'the life is in the blood.'

The representation of Jesus in this relation to sinners should be the first truth impressed upon the heart of a new scholar. It should be the last to fall on the ear of a departing scholar. It should be the one to which every other instruction should be attached; from which every duty should derive it most potential motive; which should classify the study of every section of God's revealed history, and beautify and ennoble every step in the progress of human souls. There is not an article of the gospel, not a duty of human life, which is not inseparably bound to the cross as the great heart of the gospel of salvation. But

(2.) When Paul determined not to know anything 'save Jesus Christ and Him crucified,' he did not mean that the person and the expiatory work of the Redeemer should exclusively be the subject of his instructions. There is only one heart in the human body; but the arteries, the veins, the nerves, the muscles and the other organs which its blood builds up and supplies with life are almost innumerable. God's revealed truth is a mighty complex system, though pervaded by one life and with one blood pulsating through it everywhere. Jesus taught as one having authority; and with His authority the holy men who were inspired by His Spirit also wrote. Sabbath-school teachers should seek to understand these utterances, and accepting all revealed truths with an implicit and absolutely deferential faith, should train their scholars to the reception of them.

(3.) 'Thou sayest that I am a king,' was the royal declaration of Jesus to the Roman Governor. The full exercise of His regal power was held in abeyance during His life in Judea; but it was really exerted in two ways over those among whom He lived.

1. His miracles were manifestations of His sovereign love and sympathy for suffering men, and were parts of His redeeming work. They were not restricted to any class. Pain and sorrow, wherever He saw them, were blown

upon by His heavenly breath and driven from His path. But the most important of those sympathetic acts were in the interests of the persons who were within the charmed circle of His friendly companionship. His first omnipotent intervention was in a family with which he was socially present on a festive occasion. One of the earliest persons healed by Him was the mother of one of His first disciples. The bread which He created was for the attendants upon His preaching. The storm was stilled to save His disciples and preserve His Church. Lazarus, whom He called forth from the grave belonged to the one household which was honoured by Him with special affection.

All these miraculous acts were connected with His teaching, and were designed to prepare the way for it, and to illustrate it in its grand scope and in its special blessings.

Never to the outside world, perhaps, do Sabbath-school teachers exhibit so strikingly the spirit of their Master, and make His and their teachings so attractive, as when they are found imitating Him in this sympathy. Friendly and social visits to the homes of their scholars; gentle ministrations at their bedsides in sickness; offices of condolence and help when death is in their houses; the provision of clothing and of food for the needy—all these are exactly in the line of their work as representatives of the divine One, and in their place do what the miracles did in theirs.

2. The royal love of Jesus was not weakness and ruinous indulgence. For wrong-doers there was the imperious aspect of His character, though it but rarely flashed during His earthly ministry. More than once He rebuked His disciples; and in stern indignation twice He vindicated the purity of His Father's house and whipped its polluters from the sacred precincts.

And purity and order should be preserved in every school. The solemnity of worship should be unwaveringly guarded. Frivolity should be banished by the gently decided look and firm tone, while a bright cheerfulness should prevail. This is a strong, not a weak affection. 'Men must be taught as though you taught them not,' says a free English writer. Most sweepingly does the assertion apply to children. But still it is true that unless they feel the reins of discipline a true character will not be formed in them.

(4.) Jesus was the representative man in all the relations of life. When sceptics, like Rousseau and Mill, after all their attempts to destroy His religion, confess their admiration of His personal and moral character, we should the more conscientiously seek to imitate Him as our perfect pattern.

'Follow me, even as I also follow Christ,' exclaims Paul. Teachers should seek to reproduce Christ's character and His mode of life in all the relations which they occupy, so that to the on-looker they may be an image of Jesus. Christ should be formed in them and show Himself through them. Scholars will very generally get their views of morality and religion from what they see in the devotional habits of their teachers, and from what they know of their daily practice in the outside world. In their conduct, therefore, in the school and in the church, on the Sabbath and between the Sabbaths, in the home and the social circle, in business and in recreation, teachers should seek to do what they believe Jesus would do in the same circumstances. A failure, in this respect, to represent the Master is disastrous in its effect upon the minds of the young.

The Sower.

(MATT. xiii. 1–6.)

'It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.'—1 COR. xv. 42, 43, 44.

'And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.'

Faithfully the seeds to scatter in the field and by the way,
Through the green and barren places goes the sower day by day;
Some have fallen by the wayside, unprotected see they lie,
Where the wild bird of the forest will devour them by-and-bye.

Some are cast in stony places, where they flourish for a day,
Till, beneath the noontide sunshine, see them droop and fade away.
Some have fallen mid the thorns—sad, alas! their fate must be,
For the straggling briars prevent them coming to maturity.

Some, within the fertile places, bear good fruit a hundred-fold,
Rich and plenteous to the harvest, when the profit is untold.
Ye who, like the patient sower, scatter seeds along the way,
In the hours of golden sunshine or the morning cold and grey,

Scatter them in faith and patience, nothing doubting, for you know
Many are the stony places and the highways here below,
Where the evil one is lurking, every purpose wise to foil,
Where the briars of sin and sorrow e'en the healthiest seed will spoil.

But the fertile ground is somewhere, and the seed that falls therein
Shall grow up unto the harvest free from every blighting sin.
Though thy seeds are sown in sorrow, when the days of life are passed
Thou shalt come again in triumph with thy golden sheaves at last.—*K. M. Smith.*

THE STITCH IN TIME.

THERE is an immense amount of wisdom condensed in the homely adage about the stitch in time, that saves nine. That pair of gloves with the tiny rip at the end of the middle finger, for instance; a single invisible stitch, with fine sewing-silk and slender needle, will remedy the trouble and preserve the glove in its pristine freshness. But you are in haste, the clock on the mantelpiece is ticking fast toward the hour when you are to meet a friend, or your work-basket is in another room, and you are disinclined to go in search of it; you think, if you consider so slight a thing at all, that another time will do just as well as this, and your defer the slight repair. Probably, when you next look at your glove, its daintiness will be spoiled. The whole nicely-sewed tip will have changed into a yawning rent, and what would have taken a minute to rectify will now take a half-hour, and then will have a second-best look, unless you are an exceptionally neat seamstress. It is very much so with shoes. A button is loose, and you let it go, and by the next day you must securely fasten a half dozen buttons, or be convicted of untidiness. So it is with the affairs of the wardrobe all the way through, so with affairs of the household, and in a larger way with the affairs of life in every aspect. The thriftless, procrastinating body neglects to attend to small matters, in the time when they are small. He or she never has a tool at hand to drive a nail or tighten up a screw, and by-and-by must wait, with what grace can be mustered, upon the tardy leisure of plumbers, carpenters, and masons. The person who sees that the children are languid and heavy-eyed in the morning, and fretfully ready for quarrelling and naughtiness all day, may save a doctor's bill by a precautionary stitch in time now. A few days out of school, a trip to the museum, a little varying of the daily routine may work wonders in preventing illness and toning enfeebled nerves.

Try the stitch in time when there is danger of a breaking of your friendly relations with neighbours or kindred. Says the poet—

> 'It is the little rift within the lute
> That by-and-by will make the music mute.'

Many a lamentable severance of love would be rendered impossible, if the loving would be reasonable, and not let pride, envy, or bitterness effect a lodgment in their hearts. How shall they live in heaven together who cannot abide in peace upon earth? Whatever the fracture be—in your tangible and material, or your invisible and etherial possessions—do not disdain the stitch in time.—*Mrs M. Sangster.*

A Daily Portion.

JUNE 16.

'CHRIST HATH ONCE SUFFERED FOR SINS, THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST, THAT HE MIGHT BRING US TO GOD.'—1 Peter iii. 18.

Was it to bring us to God with all our pollutions, which were the cause God cast us off? No; but to bring us in such a garb as that we might be fit to converse with Him. Can we be so without a new nature and a spiritual likeness to God? Would that man who would bring another to a prince to introduce him into favour, bring him into his presence in a slovenly and sordid habit, such a garb which he knew was hateful to the prince? Neither will our Saviour, nor can He bring sinners in such a plight to God, because it is more contrary to the nature of God's holiness to have communion with such, than it is contrary to the nature of light to have communion with darkness. Can it be thought that Christ should come to set human nature right with God, without a change of that principle which caused the first revolt from God? Besides, since the coming of Christ was to please God, and to glorify Him in all His attributes, as well as to save us, how can God be pleased with the effects of Christ's death, if He brought the creature to Him without any change of nature, but with its former enmity and pollution? Will you say His mercy would be glorified? How can that be without a wrong to His purity, and a provocation to His justice? Suppose such a dispute were in God, would not holiness, wisdom, justice, joined together, over-vote mercy?—*Charnock.*

JUNE 17.

'THERE IS NO MAN THAT HATH POWER OVER HIS SPIRIT TO RETAIN THE SPIRIT.'—Eccles. viii. 8.

The time of death is unknown to us, whether in youth or in age. Often in youth the bud is cropped. In birth we are green in the bud, in youth we are white in the flower, in death we wither in the dust. Death, like a fish-net, catcheth at one draught not only the grown fishes, but even the little fry. Therefore let me be bold with Christ's words, 'Young man, I say unto thee, arise,' raise up thy soul to grace, thou knowest not how soon thy body shall fall down to dust. Perhaps thy imagined wisdom makes thee believe that thou art early ripe; and so, like a blossom that prevents the spring, thou wilt dare to look forth upon February sun, but thou mayst soon be nipped with a frost.—*T. Adams.*

JUNE 18.

'IT IS APPOINTED UNTO MEN ONCE TO DIE.'—Heb. ix. 27.

Men must die; and the Apostle calls death the dissolution of life. For the marriage of the soul to the body is the bond of life, the dissolution of this bond is death. This divorce must be suffered, one husband must be lost; happy are we if we find another in heaven,

Jesus Christ. Saith the philosopher, Thou shalt die, not because thou art sick, but because thou art alive. He that comes into this world must go out of this world. It is no new thing to die, for life itself is nothing else but a journey to death. Whatsoever hath aspired to the highest, must descend to the lowest. 'It is appointed unto men once to die;' it is a statute law decreed in the high parliament of heaven. God so threatened Adam, 'In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.' But Adam lived above nine hundred years after. Yet was there no delay nor evasion of God's doom; for he presently became mortal, and fell into a consumption, that never left him till it had brought him to the grave. Whosoever complains that a man is dead, complains that he was a man.—*T. Adams.*

JUNE 19.

'BE YE ALSO READY.'—Matt. xxiv. 44.

We know not the place where we shall die; Rachel dies in the highway, as Jezebel in the streets; Saul and Jonathan are slain in one battle, and their bodies hung up as trophies of a bloody victory. If there was a place which could hide from God, I would not die there. But on the earth, in the sea, in the dark, in hell, in heaven, the Lord is everywhere; all places are specified but purgatory; because none are found there. Be therefore always ready; thou art not sure in what place death looks for thee, therefore in all places do thou look for death. It watcheth us like an enemy. When it comes, we may say as Ahab to Elijah, 'Hast thou found me, O thou mine enemy?' Thou hast found me, and wilt conquer me; but 'thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'—*T. Adams.*

JUNE 20.

'MAN ALSO KNOWETH NOT HIS TIME.'—Eccles. ix. 12.

No man knows his appointed time. Inquire not after that which is concealed, lest thou lose that which is granted. A man may safely be ignorant of that which he is not bound to know. They are wretched men who run to soothsayers for such predictions; when God hath locked it up, to offer to pick it with a false key. Some depart in youth, others in age; some fruit is plucked violently from the tree, other drops down with mature ripeness; all must fall. The corn is sometimes bitten in the spring, often trod down in the blade, never fails to be cut up in the ear, when it is ripe. There is nothing more sure than death, nothing more unsure than the time of death. It is a common fault to run ill courses in health, and to allow themselves the time of a lingering sickness to make ready for death; as if God were bound to give them so long warning. But He often disappoints them; and death's properation prevents their preparation. 'They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave.'—*T. Adams.*

JUNE 21.

'THERE IS NO DISCHARGE IN THAT WAR.'—Eccles. viii. 8.

There is but one way to come into the world, a thousand ways to go out. What matters it, whether by an enemy's sword or by the fit of an ague, seeing we must depart. Job compares man's life to a flower, Isaiah to grass, John Baptist to a tree, the Preacher to a passenger. Is it any matter whether the flower be cropped, or the grass mown, or the tree hewn down, or where the passenger shall lie next night? We know whither our spirits shall go, we know not in what manner our soul shall be taken from us. This happens alike both to good and bad; wicked Ahab and good Josiah are both slain by war; the pestilence takes away the righteous as well as the sinner. Wise men may die the death of fools. Both travel together in this thoroughfare of life, both lodge in one inn of the grave, but in the morning their ways part.—*T. Adams.*

JUNE 22.

'BE YE ALSO READY: FOR IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT THE SON OF MAN COMETH.'—Matt. xxiv. 44.

This was that cosmopolite's presumption, 'Soul, eat, drink, and be merry;' but he reckoned without his host. Korah was suddenly swallowed; Ishbosheth was slain asleep; the house fell upon Job's children at a banquet; Ananias and Sapphira were put out like a candle new lighted, and that in stench. 'They are exalted for a little while, and cut off as the tops of the ears of corn.' When the thought of death is farthest, the stroke of death is nearest. Cæsar desired a sudden death; as he desired, as he deserved, so he had it. Naturalists that love the avoidance of pain, and have no hope of future blessedness, desire a sudden dissolution. For my part, my prayer shall be with our Church, 'From battle, and murder, and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver me.'—*T. Adams.*

JUNE 23.

'TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.'—Prov. xxii. 6.

And if youth be but so weak a taper, quickly put out by death, how careful should parents be with what oil they supply those young lamps! Usually they provide fair estates for their children's bodies, nothing for the estate of their souls; to show that they are parents of their bodies, not of their souls. Zeuxis having artificially painted a boy, carrying grapes in a hand-basket, the birds came, as if they had been true grapes, and pecked at them. Hereupon he was wondrous angry with himself and his art, saying, If I had painted the boy, which was the chief part of my picture, so well as I have done the grapes, which were but a by-accident, the birds durst never have been so bold. Were parents as careful for their children's good nurture, as about their appendant trifles, those ravenous kites, evil companions, durst not venture upon them, could not so easily corrupt them.—*T. Adams.*

THE MERCY-SEAT.*

(HEB. ix. 5.)

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN M'DERMID, GLASGOW.

O sinners, miserable sinners, as we all confess ourselves to be, the mercy-seat ought to be a very attractive object, and that the God against whom our sins have been committed should Himself have made provision for meeting us at a mercy-seat rather than at a throne of judgment, is so adapted to the position into which our sins have brought us, as to call for profound gratitude and fervent praise. Were it not for this provision, our present relation to God, as breakers of His law and rebels against His authority, would be of the saddest and most hopeless and dismal character. But this provision opens the door for our reaching into peace and friendship with Him who made us, but from whom, on account of our sins, we have been separated, and no relation could have subsisted between our Creator and us, His guilty creatures, except that of violators of His righteous law, and rebels against His legitimate authority and rule as the supreme moral Governor. And this divine provision is all the more to be admired, that it has been so constructed in wisdom as to combine mercy with equity, and to unite in the same throne to which we are invited to come, a throne of mercy and a throne of righteousness. Here is the old, devout, melodious tone of the sweet singer of Israel: 'Mercy and truth meet together, and righteousness and peace embrace each other.' THE MERCY-SEAT AND THE USES WE ARE TO MAKE OF IT, this is our theme to-day.

I. THE MERCY-SEAT.—When, in our text, the sacred writer used this term, he had, evidently enough, in his eye the ancient Mosaic mercy-seat, which formed an important article in the furniture first of the tabernacle and then of the Temple. What, then, was this mercy-seat? and what place did it occupy in the typical worship of the Old Testament Church? In the Jewish tabernacle there was, as you all know, an apartment called the Holy of holies; it was the innermost part of that sacred building, and was the holiest place in it—the holiest of all. Into this place only one man in the nation of Israel could enter—viz., the high priest; and even he not when he pleased, but only once in the year at a special time; and on that one occasion not without atoning blood. Well, in this apartment of the tabernacle there was what was called the ark of the covenant, or sacred chest, not by any means large, made of shittim wood, but covered over inside and outside with gold. In this ark were deposited the tables on which the ten commandments had been written by the finger of God, called the tables of the covenant, because the ten commandments, in which all our duty to God is summed up, was the basis of the covenant into which God entered with Israel at Sinai. The tables of stone on which these commands were written singled them out from all the other Levitical rites and ceremonies which were to pass away—these two tables were pre-eminently the basis of God's covenant with His ancient people. No doubt in this ark there was the pot of manna, to preserve a sample of the food on which the Israelites fed in the wilderness; and Aaron's rod that budded, and a copy of the whole law of Moses. But the outstanding treasure of the ark, that which specially distinguished it, was, that it contained the two tables of the covenant, or, as they were sometimes called, the tables of testimony. The contents of these tables—that is, the ten commands written on them, denoted the righteousness, the holiness of Jehovah, and pointed out the standard by which God determines and judges between the right and the wrong of His creatures; and the stone on which these

* This sermon, printed from Mr M'Dermid's manuscript, was preached by him to his congregation before the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in January. Mr M'Dermid died, after a brief illness, on the 20th February last.

commands were written represented the stability, the permanence, the enduring character of the commands.

All that I have now stated regarding this part of the tabernacle is to prepare the way for saying that there was in the Holy of holies not only the ark of the covenant, with its contents, as I have just stated, but a mercy-seat, even the mercy-seat to which our text points. This mercy-seat was a plate of gold—pure gold—not shittim wood covered with gold, as the ark was, but a plate of solid gold. It was the same length and breadth as the ark, and was laid upon it as a covering. It is sometimes, accordingly, spoken of as the lid of the ark, which gives the idea that it was just a part of the ark itself. But this was not the case. The mercy-seat was quite distinct from the ark; it was no part of it; it is always spoken of as a separate utensil, and, indeed, the Holy of holies is called the house of the mercy-seat. The mercy-seat, however, though not any integral part of the ark, as one may speak, was very closely related to it. It was laid over the ark as a covering. And what did this signify? It signified that while the ten commandments that were in the ark testified to the wicked conduct of those who broke these commands, the mercy-seat was above the tables of the law, covering the transgressions of those who at the mercy-seat met with God, confessing these transgressions, and seeking their pardon. This view of the mercy-seat gives great vividness to certain passages in the Psalms, and, in fact, reveals their true meaning. Thus, in Psalm lxxxv. 2: 'Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of Thy people, Thou hast covered all ther sin;' Psalm xxxii. 1: 'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered;' covered as the mercy-seat covers the ten commandments which we have broken.

But I would not be giving the full meaning to the ancient mercy-seat if I did not say that it was a place where atoning blood was sprinkled—blood, without the shedding and sprinkling of which there was of old no remission—the atoning blood being the basis on which pardon was dispensed. I have said that the high priest entered this most holy place once a-year—that is, on the great day of atonement. How, then, did he enter? With blood that had been shed at the altar that stood in the court of the Temple, and carried into this most holy place as the representative of the Church and nation of Israel, and there sprinkled seven times on the mercy-seat that covered the ark, for his own errors and the errors of the people; the God of Israel meeting him in doing so at this seat of mercy, and forgiving the iniquity of His people. Jehovah may be regarded as saying from above this mercy-seat, and from between the cherubim, to the people through their intercessor in the holy place, 'I will be merciful to thy unrighteousness, and your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more.'

But it is now time to pass from the type to the antitype. The Apostle in this epistle is establishing the great truth that under the New Testament we have still a sanctuary, a Priest, a High Priest, an altar, and sacrificial blood shed for the remission of sins; that we have all these in Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write; for as the law, the legal dispensation, was given by Moses, so grace and truth came by Jesus Christ; all that the law prefigured and foreshadowed is to be found in Him in whom all fulness dwells. On this principle, then, we are to look for the reality and truth of the ancient mercy-seat in Jesus Christ. Nor will we look in vain. For two Apostles, Paul and John, explicitly reveal to us where our New Testament mercy-seat is to be found. If you turn to Romans iii. 21–26, and read with me that wonderful passage, you will see where our mercy-seat is, and how it is introduced to our view. It comes before us in verse 25, where we are told that God hath set forth Jesus to be a propitiation—or, literally, a mercy-seat. This may appear to you forced. But all critical commentators have called attention to this; and you will at once see the solid reason they have for doing so, when I mention that the Greek word here translated 'propitiation,' is the very word that the Greek translators of the Old Testament made use of to render the Hebrew word that signified the covering of the ark of the covenant. It was the mercy-seat that covered the ark; and it is the Greek word for this covering which Paul here uses. So that the literal rendering here is, 'Whom God set forth to be a mercy-seat,' to be the reality, of which the ancient one was but a figure. Now, before leaving this passage, observe what follows:—'Whom God set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood.' We have seen that the high-priest sprinkled the mercy-seat seven times with blood on the anniversary of his entrance into the holy place. And so Paul here introduces blood in close connection with the mercy-seat; and thus, as Lücke, the philosophic commentator on the writings of John, remarks, Jesus is represented as at once the

mercy-seat and the blood sprinkled on it. As Jesus is at once our altar, our sacrifice, our Priest, so He is at once our mercy-seat and the blood of our atonement.

This, too, is the teaching of the Apostle John. For he tells believers that when they sin, they have in Jesus the propitiation for their sins—the mercy-seat, for the word is substantially the same as the one Paul uses—the mercy-seat where their sins are to be confessed, Jesus Christ, the righteous, being with the Father to advocate their prayers and cleansing, on the ground of the blood besprinkled heavenly mercy-seat.

II. THE USES TO BE MADE OF THIS MERCY-SEAT.—1. *To meet there with God as a God of pardon.* That God pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgressions of the remnant of His heritage, that He delighteth in mercy, that there is pardon, abundant pardon, with Him—forgiveness with Him, that He may be feared, is one of the most outstanding and conspicuous truths of the Bible. But, I fear, it is not always kept in view, that, in order to obtain this forgiveness, to be partakers of this revealed mercy, we must meet with God, and meet with Him at the meeting-place He has Himself appointed. And where is this? Is it not the mercy-seat, or what is the same thing, the throne of grace? It is on this seat, this throne, that God sits when He dispenses mercy and grace to help us in time of need. And our part is, as penitents, to meet with God there, where only we have His promise and pledge to give us what we ask.

Many persons, when they become a little conscious of their situation as sinners, and are suddenly involved in serious changes, such as the collision of a railway train, or the apprehended sinking of a vessel at sea, cry in a vague and general way for mercy, 'God, be merciful to me.' But this may be only a cry of distress, of fear, and terror, not a cry of faith in God, faith in the mercy that God has revealed. How far God may listen even to such a cry it is not for me to say. All that I am warranted to say is, that there is no express promise of mercy to any save in meeting with God as a suppliant at this mercy-seat. This is the revealed meeting-place between the righteous and holy God and the guilty sinner. And it is the province of faith to follow God's teaching in this as well as in other matters. When, however, we follow His teaching, and meet Him where He is to be found, even in His Son Jesus Christ, our New Testament mercy-seat, we have the assurance that He will have compassion upon us, and blot out our transgressions as a cloud, and our iniquities as a thick cloud. And that He will do so we are to believe; this is to be a matter of faith with us. When we come to the mercy-seat sprinkled with blood, confessing our sins, we are to leave it in the assurance of faith that God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Yes, just as well as faithful; for the pardon obtained at the mercy-seat is such, that God is just while He pardons and justifies the sinner believing in His Son. In the forgiveness obtained at the Christian mercy-seat there is a declaration of righteousness as well as mercy. It is here that many serious persons fail in getting peace to their souls, the peace that pardon gives. They come and confess their sins, but they have not in thought perceived that when they do so, God's word and righteousness are pledged for their forgiveness; and therefore they come away even from the mercy-seat with sad and burdened hearts; and, at any rate, without the joy of forgiveness, the joy that is set forth in the words, 'Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.'

2. *To prevent the interruption of communion between God and our souls taking place when we again sin.* I take it for granted here that the right condition of the human soul is to be in communion with the Creator. It is quite a fixed principle with me that we were made for God, for fellowship with God, as the basis of our fellowship with one another. I take it for granted, also, that it is our sin and misery that we have forsaken this fellowship, the forsaking of which has given much falseness, and hollowness, and unreality to all our other fellowships. I still further take it for granted that the design of the Christian religion is to restore this lost communion with God, and in this restoration to restore life, and reality, and trueness, and moral value to our communion with one another. When I analyse the elements of our Christian faith, and discover the spiritual forces that are hidden in it, I feel as if we were doing it great injustice. Are we surrendering ourselves to the great truths, and principles, and glorious hopes with which Christianity sanctifies and ennobles the soul when it obtains possession of us as a mighty spiritual power? Are we giving ourselves up to our blessed Saviour, that He may make and fashion us according to His image, and that He may form in us that life with God—His Father and our Father—so that He may have the supreme place in us that is His due, and so become, not in word only, but

in very deed, the actual governor alike of our inner and outer man? I fear few of us are doing so, at least to the full extent. But I can see in the development of Christianity God-ward a life for man of calm, holy walking with God, that would invest it with a sort of divine and heavenly grandeur, and make all our relations to one another sacred and sincere, and make the earth itself, with all its duties, a kind of image of heaven. We may be a good way from this ideal, but we should be keeping it in view, and working towards it; for this is the progress—religious and moral—to which our Christian faith points. But even though this were attained, we could not dispense with a mercy-seat. So long as we are in the body of our humiliation, this will be needed. Sin cleaves to us so long as we are here below, whatever the measure of holiness to which we may rise. And the nature of sin is ever to separate between God and the soul, and the only way of preventing this separation from actually taking place, and so interrupting divine communion, is to go at once to the mercy-seat and confess it there, and so obtain pardon. Thus, and thus alone, can communion with God become continuous, uninterrupted, unbroken. Thus only can we have the fulfilment of that grand Old Testament promise, which carries in it the highest New Testament life, 'I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.' Sinners as we are, and will continue to be so long as we are here, it is only through the mercy-seat that we can live in and with Him, whose we are, and whom we serve. And this being so, let me just ask you, in conclusion, to be thankful that, when you sin, you have in the Lord Jesus a mercy-seat sprinkled with His own precious blood. Let the sinner be thankful for this, and that when he sins, he is still invited to it, though he was often there before. Yes, the way to the Holiest is now open day and night, alike to sinner and saint. We are not shut out from the mercy-seat by any veil. It is true, though the veil of the Temple has long since been rent in twain, yet the veil of the visible heaven intervenes between us and our mercy-seat. But knowing that the throne of the heavenly grace, the seat on which the Father sits dispensing mercy, is behind this veil, our faith can penetrate it, and, as on eagle's wings, we can rise and enter the invisible, and meet with God.

THE PRAYER-MEETING THAT WAS NOT A FAILURE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE night was settling down after a day of unusual brightness, as if it felt the shadow of an impending storm. The gathering clouds, the fitful gusts, the moan of the wind, and the penetrating character of the atmosphere, made men hastening home from their business step faster, as they thought how cheery the firelight and the supper and the home faces would be on such an evening.

The pastor sat in his study with his wife and daughter, as the first bells began to ring. He was looking over the chapter about which he intended to talk, and his face glowed hopefully; for he had been praying and longing for a revival of interest among Christians, as well as for the conversion of some who had long been on the threshold of the kingdom, yet who lingered there irresolute, and not willing to pledge themselves in full surrender to the Lord. As he rose to go to the church he said—

'I am building a good deal on our meeting to-night. I think it will be well attended and earnest.'

The ladies put on their things and accompanied him, the wife saying nothing discouraging, but far from sharing the sanguine spirit which animated her husband. Ethel the daughter knew of several opposing circumstances, which would interfere with the meeting, but she too kept her own counsel. Mattie Ray's birthday party was to be held to-night, and at least twenty little girls of the congregation were invited there. Their mothers were presumably somewhat tired with the preparations made in their behalf with regard to clothing. Their fathers or brothers would have to go for them at ten o'clock, and the Rays lived a mile in the opposite direction from the church. Mrs Estes had heard that the Lathrops, another prominent family, were to have a *musicale* this evening—having reluctantly, Mr Lathrop said, selected the prayer-meeting night, because it was the only one when they could secure the presence of a distinguished violinist, whose performance would give great *eclat* to the affair.

Still the Rays and the Lathrops were not everybody; and the church, like many others, depended for its strength on a plain, middle-class people, who did not go much into society. Mrs Estes dreaded her husband's disappoint-

ment—much as she wished for a blessing from this special meeting. He was sometimes as despondent as he was usually cheerful; and the loving wife could not be blamed, if he were personally more an object of her sympathy and desire than the church, of which she was a most efficient and devoted member.

Well, others beside the pastor and his family heard the sweet summons of the evening bells. Said Mr Grimshaw to his wife: 'The minister was very urgent in talking to us about the prayer-meeting, but I'm very tired to-night. I've had a worrying day in the store, and if he had had to work all day as I have, I don't think he'd want to go out again. Ministers have an easy time of it.'

'I think you ought to go, Silas,' said Mrs Grimshaw. 'There are so few to take part.'

'O ma,' said Ruth, 'do let pa stay at home this evening if he wants to. He's done pretty well in the past. If everybody went as often as pa does, there wouldn't be so much grumbling about thin prayer-meetings.'

'Well,' sighed Mrs Grimshaw, who was probably as tired as her husband, having done a large ironing and baking, 'I'll go and represent the family.'

At the Mortons the household was engaged in admiring a beautiful engraving which Mr Morton had brought home—deciding where it could be hung to the best advantage, and what disposition to make of the other pictures. The whole family were interested in this, from father and mother to wee tot Jessie, who clapped her dimpled hands when she saw brother Tom on the step-ladder. They had fully intended to go to the meeting in force, but the picture-hanging so absorbed them that eight o'clock struck before they were aware it was so late.

'Dear me,' said Gertrude, 'we are too late for prayer-meeting. Isn't that a pity?'

'Yes,' said Mrs Morton, 'I regret it, for I meant to be there. But it cannot be helped. We will make up for it next week. Meanwhile Louise might read an article from the *Intelligencer*, as we have the evening before us.'

The Danas were just ready to start, when callers came in and detained them. The Everetts had a sick child, and of course could not go. The Ripleys would have gone had it been a fit evening, but it looked like rain. The threatening weather would not have kept them from a concert, or a party, or an art reception; but it was a sufficient excuse for absenteeism from the prayer-meeting.

And thus it happened that Mr Estes, opening the chapel-door, saw only a faithful few—who with the wisdom characteristic of prayer-meeting goers, had sat as far back and as scattered about as possible. There were many vacant seats. Mrs Estes' heart sank. Ethel looked sorrowful. But the pastor gathered the people closer by a courteous request; came down from the desk, and took his chair in the midst of them, and in the most informal way began to speak of Jesus, His love, and His presence. There was a lack of restraint in his manner which made the people feel at home, and as though grouped around him in the parlour. One and another spoke briefly, but to the point. The prayers were tender and heartfelt. The songs were sweet and solemn. When the little meeting separated, one said to another—

'After all, it has not been a failure.'

'There are failures which are successes, dear wife,' said Mr Estes, as he tucked her hand under his arm in the windy and slippery street. 'I feel a confident assurance that though this prayer-meeting did not take the direction I hoped for, the Lord Himself led it, and He will help us. No, I am not trying to stave off a fit of the blues, Ethel, I am very happy.

"With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm."

I think the Master will accept the work of the willing hearts and hands, and it is to the Master that the unfaithful as well as the obedient disciples must answer.'

KENNETH.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER VIII.

BONFIRES were every night seen on the river, and here the boys in Mr Streets' school congregated. Kenneth was helpful whenever he had leisure; but he rarely indulged in skating.

'You have a father; it is different,' he said one night, as Carey importuned him to go out for an hour. 'In order to keep up, I have a good many back lessons to go over; and another opportunity of going to school I may not have.'

'You are not going away, are you, Kenneth?' with a look of surprise.

'Karl Lubeck may not desire my service beyond this winter.'

The voice had a tinge of mournfulness. The truth was, the lad had been studying hard, and this, with the constant tax of his physical power, was beginning to tell upon nerve, muscle, and brain.

Not this alone. Kenneth was not one to bear tamely ungenerous remarks from his associates. Plodding through the snow, with his books under his arms, he not unfrequently encountered a sleigh full of boys, wrapped in

fur coats, and otherwise protected from the cold. Had they nodded to him kindly, he would have enjoyed seeing them out for a good time; but the laugh borne back on the wings of the wind made him feel how cheerless the path was. Carey had surmised this, but he had never touched upon it.

'It is doubtless all owing to my silly pride,' returned Kenneth, who had not before ventured to speak to his friend of these things. I try to keep down such thoughts, and I think I have them under my feet, and the next thing I know, they are cropping out.'

'You are not alone in this. I was talking with Mr Vernon about this very thing on my part,' rejoined Carey. '"This is the warfare," he answered, "the struggle over self and selfish tendencies. With Paul, not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which I also am apprehended of Christ Jesus."'

'It is a comfort to know that perfection is not required, but a good, honest effort,' Kenneth ventured, after a pause. 'I hardly know what I should do if it were not for Mr Vernon and the Sabbath service. It is such a rest; the burden and the care of the week floating out and upward on the wings of prayer; and the answer coming back in drops of heavenly balm, soothing and lifting up. I could not go on but for this.'

Carey had been a member of Mr Vernon's church for two years. Up to this winter he had taken it for granted that he was to go to college. Of course, then a European tour, and after that—the great unexplored manhood that would bring so much. Hardly knowing it, there is a change. The world is not a pleasure-ground. Great needs and great opportunities are before him; he must buckle on the armour and set forth. Possibly, the bright hope that flamed up in Kenneth's heart stimulated him. Be this act as it may, the lads were drawn into closer relations, talking often one with the other, and so built up in brotherly love and Christian fellowship.

Hinckley French had been with his mother to the city. He was now at home.

'I try; but I am afraid that my influence is not what it should be. I go to church and to Sabbath school, and still Hinckley sees nothing in my life to save me from ridicule.' It was a gaping sore with Kenneth, bursting afresh when he had considered it on the point of healing.

The two were standing at Karl Lubeck's gate. The ice-course was in sight; Karl came down the snowy path with his good wife Christine.

'We have an invitation,' said the latter, smiling.

'Am I included?' Kenneth asked, brightly.

'Certainly.'

'Have the goodness to explain; I am all eagerness,' was the next remark.

'It is Hinckley's birthnight, and Mrs French proposes an ice-party, with a skating match, the winner to receive a pair of silver skates.'

'Kenneth will be sure to win!' cried Carey, with enthusiasm.

The former ran away to his room. He could not deny that he would delight to go; the thought of the games and the silver skates thrilled him; but his lessons must first be studied.

For miles the snowy fretwork of the banks wore the reflected light of the many fires. Ladies in nodding plumes and bright colours were steadied over the ice by some graceful skater; or, seated in chairs drawn up before the fire, chatted and talked with the easy abandon they would have done in their own homes. Karl Lubeck was pushing Miss Crownley's chair, while Zoe, in queenly dignity, sat on her sled in the ruddy glow of the blazing fire.

It was late when Kenneth arrived, and in the bewildering glare it was difficult for him to distinguish faces. Carey came up on his skates; his mother was with him, and both were laughing. Mrs Kew held out her hand.

'Carey tells me you skate uncommonly well,' to Kenneth.

'I used to skate a good deal when younger. The scene to-night reminds me that I have not forgotten it,' was the reply.

It struck Mrs Kew as comical to hear this boy talk of what he used to do. Did the years that were for her so short seem to him so very long?

'We have had some fine skating,' Carey remarked. 'If you hasten, you will be in time for the straight course.'

Kenneth did not enter the list with any hope of winning the prize, but he was anxious to strike out. The long line of dazzling river, the diamond pointed and jewelled banks, fed his imagination, and made him long for the old sport.

Among the boys ready for the straight course, Hinckley French was prominent. As they gathered about the fire to fasten straps and adjust comforters, Kenneth learned that Hinckley had thus far distanced the others.

'Of course, and he will do it now,' exclaimed one.

'Not if somebody really sets out,' said another, nodding over to Kenneth.

Then came a loud clapping, followed by a hush.

'One—two—three—start!' and away they went, swaying gracefully; the ends of their red scarfs floating backward.

For half-a-mile the river made a straight line, then curved round the bluff, and was hidden from the view of those collected near the main fires.

As they left the goal Kenneth was distinguishable by his erect figure and easy vibratory manner; but, from disuse, his skates could not be trusted. Twice he had to stop and tighten the straps. This left him in the rear, but gave zest to the race. Evidently he was gaining. Already some have turned back, others are

spent; only three are beyond him, and of these Hinckley is foremost. They were now well past the fires, the moon was shining brightly. A sudden thought struck terror to Kenneth's heart. The ice-cutters had been there, and there were places where it was thin and insecure. With all his strength he shouted. Still onward flew the doomed boy. Another loud, piercing cry, but too late to turn; a low, crackling sound and a plunge, told the sickening story. Quick as thought, Kenneth threw off his coat and his long scarf; then he crept out on the ice, pushing the coat before him.

'Can you reach it, Hinckley?' rung out. The scarf was strong, and he had fastened it securely.

Carey Kew was coming; so was another, and still another.

'Do not come too near. Make a line of yourselves to the shore,' shouted Kenneth.

'Are you there, Hinckley?'

The voice was faint. The chill was taking effect.

'Hold on! You are a coward if you give up!' was shouted.

There was a pull, and a strong pull, and the breaking of ice; and the poor boy, so nearly lifted out, fell back into the water.

Sick at heart, but determined to save the youth, Kenneth crept still nearer. The ice felt firmer. Another effort, and this time the drowning lad was raised above the ice, so that Kenneth could reach him with his hands.

By this time others had gathered. Strong hands wrapped the boys in blankets, and carried them home.

Mrs French insisted upon Kenneth's going to her own house, but he pled with Karl Lubeck to take him to his room. He was chilled, and he was thankful.

The hand of God was in it.

CHAPTER IX.

The calamity that kept Hinckley French confined to his bed for weeks was productive of great spiritual awakening in Brentford. Possibly the young people had never imagined that death could follow so quickly upon the steps of pleasure. To look back to the occasion, once so fascinating and so joyous, filled them with amazement. The ruddy fire-light, the crystal pavement, the glittering domes and slender spires, the fleecy softness of pink and pearl shading into deep blue, with myriads of golden lamps. Then the yawning chasm, the cold, black waters, the limp, pulseless body, so bright and full of vigour only a moment before.

The Sabbath service was no longer a meaningless form, to be followed by quite as meaningless criticism; but a service involving important issues. The question, What shall I do to be saved? ran from heart to heart, and the answer coming from the throne of God, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house,' brought rest and an abiding faith.

Mrs French had been for years a member of the church; but rich, beyond others, she had fallen into a state of apathy and indifference, where the terrors of the law could not reach her; neither could the voice of divine tenderness win a response. Hinckley was an only son; whatever faults he had were so covered through her indulgence that she failed to see them. Pricked to the heart by the generous conduct of one who had taken his life in his hands in order to rescue her boy, Mrs French awoke to the realisation that wrong had been done, and restitution, as far as possible, must be made. Not only were the silver skates awarded to Kenneth Kline, but, as soon as Hinckley could sit up, and before he left his room, he sent a request for Kenneth to visit him. What was said during the visit, what disclosures were made, or whether forgiveness was asked and given, was never known. Only this, Mrs French walked with the visitor to the gate. Tears were in her eyes; evidently she had been weeping.

'You'll come again? Hinckley will be anxious to see you,' was said at parting.

Kenneth raised his hat. He looked glad and happy.

Long after the lad's ringing steps died away in the distance, Mrs French stood at the gate with her eyes fixed on the river. Of one thing she was sure, the future would not be what the past had been. Thankful that her child was spared to her, she realised that it was for a purpose. God had work for him to do in the world, and she must help him to do it; she dare not put aside the claim, otherwise what answer can she make to the words that for days have thrilled her with new and painful feelings—

'All this for thee; what hast thou done for Me?'

It was the night for the young people's prayer-meeting. As Kenneth reached the church he encountered Carey going in. The latter halted and held out his hand.

'You look like one who has gained a victory,' was said to Kenneth.

'So I have,' was the quick reply.

It was too early for service. In the dim light the two walked up the aisle to the front of the pulpit, and stood there reverently, with heads uncovered.

'I felt irresistibly drawn here,' Carey said, after a pause; 'a deep longing to come before the people should gather, and alone with my God to renew my covenant vows to live and to work for Christ. Had I met you with a less exalted expression on your face, I should have been deterred from it.'

'I have to confess to the same earnest desire to bring my thank-offering here. God has led me tenderly all the way, and He has made my enemy to be at peace with me.'

'Hinckley French!' exclaimed Carey.

'Rejoice with me to-night, Carey, that I can number Mrs French and Hinckley among my friends.'

'I do rejoice with you; and in this I realise

what I have long felt, that in the future your work, like mine, is to be the earnest winning of souls to Christ.'

'I dare not decide for myself,' Kenneth answered, after a moment's silence. 'I am here to stand in my lot. I am at rest in this matter. Wherever God needs me, He will shape my course, and there I shall work and be satisfied.'

Silence rested on the bowed heads of the lads, while a whispered prayer was borne over the golden pavement to the ear of the great Father of all, and the blessing of peace was theirs.

A moment later the church was flooded with light. Reverently, and in order, came the pupils of Mr Streets' school, then parents and friends.

It was the young people's meeting, and a young man, a mere youth, was to lead it.

'"Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee;

'"For this God is our God, for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death."'

The reader's voice faltered, then grew strong, and was at last exultant.

Kenneth Kline followed in prayer.

Without distinctly realising how, and in what manner it would be effected, Carey was satisfied that Kenneth's life-work would run parallel with his own.

(*To be continued.*)

JAKE'S DELIVERANCE.

I WAS holding meetings in a town in the West, telling what God had done for me. One night I spoke in the opera-house, and at the close asked the people to come and sign the pledge. A tall man stood up away in the back part of the building, and shouted, 'Put my name on that pledge!' I was busy with the signers, for out of a population of 10,000, three hundred people came forward at that meeting and registered their names. I turned and saw the man standing near by.

As I caught his eye he reached out his hand and said, 'I am the man who said, "Put my name on that pledge." Do you think I can keep it?' 'Yes; I think you can keep it, with God's help.' I had scarcely released his hand when two of the finest men of the city came up to speak to him. 'Now, Jake, you make an effort, and we will help you, and God will help you.' I wish I had the graphic touch of an Angelo, that I might picture the face of the man as they got hold of his hand. Said he, 'Will—you—help—me?' 'Yes, we will!' 'Well—I'll—try!' Ah! he knew what a fight it was to be.

These men did not leave him. Give me the Christian heart that grapples with the sinking man and says, '*I will not* let him go.' They are the true heroes anointed by God Himself, who will walk to the edge of the pit and pull up their lost brother if their hands are burnt in doing it. These men stayed with Jake all night—think of it!—they never went home. They made a little vinegar punch, and put it on his burning lips, so strong was the appetite that was consuming him, and with which he had to do battle.

I was passing up the public street next day early in the morning. A gentleman stopped me and said, 'That man is in my office.' 'I'd like to see him,' I said. After I had posted some letters I went into the lawyer's anteroom, and there was my poor drinking friend, with this Christian gentleman holding his head. The man did not notice me, and in a little while I found my eyes were blinded. By-and-by he threw up his head a little, and oh, such a face! Sunken cheeks, lips coated and drawn tight, and large black eyes looking out of his head. 'Mr Murphy, would you go home with me?' I said I would. 'When would you go?' 'I will go now.' 'I want to tell you,' he said, 'I have one of the best women in the city for my wife, and I have a lovely little boy; but I have not been home for about a week, and I am ashamed to go.' I knew something about what it was for a man to be away from home for a week, and I said, 'I will go.'

We started down the steps, and as we reached the street, the carriage of a friend of mine was passing. He asked us to get in. As we drove near the place, Jake touched me and said, 'That is my house, over there.' We could see a little woman through the window. 'That is my wife.' We got him out of the carriage. He was a great, tall man, and he straightened himself up and walked as best he could to the door. Mind you, he was not sober. As I saw him walking along, I thought, 'A little while ago I was in that condition myself; I thank God that I am saved.' I stepped in with him, and his wife was sitting by the window sewing. I have seen a great many sorrowful-looking women, but I think I never saw such a face.

Jake undertook to introduce me. 'Wife—this is—Mr Murphy—the temperance—man. I met him—down town—last night—and I thought I would—bring him—up home. I didn't—know but you would—like—to—see him.' She never lifted her head. 'This is Mr—Murphy—the—temperance man.' But she paid no attention to either of us. I believe she thought I had been keeping company with her husband in his cups. Jake walked across the floor, sat down in a chair, and with his elbows on his knees, hid his face in his hands. Nobody invited me to sit down, but I helped myself to a chair. I could not help looking at Jake's wife. There she sat with her face white as marble, and the

ies sticking out. I am not exag- when I say that her hand looked a bird's claw than a hand.
-by, to the right of me, in a back re was a sound of something going ttle fellow walked out, and patter, ent his little feet along the floor.) you think he went? Over yonder runken father. He laid his little his father's hands. The man raised a little, and put his arms about his id he, 'Do you—love—papa?' 'I papa! I love oo, papa!' the little plied. The poor drunken father s boy; then he bowed his head and a child. The mother had paid no to me, but when she heard her weeping she lifted her head in it and said to me, 'Mr Murphy, has and signed the pledge?' I said, 'am.' In an instant the little face so white became radiant with the a new life. She too bowed her wept. The poor drunkard rose to nd came and knelt before his wife. ed himself and said, 'Wife, I want give me.' 'Oh yes,' she said, 'I can u; *but the child has been so hungry!*' t; but, with God's help, it shall not n.'

I must tell you that the wife's father lived in a city of Pennsylvania, and the mayor of the town had telegraphed to her father that she was starving. Said she, 'Father has been here, and he says if I won't go home now, I can never go.' And then she said, 'Do you want me to go?' 'Oh no,' he said, 'stay with me.' I said to her, 'Have you ever asked God for Christ's sake to give you your husband sober?' 'I do not think I have, Mr Murphy; I do not know how to pray.' I said, 'Let us kneel down together and ask God to help us.' In that little home in the West I knelt with my brother and my sister, and in my humble way asked God for Christ's sake to help the poor drunkard. And oh! how he prayed for himself. I heard the crack of the chains that had bound him. I saw the walls of the prison-house, where he had lain so long, crumble to pieces by the infinite mystery of God's saving grace. I saw him stand erect, disenthralled, with a free hand, a clean mouth, and a new heart. He has been a true, noble, consistent Christian gentleman, and a member of the Church of Christ, from that time to the present. And to-night he receives the grateful devotion of forty thousand men whom he has helped as a living testimony to the saving efficiency of the Gospel of the Son of God.—*London Christian.*

Intelligence.

ITICAL CONFLICT.—We have trans- paper from the *Philadelphia Pres- Journal* of April 6, 13, and 20. It tly formed an address to the students y at Princeton. It is a very able tune essay, and will be read with as rest in this country as on the other Atlantic.

ANT CHRISTIANS IN INDIA.—In numbered 91,092; 1861, 183,731; 58; 1881, 340,623. This represents 52 per cent. from 1851 to 1861, 61 rom 1861 to 1871, and 52 per cent. to 1881. The per cent. gain in the schools has been about the same.

-A Japanese newspaper publishes ty Japanese books prepared by the es of the American Board; a strik- ntary on the progress of the land past eleven years. Fifteen of these hed by native houses, and six are at their own charges by native

—ITS RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.— , according to the census of last ,810. Of this number 1,791,982 are atholics, leaving 2,522,830 in the otestant denominations.

FOR PROMOTING FEMALE EDUCA- E EAST.—Two fresh labourers have into the field during the past year. issionaries, 32; missionary corre- spondents, 47; schools in connection or correspondence with the Society, 265; scholars, 16,648; zenanas visited, 278; pupils in do. (returns imperfect), 1399. Receipts have been £7652, and expenditure £7625.

THE CHRISTIAN VERNACULAR EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR INDIA.—Total receipts for the past year, £12,894; expenditure, £13,736; training institutions, 3; teachers and mission agents trained, 710; students under training as teachers, 130; children under Christian instruction, 6500; children instructed by teachers trained by the Society in schools of other societies, 32,000; copies of publications printed in eighteen languages, 9,277,499; colporteurs in India and Ceylon, 158.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND.—About £650,000 have been contributed for the purposes of this fund; 129 new churches in London and 13 in Surrey have been aided by it. Besides numerous mission-rooms, 250 clergymen have been added to the diocese, and 68 lay agents are now supported by the fund.

IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.—In addition to the sum spent by this Society in maintaining missionaries and teachers, it has been instrumental in causing the erection—with funds specially raised for the purpose—of 19 churches, 9 parsonages, 8 orphanages, and 33 schoolhouses. At present it maintains 33 Sunday schools, attended by 2298 children and adults, and 60 week-day schools with an

attendance of 3015 scholars. The missionary agency numbers 288, comprising 27 ordained clergymen, 172 trained agents—Scripture-readers, schoolmasters and mistresses—and 89 agents employed in Irish teaching and in teaching texts of Scripture. About 149 Sabbath and 138 week day services are held during each month, attended by aggregate congregations of about 23,000. During each month the Scripture-readers make nearly 8000 visits, visiting about 16,000 persons. Nearly a million of tracts, handbills, and other plain spiritual and pointed publications are circulated every year. The income, exclusive of English contributions, has been £2472.

Church Missionary Society.—Total contributions for the past year, £212,910; expenditure, £193,515. Within the year there have been accepted nineteen candidates for mission service, ready to go out at once. The Society has now on its roll of missionaries eleven qualified medical men, three of whom are ordained, and the rest laymen, engaged distinctively as medical missionaries. In addition, many of the Society's missionaries have more or less acquaintance with medicine and surgery, and have made effective use of their knowledge. There are also two native qualified medical men, both ordained.

British and Foreign Bible Society.—The total issues of Bibles, New Testaments, and portions at home have been 1,509,000; abroad, 1,429,000; in all, 2,038,000 copies; and since the formation of the Society, 93,953,000. The free income has been £104,837; from Scriptures sold, £94,822; and the total income has been £199,785. The Society has about 300 colporteurs over Europe, and 200 more in other parts of the world. There are 60 colporteurs in France, and they have sold 76,300 books, large and small, within the year. The circulation in Austria shows an increase of 8000 copies. A wider toleration is still needed in Austria proper, for in almost every part local authorities forbid real Bible colportage; and in the Tyrol, even orders for Bibles may not be taken. In Italy 40 colporteurs have sold 39,000 copies. In Sweden the Gospel of Matthew has been published in Swedish Lapp, prepared by Pastor Laestadius.

London Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews.—Income for past year, £37,055, exceeding the preceding year by £2818; expenditure, £35,331. The Society has been the precursor and pioneer of kindred societies. There are now about fifteen Protestant societies for the promotion of Christianity among the Jews. At the annual meeting, Rev. Dr Stern stated that there were at least 3000 converts from Judaism to Christianity at present in this country. He had himself, within the last ten years, baptised nearly 200 Jews and Jewesses, and the baptismal register of the Society in Palestine Place contained the names of more than 800 Jewish people who, during the last twenty years, had publicly avowed their faith in Christ crucified.

Religious Tract Society.—During the past year 664 new publications have been issued. The receipts from all sources have been £198,934, and the expenditure £196,426. The total amount received from subscriptions has been £29,013, and the excess of grants over the missionary receipts has been £17,013, making a total missionary expenditure of £46,027.

Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.—Income for past year, £15,614, an increase of £1975 on the year; an increase mainly due to the exertions of the Ladies' Associations, which had increased to 452. The Society had now 52 missionaries in the field. The first annual meeting of the Bengali Christian Ladies' Association, held in Calcutta in November last, was attended by nearly 300 native ladies.

CARRIE'S DECISION.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

'OH dear, it's pleasant, and it will be just perfectly elegant this evening,' said Carrie Leonard, turning away from her window with a sigh and a very, very long face. There was to be a concert that evening, a remarkably fine one, by the best talent, and Ned Wilmer had invited her to go. Given—the prospect of a 'perfectly elegant' evening, full moon, capital driving, a four-mile ride in excellent company, with a rare musical treat at the end of it—and can you possibly imagine what one could find to sigh and look doleful about? But you see it was Thursday:

'Prayer and conference meeting as usual on Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock.'

That was the notice read on Sunday, and therein lay the secret of Carrie's sigh. It was only a few weeks before that she had publicly confessed her love for Christ, and her earnest desire and purpose to please Him in all things. It had slipped her mind what evening it was when she had accepted the invitation. And now, what should she do?

She knew just how Ned would look, how sarcastically he would smile when she told him why she could not go. And yet how many, many times in the olden days they two had commented on the inconsistencies of Christians! Ned had been away; she did not know whether he had been told of her change or not. Somehow she had not had courage to speak of it herself, though they had compared

notes on all other topics. Oh dear, what should she do?

'If Ned knows I profess to be a Christian, I'm very sure that, though he may be vexed, still, after all, clear down in his heart, he will think I ought to stay at home and be in my place.'

But how could she give up the treat? And how could she tell him? Her face grew hot at the very thought of his mocking smile. She had hoped it would be stormy, so that it would be impossible to go. She had felt that she should look upon her sickest sick headache as a positive godsend; anything, in fact, she thought would be welcome that would decide the question for her. But never had she felt better in her life, and not a cloud was to be seen. She must decide herself whether she would confess her Saviour or deny Him.

'But,' she thought, brightening up, 'I do not see why I need worry and fret so. It cannot be wrong after all to go; for Deacon Smith and his wife are going, and Mame Trask, Will Sheldon, and Mr and Mrs Fisk too, and every one of them church members. The idea of *my* being so foolish as to think it wrong.' And banishing all her scruples, she went about setting her room to rights, her face bright with pleasant anticipations for the evening's enjoyment.

But when she came to sit down to her morning's reading, her expression changed, for this was the very first verse her eyes rested upon: 'What is that to thee; *follow thou Me.*' After all, what was it to her whether every one else went or not, she was to follow *Him*, not others. But how she did hate to give it up!

Then, too, there was Ned. If he was not a Christian, she pleaded, she wanted to influence him to be. Would it not prejudice him against religion if she should excuse herself from going on account of the prayer-meeting? 'What is that to thee; follow thou Me!' The words fairly rang in her ears. It was not anything to her; her part was to follow Christ. He would take care of the rest.

'The—dickens!' exclaimed Ned Wilmer in surprise, as he let fall a dainty little note from his hands that noon. 'Plague take it!' he said impatiently, as he picked it up again.

An hour afterwards, he added to himself, over his books and papers, 'But it was plucky in her, after all, and I respect her for it. I always said, if I was a Christian, I would be up to the mark. I hate half-way work—but—I wish she'd let me alone!' And then Ned tried to put all his thoughts upon his work. But there was an earnest little plea in the note he had thrown so impatiently aside that would not be forgotten; in fact, the harder he tried to forget about it the more persistently he remembered it, and at last he gave it up in despair.

'And only to think,' said Carrie afterwards, 'the very thing I was afraid would prejudice him, influenced him most of all, he says. I believe, after all, it was Satan put that thought into my head; for I do believe if only I follow Christ closely, everything will end right.'

SORROW TO THE CHRISTIAN.—In the Lauterbrunnen, in the canton of Bern, in the Swiss Oberland, rushes a mountain stream toward the valley as if it would carry destruction among the villages below. But, leaping from a sheer precipice of nearly nine hundred feet in height, it is caught in the clutch of the winds and sifted in fine, soft showers, whose benignant spray covers the fields with perpetual green. Many a sorrow, Christian friend, may be such a torrent to you. It may bedew you with meekness, patience, heavenly-mindedness. In the grand and glorious vocation of building, as Christ shall help you, a perfected Christian character, it will do what no dazzle of prosperity will effect. And when, in the life to come, your eyes open to see all things in their true values, you may cry in grateful ecstasy, 'Thank God for my griefs and afflictions.'—*Advance.*

A Daily Portion.

JUNE 24.

'THERE IS ONE EVENT UNTO ALL.'—
Eccles. ix. 3.

For age, then, death is looked for; young men know they may die, old men know they must die. The youngest is old enough to die, the oldest too old to live long. Death stands behind the young man's back, before the old man's face. There are three messengers of death—casualty, sickness, age. Hath not the first messenger spoke with thee? yet the second. Hast thou escaped the second? yet the third will not fail. 'As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house, and a serpent bit him.' While a man runs from the lion, the bear assaults him; if he escape them both, yet death (that serpent) will find him out. Childhood is our morning, middle age our high noon, old age our evening, death our sunset. One would have young men saluted with, Good morrow, or welcome into the world; men of middle age with, Good day; old men with, Good night, because they are going out of the world. It is miserable for an old man not to be prepared for death. Death shakes him by the hand in the palsy, yet no acquaintance? he hath one foot in the grave, yet no thought of dissolution? he is come to the threshold of his long home, yet still worldly-minded. But the good old man thinks this life, like a throng in a narrow passage, the sooner out the sooner at ease.—*T. Adams.*

JUNE 25.

'WATCH THEREFORE: FOR YE KNOW NOT WHAT HOUR YOUR LORD DOTH COME.'—Matt. xxiv. 42.

Seeing our dissolution is so certain, the time so uncertain, the very mention of it bids us be prepared. Put not off your amendment, lest what you defer for a long time, God take away for ever. For it is just, that he who living forgot God, dying should forget himself. Many serve God, as they do their servants, with reversions, but He looks to be served with present obedience. We know not our last day, that we might watch every day; we cannot tell how far it is off, therefore let us believe it to be very near. God allows man a liberal time, a whole day. Now a day consists of twelve hours; Are there not twelve hours in the day? saith Christ. What enemies are we to ourselves, that of those twelve hours which God allows us, we allow ourselves not one!—*T. Adams.*

JUNE 26.

'GO THY WAY FOR THIS TIME; WHEN I HAVE A CONVENIENT SEASON, I WILL CALL FOR THEE.—Acts xxiv. 25.

Many men post off their conversion; and at twenty send religion afore them to thirty; then put it off to forty; and yet not pleased to overtake it, they promise it entertainment at threescore. At last death comes, and he allows not one hour. In youth men resolve to afford themselves the time of age to serve God; in age they shuffle it off to sickness; when sickness comes, care to dispose their goods, lothness to die, hope to escape, martyrs that good thought, and their resolution still keeps before them. If we have but the lease of a farm for one-and-twenty years, we make use of the time, and gather profit. But in this precious farm of time we are so bad husbands that our lease comes out before we are one pennyworth of grace the richer by it. —*T. Adams.*

JUNE 27.

'BEHOLD, NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.'—2 Cor. vi. 2.

Let men repent while they live, that they may rejoice when they die. You tell me that one malefactor went from the cross to paradise; but we must not hide from you that God opened the mouth of one ass, yet every ass is not thereby privileged to speak. Let us be liberal on God's part. He that truly repents one day before he dies shall surely be saved. With greediness you hear this, but abuse it not; trust it, but trust not yourselves. He that gives pardon to repentance, is not bound to give repentance to sinners. Be sure thou repentest that one day before thy death; but hereof thou canst not be sure unless thou repent every day. The Lord hath made a promise to repentance, not of repentance. If thou convertest to-morrow, thou art sure of grace; but thou art not sure of to-morrow's conversion.—*T. Adams.*

JUNE 28.

'BE YE THEREFORE READY ALSO: FOR THE SON OF MAN COMETH AT AN HOUR WHEN YE THINK NOT.'—Luke xii. 40.

For three reasons God conceals from us the time of our death. 1. Because in nature the fear of death is more terrible than death itself. We know that we must die, to avoid all doubts; we know not when, to qualify our fears. 2. To preserve men from despair. That neither the ungodly should despair, as if they had no time allowed for repentance; neither the faithful be cast down, because the time was too long of exercising their patience. 3. That we might be evermore armed with expectation to encounter death. Because we know not when we shall die, let us learn with Paul to die daily. The worldling would weep if he knew that he had but a month to live; yet he leaps and sings, and securely rejoiceth, when perhaps he hath not one day.—*T. Adams.*

JUNE 29.

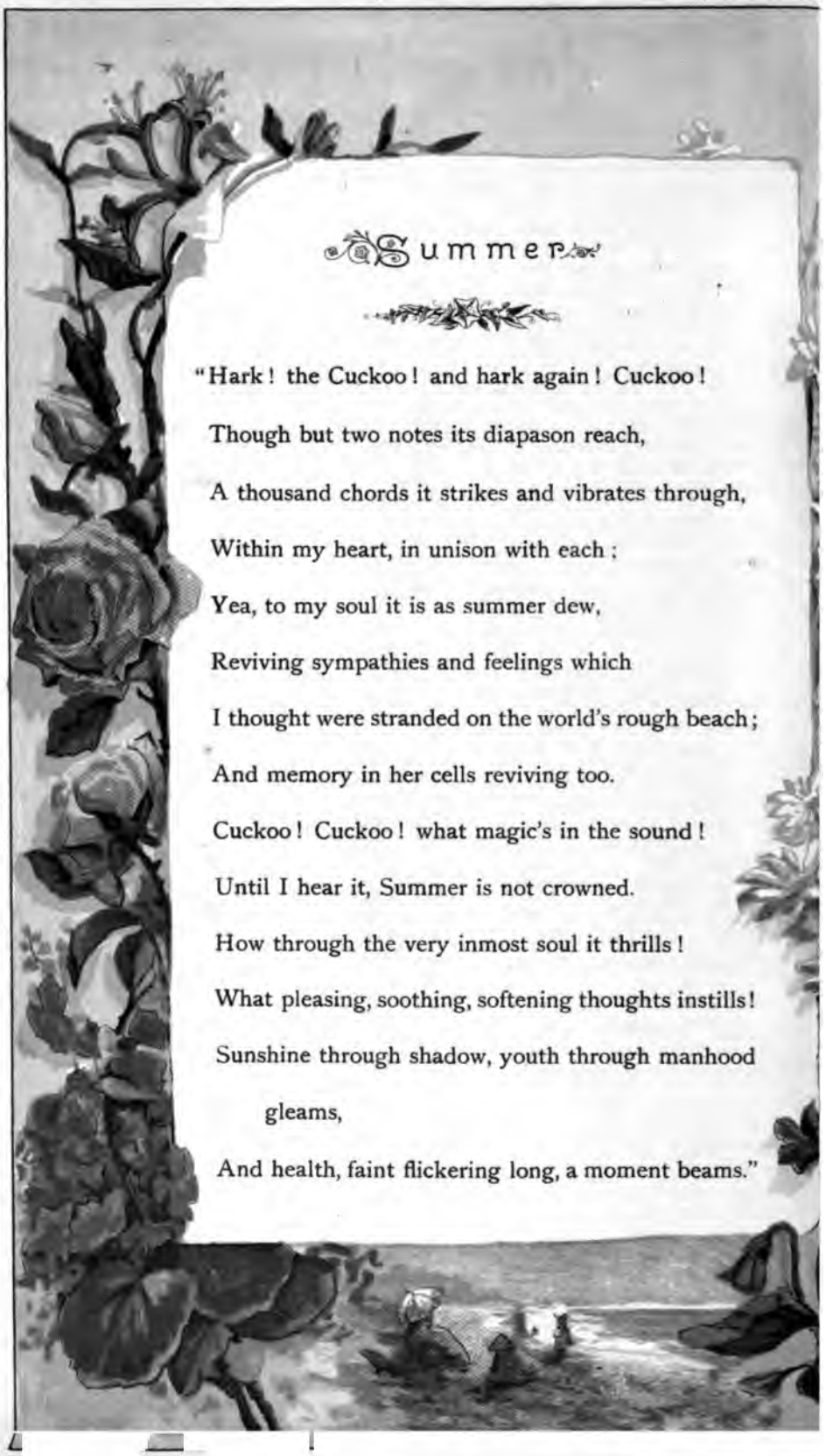
'I HAVE PLANTED, APOLLOS WATERED; BUT GOD GAVE THE INCREASE.'—1 Cor. iii. 6.

All a minister can do is but his endeavour; Paul can but plant and Apollos water, it is God that gives the increase. It is our part to endeavour, the Lord's to bless it with success. Preachers are called saviours, 'Saviours shall come upon Mount Zion;' yet is there but one Saviour of us all, Jesus Christ. They are called lights, yet there is but one Light; Christ is that 'true Light, which lighteth every man.' They are called reconcilers, yet Christ is the only Reconciler; 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself,' and we have but the ministry of this reconciliation. It is one thing to teach, another thing to convert. Well may the minister move his tongue and his lips like organ-pipes, but if there be no breath of God's Spirit with them, it is to no purpose. Lift up your hearts to heaven; he hath a pulpit above the clouds that preacheth to the conscience.—*T. Adams.*

JUNE 30.

'WE HAVE THIS TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS, THAT THE EXCELLENCY OF THE POWER MAY BE OF GOD, AND NOT OF US.' —2 Cor. iv. 7.

It is the name of Jesus, through faith in that name, which converts us; let none of His glory cleave to our earthen fingers. You think it enough to commend us; no, bless the Lord, whose power is magnified in our weakness. When we have done all, it is but our endeavour; we would have saved you. And be it to our comfort, our endeavour shall be accepted; 'If there be a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, not according to that he hath not.' We endeavour to save you, do you endeavour to be saved; and the Spirit of God bless both our endeavours; that though the minister part with his people on earth, they may all meet together in heaven.—*T. Adams.*



Summer

"Hark! the Cuckoo! and hark again! Cuckoo!
Though but two notes its diapason reach,
A thousand chords it strikes and vibrates through,
Within my heart, in unison with each;
Yea, to my soul it is as summer dew,
Reviving sympathies and feelings which
I thought were stranded on the world's rough beach;
And memory in her cells reviving too.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! what magic's in the sound!
Until I hear it, Summer is not crowned.
How through the very inmost soul it thrills!
What pleasing, soothing, softening thoughts instills!
Sunshine through shadow, youth through manhood
gleams,
And health, faint flickering long, a moment beams."

THE PROVIDENCE OF CHRIST.

BY REV. JOHN MILNE JARVIE, GREENOCK.

'When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked you anything? And they said, Nothing.'—LUKE xxii. 35.

THE revolution wrought by the mission and ministry of our Lord in the whole character and method of human life is so great that it can never be adequately determined. It was profound, penetrating, enduring. Thought was purified and enlightened by the revelation of what seemed a world of truth entirely new, and grander than aught man had hitherto conceived. Affection was delivered from its bondage to what was merely sensuous and selfish in its objects, charged with loftier impulses than it had ever known, and directed to ends which at once inspired and implied a nobler effort of manhood than all the past had witnessed. Life, indeed, in all its modes was consciously redeemed from the long degradation of ages, and rendered a worthy instrument of eternal wisdom and love, and a meet discipline of preparation for immortality beyond the grave. Through that divine advent, it may be truly said, man in all the conditions of his being became henceforth 'a new creature in Christ Jesus.'

If it be asked, 'To what in connection with the advent is this great quickening to be *especially* ascribed?' it may be answered, 'Not to any one particular in itself, but to the blended influence of the whole.' There was, for instance (and must ever be), an altogether limitless potentiality of redemption in the person of the Saviour; the harmonious commingling of the divine and the human in One; the absolute perfections of God with the normal and necessary conditions of sinless manhood. The spotless character of Christ formed another and a mighty element of power. It was not spotlessness alone, judged by the highest revelation of God, or the loftiest conception of man; but there was illustrated in Him a supremacy and grandeur of moral attainment which removes Him at once and immeasurably beyond all comparison. That was so uniformly true to truth and love and purity combined, it blended so perfectly the claims of eternal righteousness with all that was compassionate to the needy, tender to the erring, pitiful to the poor, and gracious to the sinful, that being once beheld, it could never fade from the vision or perish from the memory of men. It was as a light, the radiance of which no future darkness could eclipse; or as a strain of music so heavenly, so divine, that the ear which heard it once retained its mystic harmony for evermore. It so enriched the world that it was wealth only to know and to remember that it once had been. The whole human sphere of thought, and emotion, and struggle, and effort, and hope, felt its silent mighty inspiration, and could never be after it what it had been before. Other particulars might easily be specified in illustration, which readily suggest themselves to the student of Scripture and of history, but we confine ourselves at present to that which the incident of the text supplies.

Jesus had sent His disciples on a great mission; the greatest possible: no less than the proclamation of the kingdom of God, and the restoration of the world thereby to its forfeited fellowship with heaven. In the discharge of this service they should meet with difficulties many, and to the judgment of mere sense overwhelming. They were required to accomplish apparent impossibilities, and should be exposed to innumerable, mighty, and subtle perils. For all this, however, He charged them to take nothing, absolutely nothing in the way of preparation, provision, or defence. They were to go simply as *His* sent ones; and in that fact alone they should find at once their warrant and their success. The record is found in the first three evangelists: Matthew x. 1, Mark vi. 7, Luke ix. 1. The injunction is brief and emphatic. 'He commanded them that they should take nothing for their journey,

save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse; but be shod with sandals, and not put on two coats.' This was totally unlike the world in its wisdom, and seemed altogether opposed equally to the dictates of prudence and to the lessons of experience. They had gone as they were commanded, and had now returned; and the text declares the result of their experience. The incident may well illustrate some aspects of the providence of Christ.

I. THE PROVIDENCE OF CHRIST IS A UNIVERSAL AND CONTINUOUS FACT.

Of the sovereignty and supremacy of Divine Providence in this aspect—*i.e.*, the wise, mighty, loving determination of *all* things, even the minutest—our Lord has Himself discoursed again and again. It is uniformly implied throughout the whole of His teaching; 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered" (Luke xii. 6, 7). In the Old Testament Scriptures this doctrine is affirmed repeatedly and with manifold variety of illustration: 'The Lord reigneth; He is clothed with majesty; The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble!' We are apt, however, to lose much of the quickening and sustaining power of this doctrine by dissociating it from the actual government of Christ in His mediatorial capacity and office. This recognition invests the truth itself with a reality and attractiveness which it cannot otherwise possess. HE is exalted 'far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: all things have been put under His feet; and He has been given to be Head over all things for His Church' (Eph. i. 21, 22). At His name 'every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and every tongue confess that He is Lord' (Philip. ii. 10, 11.) 'The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son: that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father which hath sent Him' (John v. 22, 23). It was in the exercise of the providential supremacy thus affirmed that in the days of His flesh our Lord multiplied the loaves and the fishes; stilled the winds and the waves, and walked upon the sea; healed all manner of sicknesses and diseases; raised from the dead the ruler's daughter, the widow's son, and His own loved friend Lazarus; commanded all agencies alike of life and death; and after His ascension appeared to Stephen as he died, called Paul to the apostleship, and revealed Himself in glory to the lonely and beloved exile in Patmos. It forms a source of encouragement and hope, amid all experiences of Christian life and discipline, that the *gracious* aspects of our Lord's character and office as Mediator, and the actual accomplishment of His mediatorial work, attach themselves to every exercise of His providential ministry.

II. THE PROVIDENCE OF CHRIST FORMS THE SUPREME WARRANT OF DUTY.

'When I sent you.' All obligation is at once determined and interpreted by these apparently simple words. Christ is Himself the one source of authority. He is 'The Lord,' 'The Master.' We are under law to Him as we can be to none other. It is His to say 'Go,' or 'Come,' or 'Abide,' and it is ours to obey. Grace recognises and acknowledges the obligation; 'Ye serve the Lord Christ;' 'One is your Master, even Christ;' 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' 'Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.' His will determines all occasions. If *He* send—that is enough. It dispels all doubt; it removes all hesitation, it solves all uncertainties. '*Where* shall I go, Lord?' It may be to prison, or darkness, or death; no matter if He say 'Go!' '*How* shall I go, Lord?' As you are; without purse or scrip, neither having two coats. '*When* shall I go, Lord?' 'Now!' may be the answer, clear, imperative, and prompt. There is no room for questioning when such a response is heard. To bury dearest friend, to bid 'Farewell' to waiting and welcomed guests,—these cease to be obligations if He otherwise appoint. To whatever of difficulty or doubt, or apparent uncertainty as to the issues of things His providence may call us, let us in the name and strength of the great Master go; and in His grace we shall find that for all the occasion demanded we have lacked nothing.

III. THE PROVIDENCE OF CHRIST IS A DISCIPLINE OF FAITH.

We walk by faith and not by sight. This has been the method of God with His Church through all dispensations. By faith we are brought into union with the invisible, and endure as seeing it. For the object of faith is the infinite, the everlasting. There is absolutely no limit to its sphere; it is bound-

less as God. The eye may exhaust all that is possible to vision, and the ear all that may be heard; but faith can never exhaust the sphere of revelation, or become wearily familiar with the unsearchable riches of grace. It goes from strength to strength until its ministry ceases amid the unfolded glories of the Jerusalem which is above. The patriarchs lived, and laboured, and died in faith; the prophets spake, and sang, and suffered in faith. The covenanted host of God's elect have known no other way throughout their earthly pilgrimage. Jesus Himself was the author and perfecter of faith, in whom it found its brightest exemplar, and attained its noblest triumph.

The providence of Christ is adapted to increase and perfect this grace of true discipleship. It leads us oftentimes away from the conclusions of a merely temporal experience. It sends us to labour without implements, to fight without weapons, to overcome by submission, to conquer by apparent defeat, to recognise glory in darkness, to reap life from death, and to find the inspiration of our joyous songs in the agony of profoundest sorrow. Thus in the time of famine a prophet is sent to be sustained by a poor widow whose barrel of meal is about empty, and whose cruse of oil is at its last; and thus in the days of His flesh the great Lord of providence sends apostles and disciples to accomplish the world's restoration to truth and God, without purse, or scrip, or weapon. So He is sending all of us in the mighty discipline of faith, to duty, or trial, or darkness; so let us go as they did, and we shall return as they, from conflict, toil, and danger more than conquerors, 'having lacked nothing.'

(To be continued.)

'KEEP WHERE THE LORD CAN USE YOU.'

BY CHARLES T. PRESTON.

'I WAS converted when I was sixteen (said a middle-aged business man whom I recently met), and full of zeal for the Master; I felt it must be my duty to preach the gospel. I went to my best friend, Mrs Brown, a good and very intelligent old lady in the neighbourhood where I was at work for my board, and attending the district school, to ask her advice about it.

'I think many young men are mistaken in their interpretation of the "call" they think they have, at or soon after their conversion, from the Master to work in His vineyard,' she said kindly, after hearing my story. 'The Lord wants good workers in other places besides the pulpits. You must keep where the Lord can use you, and you will find plenty of needed work to do, even though you do not study for and enter upon the ministry.' Then followed various reasons and incidents to verify her words of advice.

'Keep where the Lord can use you,' I said over and over to myself, after leaving her fireside. 'Where shall I go? What shall I do? Where shall I "keep" myself? How is the Lord going to use me effectively if I am not a *minister?*' These and other like queries greatly agitated me, and I felt very much dissatisfied with the good old lady's advice. I was not a little disappointed withal, for she was wealthy, and could help me with a complete education, and not feel the pecuniary outlay at all, had she been so disposed. She was a beneficent, good old body too, and I had secretly hoped she would offer to help me, after hearing what I had to say.

After the school closed for that term, I went to work in a woollen factory. Here I found myself among a wild, rude set of young men and women, and I soon began to waste my thoughts in useless, lugubrious meditations over the uncongeniality of my surroundings, and the unhappy fact, as it then appeared to me, that I neither had the proper field nor the proper helps for Christian activity. 'Now, were I studying, with the ministry in view, how winsome would the future field look to me, and what sturdy growth in grace should I be continually making,' I often said to myself.

One day as I was weaving away with a clouded, repellant face, to show to all that I was one by myself, and not in sympathy with the wild, rough young men and rude girls who were all the time keeping some subdued fun going on in the room, Mrs Brown and a party of friends came to visit the mill. As they paused before one of my looms, Mrs Brown said pleasantly, above the whir and rattle—

'Well, David, are you keeping yourself where the Lord can use you?'

'Why, no, madam,' I replied in surprise, 'I have had no opportunity as yet. I have my living to earn, and I am here in this rattle and roar, and among these uncongenial, godless companions day after day;' and in my heart I hoped her conscience would prick her for suffering me to be in such a place as Masonville, and among such rough company.

'I have often thought that such communities of heedless, unchristianised people were a jangle of untuned notes in the great instrument of life.' she said. 'They make a sad discord, and you, David, although a redeemed child of God, with a heart newly attuned, and feeling that you have a "call" for special

service for the Master, are not, I fear, aware of the abundance of music and beauty you can be the means of bringing out to His honour and glory.'

'Ah, madam,' I said, 'I was wondering, when you came into the mill, when I should be able to place myself where the Lord could use me,' and again I hoped that her conscience would just give her a little qualm.

'The Lord can use you anywhere if your own mind and heart are right,' she replied. 'Is it possible that you have been losing all this time in wondering where you can place yourself so He will use you, when there is so much to be done all around you—*where you are?* I knew you were here, and I have been told that you are an excellent workman, earning good wages in this sunny, clean, well-ventilated room, and I have been anticipating a precious work of grace here among your companions and in this ungodly village through your instrumentality.'

'What could I do here in Masonville, and among such a crowd as this?' I asked, in dismay, after I had taken a look at the looms to see that my work was going on all right.

'Why, at first you could have a few texts of Scripture pinned up there on that post near you, to look at and meditate over,' said Mrs Brown. 'Then you could sing hymns—you have a fine voice and a correct ear—and it seems there is a good deal of singing of one kind and another going on here. Then you could wear your natural pleasant smile, and look as if you enjoyed your religion, and received comfort and profit from the passages of Scripture and your singing. You could ask your companions to go with you to town to church and to social religious meetings, and so show them you care for them, instead of holding yourself so severely aloof. You may be the little leaven that is to leaven the whole lump. You remember how a little handful of righteous men might have saved the great city of Sodom. What would become of the world were it not for the righteous scattered here and there? They are not all in the pulpit, by any means, and it is not best they should be.'

The dear old lady now moved on, leaving me feeling that my heart was attuned aright at last, and that I had a clear and bounden duty to do in assisting the souls around me to arise to the sphere of true music, beauty, and love.

'I will try,' I said to myself. 'I will no longer hide my light under a bushel. I will begin *now* to work for Jesus,' and all at once the whir and rattle of the machinery seemed to be set to the words, and the measure, and the tune—

> 'There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins,'

as I began to sing heartily the familiar hymn. I had often been prompted to sing at my loom before, but dreaded the ridicule that would be heaped upon me should I sing hymns instead of the songs in vogue with the mill-hands.

They could not distinguish my voice, unless they happened to pass quite near me. But as one and another passed my looms on various errands, I could see that they were trying to catch the air. Presently it happened that something got out of gear with the machinery in our room, and the wheels and looms were stopped for a few minutes. In the dead silence that seemed to have fallen upon us, I went right on with my hymn. One and another drew near to listen, and—'Where did you learn that, Dave?' 'What does that mean?' 'Sing it again, Dave,' 'Pipe up, lad,' and the like exclamations came to my ears from all sides.

The air spread like wild-fire, as some melody, either pathetic or gay, will strike the popular ear now and then; and incongruous and almost profane as the words sounded from such lips, in a day or two there was nothing else heard in the mill. That hymn had taken so quickly, and as I considered there was so much of the gospel in it, I thought I would not venture upon another just then. 'That immortal hymn of Cowper's must have a mission here,' thought I, and I sang it over and over by request, until the words were familiar to all the hands. My instant, importunate prayer was, that these heedless, godless, and rude young men and women might soon sing the words in the true Christian spirit, that they might come from the inmost heart as the expression of a new-found, abiding love for the Saviour.

At the close of work on the fourth day after good Mrs Brown's visit, two or three of the young women who worked on my floor came to me, and one of them said—

'We have been thinking much about the words you have taught us all to sing. We wish you would tell us about "Immanuel" and "redeeming love," and about washing our sins away.'

'Do you not know the story of Jesus' life, and death, and resurrection, how that precious blood can wash all our sins away?' said I in surprise.

'Very little, and what we know of it we supposed was to be made fun of. But now we want to hear all about it. Will you not tell us?'

'Yes,' said I, 'I will read it to you in our boarding-house dining-room this evening after supper, when you can all be present;' and the girls went away pleased and satisfied, and, with a real childish love for a 'story,' told it about among their companions.

I was somewhat anxious as the hour for my reading approached, lest I should not be judicious in my selections from the gospel, and should not make them attractive and impressive. But I left it all to the Lord, and He took care of it. The 'story' carried its own weight and beauty. Many of the ignorant mill-hands heard it, in its entirety and with some apprehension of its import, for the first

The hearts of the older operators had softened by the sweet words of the hat they listened to my reading, with xplanations and comments of my own, fully and reverently.

as a professor once,' said the woman pt the boarding-house, sitting down by , 'and it does seem good to hear the tory again.'

ways went to meeting before I came aid another, 'but I haven't dared to thing about such things here.'

y not?' asked one of the girls. 'Did nk we were such poor, ignorant crea- re should refuse to learn the way to if it could only be pointed out to us? f we have a hard time here, so much re reason that we should be glad to he place where we may find rest and t at Jesus' feet.'

t is so,' echoed many voices, both male nale, about the room.

here was my expected, long-feared ion! These were the souls before whom een afraid to speak or sing of Jesus' ing love; and here was this field where ght I had no 'call' to work for my ! I was bowed down with humiliation thought of the time I had wasted.

y evening I read the Scriptures and familiarly, and we sang and prayed in oarding-house dining-room. We did l it a 'revival,' and we did not call the g readings 'meetings' at first. Indeed, ot think of any particular characterisa- the precious seasons we were enjoying. so much engaged that I did not even e that the Lord was especially using til Mrs Brown, hearing from one of her s, who had a sister in the mill, what ing on, came down to help one evening, d—

David, you have found how to keep f where the Lord can use you?'

was over thirty years ago, and dear s Brown's advice has been of great to me every day of my life. It was g after the precious work of grace n Masonville that I was promoted to rseer of the weaving-room. In good became superintendent of the mill, and r the past ten years, I have been one- ner of it. The Lord has helped me to se to Him as a factory operative, a tendent, a business man, and now I am han ever convinced that had I gone e pulpit I should have misinterpreted ine 'call,' and missed my proper voca- I never could have made an effective speaker, although just after my con- I thought I had a glib, unembarrassed

I was not particularly fond of learn- l, in fact, there was nothing about me warranted me in supposing I was fit blic teacher. I should now be a poor, minister, struggling along with my mily on a meagre salary, with little or ptation for pulpit and pastoral work. Good Mrs Brown, with her experience in assisting young men in fitting for the ministry, knew all this at the first, but I did not.—*Boston Watchman.*

To the Cuckoo.

Sweet cuckoo, I welcome thee,
Bird of hope and liberty,
Messenger of peace and health,
Harbinger of summer's wealth;
Thou art ever dear to me,
Stirring thoughts most pleasantly.

Rich and mellow is thy note,
Welling from thy liquid throat,
Short and simple, soft and sweet,
Full, harmonious, and neat.
When I hear thee, glad cuckoo,
I give praise to Him anew
Who inspired thee to give token
That the winter's frosts are broken.
God of spring, incline my ear
Nature's joyful sounds to hear!

Little varied is thy song,
Nor does it continue long;
Yet the lark's enchanting lay,
Or the blackbird's on the spray,
Or the robin's on the lea,
Has to me less melody
Than thy hearty prophet voice,
That can make the earth rejoice.

Oft I mocked thee when a boy,
Still, boy-hearted, I have joy
When thy note proclaims sweet May
And the coming summer day.
Pleased I stand when thou dost call,
Pleased with thee, and God, and all;
For the sights and sounds of earth,
Fill the soul with peace and mirth.
Blithe loved visitant, remain,
Let me hear thee call again.

Whispering woods and sun-lit hills,
Shining meads and rippling rills,
Bleating lambs and buzzing bees,
My receptive senses please.
Faith in God refines the sense;
Sentiment is mere pretence.

Go, ye rich, whom gold and art
Have nigh left without a heart,
Meditate 'mid nature's sweets,
Worship God in lone retreats!
Go, ye poor, whom want and woe
Are consuming sure and slow,
Leave the crowded, smoky town,
In the meadows lay you down!
Young and old, enjoy the sun,
Till your life on earth is done;
Let the ear and let the eye
Raise the soul to God on high;
Let the voices of the spring
Quicken you to rise and sing
To the Architect in heaven
For the pleasures He has given.
Sweet cuckoo, I welcome thee,
Heralding earth's liberty.

William Anderson, Tarbolton.

A Portion for the Aged.

SIN.

'COME to Jesus,' is a very sweet invitation, and one that it is well to press. But there is sometimes danger that it may be offered prematurely. There is danger in many quarters that the nature, the evil of sin, will be overlooked. 'They that be whole have no need of a physician.' Jesus saves His people from their *sins*. We do not always begin our work with impenitent men far enough back.

Said a minister of the gospel to us recently, 'There is not enough preaching of human depravity; I do not feel my own sinfulness enough.' He did not mean, of course, that the gospel, the 'glad tidings,' are not to be preached. He did not mean that the contemplation of his own sinfulness was a pleasant or a satisfying sight. Not at all. But his feeling was that if there is to be deep and thorough work in the community, it will be when men feel their necessity; and that comes when men feel their sinfulness. His feeling was that if he would realise to the fullest degree the blessedness there is for the believer, it must be when he understands what it is he is saved from.

Our friend was right. There is need that we all realise, more than we generally do, the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin.' Sin is no light matter. It is not a mere peccadillo, soon forgotten, easily forgiven. It is not mere imperfection, a sort of coming short in those things that ought to be attained. It is not some slight swerving from the path of exact and uncompromising rectitude. There is nothing little or insignificant about it. It takes hold on the whole nature. Through its malign influence 'the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.' It has its seat in the very depths of the unrenewed being; and even the pardoned sinner, seeking to be a saint, as the remains of corruption still diffuse their poison, cries, 'Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'

Would you measure the true nature of sin? See the evils it has brought into the world. Not one of them but is to be traced back to it as its horrid root. Look down into your own heart. See the sway that passion has over you. See how you are brought near sometimes to the very verge of moral ruin, and only saved by the grace of God. See how your whole life is a warfare, demanding sleepless vigilance, else the great enemy comes in upon you like a flood. Would you measure the true nature of sin? Remember that it cost the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. His humiliation, His incarnation, His Cross, His tomb—these show us what sin is; for it was to expiate sin that all these were endured by the Son of God. Let any one, standing in the shadow of the cross of Calvary, say, if he dare, that sin is a light thing.

And we all are sinners. 'There is not a just man upon earth, who doeth good and sinneth not.' 'They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.' We need try to make no excuse for ourselves. We cannot extenuate our guilt. There is no palliation. Our only proper frame of mind is penitence; our only refuge is trust in the Saviour's atoning blood.

What we confess as true as regards ourselves, we must also feel as true of others, of mankind. 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' Let the ministers of the Word, let all Christians, seek to show men in general that they are sinful, and therefore lost. Let the patient be made to know that he is sick. Then there is hope that he will betake himself to the physician. But we may be very sure that men will not come to Jesus till they feel the need of coming, and that will be when they feel that they are sinners.

A BLESSED PATTERN.

BY WM. LAMSON, D.D., GLOUCESTER, MASS.

'Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering for a pattern to those who should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting.'—1 Tim. i. 16.

PAUL had just drawn a fearfully dark picture of his character previous to his conversion. He had been a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious. But he says, 'Howbeit, notwithstanding guilty as I was, I did obtain mercy. And why? Because mercy to me, the chief of sinners, would remain through all time a pattern to any poor burdened sinner of Christ's willingness and ability to save. For this cause I obtained mercy.' Many a sinner besides John Bunyan, under the illuminations of the Spirit, has felt that his sins were too great to be forgiven. To every such one the case of Paul is held up as a pattern; there is one who found mercy, though he had been a bitter enemy of Jesus and a persecutor of His disciples—exhaling threatening and slaughter with every breath, proud, self-righteous, despising the way of salvation by the cross, a haughty Pharisee—he obtained mercy. The long-suffering of Jesus availed for him. Can you not take courage as you look at his case? Are your heart and life worse than were Saul's?

I am sick with a fatal disease. A physician is recommended. He is extolled for his skill and prudence. I am urged to apply to him. But I say, Has he ever cured one whose case was as desperate as mine? I am told one has been healed whose case was even more hopeless than mine is. I am satisfied. I apply, and am healed.

Just so with the awakened and burdened sinner. Tell him of the power and willingness of Jesus. Repeat invitation and promise. Still he replies, Did He ever have mercy on so great a sinner as I am? Can you point to one? Look at me, says Paul, look at my spirit and life when a Pharisee. Will not the grace that availed for me avail for you? He who saved Paul is able to save you.

KENNETH.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER X.

ZOE came through the garden gate to announce that now the snow was gone, she was to go to school. 'Will you stop for me?' she asked, running up to Kenneth, who was sowing seed.

'I will stop for you, provided I go regularly,' returned the lad.

Lilacs were in bloom, and tulips flaunted their beauty on the walk.

'Of course you will go regularly. Papa says when one begins to go to school, he must keep on. I am to begin. I shall not stop a minute.'

There was so much enthusiasm, Kenneth smiled, and the child ran away with an important question for Karl Lubeck to answer.

Miss Crownley stood leaning against the gate. It was a miracle of growth, a new world. Karl had been pruning the rose-trees and casting off dead branches. A boat was anchored in the river opposite the house. Kenneth finished planting, and came and stood by the side of Miss Crownley.

'Have you heard that Karl Lubeck has a new boat?' asked the lad.

'I was told that he had a new boat, and that it was presented by a friend,' returned Miss Crownley.

'It is a fine sailer, and will add greatly to the enjoyment of the villagers during the coming summer,' added Kenneth. Then, as if anxious to escape another word concerning the boat, he turned the conversation to Mr Vernon, and the unusual interest the pupils of Mr Streets' school manifested in Bible study.

Miss Crownley's countenance betrayed a far-reaching analysis. After a pause, she said—

'Do you know, Kenneth, I sometimes feel that we mistake in what we call misfortune? We ask and we receive, and we lose the blessing through want of spiritual recognition.'

'Is this because we ask and imagine what we are to receive without waiting to know?' asked Kenneth.

'It is, I think, because we fail to remember that darkness and silence are as needful to growth and beauty as light and sunshine. There are beauties of character which, like the night blooming cereus, are closed against the glare and noise of daily life, and bloom only in the shade and solitude, and beneath the quiet stars. Then there are calamities, and we cry out against them, and afterwards we recognise the fact that these very calamities were stepping-stones whereby we could climb to higher resting-places.'

The boat rocked idly on the water. A few moments later Zoe had prevailed upon Karl to take her out. The far-away expression in Miss Crownley's face deepened. She turned to Kenneth.

'You remember our excursion, and the dark thread braided in? We considered it a grave misfortune, and so it was; but God overruled it for good.'

'Was it the new boat? Would you have thought of it, but for that?'

Kenneth's voice showed suppressed feeling. Miss Crownley grew alarmed.

'I should not have ventured to touch so closely upon such a topic; but for the evidence of a changed life, and likewise the consciousness that the act was performed by one who had no adequate idea of its enormity.'

'Here, as elsewhere, it is the motive then,' answered Kenneth, dropping his words slowly.

The boat was coming in. Zoe was chatting gaily. A moment later, Christine came to say that the small lady was to take tea with her, provided Miss Crownley could be persuaded to come in.

The latter did not excuse herself.

'The strawberries must have known you were coming,' said Karl, as he brought a very few to the table. 'The first we have seen.'

'I knew we should be treated to luxuries,' laughed Miss Crownley.

Kenneth cut his strawberry through the middle, and gave half of it to Zoe.

'I never see fruit cut in that way, without thinking of Mrs Browning's "Veined Humanity!"' said Miss Crownley, leaning back in her chair.

Christine caught up the thread, and was enthusiastic with regard to the woman who could fathom every phase of feeling in woman's heart, and give it voice in song—

'The cry of the children stirs the heart of universal motherhood. And what more lovely picture of girlish beauty and innocence than is seen in the romance of the swan's nest?'

The woman's face was a study as she talked of the Sonnets. 'Not the response of one woman; but of all women, and for all time,' she said.

Karl smiled.

'You will get a new idea of my wife. You did not know that she was a poet?' looking over to Miss Crownley.

'Just enough of a poet to enable me to appreciate poetic sentiment in others,' answered Christine, with a slightly heightened colour.

Miss Crownley glanced over to Kenneth. His face showed appreciation. Instantly it came to her, that he could not be in a better place. She had known Christine as a woman of devoted piety; but her delicate perception and exquisite tact were a revelation.

Zoe finished her strawberry, and had the audacity to ask Karl Lubeck for another.

'Missy must wait,' was the reply.

As they left the table, Kenneth found

himself by the side of Miss Crownley. He could not put from him the desire to ask a question concerning the boat.

'Is it generally known that the boat was presented by Mrs French?' he ventured, timidly.

'Possibly only her immediate friends think so,' was the reply.

'And this is a token of gratitude rather than restitution?' letting his voice fall to a whisper.

'You would rather have it so, Kenneth,' stopping in her walk, and looking directly into the earnest face.

'Yes,' came briefly.

Miss Crownley resumed her walk. Kenneth kept step beside her, but made no further comment. The former was the first to speak; then it was not of the boat, neither the steps that led to it; but the changed life.

'Whatever is thought or known, we all feel that you have helped to bring about a change that is to be a permanent one. Hinckley is not the same boy; rather the dross is in part burned away, and we are privileged to see the real gold in his nature.'

'I take no credit to myself for this change,' returned Kenneth. 'In the providence of God, I was near him in his hour of peril, and I was of service to him.'

'Did you know at that time who it was, Kenneth?'

'I knew it was Hinckley French.'

'The lad who had wantonly injured you.'

'No, no. I did not think of that. I had but one thought, and that was to save him.'

'And to-day Hinckley French is a Christian. Possibly he would not have been but for those adverse steps,' returned Miss Crownley.

Zoe came up with Karl and Christine. The sun, slanting through the tree-tops, lay warm and bright upon the distant hills.

'Zoe thinks it very nice here. I have been coaxing her to stay,' laughed Karl.

'I know of somebody who will think that she has already staid too long,' returned Miss Crownley.

'There are plenty of little girls who have not a papa to care for them,' Zoe spoke up.

'That is so,' said Karl.

Long after twilight deepened into night, and Kenneth sat at his books, the words troubled him. Rachel was a little girl who had not a papa to care for her. It would be pleasant if they could live together; doubtless it would be a long time before he could do it, and he must not be troubled. Lower sank his head, however. He could not put aside the desire. Just then it seemed so long to him since his mother died. Had he used his opportunities to the best advantage? Had he made a mistake? And, if a mistake, then Rachel must suffer for it. The chords of his being jarred, striving to study and striving to work. The way looked cold, and hard, and barren. Could he accomplish anything? Would it not prove to be a divided effort, and thus both fail? The mist of doubt and uncertainty hedged him in; tears fell upon the page, and a sob echoed through the room.

A soft light crept over the table and the book. 'Did you expect me?' the star seemed to ask.

The voice was gentle, and still with so much of strength in it, the lad looked up. The silvery brightness of the page encouraged him. He read: '"What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee."'

'This makes it easy,' said the star. 'It is the trust. I try to have it all the time; but occasionally a black cloud comes up, and then I have to wait for an opening. Is it the way with you? Does a black cloud ever cut across your path?'

'Sometimes.'

'And you are troubled. Please read. It rests me,' said the star.

'"It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect."'

'Just as I said; when I am tired and cannot get on, or a cloud comes to darken the path, I wait patiently; I know He will make it plain,' said the star.

'"Oh, how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men!"'

'Before men! That is it; we have an influence,' said the star.

'"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."'

'"Delivereth them!" I like those words; there is strength in them. I am glad I came in; I am always glad,' said the star.

'"I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me."'

'Sometimes I am so faint, only a rushlight, I say to myself; but I must do what I can; it is all any one of us can do.'

The star was free to make comments; still the reading went on.

'"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

'"Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."'

'Pretty strong language,' said the star.

'"For this God is our God forever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death.

'"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.

'"For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust."'

'There would not be any hope for us if He did not,' murmured the star. 'We forget and become discouraged. I think I never will again,' said the star with emphasis.

'I think I never will,' echoed the lad.

'I am on a long journey, I am rested, and must go,' said the star, quite free and appreciative in manner.

The silvery brightness of the page was no longer to be seen; but the comforting assurance of the words had fallen into the heart

of the lad like drops of myrrh and balm. The principle of trust was a living growth in his heart. Confidence was more and more established. God would honour all his drafts. He could rest; but first of all he must sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr Vernon frequently made the garden the terminus of his walk. To join him in his walk was a pleasant way of becoming acquainted with the lad, and thus Kenneth had the opportunity of learning many a lesson that otherwise would not have been within his reach.

As the visitor came up, Kenneth was placing supports for the young vines.

'They must have something to cling to,' he said. Then shaking the loose earth from his fingers and looking up brightly, 'It seems almost human to see them feeling here and there for something, and they twine themselves firmly about whatever comes in their way.'

'The analogy is noticeable between human and vegetable growth,' smiled the pastor. 'A blind yearning after something, a weed, or a trellis in one case; in the other, with more of choice, and a greater degree of direct sympathy.'

'Nature has her sympathetic moods,' Kenneth ventured, after a pause; 'there are days when the fresh earth, the vines, the bursting buds, speak to me in voices exquisitely toned. I cannot tell how it is; but I am better and happier, and my heart goes out to every leaf and clinging tendril, and they seem to me so many friends.'

The pastor's smile was encouraging; then he added slowly, gazing around—

'I see there has been a good deal of pruning this spring.'

'It struck me as a severe measure; but Karl Lubeck knows so well what is to be done to secure harmony of growth,' was the answer.

'Not alone life; but the purposes of life,' continued the pastor; 'the sharp knife of affliction cuts off many a graceful bough; runners are pinched off where fruit is desired; tears run down the cheeks, as sap oozes from the wound. Time follows with healing; we see that it was best; we rejoice over it, inasmuch as we reap a rarer fulness of all that we hoped to receive.'

'Is this always the result?' Kenneth asked, with a little agitation in his voice.

'I am led to think so, for the reason that God does not make mistakes. He knows from the beginning and He sees to the end. All that comes to us is and must be for our ultimate good.'

'I try to think so, and then I am shaken with doubts. Would this be the case if faith was a fixed principle in my heart?' Kenneth asked, very humbly.

'Weeds thrive wherever good seed is sown. You are careful to pluck them up; you think they are gone; a shower of rain, or a few days of sunshine, and they start anew, and the work has all to be done over again. Is it not so?'

'Certainly it is.'

'Thus it is with growth in our own hearts. The real struggle of life largely consists in the endeavour to overcome obstacles and hindrances; the principle of good, reaching up for what is better, purer, and holier; and, on the other hand, the springs of evil inclining downward. In this conflict, the Christian comes off victor through divine co-operation. Jesus, the Christ, took upon Himself our nature, that He might be able to understand us, and sympathise with us, and personally help us. And so we have a High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, having been tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin; and therefore, in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted,' Mr Vernon remarked.

Kenneth had finished what he had to do in that part of the garden.

'Karl and his wife are at work near the strawberry beds. It is possible we can fill a basket for you,' said the lad.

Nothing escaped the quiet, discriminating eye of the pastor. As he came up to the place where Karl Lubeck and his wife were preparing baskets, he said—

'My wife desired me to ask you how you managed with bulbous plants. Talking with Kenneth, I half forgot my errand.'

'We plant everything in the fall; that is, when we desire flowers in the spring,' Karl answered.

'Does the place or condition affect them?'

'We usually cover the beds, after the frost sets in, with hay, straw, or dry leaves. And again, we aim to set the bulbs where they will not be disturbed for several years. Hyacinths, tulips, and crocuses should be taken up every third year. This we do after the bulbs ripen in the summer. We separate them and dry them off, and plant again in the fall.'

Christine filled a small basket with strawberries. 'This will give you a taste,' smiling into the face of the pastor.

'If you need extra pickers, send for me. I think I should preach better sermons if I worked in this old garden for an hour or two every day,' was the reply.

Kenneth was standing near the gate as Mr Vernon went out.

'Mr Street said that you had decided to keep up with your recitations. Is it so?' stopping directly before the lad.

'I am to try.'

'Have you any plans for the future, my boy?'

'I can hardly call it a plan. I am hoping for something that I can do, and I am trying to learn what I can to fit me for doing it,' was answered, with a slight reserve.

Mr Vernon walked quickly away, leaving Kenneth to resume his work.

Before the task was accomplished, Hinckley French came up in a handsome open buggy.

'Will you take a short drive with me, Kenneth,' rang out in bright, boyish fashion.

'I would like to do so, Hinckley, but I have not the time,' returned Kenneth, longing to go, and still feeling that it would not be right to leave.

'Will you have time later?'

'Yes, Hinckley, an hour before sunset, if it will suit you.'

'I shall come,' went ringing over the garden, as the horse trotted away.

More than once during the hour following did the lad raise the back of his brown hand to wipe a strange mist from his eyes. So different from the old days, when Hinckley and his associates were ready to make covert glances. A hot blush mantles his cheek as he recalls the loud, derisive laugh at his expense. As Miss Crownley had said, the gold of Hinckley's nature was now to be seen, and it was real gold. In one sense it seems so long ago; and again, he is conscious that it is not long. It is the miracle of change that is seen in the outward as well as in the inner life. The river is loosed from its icy fetters; the earth is full of bloom and beauty; and the germ of new life is springing up in the heart of the once careless youth.

It was hard work to keep back tears, and still harder when the good Christine called him in to say that he must brush himself up and put on his Sunday coat, if he was to ride with Hinckley French.

'Possibly I did not do right to promise;' feeling that he could hardly take the time.

'You did quite right, my boy, and I am glad that you can go; and Kenneth,' drawing him down to her side, as she used to do with her own boy, 'would you like to have Rachel come out and live with us?'

'It would make me very glad and happy to have Rachel with me,' lifting a pair of tearful eyes to her face.

'We can make the little room back of yours nice and cosy, and we shall all be happier.'

The lad dropped his brown head, and covered his face with his hands. He had not dreamed such happiness could come to him. It was more than he had dared to ask.

'Miss Crownley is expecting friends from the East to visit her this summer, and we think it will be a fine opportunity for Rachel to come out,' Christine continued.

'I cannot tell you how glad I am,' answered the lad, raising his head and shaking the drops from his eyelids. 'I have felt so badly about leaving her there alone, when mother told me to take care of her. I have been afraid it was all a mistake.'

'And still, you asked God to lead you? You told Him that you wanted to make a good man; that you wanted to honour Christ in the world?' questioned Christine.

'I always asked in His name; mother said every petition must close with "For Christ's sake."'

'In this way, the mistake you feared could never have been a mistake. To ask God to lead us is to secure His guidance. Now go and make yourself nice. Hinckley French is a new boy; I feel that he is a sincere Christian. It was God's way, Kenneth, to bring about a great change.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE SEEKING THAT PREVAILS. — Both Jairus and the afflicted woman were in *earnest*. The one came beseeching, the other pushed her way through great hindrances. Both were *humble*. The one fell at Jesus' feet, the other thought but to touch the hem of His garment, and both had *faith*. It was their firm persuasion of His ability and power which drew them to Him. It is such earnest, humble believing approach which finds salvation.

A Daily Portion.

JULY 1.

'THIS IS THE CONFIDENCE THAT WE HAVE IN HIM, THAT IF WE ASK ANYTHING ACCORDING TO HIS WILL, HE HEARETH US.'—1 John v. 14.

This is the proper and the necessary limitation in all prayer. God has not promised to grant anything that shall be contrary to His will, and it could not be right that He should do it. We ought not to wish to receive anything that should be contrary to what He judges to be best. No man could hope for good who should esteem his own wishes to be a better guide than the will of God; and it is one of the most desirable of all arrangements that the promise of any blessing to be obtained by prayer should be limited and bounded by the will of God.—*A. Barnes.*

JULY 2.

'AND IF WE KNOW THAT HE HEAR US, WHATSOEVER WE ASK, WE KNOW THAT WE HAVE THE PETITIONS THAT WE DESIRED OF HIM.'—1 John v. 15.

That is, evidently, we know that we shall have them, or that the prayer will be answered. It cannot mean that we already have the precise thing for which we prayed, or that will be a real answer to the prayer, for (*a*) the prayer may relate to something future, as protection on a journey, or a harvest, or restoration to health, or the safe return of a son from

a voyage at sea, or the salvation of our souls—all of which are future, and which cannot be expected to be granted at once; and (*b*) the answer to prayer is sometimes delayed, though ultimately granted. There may be reasons why the answer should be deferred, and the promise is not that it shall be immediate. The delay may arise from such causes as these—(1.) To try our faith, and see whether the blessing is earnestly desired. (2.) Perhaps it could not be at once answered without a miracle. (3.) It might not be consistent with the divine arrangements respecting others to grant it to us at once. (4.) Our own condition may not be such that it would be best to answer it at once. We may need further trial, further chastisement, before the affliction, for example, shall be removed; and the answer to the prayer may be delayed for months or years. Yet, in the meantime, we may have the firmest assurance that the prayer is heard, and that it *will* be answered in the way and at the period when God shall see it to be best.—*A. Barnes.*

JULY 3.

'WHOSOEVER HATH NOT, FROM HIM SHALL BE TAKEN EVEN THAT WHICH HE SEEMETH TO HAVE.'—Luke viii. 18.

Such as do not grow in grace, decay in grace. There is no standing at a stay in religion, either we go forward or backward; if faith doth not grow, unbelief will; if heavenly-mindedness doth not grow, covetousness will. A man that doth not increase his stock diminisheth it; if you do not improve your stock of grace, your stock will decay. The angels on Jacob's ladder were either ascending or descending; if you do not ascend in religion, you descend.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 4.

'EXERCISE THYSELF RATHER UNTO GODLINESS.'—1 Tim. iv. 7.

Use all means for growth in grace. The body grows stronger by exercise. Trading of money makes men grow rich; the more we trade our faith in the promises, the richer in faith we grow. If ye would be growing Christians, be humble Christians. 'Tis observed in some countries (as in France) the best and largest grapes, which they make their wine of, grow on the lower sort of vines; the humble saints grow most in grace. God giveth grace to the humble.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 5.

'THE APOSTLES SAID UNTO THE LORD, INCREASE OUR FAITH.'—Luke xvii. 5.

Pray to God for spiritual growth. Some pray that they may grow in gifts. It is better to grow in grace than gifts. Gifts are for ornament, grace is for nourishment; to edify others, to save ourselves. Some pray that they may grow rich, but a fruitful heart is better than a full purse. Pray that God will make you grow in grace, though it be by affliction. The vine grows by pruning. God's pruning-knife is to make us grow more in grace.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 6.

'THERE IS THAT MAKETH HIMSELF POOR, YET HATH GREAT RICHES.'—Prov. xiii. 7.

The sight Christians have of their defects in grace, and their thirst after greater measures of grace, makes them think they do not grow when they do. He who covets a great estate, because he hath not so much as he desires, therefore he thinks himself to be poor. Indeed, Christians should seek after the grace they want, but they must not therefore overlook the grace they have. Let Christians be thankful for the least growth; if you do not grow so much in assurance, bless God if you grow in sincerity; if you do not grow so much in knowledge, bless God if you grow in humility. If a tree grows in the root, it is a true growth; if you grow in the root-grace of humility, it is as needful for you as any other growth.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 7.

'BEHOLD, I HAVE PREPARED MY DINNER: MY OXEN AND MY FATLINGS ARE KILLED, AND ALL THINGS ARE READY.'—Matt. xxii. 4.

This conduct of the king represents the gospel offer, which repeats its messages, and multiplies its messengers. Various preachers, different providences, and the Holy Ghost Himself, reiterate the call, and press it for immediate action. Sinners are entreated to come to Christ by every gospel sermon, every good tract, every providence, and every motion of the Holy Spirit in the heart. Everything is prepared for them, inasmuch as Christ has actually died, and the redeeming work is done, and now they are invited as to a feast, spread and waiting on the table. Pardon is proclaimed. The grace is free. It is most important for sinners to understand this, 'Behold, I have prepared my dinner.' Let them see what God has done, and how the benefits are all waiting their reception.—*Jacobus.*

JULY 8.

'NOT THAT WE ARE SUFFICIENT OF OURSELVES TO THINK ANYTHING AS OF OURSELVES; FOR OUR SUFFICIENCY IS OF GOD.'—2 Cor. iii. 5.

For work there must be strength. For Christian work there must be spiritual strength. This does not exist in us by nature; nor even by grace and after renewal does it so exist, as to be a permanent stock, upon which we can draw, as something of our own. It is the plan of God that His redeemed people should feel their dependence at every step. They are not sufficient of themselves to think anything as of themselves, but all their sufficiency is of God.—*J. W. Alexander.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

III. THE COUNTRY OF FERTILITY.—(*Continued.*)

MR DILIGENT-IN-BUSINESS, KEEPER OF THE ROYAL VINEYARDS—HIS FAMILY—VISIT TO THE VINEYARD—WONDERFUL VINE—PROCESS OF GRAFTING—FRUITLESS BRANCHES—PRUNING—HEAVENLY VINE-DRESSERS—ENEMIES OF THE VINEYARD—TRAPS FOR LITTLE FOXES—MR DILIGENT'S MOTHER—OTHER SIGHTS OF THE GARDEN—TREE OF LIFE—BARREN FIG-TREE.

AFTER leaving Mr Well-doing, I made the best of my way, following the directions he gave me, towards the Vineyards which it was my object to visit. Ere I reached these the sun had set, but the early autumn twilight was pleasant for walking, and the harvest moon, when it rose, lit up the landscape with its own fairy light, throwing a poetical halo over the prose of fields of stubble and stooks, and farms with stackyards beginning to grow around them. On reaching the lodge of the head-gardener, whose name was Diligent-in-business, I presented my introduction, and at once received from him a friendly welcome, and was bid make myself at home as an inmate in his house for so long as I should desire to sojourn in his neighbourhood. Their home appeared to be as happy and as full of the necessaries and comforts of life as that which I had just left. The mistress of the house (whose name was Virtue) appeared to be a model wife and mother. As I entered, she and her daughters were busy spinning wool, and certainly, judging by what I even then saw of her work, she did not eat the bread of idleness. Her husband, who was evidently pleased that his wife's handiwork should attract the admiration of a stranger, told me that she and her daughters wove all the woollen clothing of the family from the fleeces of their own flock, and that so skilfully did they spin and weave their home-grown flax, that the linen they made, by reason of its fine quality, commanded a high price from the merchants. Indeed, from the produce of loom and spinning-wheel this lady had purchased a field not far from the house, on which she had set her heart, and had also bought and stocked with choice plants a vineyard of their own, lying alongside of those which were under her husband's charge.*

After family-worship and the evening meal we retired to rest. On the toilet-table of my chamber lay a Bible, while the walls were brightened with illuminated texts of Scripture, drawn and coloured by the deft fingers of the daughters of the family. Over the mantelpiece hung, 'He that keepeth thee will not slumber;' while on another wall was a picture of the lodge itself, with well-executed portraits of several members of the family at the door accosted by a woman and children in rags, and over the door was this text, 'As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.'† In the morning, before sunrise, the household was astir, the mistress being apparently engaged in assigning to her daughters and handmaids their various duties. After breakfast, my host said he would be happy to conduct me over the Vineyards and orchards, and to point out what was most worthy of observation.

He first drew my attention to the situation of the Vineyard, which was laid out on the slopes of a very fruitful hill. Its exposure was to the south, and was such that the sun shone upon it from its rising to its setting, while, from its elevation, it escaped the mists and frosts that lay in the level plain. He told

* Prov. xxxi. 10, 13-31. † Ps. cxxi. 3; Gal. vi. 10.

me that the eyes of the great El Shaddai, Lord of Heaven and Earth, which run to and fro throughout the whole world, rest on this vineyard every moment, that He waters it with the former and latter rain in their seasons, and with nightly dews, and that He keeps it night and day. He next bade me scan the terraced hillside, and see how each wall and trellis was clad in the deep green of the vine-leaves, and then surprised me by telling me that this extensive vineyard contained not thousands of plants, as a stranger would suppose, but thousands of branches springing from one stock. This certainly distinguishes this vineyard from all the vineyards which I had ever seen or heard of; but the fact was indisputable, as a careful examination soon convinced me. Mr Diligent pointed out the parent stock, and told how, though now its fame had gone abroad into all lands, yet once it was esteemed a root out of a dry ground, having no form nor comeliness, and that when men saw it they reckoned that there was no beauty in it that they should desire it.* Accordingly, by common consent, it was despised and rejected, but El-Shaddai, who had Himself brought it from the celestial country, planted it here, and now its renown has gone forth into all lands, and it may be said to have filled the face of the world with its fruit. The years and centuries leave no trace of their passage upon this vine-stock, which is possessed of eternal vigour.

The gardener next drew my attention to the branches, and explained that all their fruitfulness was derived from this wonderful stock, and was not inherent in themselves. Each of them had been taken from vines which were wild by nature, and had been grafted into this good stock, and thus brought forth good fruit.

Question.—Is not the contrary process that usually employed—viz., to graft good slips upon a wild stock?

Answer.—It is; but the processes of grace are in many respects contrary to those of nature. And so it is in this case. I can show you an olive-tree in which, under the instructions of the Lord of the Vineyard, the same process has been successfully pursued. The olive stock came from the land of Judah, and was a most fruitful tree. The branches grafted into it were from wild olives which grew in various heathen lands, and they, by their engrafting, became partakers of the root and fatness of the true olive-tree.†

Q.—Then does this engrafting by grace change the original nature of the branches of the wild vine?

A.—It has this effect. You must remember that the things that are impossible with men are possible with God. Were it otherwise, there would have been no hope of good fruit in the country, for all the vines were cuttings or seedlings of one degenerate stock, which all the processes of natural cultivation had failed to restore to its original good quality, and would for ever so have failed. Look at this branch bending under its luscious clusters of purple grapes, and considering that I can remember the time when it bore nothing but a few bitter and poisonous berries (it was cut from the vine of Sodom), you will confess that it now does credit to the virtues of the stock of the True Vine, and to the almighty influences of El-Shaddai, according to whose directions all my work has been carried out.

Q.—How do you effect the process of grafting?

A.—I use this grafting-knife, which is called 'The Word,' and is of a divinely selected pattern. With it I, or one of my assistants, carefully cut the branch from its parent stem, and then we graft it into one of the wounds which was made in the True Vine long ago by Roman nails and spear, and Jewish thorns. When it is inserted we carefully bind it in with the bandaging and clay of godly instruction. But when all this is done the process is not complete. Not a few of the branches, as you may presently see, on which we have most carefully worked, are either barren or bring forth still their old native fruits. These are visibly but not vitally united to the True Vine. Where the union is vital, as well as visible or apparent, a double process has gone on unseen by the eye of man. The grafted branch has shot forth small fibres or rootlets into the True Stock, which embrace and cling to it, so that the two cannot be separated (these fibres we call 'faith'), and the stock in its turn has sent forth, and continues to send forth, its sap, or very life, into the branch, and this sap, entering into the branch, causes it to bring forth good fruit, or what we call the fruits of the Spirit. Besides this, the bark of the stock and of the branch become joined into one by virtue of the mutual bond of love which knits these two together.‡ These branches love the Vine, and the Vine loves the branches with a love that is indestructible.

Q.—Can you not tell from the first whether this union between the stock and the graft is vital, or only visible?

A.—No. The junction or union of the two is hidden from the eye of man, and it is only by their fruits that we know them. Look at that large heap of withered branches over there. They were fruitless, and were broken off by the orders of the Lord of the Vineyard. If you take up one and examine it, you will find that there are none of the fibres I speak of at the cut end of the branch, and that the only connection between it and the stock was an external one, produced by the ball of clay and the gardener's bandage.

Q.—In the case of this withered branch which you have handed to me, I see that it is just as you say. Of what use are they now? or for what purpose are they gathered into this heap?

* Is. liii. 2. † Rom. xi. 17-19, 24. ‡ John xv. 9, 10.

A.—They are, alas! of no use whatever. In this the vine differs from the forest trees, that it was created for fruit-bearing, and if it fails in this, it is wholly useless. Shall wood be taken thereof to do any work; or will men take a pin of it to hang any vessel thereon? No, men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

Q.—That is a sad fate of the fruit of much toil and trouble, and the object of much hope. Will none of them be ever turned to any account at all?

A.—Behold, when they were whole they were meet for no work, how much less shall they be meet yet for any work when the fire has devoured them, and they are burned?* They are lost to the Lord of the Vineyard, lost to the world, and lost to themselves. They are for ever useless.

Q.—That is a mournful end, but it stands to reason. Are no fruitless branches at all left attached to the Vine?

A.—None at all. *Every* branch in it that beareth not fruit is taken away. But all the true branches of the Vine are not equally fruitful, and some of them are very nearly fruitless. Such branches are carefully pruned in spring and autumn by the direction of the owner of the Vineyard.† Our Lord sometimes sends servants skilled in this work to carry out His wishes in this respect. The head pruner, who comes from time to time to the Vineyard on this mission, is named 'Providence.' He has a number of subordinates, who are, however, each of them endowed with great skill, and furnished with bodily strength and sharp tools fitted for their work. With that part of the work of vine-dressing I have myself nothing to do, but I have often watched their operations, and seen, moreover, happy results accrue from them. One of these vine-dressers is named '*Sickness.*' I have often watched him come and cut an unfruitful branch, sometimes in an unsparing manner. That branch, somewhat bare, but laden with luscious clusters, was last year severely pruned by this very vine-dresser. It looked about to die; and when, after a long time, it began to recover strength, it seemed never likely to be fit for much, but you see how, contrary to all human expectation, it is now one of the most fertile branches under my care. If you read the label attached to the branch you may get some instruction.

Accordingly I took it up and read, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept Thy word.'‡

'Deepen all Thy work, O Master!
Strengthen every downward root;
Only do Thou ripen faster
More and more Thy pleasant fruit;
Purge me, prune me, self-abase;
Only let me grow in grace.'

'Another royal vine-dresser is named "Disaster." He uses a heavy knife, and cuts away the strong-growing shoots, that seem prosperous in their wealth of foliage, and lift their proud heads to the heavens. These draw away the strength of the bough to themselves, and when they are lopped off, it flows in fuller current towards the fruit-buds. That branch to your left once suffered much at the hand of this pruner with his knife. You see how fruitful it is now.' Noticing a tally with writing on it hanging to this branch, I looked at it and read—

'Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may;
It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too.'

'Another of the vine-dressers is "Bereavement." He generally comes at night, or in a cloudy and dark day, and cuts away the props on which the branch was leaning, and leaves it drooping, and bleeding with many a deep gash. This branch lying along the ground once climbed up a stately elm-tree that grew here, to which, in old Roman phrase, it was married. Many visitors admired the two, the elm for his stately strength, and the vine for her grace and beauty; but, alas! she grew less and less fruitful, until Bereavement came, and with his keen axe hewed down the elm. The widowed vine branch fell with it, sorely crushed and bleeding. Her very life seemed crushed out; but now, though prostrate on the earth, she yields more grapes than any branch in all my vineyard. Her tendrils, stretching upward, seem to continue in supplication and prayers night and day, and she catches every ray of sunshine and every passing drop of rain from heaven. The names of other dressers are Disappointment, Care, Anxiety. Although the hand of each of these pruners seems ruthless, and his strokes harsh, I have observed that under the superintendence of 'Providence,' who is their head, and who is in constant communication with the Lord of the Vineyard concerning them, all their dealings work together for the branches' good, so that though no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, it nevertheless afterwards yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness in those who have been exercised thereby.§ You must remember that the great desire of the Lord of the Vineyard is not abundance of foliage, or of woody shoots, but of fruit. It is the fruit which brings joy to His heart, honour to the vine-stock, satisfaction to us who keep the vineyard, and profit to the branches.'

As we walked along the terraces and observed the profusion and also the variety of kinds of grapes (for each branch bore a different sort of grape, and even the same branch bore a variety of kinds according to its aspect), I noticed curious iron instruments lying here

* Ezek. xv. † John xv. 2.
‡ Ps. cxix. 67.
§ Heb. xii. 11.

and there on the paths, and wondered what they were intended for. At last I caught sight of one with a yellow furry animal trying to drag it away as we approached, and I then guessed that they were some kind of trap set to catch animals that were injurious to the vineyard, so I asked my conductor if my surmise was correct.

'Yes,' he replied, 'our vines have many enemies; among which are drought, caterpillars, cankerworms, locusts, and also four-footed foes. You would observe the high fence that surrounds the Vineyard. So long as that wall and fence are kept in perfect repair, they protect the vines from the depredations of the boar from the forest, and the wild beasts of the field.* In the Country of Sterility you will see the ruins of what were once fertile vineyards, which have been utterly laid waste by these creatures. But use what care and pains we may, the young foxes manage to squeeze themselves through the lattice-work of the fence, and begin to fatten upon the grapes, of which they are very fond. They are so small and so wary that they often elude detection for a long time, lurking under the broad vine leaves. The Lord of the Vineyard was sorely grieved with the damage done by these creatures, due, I must confess, to oversight and negligence on our part, and has instructed us to take the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, when our vines have tender grapes.† Accordingly, we have constructed these traps, and have snared a number of these young robbers, whose skins you can see nailed on the door and walls of my tool-house.' He quickly ran and seized the trap I pointed out, and by a couple of smart blows on its head, put the young vermin beyond the reach of doing further mischief. These foxes, he said, are of different species, and we know them all now pretty well by head-mark. This one is called 'Love-of-man's-praise,' and has worked havoc among some of my best branches. It always picks out the most flourishing ones. Another kind which works with it like a born brother, is called 'Self-esteem,' and yet another, 'Love-of-pre-eminence.' This last killed a branch called Diotrephes long ago, and when the Vine was quite young, and had only twelve leading branches, it attacked every one of them in one night, and spoiled their fruit, making them dispute which of them should be the greatest.‡ It is very difficult to kill, and is also a most prolific breeder, and most audacious in its depredations, committing them sometimes under the very eye of Immanuel, when He from time to time visits His Vineyard. It is a stoutly-built fox, and sometimes breaks our snares to pieces. We catch it, however, in the trap of Humility.'

Mr Diligent now led me along a shaded path to the tool-house, and here I was amazed to see the door and wooden walls nearly covered with the heads and shrivelled skins of young foxes. Surely, I said, there can be hardly any left alive! 'Hardly any left,' said he; 'I only wish it were so. The truth is, the hillside is crawling with them, and I am sometimes ready to sit down and weep over my gashed clusters, and my want of success in snaring the young thieves.'

Question.—What kind of fox is this? I have seen it as a drawing-room pet in many houses.

Answer.—That kind of fox is called 'Prayerless.' It is one of the most cunning of all the family, and works its way in by degrees. It nibbles a few grapes one day, and gnaws a little branch the next, all so quietly and craftily, that one's eyes scarce detect the change, until, after a time, a fruitful branch is stripped of every cluster. It is caught in the trap of 'Enter-into-thy-closet,' but it is very crafty in keeping away from this snare, as if it was quite aware that once in there would be no hope for it.§ The same trap is a good one for catching the young marauder we seized a little ago, called Love-of-man's-praise. Immanuel Himself recommended it for destroying these breeds.

Q.—What do you call this fox with the fashionable-looking fur? Surely that is often worn in the best society.

A.—No doubt. It is called Love-of-the-world, and is a great favourite with many people for its beautiful skin. Indeed, they tell us we have no right to persecute it, as they call it, for it can do no harm, and is a most inoffensive creature. All I can say is, that no animal ruins more grapes. Long ago it destroyed a very promising branch called Demas, grafted and tended by one of the Apostolic vine-dressers. It likes to prey upon our choice branches, such as Love-of-the Father, and Love-of-things-above. One of these head dressers, sent by Immanuel, said that it must be extirpated with all its brood. His words to me were, 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.'‖

Q.—Have you any trap suitable for it?

A.—Yes. We catch it in the traps of 'Give-to-the-poor,' and 'Lend-to-the-Lord,' but it is very shy of them, and they are difficult snares to set. Immanuel Himself once set this trap for this very fox beside a promising branch which it was devastating, but it did not catch the enemy. So you see it is no wonder if we sometimes fail, where the Master Himself was not uniformly successful. Success in this work cannot always be commanded.¶

We now heard the voices of children playing in the Garden, when suddenly one of them ran crying into the tool-house. We asked the little fellow what was the matter, and he said he had trode upon a nasty snarling beast by mistake, which gave a yelp and bit him on the leg. Mr Diligent dried his tears, and tied up the cut with his handkerchief, and told him

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* Ps. lxxx. 12, 13. † Song ii. 15.
‡ John xii. 43; 3 John 9, 10; Luke xxii. 24.
§ Matt. vi. 6. ‖ 2 Tim. iv. 10; 1 John ii. 15.
¶ Matt. xix. 20–22.

that he had trodden upon a vicious little fox called 'Easily-provoked.'* This fox, he said, is not so sly as some of those of which this gentleman and I have been speaking. It is a daring little vermin, and is as quick as a weasel, starting up at every turn, barking and yelping under one's very feet. Besides, it has sharp teeth, and can bite as well as bark, as you have just found to your cost.

Boy.—Please, sir, will none of your traps catch this nasty fox?

Diligent.—Yes, my boy, there is a snare for it, called 'Patience,' but you must learn to set it yourself, and to watch that it does not get out of order. There are different patterns of this trap. One is called the 'Soft-answer,' another is named 'Be-gentle;' these two lying here are called 'Be-kind-one-to-another,' and 'Revile-not-again.' You would wonder how many bites and tears you will escape by setting these good traps in the garden or wood where you are accustomed to play.

Boy.—There was another fox which Johnny Punctual met yesterday. He was going to school when this little beast began to play with him on the road, and was always catching hold of his jacket or his books in its mouth, and trying to drag him away into the wood. At last he was going to be late for school, so he took a big stick and cudgelled it, and it made off as fast as it could.

Diligent.—That fox is called 'Procrastination.' It often tries the same tricks with me, and your young friend took the best plan with it.

Boy.—We caught another kind of fox one day. It seemed a great big brute when it was a little way off, and we thought it was a goat or a young calf. Whenever we ran after it, it seemed to change its shape and escaped; but in the evening Jamie Truthful caught it in a snare, and it was a wee creature, hardly bigger than a squirrel. It must have puffed itself up before. Do you know its name?

Diligent.—Yes; it has a long name, 'Exaggeration,' and does a great deal of mischief. You will catch it in the trap called 'Speak-the-truth.'

There are many other kinds of foxes. Here is the skin of one called 'Envy;' there is a specimen of 'Covetousness.' But now it is time to go down to the house to dinner.

At dinner I was introduced to my host's aged mother, whom I had not yet seen. Her name was 'Experience.' She was quite a picture of an old lady. From her conversation, it was soon apparent, though she could remember all the events of the century (which she had well-nigh lived through), correctly arranged in their own years, like specimens in the drawers of a museum, she took a keen and intelligent interest in the occurrences of the day. She said that her two favourite printed books were the oldest and the newest that had been written—viz., the Bible and the Daily Newspaper; but it was clear, though she was thoroughly up in current news, that the Bible was her constant companion. She was also quite abreast of the general literature of the day, and could discuss all the newest works of merit. In addition to printed books, she said that she had carefully studied the book of Providence, the book of Nature, and the book of the human Heart. Altogether, while a most interesting, she was rather a formidable conversationist, as her stores of information were drawn from wide sources, and were thoroughly digested. In her youth she had come through much trial and suffering, which had left their lines upon her forehead, but patience had stamped its beautiful impress upon her features; sympathy with the young showed itself in her cheerful smile, while hope dwelt in her bright eye, that had lost nothing of its natural vivacity. This hopeful eye of hers was reproduced in her grandchildren, but in them it lacked the restfulness and quiet confidence that marked it in the aged saint. In them it seemed to be more likely to be disturbed by sudden alarm or unexpected failure, while the glance of her eye was calm and still as the blue heaven.

In this hospitable home I spent a few days very pleasantly. Accompanied by one or other member of the family as cicerone, I was shown much to interest and instruct me. High up the hill a large tract had been reclaimed from the waste and planted. The old lady told me how, in her young days, thorns grew where now were giant fir-trees, and briars, where now reposed the purple shadows of evergreen myrtles. Here grew the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.† Here were sun-flowers turning ever towards the Earth's great Bridegroom; sensitive plants that shrank from the rude contact, and even the cold breath of the world; flowers that opened their petals, strange to say, by night, instead of day, and shed their fragrance abroad in the darkness; others that were luminous at midnight, dispensing then the light which they had stored up during the hours of sunshine. These all lived not for themselves, but for the glory of Him who planted them, and the good of those at whose doors their station was.

But the most remarkable sight of all was the Tree of Life in the midst of the Garden. This Tree and plant of renown had originally grown in another garden, called the Garden of Eden, but when our first parents were driven out of that fair garden, El-Shaddai Himself lifted this tree from the secret recess where it was hid, guarded by the flaming swords of the cherubim, and planted it here. This tree had life in itself, and whoever took and ate of its fruit would live for ever. As you may be sure, travellers come in numbers from the most distant lands to taste its fruit, which is worth far more than its weight in gold. Written in large letters on a board were these words, 'He that eateth me, even he shall live

* 1 Cor. xiii. 5.

† Is. lv. 13, lxi. 3.

by me.'* Its fruit, indeed, is the only known antidote to the poisonous fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, which grows in the Kingdom of Diabolus.

When I had seen most of the sights of these gardens and vineyards, I prepared to visit the Land of Sterility, and bade adieu to my friends. As I thanked them for their hospitality, Mr Diligent said it became them freely to give, as they had freely received; that they did well to entertain strangers, for thereby some had entertained angels unawares, and that the advantage was mutual when they shared what they had been given to enjoy, with those who were of the household of faith. Mr Diligent accompanied me a portion of the way, and pointed out to me an umbrageous fig-tree. For three years, he said, his Lord had come and sought fruit on this fig-tree, and found none, and told him the last time he came to cut it down, seeing it was cumbering the ground, and filling space which might be occupied by a fruitful tree. He said that he had pleaded with the Lord of the Vineyard to let it alone this year also, till he should dig about it, and dung it, and if it bore fruit—his kindling eye eloquently told how he would rejoice, and if not that after that it should be cut down.† Even then the digging operations were going on, and the most approved means being applied to restore its fertility. He said he must stay here and give further instructions to his workmen, and as he shook me warmly by the hand, he pointed out the road that I should take.

A cottage before me was the last house in the Land of Fertility. It was inhabited by a poor widow who had a miraculous barrel, in which there was a never-failing handful of meal, enough for the day's provision for herself and her boy. After that, he said, I must hold right on towards some silver mines, which were just on the boundary of the Province, after leaving which I should take for a landmark a large withered fig-tree by the roadside, which was a sign-post to the traveller that he had crossed into the Country of Sterility.

(To be continued.)

* John vi. 57 ; Gen. iii. 22.

† Luke xiii. 6–9.

LILY MELVILLE AND HER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER IV.

'Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.
Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day, to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.'

THE seaside had also been recommended by the doctor for Lily, who was not at all strong. So it was arranged that, as Mrs Melville had agreed to join the Smythes in a trip to Paris, the young ladies and their maid should start immediately for Westcliff. Rooms were taken in a nice house facing the bay; and the first evening of the arrival of our party, the landlady brought a message from a clergyman and his wife, already lodging in the house, that they would be very glad to see the new comers, if they felt inclined to join them at family prayers. They were delighted to go, and continued to do so during their stay. They all took a great liking to Mr and Mrs Pemberton, who, on their part, felt much interested in the girls. Edith especially attracted Mrs Pemberton by her beauty and pleasant manner, and she longed to see her, like her younger sister, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

As the weather became very mild, Mr Pemberton proposed they should have a little Bible reading on the beach every morning after breakfast; and they soon selected a retired nook sheltered by a rock, to which they repaired each day, every one gladly carrying shawls and cushions to make Lily comfortable.

She intensely enjoyed Mr Pemberton's simple expositions of the chapters which they read, drinking in the truth with increasing thirst. Edith, too, learned to know more of the Bible in those days than she had ever done before, and she never knelt in prayer with that company without feeling painfully conscious that she was the only one present who had not been born again. She hoped and resolved that one day she too would become as one of them, but *not just yet;* for she had an idea that true religion consisted more in *giving up* on her part than receiving.

As Lily got stronger, it was thought she might be able to go for a donkey-ride occasionally, and Benson was sent out to choose a nice donkey. All the boys came clustering round her, each more clamorous than another that she would engage him. She looked about her, and fixed on one bright-eyed boy in tattered clothing, who was less loud than the others, but whose look seemed to say he hoped the sight of his well-kept donkey would decide her in his favour, and told him to come directly to No. 2 Marine Villas.

Lily enjoyed her ride immensely, so Ben was told to come back again next day at the same hour, and that came to be the general arrangement for every day when the weather permitted. Ben was very proud and fond of his fine donkey, and never beat it unmerci-

fully, as many of the other boys did theirs. Lily liked him for this, and also for his obliging disposition. He knew all the pretty roads and lanes about Westcliff, and when she wanted a change from the sands, took her a different ride almost each time. But she was very much shocked one day, when they met another donkey boy, who called out something in a rude tone, to find Ben answering him in the same way, and taking God's name in vain.

'Oh, Ben!' she said, thinking that would be enough to make him ashamed of himself. But he did not seem to understand; so she said, 'You know it is wrong to take God's name in vain; the third commandment forbids it, and God says He will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain. You have learned the commandments, have you not?'

'No, Miss, I never heard on 'em.'

'Can you read, Ben?' asked Lily, though she could hardly conceive the possibility of a boy of her own age being unable to do that.

'I'm a learnin', Miss, but it's a kind o' secret.'

'How is that?'

'Well, old gran, as how I lives with, can't read a word herself, I don't believe, so she never thought of sending me to school, I suppose. But I didn't think much about it, till one Sunday a lot of excursionists came down by rail, and one set of them hired Jim Burton's donkey and mine for a ride. Well, we happened to pass a gate with a large, yellow bill stuck on it. One of the young gentlemen, after we had passed it, asked what was on the bill, and bade one of us run back and see, for it might be tellin' o' some fun they wouldn't like to miss. So then we both told, not thinking no shame, as how we couldn't read. At that they fell a laughing at us, and calling us a pair of donkeys, no better than the beasts they were riding on, and all the way they kept a laughin' and a jeerin' at us, till our blood did boil. Well, that night, Jim and me, we agreed that we *must* learn to read, be it easy, be it hard. So we went to old Dan, the fisherman, as lives by himself in a cottage at the foot of the rock, and asked him if he would teach us, for we knew he was a scholard, and he said he would, and welcome, and that free for nothing; only we must buy our own reading-books and candles too, for he had nothing to spare for them (you see he could see to make his nets by the firelight), and we was to go to him every night. So we consulted, Jim and me, where the money was to come from, and we agreed to keep back a sixpence from the hire of our donkeys every week, and say nought about it at home. And we can read pretty fair, Dan said, afore Jim went to sea; but I goes still, and am learnin' to write a bit as well.'

'But it was very wrong not to tell what you did with the money, Ben; and to pretend it was all there, when it wasn't,' said Lily, solemnly.

'Law, Miss, Jim's drunken father would have beaten him black and blue afore he would have let him have a penny to himself, and old gran would have done the same by me; and you'll not say but what it was for a good end, Miss?'

'But the best end does not make a bad way good; and you weren't doing the truth, Ben. You know the story of Ananias and Sapphira, don't you?'

'No, Miss, we haven't had that yet.'

'Has old Dan not taught you to read in the Bible?' asked Lily in astonishment.

'I be readin' the Arabian Nights now; that beant what you mean, I suppose?'

'Oh, hush, hush, Ben! the Bible is God's own word, that He has given us to tell us about Himself, and how we can get to Him.' Lily spoke eagerly and earnestly, and Ben's reply distressed her.

'No, Miss, we haven't had that. But I've read Robinson Crusoe and Jack the Giant-killer; that's mighty fine, that is.'

'But, Ben, those books aren't *true*, and the Bible is all true, every word.'

'If it be as fine as the Arabian Nights, and all true, it must be very pretty reading, I take it,' said Ben.

Lily had never before come in contact with such ignorance, and it distressed her very much, and gave her plenty to think about all the way home, as she wondered and planned what could be done for Ben. The first thing, of course, must be to get him a Bible, and read it with him.

Edith was behind picking wild flowers, which were very abundant in the hedgerows, and Benson was beside her carrying a basket to receive her treasures; thus it was only after they had got to their lodgings that Lily could tell them of her discovery and dismay, and consult with them what could be done.

They told Mr Pemberton of it the next day, after the Bible-reading on the beach, and he proposed that Ben should be engaged to come always an hour earlier than he was wanted for the donkey-ride, and that one or more of them should employ that hour in teaching him, which would not require him to keep any of his earnings from his grandmother, and that he should be advised to tell her of what he had already done. Ben was, of course, delighted with the new plan, for he was very keen to learn all he could. Mr Pemberton promised to give him lessons in sums, and Edith undertook to give him writing, for which she was a good deal more competent than old Dan. Lily bought a Bible for him with her own pocket-money, and asked him always to bring it with him.

As Lily was ordered to be as much as possible in the open-air, they often arranged now to stay out for hours at a time. When they came to a pleasant shady spot, Lily would dismount and be made comfortable with wraps spread on the bank. Benson would take out her work and sit beside her, while Edith would sketch the view or copy wild flowers and moss. They always brought some

lunch with them, and never forgot a portion for Ben, who, they noticed, never failed to share his biscuits with his dear donkey.

It was in these midday encampments that Lily and Benson began to read the Scriptures with Ben, which was like the discovery of a new world to him. No fond mother with the love of Christ in her heart had ever taught him the old story, ever new, of Jesus and His love, how for us sinners and our salvation He had left the realms of glory, and had become man, and had lived on this sinful earth, never weary of going about doing good to the unthankful, and so loving even His enemies as to die for them on the cross that they might live eternally in glory. He had never been sent to a Sunday school, where he might learn that unless he were born again he could not see the kingdom of God; no one before had given him a Bible to tell him that his own heart was 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked' (Jer. xvii. 9), and that 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die' (Ezek. xviii. 20).

They read together of the Creation, of the beautiful Garden of Eden, of the serpent's temptation, of Adam and Eve's disobedience, upon which Ben remarked, 'God would not see that night that it was all *very good* (Gen. i. 31). Did He ever see that again on earth?' Lily bade him turn to Matthew iii. 17, where he read of the voice from heaven, which said, 'This is My beloved Son, in whom I am *well pleased*.' And then they found many passages which show that Jesus, though man (as well as God), was man without sin, as Adam had been before he fell. 'Christ . . . without blemish and without spot' (1 Peter i. 19); 'who did no sin' (1 Peter ii. 22); 'holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners' (Heb. vii. 26), &c., &c. And it was this holy, sinless Jesus, who knew no sin, that was made sin for us. He took the sins of the world upon Himself, and was treated by God the Father as if He had been guilty of them; and God so hates sin that He must punish it; and thus Jesus, in His boundless love to us, endured the wrath of God, the Just died instead of the unjust, that we might go free; for God is just and righteous, and will not punish sin twice. And this is the salvation that is offered to every sinner.

'And was God the Father pleased that His holy Son should die for us?' asked Ben.

'Yes; Jesus says, "Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again" (John x. 17). And God showed that He accepted His sacrifice by raising Him from the dead the third day, and seating Him at His own right hand in heaven, where He now is.'

'Then God the Father must have loved sinners as well as Jesus Christ did?'

'Certainly. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16); and Jesus said, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God" (Heb. x. 7) And yet all this wondrous truth about God's love and Christ's perfect and sufficient sacrifice is what people will not believe, although the word is written to tell it, and the Holy Spirit promised to make us able to believe it. For, you know, it won't do you any good to hear of all that Christ did in dying on the cross 1800 years ago if you don't accept Him as your own Saviour, if you don't acknowledge that you deserve to have borne the punishment of your own sins, and if you are not willing to be saved entirely for the sake of Jesus Christ. You cannot stand in the sight of a holy God as you are; you must hide yourself in Christ if you would not be for ever lost; and He will cast out none that come to Him for salvation.'

Many such readings and talks they had together, and Lily was pleased to hear the tone of awe and reverence that was in Ben's voice as he read the sacred book, and pronounced the divine name, so different from the way she had heard him taking it in vain. Sometimes they allowed circumstances to point out the subject of their readings; for instance, one day when Ben had disappeared through a gap in the hedge into a wood, and in a short time had overtaken the party with a handful of beautiful lilies of the valley, they turned to the texts that speak of this earthly life being short as that of the flowers. 'As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more' (Ps. ciii. 15-16). 'All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever' (1 Peter i. 24, 25). They remembered, too, the lessons the Lord would have us learn from the lilies of the field (Matt. vii. 28–30), and they spoke also of the Rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys, and the lily among thorns (Cant. ii. 1, 2).

Another day they passed a pond by the roadside, where a number of sheep were being washed. Being fond of all country sights, they stopped to witness the operation, and they noticed how utterly impossible it was for the sheep to cleanse itself; if not washed it must remain filthy, and how some of them struggled against the means of their cleansing, and tried to evade it. As they passed on they saw one of the sheep which had escaped, and was running along the wooded bank, hurting itself upon the thorns and briars, and getting entangled amongst the branches, heeding not the calls of its owner, who was following it, or else too bewildered to know how to turn. They found this suggested a fruitful theme of study in the Word, how 'all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way' (Is. liii. 6); the parable of the lost sheep sought and found in Luke xv.; of Jesus Himself, 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world' (John i. 29), who is also the Good Shepherd, who giveth

His life for the sheep, who calleth His own sheep by name, whose voice the sheep know and follow, as in John x., and a great many more passages they found, and looked, too, at the 'fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness' (Zech. xii. 1).

Ben had a very sweet, clear voice, but only knew silly, foolish songs or worse. In their stead, Lily taught him some of her favourite hymns, such as 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'I lay my sins on Jesus,' &c., and Edith led the singing of them to pretty tunes, which Ben quickly picked up, as he had an ear for music.

(*To be continued.*)

MRS K.'S FAMILY ALTAR.

BY MRS HELEN E. BROWN.

'I WANT to tell you of a great good you have done me,' said Mrs K., one evening after meeting, to a lady who was passing down the aisle, and held out her hand for a kindly greeting.

'Tell me. A good I have done you!' exclaimed the lady in surprise. 'I was not aware I had ever been of any service to you.'

'But you have been. You were the means of my setting up a family altar.' And then Mrs K. went on to relate the circumstance to her wondering listener.

'Do you remember the day you sent Mr Smith to me to ask me to go and sit for a while with his poor old mother while he was out doing a job of work? I went, not because I wanted to go, but because the message came from you, and I didn't wish to disoblige you, for you have been very kind to me many a time. So I took my work and went to the old lady's home; and when I got there what should she ask me to do the first thing but to have a little meeting with her. Well, I was nothing loath to read to her a bit out of her Testament that she keeps close beside her, and then I sang a hymn, for I love to sing dearly, and I sing a great deal when I'm about my work at home; it lifts me up somehow to sing. "And now, dear," says the old lady, after I had finished the hymn, "won't you have a word of prayer with an old body that hasn't heard a prayer for many a day?" What could I say? I wasn't used to praying aloud and before folks; but I couldn't refuse the poor old creature that mightn't be here long, and was going to be an angel before the throne presently; so I kneeled down and poured out my prayer in a hobbling sort of way before the Lord. And while I was on my knees it came to me just like a flash, between the words like, that here I was praying with this stranger, I, who had never dared to open my lips before my own kith and kin. There's Josie and Esther, my own two girls at home, and we all love the Lord, and we all kneel down every night and morning, and pray our prayers separate and alone, just in a whisper like, and I'd never had the courage to say, "Girls, let us pray together." But there on my knees, in old Mrs Smith's bedroom, while I was asking the Lord to bless her, I just made up my mind what I'd do; and I went right home with a determination to set up a family altar before I slept. And the Lord helped me, ma'am; and now we kneel down every morning together, and one or the other of us prays aloud, and the Lord comes down our souls to bless. And when I get up from my knees I always think of you with such a thankful kind of feeling, for if you hadn't sent me on that errand of mercy I never should have got this blessing. And I want to tell you for your encouragement, ma'am, because there's many another you can set to work somehow in the Lord's service, give them a start like; for when we're really started there's no telling where we'll stop. Doing one right thing, I mostly find, leads to doing another, just as one bad thing leads on to another. Don't you think so, ma'am?'

By the time Mrs K. had finished her story, they were standing alone in the chapel aisle, and her listener was turning over in her mind several thoughts. One was that which had just been so quaintly expressed, 'Doing one right thing mostly leads to doing another;' and a second, 'Are not Christian workers serving the Lord when they set others to work even in a very small way?' And again, 'Who can tell the good which the Lord may permit us, or use us, to do unconsciously?' If she had gone to Mrs K. to exhort or persuade her to set up a family altar, she would have been met in all probability by the insurmountable 'I can't.' But putting her in the way of loving ministry to another, the Lord spoke to her, and she yielded.

The trifling incident was certainly suggestive, and as the lady walked home, the 'in-season-and-out-of-season' work was well pondered.

THE TENDERNESS OF CHRIST.—He turned none away. He was never brusque or harsh. According to Matthew, no sooner had Jairus made his beseeching request than 'Jesus arose, and followed him.' When word came that the child was really dead, '*as soon* as Jesus heard the word,' to reassure a heart ready to break, he said to the ruler, 'Be not afraid, only believe.' How tenderly He dealt with the woman in the crowd; addressing her as 'daughter,' bidding her 'be of good comfort,' and 'go in peace.' We have known good men who did not know how to be gentle and sympathetic. In a sick-room, or home of sorrow, they seem to be unfeeling, if not rude. This is not Christ-like. Paul could say, 'We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.' In such a world as this, there is great music in a kindly tone.

A YOUNG MAN VOID OF UNDERSTANDING.

BY REV. IRENAEUS PRIME, D.D., EDITOR OF NEW YORK OBSERVER.

THE late Rev. Dr Bedell, father of Bishop Bedell, of Ohio, was a very excellent Episcopal preacher in the city of Philadelphia. He was full of love for Christ and the souls of men, and under his preaching many were turned to righteousness who are now stars in his crown of rejoicing. As the crowd in his church one evening were waiting for the sermon, and the glowing-hearted minister stood in the holy place ready to begin, a young stranger entered the door of the church just in time to catch the words of the text. He was a wild, thoughtless, wicked youth, who had been invited to go and hear Dr Bedell. But he had refused, with the profane remark that he would not go to church to hear Jesus Christ Himself. This evening he was walking by the church, and an impulse, sudden and irresistible, urged him in. As he stood inside of the door, Dr Bedell announced as his text, 'I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding.'

The text was a sermon. It was the word of God, sharper than a two-edged sword. It discerned the thoughts and intents of his heart. The Spirit of God sent it home to his conscience. He had been an unbeliever and despiser of the gospel; but the eyes of his mind were opened. He had been a profligate; his sins were set in order before him. He was struck through as with a dart, when the folly and madness of his past life were revealed in the light of the gospel. The faithful preacher unfolded the exceeding foolishness of a life of sensual pleasure, idleness, frivolity, and the inevitable end of such a career. It is recorded of this young man that he became a regular attendant on the ministry of Dr Bedell, a member of his church, and a useful Christian.

'WHAT A FOOL!' I have had to say once, twice, and again, within the last few weeks; and many times in the last few months, when bloody murder, death sentences, disgrace, State's Prison, broken hearts, grey hairs with sorrow at the grave, a wide circle of relatives and friends hiding their faces in grief and shame; all these, with anguish unutterable, have been caused by the acts of 'a young man void of understanding.'

WHAT A FOOL! Had he no brains, no sense, no understanding—not to speak of principle, conscience, fear of God, sense of right, truth, honour, love of parents, sisters, and friends? Had he no reason, judgment, pride, ambition, that he should throw them all away, and leap madly into the abyss of sin and woe?

WHAT A FOOL! He went to a theatre, and was smitten with the wanton airs of a woman with no more brains than he had himself, and the end thereof was death. If he had used the common senses of a human being, he would have known and felt that to go after such a person was to fling away all hope of success in life, to alienate the friends who would otherwise be his helpers, to doom himself to toil, and suffering, and hardship, and certain ruin. But he was void of understanding. In the madness and folly of youth, he gave up all and followed her. The race was short and swift, and the end came in wretchedness and shame.

WHAT A FOOL! He was the son of a proud house, and the heir of a great name. He might have been himself distinguished and honoured. But he was covetous and wicked. He had not sense enough to be satisfied with the fruits of industry, and the rewards of honest labour. No moral principle restrained him. He grew up without the fear of God before his eyes. He thought that secret crime would yield him wealth more rapidly than painstaking service, which never fails of its fit returns. The life of a kinsman was between him and a sum of money, and he became a murderer. He is now lying in the prison cell under sentence of death.

He was a clerk: had access to money not his own: handled it often, and became familiar with it. He saw that using money increased it, and it grew while the owner slept. Gradually he began to think he might gain something for himself by taking another's money without his consent. He would borrow it, and put it all back before it was wanted. He helped himself, and ruined himself. It did not turn out as well as he hoped. He took a little more to make one last effort to recover. Bad went to worse. His feet were swept from under him, and away he went. The inevitable day of discovery came. He fled to parts unknown. But on the face of this broad earth there is no spot where a thief may dwell and be happy. Money will not make up for the loss of a good name, the respect of men, the peace of conscience. What a fool!

How many times in the Bible sin is called folly, and the sinner a fool! It is said that any man would rather be thought a knave than a fool. But the knave is a fool. There is no bigger fool in this world of sinners than the young man, with a fair chance before him of earning his daily bread, and with it respectability if not riches, who yet spoils it all by doing wrong. It may be only a little thing. He would shrink as from the flames or floods from the thought of robbery or murder. But he flatters his conscience that he will put it all back, and no one will know it. Fool that he is! *There are two that know it before it is done.* He knows it himself, and is a thief before he actually takes the money that is not his; and God knows it instantly when the

thought of his heart conceives the sin. Then the deed is written all over earth, and sea, and sky; he reads it in the clouds, hears it in the wind, and feels it in every breath he draws. O what a fool he was!

When I see a long line of young men waiting their turn to get into a theatre, where filthy plays and lewd women and lascivious sights and sounds will set on fire their passions, tempt them to sensual indulgence that will drain their purse and cause them to steal, I think of Dr Bedell's text, and see a long line of young men void of understanding. There is a whole string of fools. Every one of them might be happy in the pursuit of knowledge and innocent amusement in the paths of purity, pleasantness, and peace. But they are all in the steps that lead to death.

Gilded saloons, where men drown their souls in perdition, are the resort of thousands of young men void of understanding. Fools all. If they had brains, the greatest of poets said that drink would 'steal them away.' I sought to verify that quotation, and found three in the same play so pat to my purpose that I cite them all.

'Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.'

'O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!'

'Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!'

These are the words of the great bard of nature; they are in the line of this letter to fools; for there is no folly so foolish as that which throws away reputation, happiness, and eternal life. What shall it profit? The immortal soul, with its infinite possibilities in the world to come, destroyed for the sake of an evening's frolic, the money of another, the guilty indulgence of an hour! Some secret spirit, perhaps the Spirit of all truth and love, from whom proceedeth every good thought and purpose, said to me an hour ago: 'Run, speak to that young man.' 'Write to those young men void of understanding. The city swarms with them. They are everywhere. Mothers may put your words into the hands of their sons. God will send them where they will reach young, fresh, tender hearts.' Oh that they were wise, that they were men of understanding, that they would say unto Wisdom, 'Be thou the guide of my youth.'

TWO PICTURES.

THE BEGINNING.

A SCHOOLBOY, ten years old, one lovely June day—with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the labourers in the wheat fields—had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there were three shillings left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it. At noon, this boy had stood under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, 'Shall I give it back, or shall I wait until he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why, I can get it again together.'

He never gave back the money.

THE ENDING.

Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, and wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home.

He is now in a prison-cell, but he set his feet that way when a boy years before, when he sold his honesty for three shillings.

That night he sat disgraced and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, his mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.

A Daily Portion.

JULY 9.

'I HAVE PRAYED FOR THEE, THAT THY FAITH FAIL NOT.'—Luke xxii. 32.

Every well-instructed disciple has discovered that he cannot walk for a single hour without the sustentation of the Divine arm. Those moments in which we are left a little to our own resources are moments of darkness and grief, if not of disgrace and discomfiture. Satan desires to have us, that he may sift us as wheat; but Christ prays for us, and succours us. He leads the safest, truest, happiest life who most consciously leans upon the strength of the Redeemer, and takes each several step of the way with his eye fixed on the Author and Finisher of his faith.—*J. W. Alexander.*

JULY 10.

'WHEN MY HEART IS OVERWHELMED: LEAD ME TO THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.'—Ps. lxi. 2.

If we could enter into the secret experience of those Christian heroes who have achieved the greatest wonders for God, we should probably find that their mighty acts were not performed without some foregoing trepidation and sense of incompetency. Jacob weeps and wrestles before he is named a prince of God. The astonishing valour of Paul was a fruit of grace; and who knows how often the day of courage and endurance may have followed a night of agony? It is not only common, but it is good, to feel ourselves very weak in

divine things. Then it is that we take hold of strength. Amidst floods of apprehension, the Psalmist cries, 'When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!' Then when the self-distrusting one beholds the countenance of heavenly friendship turned full upon him, he knows on what to depend, and sings, 'I can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth me.'—*J. W. Alexander.*

JULY 11.

'BUT I KEEP UNDER MY BODY, AND BRING IT INTO SUBJECTION: LEST THAT BY ANY MEANS, WHEN I HAVE PREACHED TO OTHERS, I MYSELF SHOULD BE A CAST-AWAY.'—1 Cor. ix. 27.

There is a foolish and miserable way of men ministering the doctrine of salvation to others and not to themselves, carrying it all in their heads and tongues, and none of it in their hearts; not hearing it even while they preach it, reaching the bread of life to others, and eating none of it themselves. And this the Apostle says, that he was most careful to avoid, and therefore dealt severely with his body, that it might not this way endanger his soul. And thus the true preachers of the gospel, though their ministerial gifts are for the use of others, yet that salvation they preach they lay hold on and partake of themselves, as your boxes wherein perfumes are kept for garments and other uses are themselves perfumed by keeping them.—*Leighton.*

JULY 12.

'OF WHICH SALVATION THE PROPHETS HAVE INQUIRED AND SEARCHED DILIGENTLY, WHO PROPHESIED OF THE GRACE THAT SHOULD COME UNTO YOU.'—1 Peter i. 10.

Their prophecies of Him were present comfort to themselves, and other believers then; and, further, were to serve for a clear evidence of the divine truth of those mysteries in the days of the gospel, in and after their fulfilling. This sweet stream of their doctrine did, as the rivers, make its own banks fertile and pleasant as it ran by, and flowed still forward to after ages, and by the confluence of more such prophecies, grew greater as it went, till it fell in with the main current of the gospel in the New Testament, both acted and preached by the great Prophet Himself, whom they foretold to come, and recorded by His Apostles and evangelists, and thus united into one river, clear as crystal. This doctrine of salvation in the Scriptures hath still refreshed the city of God, His Church under the gospel, and still shall do so till it empty itself into the ocean of eternity.—*Leighton.*

JULY 13.

'TO HIM GAVE ALL THE PROPHETS WITNESS.'—Acts x. 43.

The first discovery we have of this stream of doctrine nearest its source, the eternal purpose of divine mercy, is in that promise which the Lord Himself preached in few words to our first parents, that had newly made themselves and their race miserable, The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent. The agreement of the predictions of the prophets with the things themselves, and the preaching of the Apostles following the other kind of men employed in this salvation, make up one organ, or great instrument, tuned by the same hand, and sounding by the same breath of the Spirit of God, and that is expressed here as the common authority of the doctrine in both, and the cause of their harmony and agreement in it.—*Leighton.*

JULY 14.

'THAT I MAY CAUSE THOSE THAT LOVE ME TO INHERIT SUBSTANCE.'—Prov. viii. 21.

See the excellency of grace, it perseveres. Other things are but for a season; health and riches are sweet, but they are but for a season; but grace is a blossom of eternity. The seed of God remains. Grace may suffer an eclipse, not a dissolution. It is called substance for its solidity, and durable riches for its permanency. It lasts as long as the soul, as heaven lasts. Grace is not like a lease, which soon expires, but it runs parallel with eternity.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 15.

'MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE, AND I KNOW THEM, AND THEY FOLLOW ME.'—John x. 27.

What can make us love God more than the fixedness of His love to us? He is not only the author of grace, but finisher; His love is perpetuated and carried on to our salvation. My sheep, there is election; hear My voice, there is vocation; and I know them, there is justification; and I give unto them eternal life, there is glorification. How may this make us love God, and set up the monuments and trophies of His praise! How much have we done to cause God to withdraw His Spirit, and suffer us to fall finally! Yet that He should keep us, let His name be blessed, and His memorials eternized, who keepeth the feet of His saints.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 16.

'BE NOT HIGHMINDED, BUT FEAR.'—Rom. xi. 20.

Do not presume upon your own strength; exercise a holy fear and jealousy over your own hearts. Be not highminded, but fear. Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall. It was Peter's sin, he leaned more upon his grace than upon Christ, and then he fell. A Christian hath cause to fear lest the lusts and deceit of his heart betray him. Take heed of presuming; fear begets prayer, prayer begets strength, and strength begets steadfastness.—*T. Watson.*

THE PROVIDENCE OF CHRIST.

BY REV. JOHN MILNE JARVIE, GREENOCK.

(*Continued from page* 315.)

IV. THE PROVIDENCE OF CHRIST MINISTERS A GRATEFUL MEMORY.

THE emotion with which the Apostles recalled the incident of the text must have been one of profound gratitude. They would remember much of the way they had been led since they received their great commission: how many fears had been disappointed, how many unexpected mercies had been granted, how many deliverances vouchsafed! And as they thought of these *now*, how greatly would they feel they had advanced in the 'hidden wisdom of God,' how should their confidence be strengthened in the power and grace of the Saviour who had sent them thus!

It is always profitable, and pleasant as profitable, to review the way we have been led, and to mark God's guiding finger throughout. In the rush and hurry of much of our mortal life we are apt to overlook, or fail to appreciate, the essential unity and purpose of its several parts. We are as soldiers who, in the thick of the fight, know not how the battle goes on elsewhere; but after the conflict is over, and the victory won, recall the several incidents of the field, and admire the genius and skill which made the whole contribute to the ultimate triumph. Or we are as wayfarers in the night, who journey on, knowing not whither they go, and all unconscious of the hidden perils which lie on either hand; but with the sunrise they look back upon their travelled path, and discover with wondering gratitude that an unseen hand has led them all the way.

This grateful memory of God is frequently enjoined in Scripture, and distinguishes in various degrees the experience of every devout follower of the Lord Jesus. 'Thou shalt remember the way the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep His commandments, or no' (Deut. viii. 2). 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits' (Ps. ciii. 1). Such gracious recollections are fitted to minister joy amid what may seem the more sorrowful experiences of the passing present. They prevent or reprove despondency in the 'cloudy and dark day.' They inspire or stimulate courage in the prospect of providential trial. It was thus that 'Israel remembered that God was their rock, and the high God their Redeemer; that Asaph, in his incipient despair, 'remembered the years of the right hand of the Most High, and His wonders of old;' and that David 'remembered the hill Mizar.' And so the universal Church, through all generations, expresses her rejoicing confidence in Him whose commission she bears, for strength adequate to her greatest need. 'Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of THE LORD OUR GOD' (Ps. xx. 7).

Let us, brethren, cultivate this habit of devout recollection. It will beneficially affect the whole current and character of our Christian life. The past is full of God; and, rightly interpreted, becomes a prophecy and a promise of the future. We may discover manifold occasions when we seemed to have been 'sent,' with no adequate preparation, to discharge duties that were perilous, and difficulties that appeared insuperable; sent to toil in rowing amid contrary wind; to conflict with storm when the great Master seemed asleep, and our unworthy fears were too ready to suggest that He cared not whether we perished; to minister to the dying, or to bury our beloved dead, when Jesus seemed equally absent and indifferent; yet we may remember how, even in such seasons, He saw us in our toil, and stilled the threatening tempest with a word, and comforted us in our sorrow as we mourned and wept, and within the very shadow of the sepulchre, and amid the bitterness of death, revealed Himself to our fainting faith and hope as the Resurrection and the Life. And as we remember all this, how can we be otherwise than grateful, and glad, and brave?

V. THE PROVIDENCE OF CHRIST FURNISHES OFTENTIMES AN UNCONSCIOUS PREPARATION FOR HIGHER SERVICE AND ATTAINMENT.

The Apostles little knew, when they received this commission, what a dark hour was at hand. They had been slow to understand the prophetic intimations of their Lord concerning His own approaching sacrifice, and some of its immediate consequences. A trial deeper far than any they yet had known was about to be theirs, and of such a nature that had the issue depended on merely human resources or the conflict of physical strength, the sword would have been essential, and purse and scrip, and all other available agencies of visible defence and power, would undoubtedly be required. Yet for this they were being now unconsciously prepared. The power of the Unseen presence, the grace that was all-sufficient, the faithfulness of Him who had called them, were to receive new and striking illustration, not as doctrines merely, but as facts of their own experience. And thus lessons of trust and hope, under severe conditions, were being taught them which should prove of highest service in the future. Without purse or scrip or sword, they had lacked nothing; they had endured and triumphed in the strength of their Lord alone.

But the day was near when, in the presence of immediate danger, they should for the moment forget the lesson they had learned, and employ the sword to smite. They had been strong in faith; they should now prove to themselves how weak they became when that was abandoned for the poor instruments of human expediency. Their use of the sword their Lord would reprove and disclaim, and heal the wound it had occasioned. Then and ever after they might remember that in all the conflicts of the past they had triumphed without the sword, and been fed without purse or scrip; and learn that in all the conflicts of the future these were impotent to command success, which lay in Christ alone.

And thus His providence may become to all of us an unconscious preparation alike for trial and for triumph. We may be called to suffer much in order that we may suffer more, but the memory of sustaining grace throughout all the past will minister abundant hope for all the future. An experience like that of the Apostle will be realised in us: 'When all men forsook me . . . the LORD stood with me, and strengthened me . . . I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion. And the LORD shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom' (2 Tim. iv. 16–18). Let us go forth, then, in His strength alone, to all that His providence may appoint. In the final issues alike of life and death and judgment we shall thus stand 'accepted in the Beloved,' and 'complete in HIM.'

A THOUGHT FOR THE PEWS.

THAT our evangelical pulpit conscientiously attains to a high average of excellence, we presume few candid people will deny. But what are the duties of the pews? Why do so many go to church and come away so little refreshed in spirit? Can we lay the blame on the minister? If we wilfully ignore the message and criticise the messenger, is it not rather our own fault that the divine rainfall of precious blessing passes us by?

Probably in many households the hours before church are hurried, tumultuous, and undevout. The family rise late, and breakfast is tardy. The children are harassed about shoes, gloves, and lost or mislaid articles of dress. The parents have not fully recovered from the fatigue of the business or pleasure on Saturday night. The first bell peals out its summons before anybody feels ready to hear it, and the progress to the place of prayer is a scramble to arrive before the opening anthem shall have been concluded. The Rev. William Arnot used to beg his people to spend the hour before coming to church in reading, meditation, and prayer. If it were the habit of our congregations thus prepared in heart to go to the sanctuary, how different might be the impressions made on them by sermons and public prayers. Had every disciple made the pastor, the week long, the subject of reverent, anxious, earnest prayer, would not the pastor enter the pulpit clothed upon with power from on high, and would not the benediction return with tenfold largeness on the worshippers themselves?

We would not like to say, lest the assertion should savour of the Pharisee's dogmatism, that all social engagements should be cancelled on Saturday evenings. And yet we are persuaded that a concert, the sweet strains of which haunt us long after midnight, that a gay party which breaks up on the stroke of twelve, or that even a ledger or work-basket engaging eyes and hands the whole of Saturday night, insure a mutilated Sabbath. There is little danger of over-strictness here.

Music is an important part of divine service. But when the artistic efforts of the choir divert the mind from thoughts of God, the music becomes a snare. The element of worldly criticism is hostile to the quietness of waiting on the Lord.

The pulpit must lead. The pews are not, therefore, absolved from the duty of solemn and sincere self-examination. Let us ask ourselves why we go to church, and why we do not always receive a blessing when we are there? Are we to blame?

INTRODUCTION TO THE PROPHECIES OF EZEKIEL.*

THE historical and political circumstances in the midst of which Ezekiel commenced his ministry have been sketched in the introduction to the Book of Jeremiah (see *Christian Treasury* for 1880, p. 378). We shall only refer to them in a general manner, limiting ourselves here to recall that which more particularly relates to the subject now before us.

I.

Jehoiakim, whose rebellion had brought the army of Nebuchadnezzar under the walls of Jerusalem, was succeeded by Jehoiakin, who reigned for only three months. The new king ascended the throne in the midst of the difficulties and the miseries of the siege. It was doubtless the arrival of the Chaldæan monarch in person before the capital that decided Jehoiakin to conclude a capitulation. The city was spared; but in giving himself up Jehoiakin saved only his life. He was led away to Babylon with ten thousand inhabitants of Jerusalem, about all those who, in the event of new complications, could make themselves formidable by their position, their intelligence, or their acquaintance with arms (2 Kings xxiv. 15, &c.) These events took place B.C. 599.

Whilst Jehoiakin was led to Babylon, where he abode in prison for years—comp. 2 Kings xxv. 27—a part of the captives carried away with him were taken to the banks of the river Chebar in Mesopotamia. It is in the number of these captives that the man of God was found, whose person and ministry we are now about to study.

II.

EZEKIEL, whose name signifies 'Whom God makes strong,' was the son of a priest named Buzi (i. 3.) We know nothing of his previous life. From the manner with which he speaks of the temple, and generally from his knowledge of priestly life (chaps. viii., xl., &c.), it may be concluded that he had exercised for some time the sacred functions at Jerusalem. We can calculate up to a certain point *the duration* of his activity. He was called to the prophetic ministry five years after his deportation to Chaldæa (i. 2, 3—about B.C. 595), and consequently six years before the fall of Jerusalem. According to xxix. 17, the latest dated of his discourses was published in the twenty-seventh year of the captivity; we must then assign to his ministry a duration of at least twenty-two years. We know nothing of his death. A Jewish legend asserts that he was killed by one of the princes of Judah whom he had reproached with idolatry; but nothing is less certain than these extra Biblical traditions. All that we can say is that there is absolutely nothing in his book which would lead us to suppose that he had himself seen the return from the captivity and the accomplishment of the promises by which he had so often revived the courage of the captive people.

His book casts some light upon his mode of life in the midst of his brethren of the captivity. He was married (xxiv. 18); he was much respected by his countrymen who surrounded him; they readily consulted him (viii. 1, xiv. 1, xxxiii. 31). His labours corresponded to his evangelical ministry. We gather in the Book of Ezekiel the following statement regarding the outward situation and moral state of the Israelite colony.

The *locality* where the exiles found themselves placed was called Tel-Abib, the hill of ears of corn (iii. 15), a name which seems to indicate fertility. The exiles enjoyed considerable liberty. Their relations with the mother country were not fettered. They possessed houses and lands (viii. 1, and Jer. xxix. 5). They were governed by their own elders (xiv. 1, xx. 1), doubtless under the supervision of a representative of the king. The exiles formed the *élite* of the nation from an intellectual and social, as well as from a religious point of view. This appears from the vision of the two baskets of figs (Jer. xxiv. 1, &c.) But this superiority could only be relative. The illusions to which a portion of the people at Jerusalem had given themselves to, and which were to be so fatal to them, did not at once come to an end with the first victims of the captivity. God Himself, by Ezekiel, depicts the prophet's companions as a rebel race, to whom his face will be hard as a diamond. Under external respect for Jehovah and for his prophet (xxxiii. 31), there were to be found the dispositions which had just caused the ruin of Jerusalem. The influence of the false prophets (xiii.) counterbalanced that of the messenger of God. Idolatry continued under one form or another (xiv. 3, &c.), and the picture of the manners of the colony traced in passages such as xxxiii. 25, 26, justifies the assertion of the prophet that the name of Jehovah was blasphemed by Israel in the midst of the heathen (xxxvi. 20, 21). In a word, this commencement of chastisement had no more produced its fruits in the country of exile than in Jerusalem, and it became always more evident that in order to be profitable, the judgment must be executed even to the end.

III.

What in these circumstances was the *task* of the prophet?

Strangers in the midst of a great and idolatrous nation, without religious worship, without a religious tie connecting them with

* Translated for the *Christian Treasury*, from the French of the Neuchatel 'Bible Annotée par une Société de Theologiens et de Pasteurs,' now in course of publication by M. Fischbacher, Paris.

the centre of Israelitish life, the exiles were exposed rapidly to lose the living knowledge of the true God, and with this, all hope of restoration. It was necessary in order to ward off this danger to supply them as much as possible with the means of grace which they were without. It is for this necessity that God provides by the revelations vouchsaved to the prophet, that he may sustain them in the midst of their exile. He reveals Himself to him in a magnificent appearance, in consequence of which the prophet delivers to the exiles numerous predictions of an astonishing precision of detail, and of a very rich symbolical form, in harmony with the circumstances in which they are living, and finally, describes in a representation of the new temple the sublime perfection of the last times.

One grand fact divides into two parts the ministry of Ezekiel. This is the fall of Jerusalem. Up to this moment the prophet speaks to his people in quite different language from that which he employs at a later period. The religious patriotism of the Israelites revolted at the thought that a judgment of God could destroy the holy city. He must prepare their minds for this catastrophe, and, for this end, he must make them feel to what a degree it was merited. We have here what God did in Babylon by the ministry of Ezekiel, and at the same time in Jerusalem by that of Jeremiah. It is with this object that our prophet accumulates in the first part of his book the descriptions of the crimes of Jerusalem, of its idolatry, and of its immorality. He labours also to overturn the chimerical conception of a near return of the exiles into their native land, and the hope, still more foolish, of a victory gained by the people of Jerusalem over the Chaldæans. By this means he seeks at the same time to prevent the discouragement which would so easily lay hold of the exiles at the moment of the destruction of Jerusalem, and he proves that in this catastrophe all is to be charged upon the rebellious people, and that nothing can be imputed to the powerlessness or unfaithfulness of God Himself.

But as soon as the fatal tidings arrived the preaching of the prophet takes an entirely different character. Promises succeed the censures on account of lack of holiness. Ezekiel now addresses himself to the believing residue, to the 'holy remnant,' of which Isaiah had spoken, and this residue he recognises because 'there hath been a prophet among them.' Before this humbled people, that he must henceforward guard from depression of spirit, he spreads out perspectives of restoration; he describes the coming of the true Shepherd taking the place of the unworthy shepherd, the outpouring of the Spirit, and the conversion of heart, the national resurrection, and the triumph of the restored theocracy over all its future enemies. Prepared as they had been by the first part of his ministry, these promises could fall into a well-prepared soil, and were laid hold of by faith, without the risk of the illusions of pride, or of a false patriotism distorting their true meaning.

IV.

The arrangement of his book corresponds to this double task of the prophet. There is no writing in the entire Old Testament whose plan and line of thought stand out more clearly. It is divided into two principal parts, chapters i.–xxiv. dating before, and chapters xxxiii.–xlviii. dating after the destruction of Jerusalem. Between these two parts, there is inserted one of a special character (xxv.–xxxii.), which embraces the prophecies directed against foreign nations.

Each of these three great portions may be divided into a certain number of sections, which, except in the intermediate part, follow each other in a strictly chronological order.

In the first part, the first group, i.–vii., is dated in the fifth year of the captivity. It contains the picture of the calling of the prophet (i.–iii. 15), then an announcement of the destruction of Jerusalem, first in a series of emblems, then in a prophetic discourse (iii. 16, vii.)

The second group (viii.–xix.), bears the date of the following year. Ezekiel takes us away with him to Jerusalem into the temple itself, where his prophetic gaze contemplates the heathen ceremonies practised therein. Jehovah gives the order to destroy the city; and the cloud, symbol of His glory, gradually leaves the profaned sanctuary (viii.–xi.) Then follow threatenings directed against the inhabitants of Jerusalem, against Zedekiah and the false prophets, warnings addressed to the exiles, and, lastly, a complaint against the princes of Israel (xii.–xix.)

The following group (xx.–xxiii.), that a chronological indication connects with the seventh year, commences by censures followed by promises; then the prophet announces the march of the Chaldæan army against Jerusalem, and recalls first in exact terms, and then under an allegorical form, the crimes of Jerusalem by comparing them with those of Samaria.

Lastly, two years later (xxiv.) the prophet announces the approaching ruin of Jerusalem; then he shuts himself up in silence, waiting for the confirmation of this threatening. And thus he ends the first part.

The intermediate part (xxv.–xxxii.) is composed of predictions pronounced at different times against foreign nations. These nations are seven in number: the Ammonites, the Moabites, the Edomites, the Philistines, Tyre and Sidon, and, lastly, Egypt.

The last part of the book is introduced by words of God to Ezekiel, and these words immediately precede the message announcing the ruin of Jerusalem (xxxiii. 21). The prophet next proclaims the judgment upon the leaders of Israel and the enemies of the theocracy, threatenings which are transformed into promises for the converted people (xxxiv.–xxxvi.);

then he traces the magnificent picture of the resurrection of Israel (xxxvii.), and announces Israel's victory over a last enemy (xxxviii. and xxxix.)

The book closes by a triple vision: first, that of a new temple; Ezekiel describes it with the most precise details, as well as the new worship that will therein be celebrated (xl.-xlvi.); in the second place, the vision of a river of living water coming out of the temple and bearing fruitfulness everywhere (xlvii. 1-14); lastly, that of the new division of the country among the twelve restored tribes (xlvii. 15-xlviii.)

No book of the Old Testament has perhaps been arranged with so scrupulous a care. Almost all its discourses are accompanied by their date, and in the two principal parts, at least, as we have said, they are placed according to the chronological order (comp. i. 2, fifth year; viii. 1, sixth year; xx. 1, seventh year; xxiv. 1, ninth year; xl. 1, twenty-fifth year); so that we can hardly doubt that the final editing of the book is the work of Ezekiel himself. Thus, neither its authenticity nor its integrity have been put in doubt. There is in this respect a complete contrast between the writings of the third great prophet and those of two of his predecessors.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW AGNOSTICISM.

BY REV. HEMAN LINCOLN, D.D.

AGNOSTICISM is a hard word, and is fitly chosen, for it defines a hard and self-destructive theory. As used by its living disciples, it denotes a school of thinkers who deny the validity of knowledge of spiritual beings and a spiritual world. The only knowledge that is certain or of value comes through the senses, and relates to matter and its forces.

Agnostics are guiltless of sympathy with the primal law of Christianity, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' No one will accuse them of humility or self-depreciation. They claim to be the advanced thinkers of the age; to hold a sure knowledge woven from facts with no loose threads of opinion; to accept only the demonstrated laws of science, in place of the dreams of theologians and metaphysicians. It would be a libel on Huxley or Spencer to suspect them of doubting their mastery of the facts and laws of positive science.

Such complacency is amusing to one familiar with the history of human thought. Agnosticism is no new birth in the nineteenth century, nor is it the ripened fruit of the wisdom of the ages. It is an old phantom with a new name, an old theory tortured and maimed, like the feet of Chinese ladies, to fit it to the fashions of our time. It was well known to the Sophists of Greece, more than twenty centuries ago, when it took on a consistent and full-rounded form as Nescience, a confessed ignorance of the material no less than of the spiritual world. Hume was an advanced agnostic, where Huxley is a novice, for he denied that our impressions of the outer world have greater validity than our ideas of freedom and immortality. Kant was an agnostic in full bloom, while Herbert Spencer is in bud, for he held that the phenomena of matter give no more insight into its real nature than the phenomena of mind reveal its true essence. If a witness is trustworthy, a jury is bound to accept his full testimony. If his veracity is impeached, all his statements fail. Consciousness is the single witness to the existence of matter and of mind. It is absurd to admit veracity in the former case, and deny it in the latter. It were quite as honest to call a coin genuine when we pass it to others, and to refuse it as counterfeit when returned to us.

Shall an agnostic take pride in his ignorance? In feudal days, knights despised priests and clerks who could read and write, and plumed themselves on ignorance of books. Evolution ought to have carried the race beyond such folly. One can forgive a little egotism in Humboldt, in parading a knowledge of many lands and many wonders seen. But if Kant, who, in a long life, never went beyond the limits of Konigsburg, had boasted of his ignorance of geography, and denied the possibility of knowledge by travel, the egotism would have been insufferable. One can appreciate the enthusiasm of Archimedes in rushing from his bath after solving a problem in mathematics, or the zeal of Herschel in transporting a telescope to another continent, to penetrate the secrets of the heavens. But if the agnosticism of John Stuart Mill and Professor Clifford be accepted, that in another world than ours, two and two may make five, and the sum of the angles of a triangle may be less or more than two right angles, enthusiasm in study is little better than insanity.

Why should years and money be wasted in schools, if knowledge be illusive? Why should the State make large outlays for public schools, and men of wealth endow colleges, if there be no certainty in knowledge? It was counted shrewd in Jay Gould to call in veracious witnesses, and exhibit millions of bonds unhampered of loans, but if the bonds had been of no more value than waste paper, and the signatures only a child's hieroglyphics, the act would have been sheer idiocy. If agnosticism could become a popular faith, it would put a premium on ignorance.

A graver charge lies against agnosticism, that in denying all spiritual knowledge, it saps morality and social order. No basis

remains for religion or morals when God and the eternal distinctions of right and wrong, and a conscience clothed with authority, are banished to the realm of the unknown. Mr Mill hopes, indeed, that there may be a religion without a God, and Mr Spencer hopes that utility may supply a sanction in place of moral law. But 'the greatest good of the race' is a thought too vague to carry any meaning to the multitude, and too weak to hold in check excited appetites and passions. It will mean little more than 'seek pleasure and shun pain,' and can readily pass into the Epicurean maxim, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' Agnosticism among philosophers will surely have for its correlates among the people Nihilism or a malignant hatred of superiors and socialism, or a greed to appropriate other's wealth.

But we may dismiss the fear that agnosticism will ever become the popular faith. It runs athwart the common sense of the people, and common sense is stronger than all philosophies. The instincts of the multitude are wiser than the logic of the schoolmen. They believe implicitly in the witness of the senses, that the sun shines and the rain falls, that fire burns and poison kills, that flowers bloom and birds sing. Let Berkeley argue that these are mere illusions, or Kant talk learnedly about the 'forms' with which the mind invests its thoughts, and they will smile in pity at the fancies of a disordered brain. They believe equally in the authority of conscience, and the obligation of moral law, and the personality of God. They have no more doubt of the historic life of Jesus Christ than of the life of Cæsar or Napoleon, and see as clear evidence of a mind in nature as in mechanism, in an atom or a sun as in a watch or a cotton mill. They revere the heroism of martyrs and the unselfish labours of philanthropists. Until the moral sense of the people is debauched, they are in little danger of the sophisms of the agnostic.

Agnosticism is, at the worst, a temporary craze, and cannot retain a hold on thinking men. It is a delusion, like the belief in witchcraft, sure to pass away. It demands, at the start, the suicide of the intellect, by which alone it can vindicate its claims. It involves numerous absurdities, which reveal themselves to the patient analysis of any thinker, and fill him with disgust. It requires him to believe in the veracity of consciousness when it testifies to the processes of perception, and deny its veracity when it testifies to the processes of reflection. It asserts that matter, which is capable only of motion and force, begets thought, which is immaterial. It asserts that thought is due to molecular changes in the brain, but, unlike all similar changes, no energy is lost. It asserts a positive knowledge of the changes taking place, but denies that any observer is present to note or report them. It asserts that these changes, which are subject to inflexible law, give thoughts of the universe which correspond to the external reality, but that similar changes produced by similar inflexible laws give thoughts of God and immortality and judgment which are radically false. The same inflexible laws give rise both to truth and falsehood. It talks learnedly of advanced thinkers, and logic, and reason, and truth and error, when its primary principles leave no place for thinkers or reason or logic or error. In short, agnosticism, like the scorpion girt by fire, dies by its own sting. Before Herbert Spencer has completed his elaborate system, it is losing its hold on English thought, and the present generation is likely to see its burial in our own country, with few mourners.

No philosophy can live which denies the ultimate facts of consciousness, or mutilates human nature by extirpating its finest instincts. Faith in God and immortality and freedom are as natural to the soul as faith in light and sound and the beauties of nature. If agnosticism cannot discover or use them, it must hug the shore and run upon shoals, while a spiritual philosophy, with a divine compass, sails boldly out on the great ocean of truth.

A THOUGHT FOR WEARY MOTHERS.

'I HAVE tried every plan with Connie that I can think of,' said Connie's mother, in a tone of deep despondency. 'But I cannot awaken her to a feeling of accountability. She is so thoughtless and giddy, so amiably obstinate; I fear her school-friends have not a good influence over her.'

'You say that you have tried every way, dear friend,' answered the motherly—nay, rather, the grandmotherly—friend, who was addressed. 'Have you tried prayer?'

'I pray for my children always!'

'Do you pray with them?'

'I fear I could not utter a prayer in their presence.'

'We do not know how sweet and easy this duty may become, until we try it,' said the friend. 'If, without forcing an occasion, you will take advantage of some opportunity such as often arises in home life—and calling Connie to come with you into your room apart from the rest, and there pray audibly and tenderly—you may find that you receive help from above.'

Sometimes we think that we have exhausted all our resources. So we have; but, thank God! we have not exhausted His. They who seek Divine guidance are sure to be led. To the weary, discouraged mother the Lord says: Come to me with this burden as with others, and I will give thee rest!

STRONG FAITH.—It is a strong faith that pleads in the face of denial; it is a stronger that founds a plea upon denial; but both are warranted, for denial is not always final, but may be a postponement meant to exercise faith.

KENNETH.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER XII.

HINCKLEY FRENCH was true to his appointment. Christine stood in the porch and watched the two lads as they drove briskly along the brown road. Both looked bright and happy. A tear rolled over her cheek and fell on her hand, as she thought of her own boy. She dared not ask why, and still she realised that there must have been a reason and a necessity for God to send for him just then. Kenneth is not her own boy; but she loves him, as she would have liked his mother to love her boy under the same circumstances.

It was a new sensation for Kenneth to be riding through the country. For a time he could hardly make it real. The air was full of balm; the trees bowed their green heads as he passed, and the flowers trailed their brightness over leafy hedges and by the dusty roadside. Birds sang, and the river was bridged with bars of gold. The exquisite sense of enjoyment made him dumb; he did not know that Hinckley was talking of school life, of the games and the boys.

'We miss you,' he said at length; 'Roy Gabriel says it's not half as jolly. He wishes every day you would come back, and so do we all, for that matter.'

'I shall come to recitation when I can; I am anxious to keep up my studies,' Kenneth at last said.

'Any way, you will be sure to go ahead. Do you know, Kenneth,' the smile dying out of his face, 'I think you have the best of it every way.'

The manner, more than the words, recalled Kenneth to the full realisation of his surroundings. The old brightness came back to his face. He was conscious that something beyond passivity was expected of him.

'The best of it every way? Are you in earnest, Hinckley?'

'Never more so, I assure you.'

'I am dull to comprehend an assertion of this nature. You will have to explain,' Kenneth smilingly replied.

'Profusion clogs. The most enjoyable meals are those with a few choice dishes,' was the reply.

'Do you speak from experience?' laughed Kenneth.

'Experience! Yes. I have been through the whole gamut of experience. As a child, my toys were so many that I went into a spasm of tears because invention could not devise a novelty. I was tired and sick of everything I saw. I wanted something expressly devised for me, and different from anything ever made.'

'And you argue that if you had been favoured with one, and a year must elapse before you could reasonably expect another, your happiness would have been augmented.'

'Decidedly!'

'It is presumable that, receiving so many, you likewise gave a great many away,' continued Kenneth.

'I have recently learned that to be blessed in giving there must be something of sacrifice on the part of the giver. If I gave anything, it cost me nothing. Self-denial was not a lesson that I was required to study.'

There was a mournful pathos in the voice that touched Kenneth more than any form of words would have done. He was most sincerely anxious to say something that would be helpful, but he knew so little, and his own path had been comparatively barren.

'You spoke of the lesson recently learned,' he ventured, after a moment's embarrassment. 'Did you not likewise learn that God disposeth the affairs of men, and gives to each a portion and a work? Our lessons are unequal and unlike. The capacity of the pupil must be considered, and the portion taken into consideration. You in your abundance, and I in my poverty. Only learners in different classes, but the same teacher.'

'I know!' exclaimed Hinckley. 'An oak or a rush, it maks no difference; but if I might choose, I would be the oak, would not you?'

'The storms that beat upon the oak, and without which it would never be a tree of strength and beauty, would crush the rush into nothingness. It seems to me the lesson we each have to learn is to do our best in the position He has given us. An oak or a rush, as it pleases Him,' was the reply.

The road wound along the river bank, thus affording charming glimpses of smooth water and island vistas; and, on the other hand, shelving bluffs slashed with green valleys.

'An oak or a rush,' repeated Hinckley. 'And the honour, as you seem to consider it, Kenneth, is to be the very best, let it be as it will.'

'This is what Mr Vernon preaches from the pulpit; and Mr Crownley teaches the same thing,' was the reply.

'It was for this very reason that I said you had the best of it. With not half the privileges for improvement that I have had, you have been for years doing your best. I have only begun, and my best is full of blemishes.'

For answer, Kenneth said, 'The most beautiful part of Karl Lubeck's garden was once the most unsightly. Care and transplanting have brought beauty out of deformity. In admiring it, one does not call up the old prospect. It is sufficient that it is lovely, and a loveliness that is always increasing.'

'My heart was like that old deformed garden, Kenneth. The new life I feel, and hope to live, will, I trust, make a still more

visible change. It humiliates me when I think of the old life.'

'Life is before us, Hinckley. We must reach forward,' was said brightly.

The soft, dewy twilight folded them in. Hinckley's horse was pulling on the bit, and before Kenneth was aware, they reined up at Mrs French's door. Mrs French herself was there to receive them.

'You must have taken a long ride. We have waited tea,' she said with a smile.

'I forgot to say to you, Kenneth, that my mother expected you. Do not refuse her.'

It was a surprise. The two lads ran up to Hinckley's room to make themselves ready for the table, and when they went down, it was to meet Mr Vernon and Mr Crownley with his sister and Zoe.

Mrs French was a woman of rare tact. She placed herself by the side of Kenneth, and so skilfully turned the tide of conversation that the shy timidity of the lad gave place to a simple, artless manner, quite captivating. Miss Crownley was quiet, but appreciative. Zoe was in a high state of excitement, vibrating between the desire to whisper to Kenneth the incidents of her daily school life, and equally anxious to preserve a lady-like decorum in the midst of her seniors. Kenneth had never seen such an array of silver, and cut glass, and flashing light; but his quiet, gentle manner saved him from any degree of awkwardness. Mr Vernon and Mr Crownley were talking, and devising the best plan to keep the young people interested.

'The secret of success in the training of young people to an efficient Christian life is in giving them something to do, and keeping them interested in doing it,' said the pastor. 'It is of little benefit for a person to enter a gymnasium and sit as a spectator to witness the efforts of others. To insure vigour and growth, one must use diligently the various appliances for giving play to the muscles. So with the soul. The Church is the divinely-appointed training-school for the higher nature, and all who enter it should aim to be constant in the use of those means of grace which are appointed for its development.'

Miss Crownley whispered to Kenneth that most of the lads who had come out on the Lord's side during the winter had made known their readiness to unite with the Church on the following Sabbath. The bright, brown face showed increased tenderness.

'I was aware of it. Hinckley said to me that he would be one,' was said feelingly.

The pause that followed brought out Mr Vernon's remark—

'It is a mistake in mature Christians to discourage or oppose efforts to call into active exercise the gifts of young people in pleasant and instructive entertainments, because they seem to be childish. Paul, when he was a child, spake as a child, understood as a child, and thought as a child.'

Mr Street joined the circle. Zoe found some rare shells, and took them to her father. Meantime Hinckley drew Kenneth's attention to the books he was reading. The latter expressed his delight. 'It would be such a pleasure,' he said.

'Then you will share it with me. I can never be satisfied until I know that I have been of some use to you, Kenneth.'

'You have been that already. Do not speak of obligation, Hinckley,' pleaded Kenneth.

The evening wore quickly away. Before they separated, Miss Crownley found the opportunity to say—

'I received a letter to-day. In a month we may expect them.'

'It was very kind of you to think of Rachel, she is such a little thing, and she will be glad to come.'

'I trust we shall all be happier,' was Miss Crownley's reply.

Going home, Mr Crownley drew Kenneth aside.

'When it is time for you to decide upon the place and the work that you will do in the world, will it please you to go into my store, or will you choose study?'

'If the time comes when I am free to choose, I shall study. Before my mother died I thought to do this. Then I gave it up, and now I leave it in His hands who has thus far led me. If I have talents that can serve Him in that way, I believe He will bring it about.'

'Then I am to understand that if you can, you will study for the ministry?' was asked in a voice full of interest.

'It would be my choice.'

'I believe that you have talent well fitted for that direction, and I feel that God will bring it about.'

That night the star looked in to find Kenneth in tears; but there was no bitterness in them. He was reading—

'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?

'I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

'I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

'For His merciful kindness is great toward us.'

Very gently the star slid over the page, and touched the bright locks of the lad. There was rest and comfort and strength to go forward.

CHAPTER XIII.

The days following were full of work. The vines were bountiful, and every morning baskets were to be filled, and then to be patiently distributed. Kenneth was anxious to do as much of the latter as possible. Mr Vernon came up nearly every morning. It rested him, he said; but there were those who felt that it was the pastor's way of helping the lad to study, more than he could otherwise do. The season of picking was likewise favourable to

practical talk, and many were the subjects touched upon.

'A garden is the place where the regenerating principle is clearly worked out, the old nature dying out, and the new life springing up,' said the pastor, as he set his basket into the frame, and then stopped for a moment's rest. 'Look where one will, everything is teeming with life, everything is progressive.'

'It has helped me with regard to many things,' returned Kenneth. 'For instance, the close relation between the vine and the branches; the method of pruning and of grafting; the living forces of the vine running along the branch, and taking to its heart the new bud.'

'And by this you more clearly perceive how the believer can be grafted into the Living Vine,' smiled the pastor.

For answer Kenneth repeated, 'As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me.'

'A plain statement; and, as we have said, clearly worked out. The lesson that strikes me most forcibly, however, is not the cutting off dead branches, but the seemingly unsightly appearance of those from which fruit is expected,' continued the pastor.

A thread of seriousness ran along the words. Kenneth looked up. In that moment he was sure the pastor must have passed through a great sorrow.

'I have thought of this, and have questioned. It is not as plain to me as the grafting-in process.' Kenneth dropped his words slowly. He was not sure that his idea was sufficiently plain, and he longed to know.

'I think I comprehend the difficulty,' said the pastor; 'if vegetable growth must be clipped until its nakedness appears, you are led to question if it is thus in human life—if the chastisement, affliction, and suffering the Christian is called to endure is needful in the same sense—that is, in order to bear fruit?'

'In certain instances I have felt that it was so, the affliction being sent as a reminder. But, as a rule, is it so? Must every one pass under the rod?'

The deep, earnest tone of the speaker showed that the question held for him more than a passing interest.

'You remember what Paul says—

"'My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him.

"'For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."'

'That goes to show that it is a law; still the word chastisement, if it means affliction, is not uniform,' was the reply.

'As far as the benefits of trial and suffering, we must not forget that these things by themselves have no power to make one holier or heavenlier. It is only when grace is in the heart that anything outward or inward turns to individual salvation,' remarked the pastor. Then, after a pause, 'I think this is uniform. When God has a certain piece of work for a man to do, He fits him to do that work. Wheat with too much stalk does not produce full kernels.'

The sun was throwing warm glances across the strawberry beds. Christine came down the walk with a smile on her motherly face. She held a small wicker basket in her hand, full of fresh leaves.

'They will taste better,' she said, dropping a broad, green leaf over each basket of the delicious fruit.

'I have enjoyed this morning's work, and I am coming again; I shall preach a better sermon next Sabbath,' said the pastor, with a look of satisfaction on his manly face.

It was nearly mid-day before Kenneth returned. Then he was thoroughly weary, and dropping into a chair on the porch, he rested his elbow on the arm, and let his head fall into his hand.

Christine came through the hall with some clear starching. She saw that the lad was exhausted, and she knew that not anything would refresh him more quickly than to talk of Rachel.

'We will have a nice dinner,' she said, 'quite by ourselves; Karl has gone with the boat. Then we will decide upon the covers; I think I have something decidedly pretty.'

'Rachel loves pretty things, and she is pretty herself; and she is a loving little thing, too.'

A slight breeze rippled through the leaves, and bent the stems of the flowers.

'It will be nice to have her here, and I have thought so much about it, and almost counted the days, and to-day I am afraid,' said the lad, raising his head and looking with dim, misty eyes into Christine's face.

'Afraid! my boy, of what?' with sympathy in her voice.

'It will make me so happy, and I am afraid that something will happen to prevent her coming.'

'Do you know of any obstacle that can be laid in her way?'

'I do not know of any. It is only that I am afraid that I am counting upon it too much.'

'In other words, you are afraid that God will not like to see you as happy as you will be when your sister comes to live with you, and thus something will be brought to bear upon it unfavourably, just for the purpose of making you a little miserable. Is it not so?' Christine asked.

For answer, Kenneth repeated the text concerning chastisement, the necessity, &c.

'It is possible that you fail to get the exact meaning. The Bible everywhere teaches discipline. In all the social relations of life there are explicit rules. Parents must not overlook trivial errors in their children. Trifles light as air bear upon the future character, either for good or for evil. Parents must not spare the rod; neither must tears, without sincere sorrow, move them. Doubtless you can recall

to mind some offence for which your mother punished you. Did you for one moment think it was because she did not like to see you happy?'

'No! no! I knew it was for my good. She would never have punished me, but for that.'

'Is God more unjust? The chastisement He sends is always in love. He is more pitiful than an earthly father can be, and He is more loving than the tenderest, gentlest mother is to her children. It is written, "He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" Job says, "I have borne chastisement. I will not offend any more."'

'I think I will never again be troubled. In the discipline of life, sure to come to every one of us, God will help us; and, if it is possible for our own good, He will spare us all suffering.'

Kenneth looked brighter. Comfort had come out of the cloud.

'Another thing I would have you remember, my boy, that it is not work which hurts men. It is the anticipation of trouble; it is living in a state of painful apprehension. The man who is lifted above fear, and its entire brood of mischief, can go through twice as much trouble as a man who is subject to its influence; besides, it is dishonouring to God. God is a Father, not a tyrant. He does not want slaves to grace His throne. The Christian is an heir, and a joint-heir with Christ. A son does not crouch like a serf; but boldly asks the father to supply his every need.'

Christine's words came from a full heart. She had sinned, she had suffered, she had repented, and the balm of His love had healed the wound.

After dinner, the small room at the back of Kenneth's was visited. The latter was surprised to find the work was already begun.

'Karl is a first-rate carpenter,' Christine said, laughing, 'and Miss Crownley insisted upon sending this chintz for covers.'

'I had no idea it could be made so nice. Rachel's eyes will dance. She has beautiful eyes.'

'I do not doubt it,' was the answer.

'These wicker chairs are a set that used to belong to Zoe. She insisted upon sending them, and her father begged me not to refuse the child.'

'Is it possible!' ejaculated Kenneth.

The chintz was a rich cream colour, with a scarlet vine running over it.

'Where shall I begin?' asked Kenneth, as he ran his eyes admiringly over the room.

'If there is cloth enough, we will let the curtain before this door run across the length of the wall. It will have a pretty effect, I think. You perceive this broad frame just fills in between the windows. This is to be covered with the chintz, and tacked in small diamonds, the same as the lounge. Then the window curtains will meet it on each side, and thus two sides of the room will be draped alike,' Christine said, by way of explanation.

'You have not told me what the frame is to contain,' laughed Kenneth.

'An old-fashioned mirror, that has hung away in Miss Crownley's garret all these years,' was the reply.

A strange tremor seized Kenneth. He wished so much that Christine would give him something definite to do. A moment later the latter called out—

'Here is a ball of scarlet ribbon, to be woven into the back and over the arms of this small rocker. Zoe was very particular to have it put in just where it was when she used it. You will see, the wood is slightly discoloured,' giving the ball to Kenneth.

It was a labour of love, and the brown fingers trembled as they unrolled the bright ribbon, and then slipped it carefully through the open meshes. This little chair would be the crowning of the room. Already he saw Rachel seated in the full enjoyment of her newly-found happiness, and with a whole volume of unspoken thanks written on her face. He feels that she will be glad to come, but it will be hard for her to leave her mother's grave. He knows how it was in his own case. At first it seemed impossible, and only as he recalled the dying words, and realised that he must care for Rachel, did he have the courage to turn his back upon the sacred spot. He remembers the sharp agony as the dull earth struck the coffin, and how friends drew him back when he would have sheltered it in his arms. From her home in heaven does she look down upon him? Does she know the kind friends God has raised up for him and for Rachel?

Christine finished cutting the long breadths, and then folded them neatly. 'Possibly, we cannot do any more to-day,' she said, coming over to Kenneth, as he completed his work.

'It gives it quite a new appearance. I had no idea it would be as pretty,' said the lad, with his eyes still fixed on the chair.

'Karl thought we should keep our secret, and surprise you some day; but to-day, when you were looking so thoroughly tired, it came to me that to help to fit up Rachel's room would be to you a real pleasure,' continued Christine.

'So it is, and so it will be. A little at a time, as you say, and such pleasant thoughts come with it.'

'That's what I say to myself, as I go about and set the house in order. It is the joy of anticipation that makes the work easy, and such pleasant thoughts come with it. I say to myself, "How pleased Karl will be, and Kenneth will consider it more like home,' and so there is music in my heart all day."

'Is it so, that one grows happier as he grows older? It was so with my mother. I am sure it is so with you,' said Kenneth, giving Christine a warm glance.

'The child of God is privileged to grow happier as he grows older. It is a privilege, I

am afraid, however, that is not always appropriated,' was the reply.

Night was coming, with her silence and her stars. Once more the vines must be tended. Later, Karl came with his boat.

'She is an elegant sailer, and not the least clumsy,' he said to Kenneth.

There was no reply. Kenneth's mood was receptive; he did not care to revive an old memory.

Carey Kew had been absent for a month. His long, swinging gait could not be mistaken, however.

'They accused me of being home-sick,' he said, as Kenneth met him with brotherly love and tenderness. 'I now see why I was impelled to return,' smiling into the face of his friend.

'Were you afraid that you would lose the opportunity for picking?' laughed Kenneth.

'Possibly that; but I am here now, and I am to come again. When are you most in need of help?'

'If you are really anxious, we can give you plenty to do in the morning,' Karl answered.

'Very well; I shall be on hand.'

Carey left almost as suddenly as he came. Although but few words had passed between them, Kenneth was comforted. He had longed to see his friend. To say that there were many things in common between them would fail to express the heartfelt sympathy, the Christian fellowship of minds throbbing with the same hopes, the same ambitions, the same earnest desire to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of those things that are profitable, not alone to this life, but to the world to come.

Once again Kenneth made his round. It was a late hour before he was free to go to his room. Mechanically he opened his books. Weary as he was, he could not bring himself to think of sleep without some fraction of time given to study.

When the star looked in, the Book was lying open on the table, but the chair was vacant.

Noiselessly she slipped over the Book, and nestled closely to the brown face. Very gently she whispered—

'It is easy to see there has not been much study, but the day has not been lost. The best lessons are not always found in books.'

The lad smiled in his sleep. Did he think it was his mother's hand?

The star trailed her silvery brightness over the white pillows, and over the open Book.

'When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.'

This was the secret. The star smiled and hastened forward.

(To be continued.)

THE merciful kindness of Christ led those who witnessed it to praise Him and to glorify God. With how much deeper gratitude and higher praise should those who are saved by Him from sin testify their sense of His mercy.

Rays from the Gospel Sunshine.

BY KATHLEEN MARY SMITH,
AUTHOR OF 'ORPHAN LOTTIE,' ETC.

'I will open my mouth in parables, I will utter things which have been kept secret from the beginning of the world.'

'The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them.'—MATT. xi. 5.

MATT. viii. 2–4.

In sackcloth dressed, with dust upon his head,
Poor, isolated, shunned by all in dread,
The leper cries along the lonely way,
'Unclean! unclean!' day after weary day.

Jerus'lem's crowd the leper's footsteps shun,
No pity feeling for the hapless one;
They see not, neither do they heed his cry,
'Why am I thus afflicted! Let me die!'

The very stones of fair Jerus'lem's street
Would be defiled by that poor leper's feet;
No hand is found the helpless man to feed
In kindly pity for his pity's need.

Oh, leper, be of cheer! One hand is there
To heal thy sorrows, for thy wants to care;
To wash thy crimson stains till they are white,
And change thy darkness into life and light.

The Lord, descending from the mountain's brow,
Will bring thee healing balm and gladness now;
Thine earnest cry can reach His listening ear;
It is the Saviour: He thy prayer will hear.

'Lord, if Thou wilt': the leper's earnest prayer
Ascends to God upon the wings of air.
'I will,' the Saviour answers, 'be thou clean.'
O *wondrous words almighty*, can they mean

That he no longer shall afflicted be,
But cleansed through faith from his impurity?
Yea! see him now refreshed and undefiled,
As pure and spotless as a little child;
No longer suffering, desolate, oppressed;
Saviour and healer, Thou hast cleansed and blessed.

A fount of life is gushing in his soul,
The great life-giver, Christ, hath made him whole;
The weary heart is freshened and renewed,
The drooping spirit with new strength imbued;
No longer throbs it fevered and in pain,
In seeking Christ he hath not sought in vain.

Not all his works could win him such release,
Nor gold nor silver buy his spirit peace;
E'en life itself were powerless to atone,
But he, believing, lived through faith alone.

A Daily Portion.

JULY 17.

'THE HOARY HEAD IS A CROWN OF GLORY, IF IT BE FOUND IN THE WAY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.'—Prov. xvi. 31.

When grey hairs shine with golden virtues, this is a crown of glory. The Church of Thyatira was best at last. I know thy patience and thy works, and the last to be more than the first. The excellency of a building is not in having the first stone laid, but when it is finished. The glory and excellency of a Christian is, when he hath finished the work of faith.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 18.

'NOW IS OUR SALVATION NEARER THAN WHEN WE BELIEVED.'—Rom. xiii. 11.

It is but a while and you shall have done weeping and praying, and be triumphing; you shall put off your mourning and put on white robes; you shall put off your armour and put on a victorious crown. You who have made a good progress in religion, you are almost ready to commence and take your degree of glory; now is your salvation nearer than when you began to believe. When a man is almost at the end of a race, will he now tire or faint away? Labour to persevere, your salvation is now nearer; you have but a little way to go, and you will set your foot in heaven. Though the way be up-hill and full of thorns—viz., sufferings; yet you have gone the greatest part of your way, and shortly you shall rest from your labours.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 19.

'HE THAT OVERCOMETH, THE SAME SHALL BE CLOTHED IN WHITE RAIMENT.'—Rev. iii. 5.

The promise is not to him that fights, but that overcomes. Ye are they which have continued with Me, and I appoint unto you a kingdom. The promise of a kingdom, says Chrysostom, is not made to them that heard Christ, or followed Him, but that continued with Him. Perseverance carries away the garland; no man hath the crown set upon his head but he who holds out to the end of the race. Therefore, by all this, be persuaded to persevere; God makes no account of such as do not persevere. Who esteems corn that sheds before harvest, or fruit that falls from the tree before it be ripe?—*T. Watson.*

JULY 20.

'IT IS A GOOD THING THAT THE HEART BE ESTABLISHED WITH GRACE.'—Heb. xiii. 9.

Nothing will hold out but grace; it is only this anointing abides; paint will fall off. Get a heart-changing work. But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified. Be not content with baptism of water, without baptism of the Spirit. The reason men persevere not in religion is for want of a vital principle. A branch must needs wither that hath no root to grow upon.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 21.

'LET INTEGRITY AND UPRIGHTNESS PRESERVE ME.'—Ps. xxv. 21.

If you would persevere, be very sincere. Perseverance grows only upon the root of sincerity. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me. The breastplate of sincerity can never be shot through. How many storms was Job in? The devils set against him, his wife tempted him to curse God, his friends accused him of being a hypocrite; here was enough, one would think, to have made him to desist from religion; yet for all this he perseveres. What preserved him? It was his sincerity. 'My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go: my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live.'—*T. Watson.*

JULY 22.

'I DWELL IN THE HIGH AND HOLY PLACE, WITH HIM ALSO THAT IS OF A CONTRITE AND HUMBLE SPIRIT.'—Is. lvii. 15.

If you would persevere, be humble. Chrysostom calls humility the mother of all the graces. God lets a poor, humble Christian stand, when others of higher parts, and who have higher thoughts of themselves, fall off by apostasy. They are likest to persevere whom God will give most grace to. But He gives grace to the humble. They are likest to persevere who have God dwelling in them. But God dwells in the humble soul. The lower the tree roots in the earth, the firmer it is; the more the soul is rooted in humility, the more established it is, and is in less danger of falling away.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 23.

'LOOK TO YOURSELVES, THAT WE LOSE NOT THOSE THINGS WHICH WE HAVE WROUGHT, BUT THAT WE RECEIVE A FULL REWARD.'—2 John 8.

It is painful to think how many there are who begin the Christian career with burning zeal, as if they would strike for the highest rewards in heaven, but who soon waver in their course, and fall into some paralysing error, until at last they receive, perhaps, not half the reward which they might have obtained. But that we receive a full reward. Such as will be granted to a life uniformly consistent and faithful; all that God has to bestow on His people when most faithful and true. But who can estimate the 'full reward' of heaven, the unspeakable glory of those who make it the grand business of their lives to obtain all they can of its bliss. And who is there that does not feel that he ought to strive for a crown in which not one gem shall be wanting that *might* have sparkled there forever?—*A. Barnes.*

CONSIDER YOUR WAYS.

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, LOCKERBIE.

(HAGGAI i. 5.)

CONSIDER WHOSE YOU ARE. Multitudes of people live as if they were entirely their own masters, and amenable to no one but to themselves. They live in the daily practice of sin. When temptation assails them they seldom think of resisting it. They do no good to those around them. Indeed, the necessity of living a life of good works or of benefiting those around them does not enter into their thoughts—they live entirely for themselves. But this living for self does not alter the real state of things, does not alter the relation in which all of us stand.

The nature of this relation is nowhere more strikingly set forth than by Paul in his address at Mars Hill to the men of Athens. These Athenians largely spent their time in talking. They lived very much for themselves. These accomplished citizens of Athens were very far from being missionaries or propagandists of their beliefs. Their thoughts took no such range. The large number of slaves held by them were not regarded as objects on whom their benevolence might exert itself. Now to these selfish Athenians Paul proclaims the one living and true God to be the maker and the proprietor of all—'In Him we live and move and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, for we also are His offspring.' We are therefore God's property, and as such are bound to obey His law.

But what is this law? The Great Teacher has summarised it when He said to the lawyer who asked Him 'which is the great commandment in the law?' 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.' 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'

And we are under the highest obligation to observe this law. He who claims us as His property is no hard master, no ignorant or capricious despot. His name and His nature are love. He knows all things, and He never acts but in the exercise of an infinite wisdom. He is infinitely superior to us. All excellence finds its highest manifestation in Him. He made us and not we ourselves. He is the source of all our blessings, and He is daily crowning us with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

From our relation, therefore, to God we are bound to obey Him. Our want of realising this relation does not alter it or set it aside. It still remains, and the law we are bound to obey remains in its integrity. One of old addressing God, says of this law, 'Thy commandment is exceeding broad.' And the words, 'All thy heart, all the soul, all thy strength,' very plainly teach that it is a law which reaches far beneath and beyond the outward act. Such, then, is the relation in which we stand to God. All of us, the most thoughtless as well as the most thoughtful, are His creatures, and all of us are under His law.

II. CONSIDER WHAT YOU ARE. There is no question that we can put to ourselves more serious than this one: What are we in the presence of the God who made us, and who claims us as His property?

Serious as this question is, multitudes of our race do not put it to themselves. They live merely for the passing hour. But the seriousness of the question is not lessened by the fact that multitudes refuse to entertain it. Indeed, this refusal, so far from lessening, rather increases the seriousness of the question.

Now, what are we in the presence of God? Let us quietly consider the question for a brief period, and there cannot but arise within us the conviction that we must be regarded more or less as offenders against God's law. Who is there that has kept this law? Who can say, 'I have loved the Lord my God with all my heart'? In the presence of God, therefore, we are transgressors of this law.

Men often seem to think it a light matter to be found to be transgressors of God's law.

But it is one of the consequences of sin that it blinds those who commit it to its real character. The history of God's actings in the past to transgressors of His law abundantly shows what the real character of sin is in His esteem. How did He act towards the progenitors of our race for their eating the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil? How did He act to the old world, or to the cities of Sodom and Gomorrha, or to the Israelites in the wilderness, or to the Jews for their rejection of Jesus as the Messiah? The answer to these questions very plainly proves how serious a matter sin is in God's esteem.

What is the number of our sins? We shall best answer this question if we remember the terms of the law: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.' But we have never at any moment of our lives come up to these terms. Our sins, therefore, are exceedingly numerous. Indeed, our lives as a whole are lives of sin.

Is there any special aggravation attending our sin? Is there anything in our case illustrating the answer to the question, 'Are all transgressions of the law equally heinous?' Alas! we all afford many illustrations of the answer: 'Some sins in themselves, and by reason of several aggravations, are more heinous in the sight of God than others.' Many aggravations characterise our sins. We know of the relation in which we stand to God. We know our duty to obey God's law. We know somewhat of the character of God as our Creator and our bountiful benefactor; and we know somewhat of the consequences of sin.

We are thus sinners before God, chargeable with innumerable offences, and these offences highly aggravated in their nature.

But how is it that multitudes live in a state of indifference to the charge thus standing against them? Is it not that it is one of the properties of sin to deceive those who commit it as to its true character? The heart becomes hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. And certainly this indifference does not arise from man's ability to make amends to God for the offences we have committed against His law. For man has no such ability. Reason as well as Scripture teach us that man is powerless to make satisfaction for his transgressions of the law of God. 'How can a man be just with God?' is a question reason cannot answer. And Scripture when it asks, 'If Thou, O Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, who should stand?' reaches no further. Indeed, the whole scheme of salvation revealed in Holy Scripture goes upon the principle of man's utter inability to meet the demands of the law upon Him as a transgressor.

III. CONSIDER WHITHER YOU ARE GOING. It is needless to endeavour to prove that there is a world to come beyond the grave. We know and feel that there is such a world. Now, this future world will bring us to God as our judge, to receive from Him the reward of the deeds done in the body. And these deeds have been deeds of sin—deeds many a time repeated—deeds highly aggravated, and deeds for which we cannot make amends.

It is true men have sometimes thought of, and even spoken of, making amends for their offences. But these thoughts have nothing to rest upon. Sin is far too heinous a matter to be atoned for by tears, by prayers, by money, or even by good works. We are therefore, in the world to come, going before God, our Judge, with the charge of sin resting upon us.

How does the drunkard, the profane swearer, the open transgressor, propose to meet this charge? They cannot meet it. As they come before God they will seek to flee from Him, and their awakened consciences will sting them by telling them when their Judge shall say to them, 'Depart from Me, ye cursed,' that they are simply reaping as they have sown.

But how does the outwardly correct, yet careless and unbelieving in heart, propose to meet this charge? Though their lives have been very different from those of the open transgressor and flagrantly wicked, yet they are just as unable to answer the charge of sin. They, too, like the man in the parable who had come to the feast without the wedding garment, will be speechless—that is, will have no plea to present why sentence of condemnation should not go forth against them.

This, then, is the future whither the flagrant transgressor, as well as the merely careless and unbelieving, are drifting.

IV. CONSIDER YOUR WAYS IN REGARD TO THE REMEDY GOD HAS PROVIDED FOR US IN OUR POWERLESSNESS TO ESCAPE THE PUNISHMENT DUE TO US ON ACCOUNT OF SIN. The sum and substance of the gospel message is contained in the words of the angel: 'Unto you this day is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord,' and in the words of John: 'This is His commandment, that we should believe in the name of His Son Jesus Christ.' Now, what are your ways to this Saviour? If they are those of refusal to accept of Him, of

unbelief in Him as the Saviour, of carelessness and indifference about Him, you are simply adding to your sins, and if this course be persisted in, making for yourself the terrible future that the Bible declares to be the portion of the unbeliever. But if these ways are those of faith in Him, and loving acceptance of Him as your Redeemer, then you have a future of joy, and your present will increasingly be a life of faith, of love, and of obedience. The ordinances will prove to you means of grace. The Lord's Supper will be a memorial telling you of your Redeemer, and of the means by which He saved you by the shedding of His blood for the remission of sins. The Scriptures will be lovingly studied, because they reveal Christ and His salvation to us. The Lord's-day will be prized, because a pledge that Jesus our Lord, delivered up for our trespasses, has been raised for our justification. And as you consider your ways, it will be your firm resolve that they be to the glory of Him whose you are, and whose grace has given you a good hope of enjoying in the world to come the inheritance in store for His redeemed people.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PROPHECIES OF EZEKIEL.

(*Continued from page* 341.)

V.

LET us study somewhat closely the special characteristics of this book, both from a religious and from a literary point of view.

The dominant feature in the religious conception of Ezekiel seems to be the *boundless power* of the divine action. Isaiah had specially presented the *holiness* of the character of God in opposition to the hypocrisy of mere outward observance, and to the idolatrous abominations to which his contemporaries in turn gave themselves. In the discourses of Jeremiah it is *the justice* of God whose severe voice he causes to be heard. The people finally condemned have now only to bow their heads under the chastisement; and the prophet, at this sad moment, has the task of pointing out to them the homage that they ought to render to God by the humble acceptation of the merited judgment. In the times in which Ezekiel lived the captive people were deeply discouraged, their last hope had vanished. Jerusalem had fallen; the exile was prolonged. How would the captives from Judah ever come back from this foreign land? It would be a true resurrection of the dead. But it is useless to expect anything of the kind!

'And when you will be dead, dead for generations, Jehovah will revive you; His *power* has no limits.' Such is the message of Ezekiel, especially in the second part of his ministry. The prophet thus cherishes the spark of faith that still remained with this poor 'remnant' which believes itself abandoned for ever; and thereby renders its re-establishment possible. Such is the leading feature of the prophecy of Ezekiel.

It has been believed that another characteristic has been discovered in Ezekiel which the most recent critical school has sought to take advantage of. In the book of Ezekiel an essentially *legal* spirit has been found, and the prophet has been made the precursor of the sacerdotal and ritualistic Judaism which began to reign about the return from the captivity, and which culminated in the Pharisaism of the time of Jesus. 'Whether he claims an old rule that has been despised, or has fallen into disuse, or creates a new one,' says M. Reuss, 'Ezekiel is the leader' of Ezra, of Nehemiah, and of their numerous successors who have imprinted upon the Jewish people in the last centuries before our era, their strictly legal character. And as the critics have been led to place at the period of the return from the captivity the composition of the Pentateuch, and specially its entire ceremonial part, they have made out of the Book of Ezekiel a species of transition between the great prophetic period ending with the captivity, and the period of servile literalism which followed the return to Palestine.

It is in the Introduction to the Pentateuch that we shall consider this hypothesis, which overturns the history of the people of Israel from top to bottom, such as it has hitherto been understood. We can here only occupy ourselves with that which specially concerns the prophet Ezekiel. The new critics have made him the inventor of sacerdotalism and of Jewish legalism. Is it not he, in effect, who traces (chapters xl.–xlviii.) the picture of the temple and of the priesthood which was to be established after the exile? Do not these institutions in several points differ from the tabernacle and from the worship described in the Pentateuch? Now, these critics say, Ezekiel would not have been able to change all these statutes if they had been deposited in a code venerated and received by all, as would have been the case had it been a writing of Moses himself.

This objection contains a great *misunderstanding* and a not less great *inconsequence*. The critics imagine that in the description of the new temple Ezekiel has traced the model of the sanctuary which was to be built when the people would have entered into their country. But if he had thought of imposing such a task upon the restored people, he

would not have put into this representation of the sanctuary matters altogether impossible to be realised. What, for example, are the waters which come out of the threshold of this temple, which, in the enclosure, reach only to the ankles of the feet of the prophet, but which increase by degrees, although without tributary, so much so that in a little further Ezekiel could only cross them by having the water up to the knees, and then up to the loins, and which at last he is obliged to cross by swimming? How does this stream spring up and increase? How do there grow up on its banks two rows of trees like those of Eden? How does it come to the east, even to the plain through which the Jordan passes before it falls into the Dead Sea, when this plain is separated from the valley situated down from the temple by a ridge of impassable territory? By what virtue is it that the waters of this stream, on arriving at the Red Sea, purify its briny waters, and render them habitable for living beings (chapter xlvii.)? All these features have no meaning when interpreted literally. They relate not to a material torrent, but to a river of spiritual life, which, springing out of a spiritual sanctuary like itself, is to renew humanity. So little does Ezekiel think of the temple which the people are to rebuild on their return, that between the restoration and the construction of this building he places a new crisis, a terrible foreign invasion, that of Gog and Magog (chapters xxxviii. and xxxix.) Moreover, no one of the leaders of the people, after the return from the captivity, ever thought of taking for the model of the new sanctuary that of which Ezekiel had drawn the plan. They imitated as faithfully as possible the old temple of Solomon, but without thinking for a moment of realising even approximately the picture of Ezekiel. The altogether spiritual character of the sanctuary described by this prophet also appears from several significant changes relating to the ordinances of the tabernacle. He replaces the veil between the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies by a folding-door, and makes out of the altar of gold in the Holy Place 'the table that is before Jehovah' (xli. 22, 24). These new arrangements are intended to indicate a progress in the relation of Jehovah with His people, a progress that the new covenant already announced by Jeremiah (xxxi. 31, &c.) is to realise upon the old, and to which correspond these words of Ezekiel himself, 'A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you . . . . I will put my spirit within you . . . . and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God' (xxxvi. 26–28).

To this misconception, which changes the magnificent promises into impracticable and absurd commandments, the defenders of this hypothesis add a conclusion which does not at all follow from the premises. They affirm that Ezekiel could not have been allowed to change anything in the Mosaic code if it already were in existence. But can they deny that the *temple* of Jerusalem existed before the exile, and that it possessed in the eyes of the prophet the character of a divine institution? And, meanwhile, he modifies its plan, as we have seen, very freely in tracing the picture of his ideal temple. And what is more, he announces a division of the Holy Land among the twelve tribes which altogether differs from that made under Joshua (chapter xlviii.) To be consistent, the authors of this hypothesis ought to conclude from it that this previous division did not in any way take place, and that, consequently, the entire history of the people from Joshua to the exile was only a dream of the sacred historians. We can, then, dispute the truth of the recent hypothesis of criticism, at least in regard to what relates to the part assigned to Ezekiel in this new construction of the sacred history.

From a literary point of view, the Book of Ezekiel is marked from the beginning by a manifest decline in the language; the influence of the Aramaean makes itself strongly felt. The frequent repetitions, wearisome to our Western ear, a strange prolixity, and forms of speech quite prosaic, mark an entire difference between this writing and the second part of Isaiah, for example, while they point a comparative resemblance to Jeremiah. On the other hand, an abundance of striking imagery, and a rich and copious symbolism, reveal within him an ardent nature, which entirely gives itself over to the power of the Divine Spirit by whom it is possessed. This imagery and these emblems are not indeed with Ezekiel mere ornaments of style; his own mind is constantly working in these allegories, by which he describes beforehand the future of his people; he is, as he himself says, a prophetic 'sign' (xxiv. 24, 27). This is, indeed, the meaning of the strange act that he is to perform at the commencement of his ministry (iii. 3, 14, 15), and which represents the most intimate union that exists between himself and his works. In the presence of these facts, we marvel that any one should have dreamt of making Ezekiel a species of skilful writer, a student, 'speaking to posterity, who will read discourses that no one will have understood' (M. Reuss). This kind of symbolical imagery, where allegory assumes colossal dimensions, and at the same time has the most minute and the most precise outlines, corresponded to the necessities of the hearers of Ezekiel, familiarised since their sojourn in Babylon with the figures of those fantastic animals with which the Chaldæans loved to people the entrances of their temples and the vestibules of their palaces. Nothing, then, is more real than this style of Ezekiel, in which some claim to see only an artificial work, destined for posterity rather than for his immediate hearers.

Ezekiel finds himself placed upon the limits of a past, the ancient theocracy which visibly is going away, and of a future which is about to rise from its ruins. Jeremiah had in some

degree buried the old order of things; Ezekiel inaugurates the new. But let us not be mistaken. This future which Ezekiel contemplates and prepares is not that which will be realised immediately after the restoration. The gaze of the prophet passes over beyond the five centuries which separate the captivity from the spiritual economy. When Ezekiel says, 'I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh' (xxxvi. 26), it is not assuredly the work of legal and Pharisaic Judaism that he thus describes, but that of Christ. The law is only the shadow even before the exile; Christ is the body (Coloss. ii. 17), the promised reality.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

WE may here concern ourselves solely with the nature and design of the transfiguration, leaving all other matters of interpretation to be dealt with in their proper place.

As to its nature, it was no mere reflection on the face and raiment of Jesus of that which shone upon Him from without, but rather the outflashing for the time of that deity which tabernacled within Him. When He took our nature upon Him, He 'emptied Himself' of 'the form of God'—that is, as we understand the words, He deliberately laid aside all the accessories and advantages of godhead, retaining only the essential deity. That was the inevitable accompaniment of His incarnation. There could have been no true incarnation without it. But, on the mountain-top, there was a brief exception to this general law; and there the glory burst through the flesh veil by which it was usually concealed. To the Apostles, who were mere earthly onlookers, that seemed a miracle; but to the heavenly spectators, who had known Him in His primal state, it was simply natural. To men the transfiguration is the most marvellous event in our Lord's earthly ministry; but to the celestials it is the least wonderful thing in it. To us the miracle is, that humanity should be so exalted; but to them the miracle was, that deity should be so veiled, as it commonly was in the Saviour's daily life; and on the brow of Hermon alone it was that the Son of God, to them, looked like Himself as arrayed in the garment of light, which is the royal robe of godhead. Hence, though the disciples were amazed and afraid, there is no record either of fear or wonder on the part of Moses and Elijah. When Moses saw the fire in the midst of the bush, he 'trembled and durst not behold;' but here, at the sight of the true shechinah burning in 'the Man whose name is the Branch,' and that, too, without consuming the humanity out of which it flamed, he had no fear; and no wonder, for he had been in heaven, and had become accustomed to the glory and splendour there. From the I AM in the bush the great lawgiver had received his commission long ago; and now, to the same I AM, he comes upon the mountain to give up his commission, and leave the supremacy with Him.

But we must not anticipate. For now, having such a view of the nature of the transfiguration, we may look a little at its design. And, first, as regards the Lord Himself, we think it is apparent that this brief resumption by Him of His glory, together with his converse with Moses and Elijah on the decease (exodus) which He was to accomplish at Jerusalem, and His hearing of the voice from the excellent glory, 'This is my beloved Son,' was fitted, if not also intended, to brace Him for, and sustain Him under, the terrible experiences of Gethsemane and Calvary, which were just before Him. He had been prepared for the temptation in the wilderness by the wondrous things at His baptism; and now, again, He was strengthened in advance for the ordeal through which He was to pass. In that hour of terrible isolation, when He felt as if He were forsaken, it was, we doubt not, the recollection of the two voices from the eternal Father that made His grasp so firm as He cried, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

Then, as it respects the celestial visitants, Moses and Elijah, this scene was intended to teach the disciples who looked upon it, and through them all the Jewish nation, that now the old had given place to the new, the letter to the spirit, the typical to the real, the supremacy of Moses to the royalty of Christ. Moses was the inaugurator of the law, and Elijah had spent his life in seeking to bring the Israelites of his day back to its observance. Of all the ancient worthies, therefore, these were the two who might be supposed to be most zealous for the perpetuity of the law. But here they are in earnest colloquy with Christ on a new exodus, of which He was to be leader; ending in a new dispensation, of which He was to be the Mediator. They are of one mind with Him; they rejoice in His coming to fulfil that which they were so loyal in keeping; and they withdraw, leaving Him the sole and supreme lawgiver. Christ glorified in connection with and through His death at Jerusalem; Moses and Elijah, or the dispensation which they represent, glorified in and through the work of Christ; and Moses and Elijah, thus glorified, withdrawing in favour of Jesus, while the voice proclaims, 'Hear Him.' This seems to us to be the teaching suggested by the appearance of the

two Old Testament saints upon the mount with Christ. They lay down their commissions at the Master's feet; they say, like John, 'This our joy is fulfilled; He must increase, but we must decrease,' and the voice out of the cloud endorses their action as it virtually proclaims, 'You have heard My servants; now I bring to you My Son, hear Him;' or as we have it in the first verses of the Epistle to the Hebrews: 'God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son . . . . therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.'

As regards the three disciples who were with Christ upon the mountain-top, the design appears to have been twofold. First, to establish them in the faith that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God. This Peter seems to have recognised at a later day, when in his second epistle he wrote these words: 'For we have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of His Majesty. For He received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with Him in the holy mount.' It is possible also that John refers to the same thing when, speaking of the Lord having become flesh, he says: 'We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' This voice, therefore, confirmed their faith, and it is interesting to note that it came eight days after Peter's confession, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' To them that have shall more be given, and they who honour Christ by public testimony shall receive new testimony from His hand.

But this scene was designed, second, to teach the Apostles the necessity and importance of Christ's death. Peter had been greatly offended at the Lord's intimation that He should be crucified, and had said, 'That be far from Thee, this shalt not be unto Thee.' Thereby in the very wake of the commendation which he had received he had drawn upon himself the severe reproof, 'Get thee behind Me, Satan.' And now he and his companions are to be taught, and all Christians through them, that Christ's glory is inseparably connected with His death. How utterly out of sympathy with Moses and Elijah would Peter feel himself to be as he listened to their discourse upon that decease! And who can tell how much the recollection of the experiences of that eventful night had to do with the clarifying of his views, when, after having received the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, he preached forgiveness of sins through Him who died and rose again from the dead. It may seem to some that they are honouring Christ when they depreciate His sacrificial death; but it is all the reverse, for it was the one theme that Moses and Elijah chose for their conference upon the mount, and it is the great subject of celestial song, for do they not sing before the throne, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain'?

Thus contemplated, the transfiguration becomes more than a marvel, and we learn from it truths that are important for every age, and lesson that are valuable for all circumstances.

MUCH SPEAKING.

I HAVE sometimes been afraid that there was coming into our talk a sort of religious irreverence, a reckless freedom of pious speech which mingled faith and frivolity, alluded to the Lord in much the same tone that might be used in speaking of the Queen or any one in high position, and which by its unintentional and thoughtless lack of veneration lowered the tone of piety. And as the bloom is easily brushed from the cluster, the freshness easily rubbed from the peach, it has sometimes seemed to me that it is not well to talk too much or too fluently of the love which is dearest of all to our inmost souls. No delicate-minded man or woman parades an earthly love in the efflorescence of speech. Of the closest and most hallowed earthly friendships we do not care to talk to every one. They are sheltered behind our reticence. Just where and how to draw the line between the silence that is cowardly and the speech that is winsome and earnest is the problem that we all have to solve. We must beware of wounding our Master by unwise talking, as well as by too guarded reserve. The religion that effervesces in mere talk is not worth much. To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God are better than many sacrifices, or praises loudly chanted in public places. Living in a Christlike way is better than talking about it.

HUMILITY.—Patient, trusting humility is the crowning Christian grace; but for the want of it, how often has Jesus occasion to rebuke us?

CONFESSION.—It is not with the lips only that we make our confession to Christ, and concerning Him. There is the language of the heart and life. Jesus reads this.

RIGHT THOUGHT.—Of all religious thought, none is so important as right thought of Christ. What we think of Him underlies all true spiritual life and hope. Who do *we* say that He is?

WHAT JESUS CAME TO DO.—The most vital and essential thing Jesus came to do was to suffer and to expiate our sin by His death. In due time Christ died for the ungodly. Is it spiritually safe, or is it grateful, to subordinate or obscure this great truth?

SOME NEW BOOKS.

'The Epistle to the Hebrews, with Introduction and Notes,'* by Professor Davidson, of the Free College, Edinburgh, is the largest addition yet made to the useful series of Handbooks for Bible classes, now publishing by Messrs T. & T. Clark. To be a Handbook for Bible classes, it is a somewhat elaborate work; indeed, we would fear, too elaborate a book for the persons for whom it is designed. This effort at elaboration in the explanation of what, after all, is not a logical treatise, but only a letter, has made the book somewhat dry and hard to read, and very different from the epistle whose teaching it attempts to illustrate and to simplify. While perhaps, however, it is too elaborate for a Bible-class book, it is yet a book of much ability, and that must have cost its author a great deal of hard thinking. This is especially true of the excursus scattered up and down the volume. Dr Davidson strongly inclines to the opinion that the epistle is from another pen than that of Paul. The testimony, however, on which he rests this opinion is negative rather than positive. The mere fact that an early writer, in quoting the epistle, does not say who wrote it, does not prove that it must have been written by another than Paul. Dr Davidson also seems inclined to throw the composition of Isaiah xl.–lxvi. into the period at the close of the exile. But this is an extremely improbable opinion. Indeed, that chapters so brilliant and so evangelical should have been the work of an unknown writer, who managed to attach to them the name of Isaiah more than two hundred years after Isaiah had been known to his countrymen as one of the greatest of the prophets, seems in the last degree improbable, and Dr Moody Stuart has demonstrated from the contents of the book in his Fall of Babylon that such a conception is all but an impossibility.

'Scottish Church History,'† by Mr Norman L. Walker, hardly comes within the territory the *Christian Treasury* seeks to occupy, for it is a vigorous account of the history of Christianity in Scotland from a Free Church point of view. But strongly Free Church Presbyterian as Mr Walker is, there is yet much in his history of evangelical religion in Scotland, in its struggles for existence, in its progress, in its martyrs, and in its triumphs that will be interesting to good people in all sections of Christ's Church.

'The Church,'‡ by Professor Binnie, of the Aberdeen Free College, is another Handbook for Bible classes of the same character as that of Mr Walker. It is written from an evangelical Presbyterian point of view. It is divided into five chapters—I. What is the Church? and where is it to be Found? II. Christ and the Church. III. The Chief End of the Church. IV. The Christian Ordinances. V. The Polity of the Church. As a whole, the book is fitted to be exceedingly useful for the class for whom it is designed. As a specimen of its contents, we give its paragraphs on the question,

FOR WHOM IS THE LORD'S SUPPER INTENDED?

'What are the Scriptural conditions of communion in it? This question resolves itself into two—*First*, Who are they whom Christ invites to His table? and, *secondly*, Who are they whom the Church is to admit to it? The former question relates to the duty of the individual communicant; the latter to the duty of the Church.

'With regard to the former, the principle laid down in Scripture is very plain. The Lord's Supper is for *the professed disciples of Christ*, the members of His Church, and for no others. He invites to it His friends—*i.e.*, all who feel and confess their need of His salvation, who know and believe Him to be the Son of God, crucified for our sins, and who heartily desire to be saved by Him. One who is not, in this sense, a disciple of Christ, is in no condition to eat and drink worthily. The eating and drinking denote such a profession of repentance, of faith in Christ, of love to the brethren, as only a sincere disciple can make honestly. Accordingly, the Apostle directs those who propose to communicate to examine themselves seriously beforehand (1 Cor. xi. 28; and compare Questions 172 and 173 in the Larger Catechism, where this whole topic is opened up with remarkable wisdom). In like manner, it is expedient to arrange that before the communion is dispensed, some words of serious admonition should be spoken for the purpose of touching men's consciences in this matter, and debarring from the Lord's Table those who cannot but be aware that they are in no condition to make an honest and cordial profession of faith and repentance and brotherly love.

'At the same time, care must be taken not to foster an error on the opposite side. Men are to be taught and admonished that Christ has not left it *optional* to His people whether they shall resort to His table or not. "Do this in remembrance of Me," is a command as well as an invitation. Many, forgetting this, look upon the Lord's Supper as a kind of luxury of the Christian life, which may be accepted or declined at pleasure. One meets occasionally with professing Christians who seem to think it actually an evidence of humility to keep back habitually from Christ's table. This is certainly a gross error—dis-

* Handbooks for Bible Classes. The Epistle to the Hebrews, with Introduction and Notes. By A. B. Davidson, LL.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 260. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1882.

† Scottish Church History. By Rev. N. L. Walker. Crown 8vo, pp. 161. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1882.

‡ The Church. By W. Binnie, D.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 152. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1882.

honouring to Christ, and very mischievous both to the abstainers themselves and those who are under their influence. It is the bounden duty of all who know Christ and would be saved by Him, to use this sacrament habitually, that they may get their faith strengthened, that they may show that they are not ashamed of Christ, and that they may openly cast in their lot with the people of God.

'The other question, *Who are to be admitted to the Lord's table?* will have to be considered more fully in connection with the subject of Church Discipline. For the present, it is enough to observe that the Church is bound, by the law of Christ's house, to keep back from the Lord's Supper—(1) those who are so ignorant of divine truth that they cannot "discern the Lord's body"—*i.e.*, cannot perceive the meaning of the sacramental bread and wine, so as to have their minds exercised about the spiritual things thereby signified; (2) persons living in scandalous sin. These are either not believers at all, or they have wofully forgotten themselves, and need to be roused out of their dangerous torpor. In either case, to suffer them to sit down at the Lord's table would be to encourage them to do that which is fitted to harden their own hearts, and to stain the Christian profession.'

This dictionary of the Aneityumese language,* by Mr Inglis, for thirty-three years a missionary, first in New Zealand and then in the New Hebrides, is a striking illustration of what Christianity does for heathenism. Forty years ago Aneityum, the most southern of the New Hebrides group, was entirely heathen; now it is all under Christian influence. Its inhabitants have renounced heathenism, and made profession of Christianity. Mr Inglis, during his long stay in Aneityum, has thoroughly mastered its language, and this book is the fruit of this mastery. Doubtless it will be of great service to the natives in opening up to them the vast treasures of the English language, while it will be of use to future visitors to the island.

The dictionary is preceded by an introduction of twenty-nine pages, and sixteen pages of outlines of Aneityumese grammar. The introduction gives some account of the principles and peculiarities of the Aneityumese language. It is exceedingly interesting. The grammar that follows will be valuable to students of language. It plainly reveals how complex a language that of Aneityum must be. The dictionary we do not profess to have read, but simply glanced over. But the glance is enough to show that Aneityumese is altogether different from the Indo-Germanic or the Semetic groups of language.

Now that Mr Inglis has published his translation of the Bible, and of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and of the Shorter Catechism, and issued his Aneityumese Dictionary, we hope that he will be encouraged to give a full account of his missionary labours, as well as of the islands in which he has so long sojourned.

'South Africa and its Inhabitants,'† by Dr Wangemann, of Berlin, belongs to a class of books that the friends of missions will always welcome. Dr Wangemann has lived in South Africa as a zealous and successful missionary, and so speaks from a wide experience in, and large acquaintance with, the country he describes.

His book is divided into four sections, that have been published separately in shilling numbers. In the first he sketches the history of South Africa since it was first visited by Europeans; in the second he describes the country; in the third he reviews the labours of the fourteen missionary societies now engaged in mission work in South Africa; and in the last he discusses the relation of the white population in South Africa to the natives, and to the work of the missionaries.

Dr Wangemann thinks for himself, and has decided opinions upon the questions of South African politics, that have been keenly discussed in this country. What he says, however, is always worthy of consideration. The most valuable parts of his book are the sections describing the country, and giving an account of the labours of the Christian missionaries among its native population. In a future number we hope to give in a translated form what he says of the work of the missionaries.

'Lessons Learnt in Italy and the Riviera'‡ are twelve chapters of meditations in a homiletic form upon what Mr Figgis saw in his travels abroad. They will profitably interest those who have been in the countries he visited.

'The Temptation of Job, and other Poems,'§ is a small volume of melodious verse by a lady who has done good service in her prose works.

'The Christian Church'‖ has now reached its second year. The increasing vigour and variety of its contents amply justify its title, 'a monthly magazine in defence of its truth.'

* **A Dictionary of the Aneityumese Language, in two parts; also, Outlines of Aneityumese Grammar and an Introduction.** By Rev. J. Inglis. Crown 8vo, pp. 200. London: Williams & Norgate. 1882.

† Südafrica und seine Bewohner. South Africa and its People; their History, Geography, Ethnology, Formation of their States and Churches, their Christian Missions, and the Contests with the Native Races, with many Engravings. By Dr Wangemann, Mission Director. Royal 8vo, pp. 323. Missions Hause Friedenstrasse 6, Berlin.

‡ Lessons Learnt in Italy and the Riviera. By Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A., Brighton. Crown 8vo, pp. 206. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. 1882.

§ The Temptation of Job, and other Poems. By Ellen Palmer. Crown 8vo, pp. 124. London: G. Philip & Son, Fleet Street. 1882.

‖ The Christian Church. Royal 8vo, pp. 32. London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

Intelligence.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—New publications of the year, 74, including 31 volumes, the rest being tracts, card packages, &c. Six of the new issues are in German and one in Spanish — 292,200 volumes, and 5,600,280 tracts; in all, 86,314,468 pages have been issued during the year. Seven periodicals are issued, with an aggregate circulation of 4,500,000 copies. The gratuitous distribution has amounted to 56,614,000 pages. 159 colporteurs have made 141,548 family visits, and found 23,611 Protestant families who attend no gospel service, and 6868 of the Church of Rome; 12,503 were destitute of all evangelical literature. Receipts, £76,000.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY. — The sixty-ninth annual meeting of this society was held May 11, in New York. During the past year 353,454 Bibles and 649,984 New Testaments, besides separate portions of the Bible, have been issued for use in the United States alone. In the last forty years it has issued 12,856 Bibles for the blind. To immigrants landing at New York during the year have been given 73,740 Bibles and Testaments—in German, 32,051; Swedish, 17,173; Danish, 13,121; English, 8717; Italian, 1025; French, 726; Welsh, 435; Bohemian, 160; Dutch, 101; Flemish, 75; Hungarian, 57; Polish, 33; Russian, 26; Spanish, 22; Slavic, 18. In addition, 27,355 Testaments in various languages were placed on outgoing vessels to be given to steerage passengers while on their way to the United States. By its agents and friends it reports in the last year families visited, 714,636; families found without the Scriptures, 111,933; destitute families supplied, 81,995; destitute individuals supplied in addition, 46,430. Total receipts, £110,440. During the coming year the society will prosecute the FOURTH general supply of the United States with the Holy Scriptures. This undertaking will require the visitation of fifty-two millions of people scattered over the immense country of the United States. The society purposes to make this supply more thorough and complete than any which has preceded it.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN AND ARCTIC EXPLORATION.—If anything like the expense and hardship which have attended Arctic exploration since Sir John Franklin's time had been connected with the work of Christian missions in the most benighted quarter of the world, what a hue and cry of criticism would have arisen on every side! Within less than a week the ordination of three young men in this city for the work of missions has called forth from the secular press that old question of Judas, 'why this waste?' accompanied by the fresh and original suggestion that there are heathen nearer home. There are thousands in whose minds the whole missionary enterprise is a matter of folly and foolhardiness on the part of those who go, and of heartless cruelty on the part of the societies that send them. But to send expedition after expedition to seek, at great risk of life, the mere bones of Sir John Franklin, years after he must have perished, was regarded as highly laudable. The expedition under Dr Kane, and the many others which have followed for the mere purpose of seeking a passage to the Pole, which would be perfectly useless if attained, have been regarded as worthy and noble enterprises, in which the leading nations have emulated one another. The sad fate, recently reported, of Lieutenant De Long and his party, may well raise the question of real utility. What would be gained if, instead of stopping 400 miles short of the Pole, as the most successful navigator thus far has been compelled to do, some new aspirant should be able to advance fifty miles further into the terrible impact of icy hummocks, perhaps to return, perhaps to stay? The work of Arctic discovery and the work of modern missions have been very nearly contemporary; when the ships of Christian Europe were bearing forth the pioneers of missions to heathen lands other ships were seeking a north-west passage or some other Arctic short cut as a path of commerce. If modern missions have been a failure, what shall be said of this prolonged struggle with Arctic ice?—*New York Foreign Missionary.*

THE GREAT AFRICAN FIELD.—Whenever the mind turns to Africa, a world in itself seems to rise before us. It is a land of inconceivable magnitudes, of great river systems, of wonderful histories, and of many and diverse races; and it presents the most interesting moral and religious conflicts at the present time. It has been the mother of civilisations in the remote past, but is, alas! the great slave-hunting ground of modern times. Desolation has swept over its former civilisations as the sand sweeps over its deserts; and large portions of it, especially between the east coast and the great lakes, have been well-nigh depopulated by the fiendish traffic in the bodies and souls of men. It is a realm of undeveloped resources, and at the present time it attracts more attention from geographical societies, commercial associations, and missionary organisations, than any other quarter of the globe. Since the days of Livingstone and Krapf, it has awakened the enthusiasm of all civilised nations by the rapidity of those marvellous revelations which have transformed its supposed uninhabitable wastes into fertile and populous heathen empires, diversified with lakes and rivers, with mountains capped with eternal snow, and all that can render a country attractive as an abode of mankind. This great continent measures from north to south 4985 miles, while at its widest point it is 4615 miles from east to west. It embraces

an area three times as great as all Europe, nearly four times that of the United States, without Alaska, and ninety-six times the area of Great Britain and Ireland. There is every variety in the surface, and in the characteristic features of the country. The Nile Valley has scarcely an equal in fertility; while the deserts of Sahara present the most complete and extended desolation in the world. The mountain slopes of the Barbary States, whose streams flow to the Mediterranean, are more or less fertile and exceedingly picturesque. The west coast, embracing Upper and Lower Guinea, is fertile though extremely malarious; and but for the long-continued desolations of the slave-trade, would probably present one of the most thickly populated portions of the continent. South Africa claims only a moderate degree of fertility, and is in some places almost a desert. The east coast, extending to the interior lakes, though devastated, and almost depopulated by the slave trade, might, according to Livingstone, become, with proper cultivation, as fertile as the soil of India. But altogether the most desirable portions of the continent, in the opinion of travellers, are those which skirt the great lakes or follow the courses of the Congo and the Zambesi. The agricultural resources there to be developed, possibly in the near future, are beyond estimate. The 'Andrada Company,' which has secured extensive grants of land on the waters of the Zambesi, is to make experiments in this direction. The characteristics and treasures of the country along the Congo are also likely to be soon explored. Altogether more than a score of societies, scientific and commercial, are now seeking to penetrate the Dark Continent. Among these, the French are making explorations and taking elevations for railroad communication between the Senegal and the headwaters of the Niger, while at the same time they have not abandoned the scheme of building a railroad from Algeria to Timbuctoo. The project of flooding portions of the Great Desert, and carrying civilisation to the interior by that means, is, according to late advices, to be taken up with new vigour.

African Races.—Of these there is great variety. To the original African types have been added various migrations from Syria and Arabia. The greatest diversity appears accordingly in the northern and eastern portions. In the south-east a different element has been introduced, probably of Malayan origin. The purely Negro type is found in the Guinea States. On the borders of these states appear the Foulahs and the Mandingoes, who have pressed downward from the north and east, at the same time crossing more or less with the native tribes. The Foulahs have been among the most formidable slave-hunters in that part of Africa. In the races of the Desert and of the Barbary States there are various mixtures of the Asiatic and the African elements. The Berbers of Mount Atlas and the Moors of Morocco combine the old Mauritanian with the new Arabic stock which swept in with the Mohammedan conquest. The Algerine and the Moor of the highest grade rank physically among the finest types of mankind. They are of a rather light complexion and a highly dignified bearing. Even on the northern borders of the desert there are settlements or districts like Rhadama, in which is found a grade of men much higher than any of the tribes which immediately surround them. The Copts of Egypt are supposed to have more or less of the ancient Egyptian blood flowing in their veins; while the ruling classes, Mohammedan in faith, are almost wholly of Asiatic or semi-Asiatic origin. It seems an anomaly that the Abyssinians, though farther south than the Nubians, are far lighter in complexion, the latter being about the darkest of African black men. This is doubtless due to the fact that Abyssinia is nearer to the point of contact with Arabia, while Nubia is in close connection with Soudan. King Mtesa and the people of Uganda present a manifest cross between Arab blood and that of the Central African tribes. The Niam-Niams, living north-west of the Albert Nyanza, are also a cross, and are said to be stalwart men. Some of the river tribes met by Stanley are of a manly type. South Africa presents every variety from the manly Zulu and the Kaffir to the degraded Bushman and Hottentot. Whoever has read the well-known accounts of Africaner, Kamia, and Sekele has learned that some of the very finest specimens of manhood are found in South Africa. It must be confessed that the common estimate of the African populations is quite too low. Men think only of the one black race which they have seen and that degraded by slavery; whereas the name 'African' comprises scores of races and types of men, some of which are among the noblest. The claims of long-neglected Africa will be fully appreciated only when a broader knowledge shall have been attained.

Some of the African Missions.—The Presbyterian missions in Liberia and at Gaboon and Corisco present no new features of special mark. The Liberia Mission has through its whole history been attended with many discouragements, though hopeful signs now appear. The Gaboon and Corisco Mission has been reinforced considerably within the last two or three years, in view particularly of its new departure toward the interior. With all that has been done, our missionaries still find themselves on the borders of the most savage heathenism. At Nengenenge, at which place Mr and Mrs Marling have been stationed, but which has since been destroyed by French gunboats, even cannibalism has shown itself within the last year; and Mrs Marling in the absence of her husband was compelled to leave a sickbed, and put forth the most persistent efforts to prevent the cannibals from carrying off two boys for their savage feasts. She only succeeded

by paying a ransom for their lives. It is only in the midst of tribulation and hard struggles that this pioneer work can be carried on. But there is encouragement in the fact that even at Kangwe, our interior station, a little church of seventeen members has already been established. As to other missions, that which sprang from the slave-refuge at Sierra Leone, and which under the episcopate of Bishop Crowther, himself a rescued slave, has extended along the Gold Coast and up the Niger, still maintains its prominence. Its worthy bishop has recently been summoned to England to counsel the Church Missionary Society in measures of enlargement. The strange providences which were connected with its origin, the overruling of the slave traffic for good, the wonderful revival which, springing up under the missionary labours of an English layman, transformed the motley hordes at Sierra Leone into a God-fearing community, the processes by which the hiding-place of the hunted tribes at Abeokuta became a great missionary centre — all these have given a peculiar and romantic interest to this mission. All the missions of the west coast have had more or less connection with the slave trade. The conscious wrong of the traffic has proved a stimulus to various Christian denominations toward sending their pioneers to make redress by the proclamation of the gospel, until such ports as Lagos, formerly deriving their importance from the slave trade, have become the centres of a worthier commerce and of an aggressive Christian influence. In South Africa, the work of the French Evangelical Society has been prosecuted by men of apostolic piety and earnestness, and has been attended with a gratifying measure of success, in spite of the destructions which it has experienced from frequent wars. This mission has more recently extended a branch of its work even to the banks of the Zambesi. The Berlin Society, which also confines itself mostly to South Africa, has done, and is doing, a noble work. It has spread its forty-two stations over an area a thousand miles in length by five hundred miles in width, embracing seven different nations. Between 8000 and 9000 members are enrolled in its churches, and 2000 children are in its schools. Its missionaries before being sent to Africa receive special training for a period of five years, at the close of which they undergo a careful examination. Cape Colony, Natal, and the Dutch settlements of Orange and Transvaal constitute a field of operations for many of the European societies, all working in connection with the Reformed Churches established among the European settlers of South Africa. A Christian civilisation may be said to have been thoroughly established there, whose influence is moving northward to conquests in the interior. The American Board, in addition to its work among the Zulus, has during the last year succeeded in planting its standard at Bihé, back from Benguela, and in Umzilla's Land, near the east coast of Monomatapa. In both cases a manly and vigorous population has been found under the government of chiefs of rare natural ability, and of impulses favourable to mission work; in both, pioneers have fallen on the threshold of their career. The Scotch missions near Lake Nyassa, those of the Church Missionary Society, and the London Missionary Society on Lakes Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika, have vigorously maintained their struggles against the various obstacles which are incident to pioneer work; and have, with some sacrifice of life and in face of much persistent opposition, gained a solid footing, conquered the chief difficulties, and placed themselves at last in a position for effective work and lasting influence. The mission work centering at Frere Town, near Mombas, and that of the Universities Mission along the coast farther south, have also passed through the ordeals of the pioneer period, and are assuming an attitude of influence and success. Meanwhile a general interest is felt in the experimental missions of the English Baptists on the Lower Congo, and the Inland Mission which accompanies the International Expedition to Stanley Pool. The experience of all these missions, inaugurated within the last decade, has not differed from that of many others which during the century past have been planted in various lands. There have been times when the faint-hearted would have despaired; but after the period of discouragement and sacrifice, in which great degrees of heroism were demanded, has come the period of quiet work, solid foundations, improved health, greater home comforts, increased companionship, and mutual love and joy in the conversion of men.—*New York (Presbyterian) Foreign Missionary.*

A Daily Portion.

JULY 24.

'BY FAITH YE STAND.'—2 Cor. i. 24.

Faith knits us to Christ, as the members are knit to the head by nerves and sinews. Faith fills us with love to God; it works by love. And he who loves God will rather die than desert Him; the soldier who loves his general will die in his service. Faith gives us a prospect of heaven, it shows us an invisible glory; and he who hath Christ in his heart, and a crown in his eye, will not faint away. Cherish faith; keep your faith, and your faith will keep you. While the pilot keeps his ship, his ship keeps him.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 25.

'WHO ARE KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.'—1 Peter i. 5.

Let us engage the power of God to help us; we are kept by the power of God. The child

is safest when it is held in the nurse's arms; so are we when we are held in the arms of free grace. It is not our holding God, but His holding us, preserves us. When a boat is tied to a rock it is secure; so, when we are fast tied to the Rock of Ages, then we are impregnable. Engage God's power to help us to persevere. We engage His power by prayer; let us pray to Him to keep us. Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not. It was a good prayer of Beza. Lord, perfect what Thou hast begun in me, that I may not suffer shipwreck when I am almost at the haven.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 26.

'SEEING WE ALSO ARE COMPASSED ABOUT WITH SO GREAT A CLOUD OF WITNESSES, . . . LET US RUN WITH PATIENCE THE RACE SET BEFORE US.'—Heb. xii 1.

If you would persevere, set often before your eyes the noble examples of those who have persevered in religion. What a glorious army of saints and martyrs have gone before us? How constant to the death was Paul? How persevering in the faith were Ignatius, Polycarp, Athanasius? These were stars in their orb, pillars in the temple of God. Let us look on their zeal and courage, and be animated. Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us. The crown is set at the end of the race; if we win the race we shall wear the crown.—*T. Watson.*

JULY 27.

'MY DEARLY BELOVED, FLEE FROM IDOLATRY.'—1 Cor. x. 14.

The world—its wealth, and pleasures, and honours—we may love with a degree of attachment such as even an idolater would hardly show to his idol-gods; and all the time which he would take in performing his devotions in an idol-temple we may devote with equal fervour to the service of the world. There is practical idolatry all over the world; in nominally Christian lands as well as among the heathen; in families that acknowledge no God but wealth and fashion; in the hearts of multitudes of individuals who would scorn the thought of worshipping at a pagan altar; and it is even to be found in the heart of many a one who professes to be acquainted with the true God, and to be an heir of heaven.—*A. Barnes.*

JULY 28.

'LITTLE CHILDREN, KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS.'—1 John v. 21.

God should have the supreme place in our affections. The love of everything else should be held in strict subordination to the love of Him. He should reign in our hearts, be acknowledged in our closets, our families, and in the place of public worship; be submitted to at all times as having a right to command and control us; be obeyed in all the expressions of His will, by His word, by His providence, and by His Spirit; be so loved that we shall be willing to part without a murmur with the dearest object of affection when He takes it from us; and so that, with joy and triumph, we shall welcome His messenger, the angel of death, when he shall come to summon us into His presence.—*A. Barnes.*

JULY 29.

'LOOK TO YOURSELVES.'—2 John 8.

When error abounds in the world, our first duty is not to attack it and make war upon it; it is to look to the citadel of our own souls, and see that all is well guarded there. When an enemy invades a land, the first thing will not be to go out against him, regardless of our own strength, or of the security of our own fortresses, but it will be to see that our forts are well manned, and that we are secure there from his assaults. If that is so, we may then go forth with confidence to meet him in the open field. In relation to an error that is in the world, the first thing for a Christian to do is to take care of his own heart.—*A. Barnes.*

JULY 30.

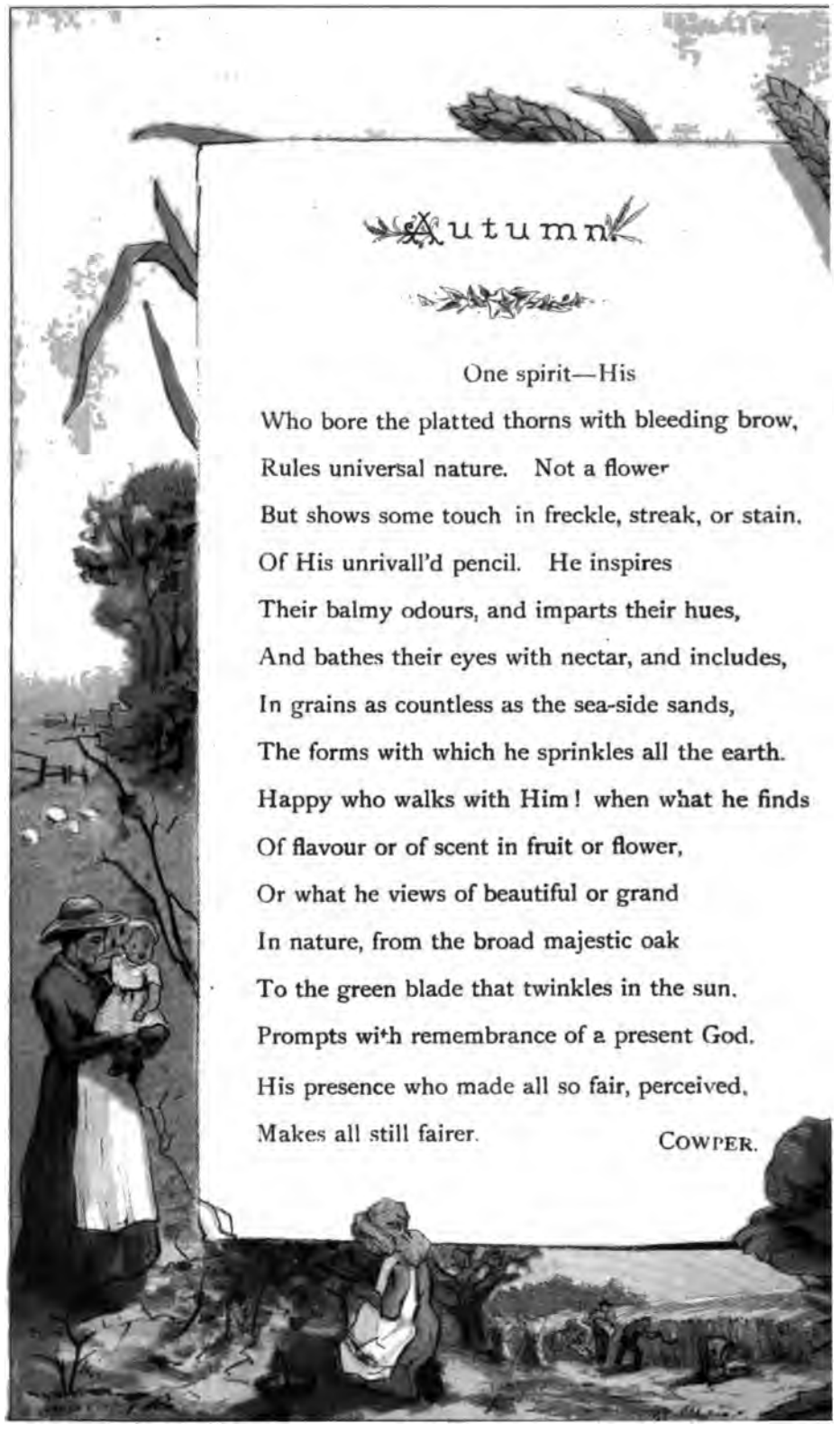
'LOOK TO YOURSELVES, THAT WE LOSE NOT THOSE THINGS WHICH WE HAVE WROUGHT.'—2 John 8.

The truth which is taught here is one of interest to all Christians—that it is possible for even genuine Christians, by suffering themselves to be led into error, or by failure in duty, to lose a part of the reward which they might have obtained. The crown which they will wear in heaven will be less bright than that which they might have worn, and the throne which they will occupy will be less elevated. The rewards of heaven will be in accordance with the services rendered to the Redeemer; and it would not be right that they who turn aside, or falter in their course, should have the same exalted honours which they might have received if they had devoted themselves to God with ever-increasing fidelity.—*A. Barnes.*

JULY 31.

'THE ELDER UNTO THE ELECT LADY AND HER CHILDREN, WHOM I LOVE IN THE TRUTH; AND NOT I ONLY, BUT ALSO ALL THAT HAVE KNOWN THE TRUTH.'—2 John 1.

It is desirable for a family to have a character for piety so consistent and well understood that all who know it shall perceive it and love it. In the case of this lady and her household, it would seem that, as far as they were known, they were known as a well-ordered Christian household. Such a family John said he loved; and he said that it was loved by all who had any knowledge of them. What is more lovely to the view than such a household? What is better fitted to make an impression on the world favourable to religion?—*A. Barnes.*



Autumn

One spirit—His
Who bore the platted thorns with bleeding brow,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with Him! when what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer.

COWPER.

LUTHER'S BIRTH AND PARENTS.

BY JULIUS KOESTLIN,
PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE-WITTEMBERG.

ON the 10th November 1483, our Martin Luther, their first child, was born to a young married pair, Hans and Margarethe Luder, in Eisleben, where the husband was seeking employment as a miner.

They had a short time before come from Moehra, their old eternal home. Moehra, in old documents also called More and Moere, lies between the lower hills in which the Thuringian Forest mountains run out westward to the valley of Werra, six miles south from Eisenach, and about three miles north from Salzungen, quite near the present Werra Railway, which unites these two towns. Luther thus sprang out of the heart of the German land. The ruler there was the Elector of Saxony.

Moehra was a modest village, without a pastor of its own, with only a chapel affiliated to one of the neighbouring parishes. The population chiefly consisted of independent farmers, with house and farmyard, cattle and horses. Here, in the fifteenth century, mining was carried on. Copper-ore was dug in the copper mines, of which we are to-day still remembered in Schieferhalden and Schlackenhaufen. The soil was not very productive for agriculture. It was partly moor, whence, indeed, its name has been derived; the farmers, the possessors of its soil, were therefore accustomed to hard labour. They were a strong, hardy race.

It was out of this class that Luther came. 'I am,' he once asserted in conversation with his friend Melanchthon, 'the son of a farmer; my father, grandfather, my ancestors were simply farmers.' Whereupon Melanchthon thought that if Luther had remained in the place where his ancestors had lived, he would have been the local judge or a Government officer. Several families and houses in Moehra belonged to his father's family; and the family did spread throughout the district. The name was at that time Luder; it was also written Ludher, Lueder, and Leuder. The form Luther we first meet with in our Luther himself, after he had become professor at Wittemberg, shortly before he entered upon his Reformation contests, and it was from him that the name passed over to the other branches of his race. The name is, moreover, originally not a family name, but a personal name, the same as the name Luther, which points out his descent from some one distinguished in the army. In this doubtless very old family there had been inherited a peculiar coat of arms—a cross bow, seen from the side, along with two roses. It is yet extant upon the seal of Luther's brother James. The origin of the coat of arms is unknown; its arrangement, however, warrants the conclusion that the family has united with another, or with the possessions of another.

Documents as old as Luther's time show how relations of Luther shared in the sturdy character of the Moehra farmers, and were easily roused to self-defence, and even to the use of their fists. Notwithstanding the severe trials and the great revolutions which have come over Moehra, especially during the Thirty Years' War, the family still maintains its ground. At the present day there are in Moehra three families of the name of Luther, who are all farmers. Even in our own time a surprising similarity to the likeness of Luther has been observed in the many connections of the Luther family, and in other inhabitants of Moehra. A contemporary scholar, well acquainted with the present population of Moehra finds not less noticeable their generally special depth of feeling and sturdiness of character. The house in which the grandfather of Luther lived, or rather that which has been built in the place of that erected by him, is still pointed out, although the reasons for doing so are not based upon reliable grounds. Near this ancestral house there now stands a bronze statue of the Reformer.

In Moehra, therefore, Hans, the father of Luther, grew up to manhood. His grandfather was called Heine—*i.e.*, Henry; but we hear nothing of him during Luther's life-time. His grandmother died in 1521. The maiden

name of Hans' wife was Ziegler; we afterwards find near relations of hers in Eisenach. The old statements that her maiden name was Lindemann have arisen from mistaking her for the grandmother of Luther.

What drew Hans to Eisleben was the mining carried on in its copper-mines. Mining here, and especially in the Mansfeld district, was in a state of prosperity which it had never reached in Moehra and its neighbourhood. In Eisleben there soon afterwards arose two new additions to the town by the settlement of miners. Hans had, so far as we know, two brothers, and possibly other brothers and sisters, so that the paternal inheritance must have been divided. He was, indeed, the oldest among the brothers, one of whom—Heinz, the possessor of a farm—was still living in 1540, ten years after the death of Hans. In Moehra, however, the right of the first-born, whereby the property in land was inherited by the eldest, was by no means recognised, but the goods either were equally divided, or, as was usual in other districts, rather fell to the youngest. This last method is confirmed by a later remark of Luther, that in the world, according to civic rights, the youngest is heir of the paternal house. Thus it might be that the longing arose in the farmer's son to gain in another spot, and by labour of a different kind, a more profitable means of living. Moreover, in the budding forth of such a peasant family, there is always evidence of a specially independent, enterprising, and aspiring mind.

We must not omit to notice what, instead of these reasons, has been put forth as the cause of his leaving his old home. Of late it has been repeatedly maintained, and even by Protestant writers, that the father of our Reformer had to leave because of some crime he had committed in Moehra. Even in the life-time of Luther, it was said to his friend Justus Jonas, when in a fiery controversy, by his Roman Catholic opponent Witzel, 'I could call the father of thy Luther a homicide' (or murderer). Two years afterwards, the unknown author of a hostile pamphlet that appeared in Paris, calls the Reformer 'the son of the Moehrian homicide.' But no trace of such a report is to be found in either friend or foe in the sixteenth or the seventeenth century. It is in the beginning of the eighteenth century that a more detailed statement first conveniently appears in an official report about the mining in Moehra, and openly upon the ground of an oral tradition, that the father of Luther accidentally struck dead, with the reins of his horse, a farmer who was herding horses in the field. And, finally, in our time travellers have heard the story from the inhabitants of Moehra, and, indeed, have had the fatal meadow pointed out to them. This so-called tradition, however, cannot be substantiated, and but for the claims lately put forth in its behalf, would here have remained unnoticed, since it can be demonstrated that what is now told in Moehra, a few decades ago no one of the resident population ever heard of, but has been brought in from foreign sources, and has, indeed, since its first introduction received different variations. The flight of a criminal from Moehra, a town in the dominions of the Elector of Saxony, to Mansfeld, a town not far distant, and also in the dominions of the Saxon Elector, is absurd, and does not at all agree with the highly esteemed position to which, as we shall see, Hans Luther speedily attained. Indeed, the fact that this report regarding him, to which Witzel referred, was not unknown to his enemies, in connection with the other fact, that they never make any further use of it, is a clear proof how little credence they attached to it. Luther was obliged to hear out of their midst, in his own life-time, that his father was a heretical Bohemian, that his mother had been a bath servant of bad character, that he himself was a changeling, the fruit of intercourse of his mother with the devil. How much more likely would he have been compelled to hear of the homicide or the murder committed by his father, had such a crime really been perpetrated. What kind of accident may have given occasion for this report, an offence or crime of the father, we cannot tell. Nothing more can now be said about the two old charges of Witzel and the unknown author in Paris. They plainly imply not the slightest connection between the assumed crime and the removal to Eisleben.

The day and the hour in which her first-born came into the world in Eisleben the mother tenaciously kept in her memory. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. According to the prevailing custom he was baptized next day, and in St Peter's Church. It was St Martin's Day, and he was named after the saint. The memory of the house in which he was born has maintained itself in Eisleben. It is in the lower part of the town, close by St Peter's Church. Several great fires which have ravaged Eisleben have left it untouched. Of the original building only the walls of the ground-floor remain. Within

these walls a room looking out upon the street is shown as that in which the Reformer came into the world. Soon after his birth the church was rebuilt, and has retained the name of the church of Peter and Paul. In the baptismal font a relic of the old church has been retained.

When the boy was only six months old, his parents removed four or five miles further away to the town of Mansfeld. The greater the influx of miners at that time to Eisleben, the most important town in the district,—so much the more likely is it that when Luther's father did not find his expectations there realised, he followed after the better prospects in another chief part of that rich mining country. Here, in the town of Mansfeld, or, as it is called on account of its situation, and in distinction from the Convent of Mansfeld, in the Valley of Mansfeld, he came among a population which entirely lived by mining. The district lies on a rivulet that is hemmed in between hills, the advanced spurs of the Harz Mountains. Above it towered up the beautiful and stately castle of the count, its proprietor. The people of the district are of a sterner character than those in Moehra, while the air is less genial. Luther himself called his Mansfeld townspeople Harz Mountainers. The population of the Harz Mountains is in general of a sterner nature than that of Thuringia.

At their beginning in Mansfeld, the parents of Luther had still to strive hard in order to succeed in life. Luther, at a later period, once said, 'My father was a poor hewer'—*i.e.*, hewer in the mines; they called themselves slate-hewers—'my mother carried all her wood upon her back, in order that she might have the means to bring us up. They had to labour tooth and nail; now-a-days people are no more so put to it.' But we must not forget that such bearing of wood was then not nearly so much the sign of poverty as it would be to-day. Gradually their circumstances became better. The entire mines belonged to the counts, and they gave single portions, named smelting fires, to tenants, some of them by hereditary leases, and some of them by leases for a period of years. Hans Luther succeeded in obtaining two furnaces, although only by lease for a period of years. But Hans must have risen in the esteem of his new fellow-townsmen more quickly than he did in his outward circumstances. The magistracy of the town consisted of a schultheiss—*i.e.*, a kind of local judge, the so-called lords of the valley —and four 'from the community.' Hans appears among these four in an official document so early as 1491. The number of his children was large enough to keep him in constant anxiety for their support and education. There were at least seven of them, since we know of three brothers and three sisters of our Luther. The Luther family did not soar so high as to take place among the rich families of Mansfeld, who possessed the hereditary furnaces, and out of whose midst the lords of the valley came forth, but they were on friendly terms with them. The old Luther was personally known to the counts of the district, and was in high esteem with them. The Reformer, in 1520, in opposition to the slanders spread abroad regarding his origin, publicly referred to the personal acquaintanceship of the counts with his father and with himself. In course of time Hans Luther procured a comely dwelling-house of his own in the chief street of the town. At least a small part of this house has remained amidst the rebuilding, down to our own day. We still see an entrance-gate with a well-wrought arch of sandstone, with the already-noticed Luther coat of arms with the roses and cross bow, and in addition the inscription J.L., 1530. Doubtless Hans' son James, in the year when his father died, and when he received the house, caused it so to be put up. But in recent times the stone has become so worn away by the weather that the coat of arms and partly the inscription can hardly be seen.

We first possess representations of the personality of the parents from the time when they shared in the reputation and fame of their Martin. They often appeared with him in Wittemberg. They conducted themselves among his friends in a sensible and worthy manner. Of the father, Melanchthon particularises that by the purity of his character and of his life he everywhere gained esteem and love. Of the mother, he says the worthy woman was noted among her other virtues for her chastity, fear of God, and intercourse with God in prayer. Spalatin, the Court preacher and friend of Luther, believed he might call her a rare and exemplary woman. Of the outward appearance of both parents, Kessler, the Swiss, reported in 1522 that they were small and short persons, whom their son Martin surpassed 'in length and breadth of body.' He further depicts them as 'a people of a brown visage.' Five years afterwards Lucas Cranach painted the portraits of both, now to be seen in the Wartburg; they are the only ones we possess of them. The features of both have there a certain hardness; they

bear the marks of hard labour throughout the course of a long life. The mouth and eyes of the father have a cheerful, loving, energetic, and discreet expression. He maintained also, as his son Martin notices, up to his old age, 'a well-knit, wiry frame.' The mother looks more worn-out, but resigned, quiet, and thoughtful; her lean countenance, with the prominent cheek-bones, bears upon it a mild earnestness. Spalatin was astonished when he saw her in 1522 for the first time, how much she was like Luther himself in her ways and even in her appearance. Indeed, there is a certain resemblance between him and her portrait in the eyes and the lower part of the countenance.

GOSSNER'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY DR R. GRUNDEMANN, PASTOR AT MORZ, BELZIG, GERMANY.

GOSSNER was one of those men in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church who were awakened by the truth of the gospel in the beginning of our century. Driven from his native Bavaria by the hostility of the Jesuits, he found, in 1829, as pastor of the Bethlehem Church, in Berlin, the field of a richly blessed activity. His energetic efforts in behalf of heathen missions were first exerted in connection with the Berlin Missionary Society; but, as a Lutheran confessionalism, rising gradually, became more prominent in that Society, and the external mechanism of the mission enterprise became more prominent than to his plain view seemed necessary, he separated himself from the Society in 1836, and began an independent mission. Between the sixty-fifth and eighty-fifth year of his life he sent out one hundred and forty missionaries to the heathen. He did not hold a scholastic education necessary for his missionaries; his principal idea was to find truly converted men, to whom he himself could impart a degree of preparation by meeting them in a class for Bible-reading. It was a favourite policy with him to send out mechanics, who, following the example of the Apostle Paul, should proclaim the gospel while they supported themselves by the labour of their hands. In this plan he found a coadjutor in the well-known Dutch pastor, Heldring, in connection with whom he sent out a large number of missionaries to the Dutch colonies in the East Indian Archipelago. The management of the missions was unprecedentedly cheap. Gossner employed no paid officers in his mission-house. He was himself all in all; inspector, house-father, secretary, and (as he used sportively to say) pack-horse. The money that he needed for his missions was never wanting; but he got it 'more by praying than by begging.'

Beautiful as the idea of a manual-labour mission appeared, he soon found it impracticable. A European is not capable, in a hot climate, of earning a support with his own hands and preaching and teaching at the same time. Many of Gossner's missionaries, therefore, after they had endeavoured in vain for several years to work, according to his instructions, went into the service of other societies. Some obtained a yearly support from the Dutch Government, others went into civil life. The Gossner missions became vigorous only in Continental India. A number of Gossner's missionaries had founded some stations in the country of the Lower Ganges, which had to be supported and cared for from home, in the same manner as was the practice with other societies. Such was the case with the stations in the Kol country. The mission among the Kols has been among the most blessed on all the earth. Seldom has a whole people been so speedily penetrated in so extensive a measure by the gospel. The success of the work has consisted not in the mere planting of a nominal Christianity, through multitudes of converts, but the power of the gospel has been sustained among the converts, and has been manifested in their devotion and their frequent suffering for their faith. The circumstances by which, under God's direction, the Kols were prepared for the reception of Christianity were really peculiar. The Hindus designate by the name Kol (Kolha means hog-slayer) several tribes of aborigines, who still live under their ancient customs, and have not accepted the religion of Brahmanism. Politically, however, these tribes have been for a long time subject to the few Hindus who have settled in their territory, and the latter have also taken the land from the natives and oppressed them. The so-called Zemindars, who draw the land-rents from the people, are real blood-suckers. The missionaries have occasionally been able to effect a restitution of their land-rights to Kols, through the courts, and the hearts of the people have consequently been inclined toward the new teaching, and it has been possible to sow the gospel seed on a receptive soil. The first missionaries came to Ranchi, in the district of Chota Nagpore, about two hundred miles east of Calcutta, in the year 1844. The first converts were baptized in 1849. In the course of fifteen years 2500 baptized Kols were gathered within the circle of the different stations. In about six years more this number rose to 10,000, and after twelve years more the last year's report showed 31,253 Christians belonging to

the German Missionary societies in Chota Nagpore.

Pastor Gossner, indeed, did not live to see this grand result, which far surpassed his most ardent faith. He entered the peace of his Lord in 1858, after he had witnessed the first of the greater life movements among the Kols, succeeding a long, apparently fruitless, time of waiting. After his death, the direction of the mission had to be reorganised, for an original man, mighty in faith, who could be his successor, was not to be found. The Gossner Missionary Union was formed, whose superiors placed the direction of the work in the hands of an inspector. All went well for a time; but as the missionaries, who had hitherto been accustomed to a high measure of independence, felt themselves more and more constrained by the new organisation; and then, on a visitation in 1868, by the inspector at the time, some of them fell into conflict with him, the blessed work seemed seriously threatened. By God's grace this crisis also was passed without as serious injury as many had apprehended. Several missionaries withdrew from the Union. The English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel undertook to take care of them, and they passed over to the Anglican Church. The expectation that the Christian congregations among the Kols would follow them was, however, not fulfilled. The great majority of the converts remained with the German mission, and only a small part of them joined the new Anglican mission. The latter had, at the beginning of 1880, a total of 10,600 baptized converts under its care; while, as we have already shown, the German mission could show quite three times that number. But, according to the data of the latest yearly reports, we might put the whole number of Christian Kols at 50,000; for, in the last year, again large numbers of converts have been admitted.

The converts are not collected at the present existing stations, but remain in their towns, so that the Christians in the Gossner Mission alone are distributed in more than a thousand villages. This would make the work much more difficult, were it not that the elders of the congregations have themselves 'taken an active part in the missionary work,' a feature that is characteristic of this mission. A hundred and thirty-four such men are actively labouring without any pay for the ecclesiastical care of the congregations and the wider spread of the gospel, and generally with good results. Beside them labour 111 trained and paid catechists and 7 native pastors.

The mission is further sustained by a local union in Calcutta. The moneys contributed for its support in Germany are, unfortunately, not sufficient; but contributions for this object flow in also from Russia, Australia, and America. The total income for the work amounted last year to £5700, a sum which, considering what the mission needs, can only be pronounced small.

'HE GETS DRUNK!'

'Oh, well, but he's the smartest young man in our class.'

'Yes, but he gets drunk.'

'Oh, but he's so fine-lcoking, so noble and talented withal. His composition yesterday was the very best in our division. He writes splendidly! They say he's writing for a magazine, no older than he is, and not out of school yet!—won't he be a great man, though, some day?'

'No, I don't think he will.'

'Why not?'

'He gets drunk.'

'Oh, that's nothing; a good many smart men get drunk. Every young man has his wild oats to sow, and because a fellow gets a little boozy once in awhile, I wouldn't condemn him forever. Quite likely he'll outgrow it when he gets older and sees the folly of it.'

'More likely that will outgrow him; and as to his getting a little boozy, I'm afraid he was a good deal so when the boys found him beside the walk the other night, and had to carry him to his room, dodging around street corners and skulking through by-ways, so that none of the professors would see him. I tell you a person who drinks at all is not to be depended on. The only young men that I have any confidence in are those who let intoxicating liquors entirely alone.'

'Well, I don't care; he's good and smart, anyhow, and I like him.'

'I don't; he gets drunk.'

So the conversation ran on between two schoolmates who were walking just ahead of me. Ah! how those words, 'He gets drunk,' kept ringing in my ears! Possessed of a noble manhood and a glorious intellect; blessed with the best and greatest of God's gifts; having the love and approbation of teachers; admired and looked up to by associates; the pride and hope of a fond father, intertwined in the heart and life of a doting mother, united in close and tender bonds with brothers and sisters; holding in his hand the honour and good name of the institution with which he is connected; of the society in which he mingles, and yet—'gets drunk!'

As a natural consequence the young man who drinks will generally blight the manhood that is within him, change to curses the blessings that are upon him; bring to dust whatever high-born aspirations, whatever longings for greatness, glory, and immortality may be his; put out the brightness of their future in the darkness of disappointment, pain, and sorrow; bring shame and reproach upon brothers and sisters; trample upon the love and confidence of fellows; shut himself out from all goodness, purity, usefulness, and happiness; blot out the image of God that is stamped upon him, and drag himself down lower than the brutes. Aye, so surely does he shut himself out from heaven as 'he gets drunk!'

A Portion for the Aged.

TALKING WITH JESUS.

BY REV. WILLIAM LAMSON, D.D.

'And they were talking with Jesus.'—MARK ix. 4.

IT was on the mount of transfiguration, in the midst of that wonderful manifestation. Moses and Elias were there, and this is what they were doing, 'talking with Jesus.' Reading the chapter at family worship a few mornings ago, I was struck with the simplicity and what seemed to me the beauty of this expression, 'And they were talking with Jesus.' As I dwelt on the words I almost envied Moses and Elijah. Favoured souls, I thought, to be permitted to *talk* with Jesus, not merely *to* Jesus, but *with* Him, as man with man. And yet is it not the privilege of the disciple of to-day to do the same, to talk with his risen and ascended Lord? There can be no doubt of it. All true believing prayer is talking with Jesus. This is the simplest and truest definition of prayer. It is the most expressive description of the rich privilege. Talking with Jesus! Is it possible? Is it possible for me? Then let the rich man hug his wealth; let the ambitious man be proud of his honours and of his friendships. I will not envy the one nor the other. It is enough that I may have the acquaintanceship and the friendship of Jesus, that He does admit me into His presence and to His fellowship. No earthly possession can be compared with that; no earthly honour can be named with that!

And now let me ask, Did you ever consciously talk with Jesus? Has your life been one of converse with the exalted Jesus? You have never had the vision with which Moses and Elias were favoured when they looked on the glistering garments and heard the voice of the Son of God, and you are not to expect such a vision. But the presence of Jesus may be, and often is, *felt* though unseen. And with that felt presence you can *talk*. Can you conceive of a richer privilege than this? If you have enjoyed it, do improve it more and more. If you are a stranger to it, do begin this day to talk with Jesus. He is waiting to welcome you to His presence and His fellowship. How safe would you be in such companionship! How secure and blessed would you be with such a friend and counsellor!

Sorrow-stricken and crushed one, longing to find some one to whom you can open your whole heart, here is your resource. Go and talk with Jesus! Confide your secret, whatever it is, to Him. He knows it all? Oh yes; but He loves to have you tell it Him. He loves your unreserved confidence. This, then, is the message of this brief article, a message for myself and for you, 'Talk with Jesus.' No mother ever so loved to have her darling pour his tale of joy or of grief into her ear as does Jesus to have His disciple confidingly talk with Him.

RESTING ON JESUS.

MORE than a hundred years ago there lived a very learned and very good man by the name of Joseph Butler, now well known as the distinguished Bishop Butler, author of 'The Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion,' a work of great excellence and power, and which has done great good in the world.

But though so learned and so good, Bishop Butler did not bring home to himself, with the simple faith of a little child, the full promises of grace in Christ Jesus. And when at last he lay on his dying bed, absorbed in thought, he suddenly turned and said to his chaplain, 'I know that Jesus Christ is a Saviour, but how am I to know certainly that He is a Saviour to me?' The chaplain simply answered, 'My lord, it is written, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."'

The dying bishop paused and mused thoughtfully for a moment, and then said, 'I have often read and thought on that verse, but never till now did I see and feel its full meaning and power. Now I die happy.' And to us, as to him, nothing but a full reliance on what Christ has said — a simple and childlike faith in His gracious declarations, can take away our fears, and enable us to live as we ought, or to die peacefully and happily. Believing, implicitly and fully, just what Christ says and promises, whether living or dying, we are safe for ever.

A lady who had this simple, unwavering faith in the Saviour, was at the great Exposition in Paris, where she was taken sick, and soon died. Toward her last moments she found it difficult to speak distinctly, but managed to articulate the word 'Bring.' Her friends, in ignorance of her meaning, brought her food; but she shook her head, and with difficulty again said, 'Bring.' They then offered her grapes; and then, thinking she wished to see some near friends, brought them to her bedside. But in each case she shook her head; and then, by a great and struggling effort, she succeeded in completing the sentence—

'Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all;'

and then, with her face lighted up with joy and peace, she passed away, to be with Christ for ever.

—•—

A QUESTION AND REPLY.—Said a caviller at the Bible and religious truth, whose delight it was to propound questions which might puzzle and confuse the Christian professor, to a good man whose face had been set heavenward for many a year, 'What do you think of this doctrine of annihilation? As for me, the more I think of it, the more I believe in it. It don't seem like God to punish the wicked eternally. What do you think of it?' 'I don't think much about it,' was the reply. 'It don't concern me, for I am not going that way. I have started for heaven. I don't care whether it is hell or annihilation. You must not come to me. Ask those who are travelling that way. They ought to know what kind of a place they mean to stop at.' The caviller was silenced.

KENNETH.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Sabbath on which five of Mr Street's boys made a public profession of their allegiance to Christ was one long to be remembered. The gentle serenity of the June morning was favourable to that spirit of devotion at all times becoming, and especially needful to make the day and the service profitable to the worshipper.

Kenneth was up early, and in the garden, but not as a disturber. This was the one morning in the week when the strawberries could hang on their stems and listen to the ripple of the leaves over their heads. The birds, if possible, sang sweeter songs, and the flowers waved perfumed censers through the air.

Christine's breakfast table was brightened with roses and heliotrope. Carnations, red and white, nestled in her hair, and the grey silk, always worn on Sabbath-days, was brightened by a knot of the same sweet-scented flowers worn at the throat.

Carey could not wait for the bell to ring, but came up for 'a smell of the flowers,' he said, and to walk with Kenneth to church.

'You do not know how strange it seems to me,' he began. 'Hinckley has always been the wildest, the most daring spirit, always ready for mischief, doing badly himself, and inciting others to do even worse. He was with me till a late hour last night, and when he left, I felt that the choicest vessel of us all, in God's hand, would be this same mischief-doing and mischief-making Hinckley French.'

'He certainly has changed very much. I used to consider his face repulsive, now he is absolutely handsome,' responded Kenneth.

'It is the beauty of expression. I have been struck with it myself. It is the good spirit shining through, like the light within a vase,' returned Carey.

'This new principle in his heart, this outward shining, in other words, the regenerating influence of the spirit of God, thus moulding the old nature into absolute beauty, will, I trust, not only be appreciated by his friends, but be used for his encouragement.'

'How so?' Carey questioned.

'The springs of good do not run full at first. Beginnings are always weak,' was the reply.

'Then you do not consider that it will be wrong to show him that we see and are pleased with the change in him?' Carey asked.

'My mother taught me that the ability to say pleasant things, when actuated by a just appreciation of another's character, was a Christian virtue, the value of which could only be known in eternity.'

The last remark drew Karl Lubeck out of his imposed silence.

'If ever a true thing was said, that is it, my lad. Many a time when I have tried to do, and failed to meet my expectation, and have been cast down and despondent, a few words of encouragement coming from one who saw that I had really tried, has raised me up, and given me strength to put forth another effort, and this time successfully. Thus it is with every one, I think.'

'In this it is a good way, I presume, to judge others, by ourselves,' replied Carey.

'The foundation of the golden rule,' smiled Christine.

Mr Crownley came out of his house with Zoe's hand in his own. Kenneth was no longer a 'new boy,' but her interest in him was not the less. Just now he thinks how much she has changed since he first saw her, and her school life has developed in a quiet, reserved way, charming in itself.

'I am glad it is such a nice day,' she whispered. 'Hinckley has been up to see papa. He is to join the church, you know. Will this make him a great deal better boy, Kenneth?'

'This joining the church will not make him better. It is because he is a better boy that he wants to join the church,' was the reply.

'I am to join some time.'

The sweet, upturned face revealed a glad expectancy.

'I hope so,' answered Kenneth.

Everywhere people were coming; parents with their children, old people and little ones, some with shy, timid faces, others full of hope, and still others with curiosity merely; but all were crowding into the house of the Lord on this bright, beautiful June morning.

The sermon was especially adapted to the youth, and so plain and simple in its dealing with the truth, that the youngest could readily comprehend all that was required of them in this life, and the hope reaching out to the life to come. 'Christ's life was the model,' and the speaker aimed so to hold it up that all would be impressed with the beauty, and incited to follow after.

'If Christ's life be the model—and we believe it is—then the way to learn how to follow for ourselves is to study the life of Christ from His youth up. First, in His home, obedient to His mother, helpful in all little ways, studying to improve Himself; for we are told He grew in wisdom and in stature, a child like the least here, a boy, with the needs of a boy, and the requirements of a boy. Then a carpenter with His father Joseph, working with His hands through the heat of summer and the cold of winter; weary, hungry, faint, knowing privation and suffering through every phase of boyish feeling, that He might know how to sympathise with a boy's life in all and everything save sin.'

Then turning a beaming face to the pew

where the lads were sitting who were about to be received into the bosom of the Church, he repeated the blessedness promised to those who remember their Creator in the days of their youth, making it plain that godliness is profitable to this life, as also to the life to come.

'Does poverty come upon one like an armed man? How comforting the thought that there is One who can be touched with his infirmity; one who from personal experience knows the anxiety, the care, the unrest, lest he fail by reason of his poverty to meet his liabilities, and thus cause a blot to fall upon his integrity, a blemish upon the purity of his character and the motives of his life.

'God does not give, to lay by or to hold in reserve. He gives according to the asking, "Give us this day our daily bread"—not to-morrow or next week—but now. Suppose a rich man says to his friend, I cannot give you money, but anything and everything you need get, and I will settle the bill. Surely his friend could live very comfortably, and whatever business he had he would feel very safe in, for the reason that whenever he should come to straight places money would be his to use. Better even if his friend gave him his name to present at the bank, a name known there and always honoured. This, my dear boys, is what Jesus has done for you, and He has done it for me. The promise is ours so long as we abide in Him, that "whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you."

'This is the way God gives us His grace; never more than we need for the very minute; always quite enough.'

To Kenneth it was but an echo of what he had heard in his childhood—a faint adumbration of the words sounding down from the heights, 'Love God and keep His commandments.'

As they walked home, Mrs French's face was radiant. Worldly as she had been, and ambitious to see her boy occupy the position to which his riches entitled him, his daring acts of disobedience and wrong-doing had caused her many a heartache, and at last startled her out of seeming apathy and indifference, to cry mightily to God to spare him. To see his feet firmly planted on the Rock left her with nothing more to care for, while over the sea of her complacency came the cry, 'All this for thee. What wilt thou do for Me?'

'Is it true,' Christine asked, 'that Hinckley has decided to be a missionary?'

'It is possible Hinckley does not know his own mind as yet. We must wait,' was the reply.

Simple as were the words, they cut through the mother's heart. She saw at a glance the sacrifice she would be called to make. Could she do it?

The sun was making long shadows; birds were singing in the tree-tops, the air was full of sweetness. Christine knew the feeling of joy and pain, braided into the one strong cord, in a mother's heart, and she abstained from further questioning. The lads were talking quite apart. Karl looked after them with tearful eyes.

'If I had learned, when a little child, the security and the sweetness of being led by Christ, from how many evils would it have saved me! Parents have the rare privilege to bring their children to Christ. In this Joshua was a model, "As for me and my house, we worship God." It seems strange that mothers ever forget "that of such is the kingdom of heaven."'

CHAPTER XV.

The strawberry season was unusually profitable. Mr Vernon and Carey Kew came up for an hour every morning. And for that matter, the people said Mr Vernon's style of preaching was greatly improved—not as much rhetoric, and more persuasion; not as many rounded periods, but more direct appeal. Physically stronger, there was more ardent desire for the work, with more enthusiasm, and a straightforward manner of dealing with the truth.

Carey Kew recited his lessons, so that Kenneth could profit by it, and the latter not unfrequently declaimed while making his trips to and from the garden.

The small room was scarcely finished when Miss Crownley came up to say that the friends she had expected were already only fifteen miles away.

'I know how much you desire to see your sister,' she said to Kenneth; 'and if you will drive me out to meet them, we will bring Rachel back with us.'

'A good idea,' Karl spoke up. 'The lad has been hard at work, and this, with his books and everything, and the drive will do him good.'

Miss Crownley was a woman who did not wait for an opportunity. She longed to talk with Kenneth Kline of his old life, and of his studies, and his desire with reference to future work. It was not for her to preach the gospel, but Kenneth, provided he had the ability, might be aided through her means.

It is possible that Christine, with her quick perception and warm, motherly heart, understood the motive. With almost a mother's desire, she was anxious to have the lad take the place and position in life where he could be the most useful; and, judging from the effect of his influence on the boys in Mr Street's school, she felt persuaded that his life-work would lie in that direction. As yet she had not known just the way to bring it about; but it was the desire of her heart, and it made a part of her daily prayer.

Christine had never had a daughter to love and cherish; with her own hands she brushed Kenneth's hair, and brought out his Sabbath coat, with a fresh ribbon for his collar, all the time talking of Rachel, and the happiness that

would come to her from having the little girl with her.

Bewildered and half unstrung by the near proximity of the child, Kenneth leaned his head against Christine's shoulder, and sobbed heavily.

For answer there was only a closer clasping, while a quick prayer went up. Then she put him from her, and bid him remember that it was God who had led him all the way, and would lead him. 'Only trust Him.'

The sun hung like a golden ball in the zenith as the carriage with Miss Crownley and Kenneth rolled down the street. Christine stood in the door looking after them as long as a glimpse could be caught, then she turned to the small room once more to look around and see if anything could be changed, or anything added. She had never thought of Rachel as a stranger, and only as a small girl; and now she was almost inclined to consider her as far removed from childhood. To depend upon one's self has a tendency to age one more than years. Possibly Kenneth had this same feeling, and thus they had come to talk of the child as wise and appreciative.

It certainly was a bright, pretty room, and it opened into Kenneth's, and just now it was full of roses. Tears rolled over Christine's cheeks. Her boys were all gone, and the mother of these children, when called away, left them with a covenant-keeping God. It was a comforting thought.

'And I, behold I establish My covenant with you, and with your seed after you.

'And an angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim, and said, I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land which I swear unto your fathers; and I said, I will never break My covenant with you.'

This promise was equally given to the mother who was called away, and her heart went out to the children thus providentially brought into her house.

Leaving Christine to arrange the rooms, and then to make the round of the garden, we will follow Miss Crownley and Kenneth as they are borne over the country this lovely June day.

At first the conversation was only such as would naturally arise from the time and the occasion. Kenneth had lived so much in the garden; had, in a measure, studied and become conversant with vegetable growth, that his eye was quick to perceive and catch the passing shades of light and colour.

'There is so much that is suggestive,' he said, sending his gaze over broad wheat-fields, bending to the breeze like the waves of a great sea. 'And we depend upon it, I think. It is the rounding out of what we get in books.'

'In other words, this suggestive influence is the shaft sunk in the mine. It touches thought and brings it to the surface,' smiled Miss Crownley.

'I think I can see how it is that solitude makes scholars; but it must be in a world of living men that brightness and edge is given to intellect.'

'Like a sword in its scabbard,' smiled Miss Crownley; 'to be bright, it must be used.'

Gradually, through an interest that grew upon him, the lad was led to talk of himself, and of his parents, and the old life. His father had been of scholarly ability, but died early, leaving his widow and his two children with only a few hundred pounds, and this, unfortunately, was in the hands of an unprincipled man, who doled out promise after promise, and at last refused altogether to give it up. It was a hard-fought battle, and the poor, patient, loving mother fainted under it.

Miss Crownley had never heard Kenneth speak of his journey. The story of the old boots and the poor bruised feet led her to drop her veil. She did not wish Kenneth to see how his words moved her.

'My coat was much too large for me. Taken together, I must have made a ludicrous appearance. It was no wonder Hinckley made sport of me,' a lingering mournfulness sounding through the words.

'He would not do it now,' was all that Miss Crownley could say.

'No,' was simply answered.

Shadows chased each other over the shelving ridges, and farm-houses were more frequent. Miss Crownley broke the silence.

'Conversion is not simply repairing an old structure; it is a new foundation on which to build a new edifice. It is not patching an old garment, it is the putting on of a new robe; it is not a rejuvenating process, but a regenerating principle in the heart. So Hinckley is, I think, quite a new boy.'

The horses were pulling hard on the bit.

'Possibly they understand that their journey is drawing to a close,' smiled Kenneth.

'The brutes have been here before,' was the reply.

Turning around the base of a low hill, they came upon the village, and beyond it a large dwelling with high porches and stately shade-trees and outlying buildings. A large gate and a serpentine road led up to the house, a substantial building, modernised perhaps, but fastened to the spot for many years. Golden lances slanted across the rear of the house, thus leaving the front cool and shady. Children were playing in the grounds, others were sitting on the steps leading up to the broad porch, where quite a company of ladies and gentlemen were assembled.

It was an ordeal for Kenneth, but Rachel was there. Would she recognise him? He knew that he would know her at a glance.

Miss Crownley was lifted out by a grey-haired, elderly gentleman, who received her with marked affection. Kenneth was standing on the ground, looking silently about him. Suddenly, from the midst of a bevy of young girls, a child in long, golden curls and a blue gingham dress, dashed forward with wide open arms.

'Kenneth! my Kenneth!'

Lifting her in his arms, the lad showered kisses upon the pink face, and murmured words of tender fondness. All this without seeming notice on the part of Miss Crownley and her friends. Afterwards, when the blush of their meeting died away, Kenneth led his sister up the steps, and was duly introduced, at the same time presenting the child to his friend.

Miss Crownley put her arms around the child, very much as her own mother would have done, and kissed her on the lips. Then she made her sit down and tell her of her journey, and spoke pleasantly to her, until at length tears came into her eyes, and she ran away to Kenneth to say that she was afraid she was receiving everything in this world; there would be nothing for her when she got to heaven.

Kenneth took the weeper in his arms, and soothed her into quiet by explaining that Miss Crownley was the sister of his Bible-class teacher, a most estimable woman and warm friend, but not at all the person with whom they were to live.

'I am glad; I was afraid,' ejaculated Rachel. 'You know what mother used to say about having all one's good things in this world?'

'Yes, I remember.

'And, Kenneth, do you think mother knows just how good and kind everybody is?'

'I think so; but it does not make so much difference. Jesus knows, and you remember mother said He was the one to whom we must go.'

'I have not forgotten it. Kenneth, not a night but I asked for you. I know Jesus would do it; but everything is so much nicer than I thought it would be, I was almost afraid. I didn't think He would make it so easy for us, because we have been away so long.'

'Then you wanted to come,' he whispered.

'Yes, indeed; only I am afraid to have everything at once.'

Kenneth smiled, but kept his secret. What would Rachel say when she came to see the room so handsomely arranged for her? And what would Christine say, and Zoe? He knows Zoe will love her, and perhaps they will go to school together, and sit at the same desk. Rachel is certainly very pretty, and her blue dress is becoming, and she is his to care for. A wave of manly feeling rushed up to his brow. Whatever comes to him, he must think of Rachel. He must help her to become a good, true woman; such a one as her mother was before her. Was she so very weary? or was it the rest that comes from hopes realised?

Rachel was asleep in his arms.

(To be continued.)

The Comfort of Christ's Miracles.

(CLEANSING.)

Did not the leper come to Thee,
With pitiable mien,
Acknowledging, on bended knee,
'Lord, Thou canst make me clean'?

And didst Thou make him wait awhile?
Or didst Thou sternly say—
Approach Me not, thou art too vile,
And coldly turn away?

No, no! Thou didst attend his cry,
And instant succour yield:
'I will—be clean,' Thou didst reply,
And he at once was healed.

Then, oh, my Lord, shall I implore,
And urge my suit in vain?
Shall I so helpless, sin-sick, sore,
In such sad plight remain?

No, no! Thou art as gracious now,
As instant with Thy aid,
As when, upon the leper's brow,
Thy healing touch was laid.

And so my cry shall still be heard,
Until I feel within
The quickening power of Thy sweet word
To cleanse my soul from sin.

Caroline May.

A Daily Portion.

AUGUST 1.

'I REJOICED GREATLY THAT I FOUND OF THY CHILDREN WALKING IN TRUTH.'—2 John 4.

It is a matter of great rejoicing when any part of a family become truly religious. We should rejoice with our friends, and should render unfeigned thanks to God if any of their children are converted and walk in the truth. No greater blessing can descend on a family than the early conversion of children; and as angels rejoice over one sinner that is converted, we should rejoice when the children of our friends are brought to a knowledge of the truth, and devote themselves to God in early life.—*A. Barnes.*

AUGUST 2.

'THIS IS THE COMMANDMENT, THAT, AS YE HAVE HEARD FROM THE BEGINNING, YE SHOULD WALK IN IT. FOR MANY DECEIVERS ARE ENTERED INTO THE WORLD.'—2 John 6, 7.

It is our duty to be on our guard against the arts of the teachers of error. They abound in every age. They are often learned, eloquent, and profound. They study and under-

stand the arts of persuasion. They adapt their instructions to the capacity of those whom they would lead astray. They flatter their vanity, accommodate themselves to their peculiar views and tastes, court their society, and seek to share their friendship. They often appear to be eminently meek, and serious, and devout, and prayerful, for they know that no others can succeed who profess to inculcate the principles of religion. There are few arts more profound than that of leading men into error; few that are studied more, or with greater success. Every Christian, therefore, should be on his guard against such arts; and while he should on all subjects be open to conviction, and be ready to yield his own opinions when convinced that they are wrong, yet he should yield to truth, not to men; to argument, not to the influence of the personal character of the professed religious teacher.—*A. Barnes.*

AUGUST 3.

'WHERETO WE HAVE ALREADY ATTAINED, LET US WALK BY THE SAME RULE, LET US MIND THE SAME THING.'—Phil. iii. 16.

It is possible for us to lose a portion of the reward which we might enjoy in heaven. The rewards of heaven will be apportioned to our character, and to our services in the cause of religion in this life, and they who 'sow sparingly shall reap also sparingly.' Christians often begin their course with great zeal, and as if they were determined to reap the highest rewards of the heavenly world. If they should persevere in the course which they have commenced, they would indeed shine as the stars in the firmament. But, alas! their zeal soon dies away. They relax their efforts, and lose their watchfulness. They engage in some pursuit that absorbs their time and interferes with their habits of devotion. They connive at error and sin, begin to love the comforts of this life, seek the honours or the riches of this world, and though they may be saved at last, yet they lose half their reward. It should be a fixed purpose with all Christians, and especially with such as are just entering on the Christian life, to wear in heaven a crown as bright and studded with as many jewels as can possibly be obtained.—*A. Barnes.*

AUGUST 4.

'KNOWING THEREFORE THE TERROR OF THE LORD.'—2 Cor. v. 11.

The fear of the Lord is that fear or reverence which the Lord excites, or of which He is the object. Hence it so often stands in Scripture for true religion. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' So in Acts ix. 31, 'Walking in the fear of the Lord.' Romans iii. 18, 'The fear of God is not before their eyes;' and in 2 Corinthians vii. 1, 'perfecting holiness in the fear of God.' See also Ephesians v. 21, 'Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of Christ.' In all these cases fear means pious reverence. There is no reason for departing from that sense in this place. Knowing—*i.e.*, feeling or experiencing—the pious reverence for Christ, the earnest desire to meet His approbation, asserted in the context, the Apostle acted under the influence of that sentiment, and not from selfish or unworthy motives, in all his conduct as a man and as a minister.—*C. Hodge.*

AUGUST 5.

'HE THAT BIDDETH HIM GOD SPEED IS PARTAKER OF HIS EVIL DEEDS.'—2 John 11.

The friends of truth and piety we should receive cordially to our dwellings, and should account ourselves honoured by their presence; strangers we should not forget to entertain, for thereby we may entertain angels unawares; but the open advocate of what we regard as dangerous error, we are not to receive in any such sense or way as to have our treatment of him fairly construed as patronising his errors, or commending him as a teacher to the favourable regards of our fellow-men. Neither by our influence, our names, our money, our personal friendship, are we to give him increased facilities for spreading pernicious error through the world. As men, as fellow sufferers, as citizens, as neighbours, as the friends of temperance, of the prisoner, of the widow, the orphan, and the slave, and as the patrons of learning, we may be united in promoting objects dear to our hearts, but as religious teachers we are to show them no countenance, not so much as would be implied in the common form of salutation wishing them success.—*A. Barnes.*

AUGUST 6.

'IF THERE COME ANY UNTO YOU, AND BRING NOT THIS DOCTRINE, RECEIVE HIM NOT INTO YOUR HOUSE, NEITHER BID HIM GOD SPEED.'—2 John 10.

We here learn how to regard and treat the teachers of error. We are not to do anything that can be fairly construed as countenancing their doctrines. This simple rule would guide us to a course that is right. We are to have minds open to conviction. We are to love the truth, and be ever ready to follow it. We are not to be prejudiced against anything. We are to treat all men with kindness; to be true, and just, and faithful in our intercourse with all; to be hospitable, and ever ready to do good to all who are needy, whatever their name, colour, rank, or opinions. We are not to cut the ties which bind us to our friends and kindred, though they embrace opinions which we deem erroneous or dangerous; but we are in no way to become the patrons of error or to leave the impression that we are indifferent as to what is believed.—*A. Barnes.*

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY VIEW OF THE DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION.

WILLIAM AMES, or Amesius, was a Puritan divine of the seventeenth century. He was born in England in 1576. He studied at Cambridge under William Perkins. On account of the troubles in his native country, he retired to Leyden. He took a prominent part in the contro- led to the calling of the Synod of deed, he was appointed by the eral to live in Dordt during the salary of four florins a-day, and to resident the benefit of his know- er the Synod he was chosen Profes- ıity at Franecker. He died at Rot- 633 of a fever brought on by fright used by stepping out of bed during ıto water that had flooded into his a sudden rising of the Maas. His till prized by theological students. rminus Enervatus,' a refutation of is one of the best of our treatises ırs of the Church of Rome. His or, Marrow of Sacred Divinity,' lish edition of 1642, is a compact se in 338 small quarto pages. It title-page to be 'A Worke Usefull ıson,' 'Published by order from the e the House of Commons.' Its n its original Latin was reprinted ondon: J. Nisbet & Co.) by Pro- es S. Candlish, D.D., of the Free asgow, for the use of his students. terse, almost to crabbedness, and plifies the words in the preface:— is my purpose to teach, I think I say that in two words which may ıne.' This first part contains forty- chapters. After two upon 'the and 'the Distribution of Divinity,' a third upon 'Faith,' and then usual topics treated of in systems y. Some of his sentences in his er have a surprising similarity to of Schleiermacher as to the nature ınity, although from the rest of his book it is easy to see that he was as far as possible from German mysticism. Thus he says, 'Divinity is the doctrine of living to God;' 'Seeing life is the most noble of all acts; divinity cannot properly be conversant about any other thing than about life;' 'The prime and proper subject of divinity is the will.'

The thirty-fourth chapter treats of 'holy Scripture.' It is, perhaps, chiefly remarkable for the admirable manner in which it states the doctrine of inspiration. It is a common allegation on the part of the enemies of our evangelical teaching, that Calvinists hold what is called the mechanical view of inspiration; that is to say, that the sacred writers were mere machines. It is almost needless to say that this allegation is not based on a knowledge of what the leading exponents of evangelical Calvinism have written upon the subject. Ames wrote his 'Marrow' more than two hundred and fifty years ago, long before the controversies of our time had any existence, but nothing can be more definite than his statement of a doctrine directly in opposition to this allegation. He says:—

'Extraordinary ministers were raised up by God to instruct the Church, not only by lively voice, but also by divine writings, that there might be a perpetual use and fruit of this ministry in the Church, even when such ministers were taken away.

'For they only could commit the rule of faith and manners to writing, who, by reason of the immediate and infallible direction which they had from God, were in that business free from all error.

'They received a command of writing from God, partly externally, and generally when they were commanded to teach, and sometimes specially, when they were commanded to write (Deut. xxxi. 19, Rev. i. 19), "Write ye this song," "Write therefore the things which thou sawest;" and partly by the inward instinct of the Spirit (2 Peter i. 21), "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by

the Holy Ghost;" (2 Tim. iii. 16), "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

'They wrote also by the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Spirit, so that the men themselves were, as it were, instruments of the Spirit (Jer. i. 9), "Behold I have put My words in thy mouth." "Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet."

'But divine inspiration was present with those writers with some variety. For some things to be written were before altogether unknown to the writer, as doth sufficiently appear in the history of the past creation, and in foretelling of things to come; but some things were before known unto the writer as appears in the history of Christ written by the Apostles; and some of these they knew by a natural knowledge, and some by a supernatural. In those things that were hidden and unknown, divine inspiration did perform all by itself; in those things which were known or the knowledge whereof might be obtained by ordinary means, there was also added a religious study, God so assisting them that in writing they might not err.

'In all those things which were made known by supernatural inspiration, whether they were matters of right or fact, He did inspire not only the things themselves, but did dictate and suggest all the words in which they should be written, which, notwithstanding, was done with that sweet attempering that every writer might use those manners of speaking which did most agree to his person and condition.

'Hence the Scripture is often attributed to the Holy Spirit, as to the author making no mention of the scribes [amanuenses] (Heb. x. 15), "Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us."

'Hence, also, although in the inscriptions of the holy books it is for the most part declared by whose labour they were written, yet there is sometimes deep silence concerning this matter, and that without any detriment to such books or lessening of their authority.'

DISAGREEABLE DUTIES.

If life could always keep an even tenor, and duty always wear a smiling face, how pleasantly our days would glide away. But no life is set to sweet music all along its paths. We must have our painful experiences as well as our joyful ones, our days of shadow as well as of sunshine. There are times of special and irritating friction, from which none of us can expect to escape. We must accept our share of things which we do not enjoy, and which, at the best, we can but endure with patience and fortitude. What is the reasonable course to take concerning disagreeable duties, from going to the dentist's, to writing the letter from which we shrink, fearing lest it shall displease or annoy its recipient; from saying *no* firmly though gently, to spending a precious hour with a tiresome trifler; and so on, through the whole varying number of illustrations, which might be multiplied indefinitely?

First, let the disagreeable duty, if duty it be, be fulfilled promptly. A world of trouble would be saved if kind-hearted and sanguine people knew how to deny as well as to consent; and if, when the only wise word in their vocabulary must be no, they could pronounce it clearly. Ministers, editors, and charitably-disposed people in general are confronted every week by those whose pitiful cases excite their sympathy, and whom they long to aid, and yet to whom they are cruel if they raise hopes which they cannot make certainties. Hard as it is to say that the article is not available for the paper, the editor has no choice if it really is not what he needs, and what will please or profit his readers. He must dash the budding expectations of his contributor, and no sensible contributor will be offended thereby. The minister cannot open his purse to every applicant, nor take every offered publication, nor assist every new aspirant in the field of song or oratory. There is a limit to the wealth even of the richest. Let it be a rule if 'no' must be said, to say it as gently as may be, but with decision.

In the second place, nothing is gained by deferring a disagreeable interview, or procrastinating a dreaded piece of work. If it be a carpet that must be taken up and turned, the best parts brought to the middle, and the worst adroitly managed so that they will be under the bed and out of sight, it might just as well be begun to-day as next week. Begin it to-day, and by next week it will be finished. If you owe a call to a fretful, unhappy woman, who will jar upon your nerves and disturb your composure, do not be cowardly and shirk the matter, but make your call. You may find the lady in a rare mood of sunshine. If you are appointed as collector for a missionary society, and you prefer any other way of working for the cause to soliciting money for it, nevertheless if to do that be your duty, and you acknowledge it as such, please undertake it at once. You will find Alps melting before you into mole-hills. You will receive courtesy where you dreaded rebuff. It will not seem very hard after all, if you do it for Christ's sake.

Thirdly, do every disagreeable thing as agreeably as you can. To be sweet when you are surrounded by bitterness, to be gentle and calm when people are curt and unmannerly, to preserve composure when you are treated with rudeness; in a word, to be self-controlled, because Christ controls you; this is to live above the petty trials of a transient existence, and to have heaven begun below.

LILY MELVILLE AND HER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER V.

'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.'—LUKE xix. 10.

AFTER these lessons had gone on for some time Mr Pemberton asked Ben whether he had ever taken his Bible to old Dan's to read a chapter to him. Ben said he had thought of doing so ever so often, but had never quite liked; that very evening, however, he would try to do it. And he told next morning that Dan had said nothing either for or against his reading when he proposed it, but while he had been reading in Luke's gospel old Dan had let fall his netting and 'cried like rain,' and said as how he thought 'I was himself when a little chap, reading the very same words at his mother's knee; and when I began to sing "Rock of Ages"—"Hold on," he cried, "I can't bear no more! My mother sang that on her deathbed, and it was me as brought her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."'

Mr Pemberton resolved to go and see the old man, praying that God would open the door of his heart to the truth.

Dan had seldom permitted any one like a 'parson' to darken his door, nor had he often had to refuse admittance to such, for Westcliff was rather a neglected place in the way of pastoral visitation; but the memories of his mother and his childhood called up by little Ben's reading had so softened him that although he gave no hearty welcome to Mr Pemberton, he yet asked him to enter.

The usual calmlike order and neatness of the very small cottage which he inhabited was this day quite disturbed by the multifarious contents of a chest being scattered about on the floor. The fact was, as Mr Pemberton found out before he left, having won old Dan's confidence by showing the genuine interest he felt in him—that he was in the act of searching for the pocket Bible his mother had given him when he first went to sea, charging him never to part with it.

'And I thought it would charm away all harm and danger from me, I did, sir; and many a time in a storm I tied it round my waist as if it were a life-preserver.'

'Its truth received into the heart is a life-preserver,' interrupted Mr Pemberton, smiling.

'Aye, but it was as a charm I used it, and never cared to read in it; and when I found that, in spite of having it, I was three times shipwrecked, and when a fall from the rigging got me this,' pointing to his wooden leg, 'I began to hate it, and to think it was the cause of my troubles, and more than once I took it up to throw it overboard. But I was afeared; I thought mayhap it wouldn't sink, and I should see it a-swimming at the ship's side and following me. Ah! but, sir, I was never afeared to drink, and swear, and gamble when I got on shore, till I took remorse when my mother died of a broken heart, as they told me, for my evil ways; and I left the sea and took to fishing for a time, and now I am fit for nothing but making nets, and I live as quiet as a hermit.'

'God has spared you through all your perils, not willing that you should perish, but that you should turn to Him and live,' said Mr Pemberton affectionately.

'It's not likely He'd be thinkin' o' me,' said Dan, 'when I've been trying all I could to forget Him.'

But Mr Pemberton went on to remind him that God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor our ways His ways, and that grace would not be *grace* if we in any way deserved it; in short, he preached to him the 'glorious gospel of the blessed God.'

Dan bade him a civil good-bye when he left, but did not ask him to come back. The clergyman, however, was not willing thus to give him up, and his wife having suggested that perhaps Dan could make some strawberry nets for the parsonage garden, an order for this was made the occasion for another visit, and by degrees Mr Pemberton became a welcome visitor, and he had reason to hope that God in His mercy was giving the increase to the seed sown in faith and watered with prayer, when he found on a subsequent visit to Westcliff that the Word of God had become Dan's chosen companion and guide—no longer superstitiously regarded as a charm—and the house of prayer his delight.

One day after Ben had had his lessons from Mr Pemberton and Edith, the weather was so sultry and oppressive that it was thought better to dismiss him with injunctions to come back in the evening instead—for Edith thought it would be better for Lily to have her ride after an early tea than during the heat of the day. Even then they felt the air close and oppressive, and they had only gone about a mile when they heard a growling of thunder, and saw black clouds gathering round, betokening rain very speedily. They must make every effort to get under shelter on the little invalid's account, so Ben was questioned as to the nearest house.

There was a handful of cottages, he said, at Coombe, and he knew a short cut through the wood to it. The path that led down from the main road was very steep and stony, but he would lead the donkey quite safely—if only Miss wouldn't mind the rough walking, and if little Miss wouldn't be frightened at the steepness. Lily said she could trust Ben and the donkey; so they made all the haste they could to reach the hamlet before the rain should begin to fall. Large deliberate drops were beginning to come down in closer and closer succession as they reached the

nearest cottage of the quaint out-of-the-world looking place.

The door stood ajar, and no answer being given to their knock, they entered, but found no one within, nor was there a chair or stool to be seen, though there was no other sign of habitation wanting. The next dwelling they came to was in the same state, and they did not like to take possession in the absence of the owners, but seeing a larger cottage with a porch at a little distance, they hastened towards it, and when they came near enough they heard a voice within which showed that this house at least was not deserted; on the contrary, when they opened the door of the large kitchen it seemed to be quite full of people, which accounted for the desertion of the other cottages, and also for the absence of seats, for the people had evidently brought them with them.

Room was quietly made for the new-comers. Ben, after he had secured the saddle from the rain inside the porch, and fastened the donkey to a paling, found a seat on the floor, where he sat with his hands clasped round his knees, listening with all his soul; for the voice they had heard was Mr Pemberton's, who was holding a cottage lecture.

CHAPTER VI.

'The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.'

The minister was reading the latter part of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, the story of the Prodigal Son, and he went on to talk about it, explaining it in a simple way to his attentive hearers. He pointed out how the prodigal sought to enjoy the gifts of his father, not with him, but independently of him—just like the sinner seeking happiness apart from God. He departed, taking *all* with him, all he cared for—it satisfied him, his father's presence was nothing to him—and went into a far country. This has been called 'forgetfulness of God.' 'All of you, dear friends, have been guilty of that, whether or not of riotous living. God has not been in all your thoughts. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that *forget* God" (Ps. ix. 17). We see what God thinks of that sin. He wasted his substance; he could not keep it; earthly riches have wings and fly away; he soon had spent all, and had nothing. He could not expect help from others, for a mighty famine arose in that land, and he began to be in want—a lamentable state; but it would have been still more hopeless had he been past feeling hungry: it is an awful thing to see an unsaved soul at ease, contented! He joined himself to a citizen of that country—forgetfulness of God, you remember—making himself less of a stranger, more at home in it. While thinking to better himself, his is a downward course, like that of the ungodly in the 1st Psalm. The sinner is consciously or unconsciously Satan's slave, and he is a hard master. This man was sent to feed swine: Satan gives dirty work to do, and nothing for it. Will any of you remain with such a master? This young man had been tired of the bread of his father's house, and now he would have been glad of swine's husks, if he could have eaten them.

'"When he came to himself." Man was made in the image of God: how has he fallen!—this man had lowered himself to the level of the lowest animals: the sinner forgets his high original,—the holiness and happiness of Eden before sin entered. "No man gave to him." He feels the worthlessness and emptiness of those in whom he trusted. "And when he came to himself"—*i.e.*, his conscience now spoke: "How happy and comfortable I might have been, for even my Father's hirelings are so much better off than I. But also they deserve more than I, for they serve him, while I have forsaken him and wasted his goods. I will arise and go to *my Father;* no one else would take such an one as me in; but I will confess my sin and my unworthiness, and ask for the place of the lowest menial in my father's house—anything is too good for me."

'Ah! he only half knew his Father's heart. If you only knew God better, you would not be content to remain far off, nor would you be afraid to return. "*Acquaint* now thyself with Him and be at peace;" learn to know Him as He is revealed in Jesus Christ *now*, just as you are; believe what He has done for you in giving up His only begotten Son to die for you; believe what He says of being willing to receive you, and be at peace. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" (Ezek. xxxiii. 11). Oh, cry unto God: "Turn Thou us unto Thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned" (Sam. v. 21).

'The prodigal had nothing but his rags to put on—no money wherewith to buy better raiment, neither have you; but he arose and came to his father; he did not only resolve or go half-way. How many on a bed of sickness, or in time of pressing sorrow, resolve to lead a new life, and when they are relieved only sink deeper in the mire than before: he went all the way. But when he was a great way off his father saw him; he was looking out for him—the miserable, filthy object did not repel him, but excited his pity—he ran—we do not read of the prodigal running—the father was more ready to pardon and receive than the son to ask forgiveness and accept it. "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardonest iniquity? . . . He delighteth in mercy" (Mic. vii. 18). "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him" (Ps. ciii. 13)—ran and fell on his

neck and kissed him—him, the son who had not cared for his love. Then the son begins his confession, but the father cuts him short. He sees his heart is broken and contrite, and will not let him speak of himself as anything but a son. Unworthy, most unworthy indeed he was; and to be received back as one of the family was far too much for him to ask, but it was not too much for the father's large heart to bestow. "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts, saith the Lord" (Is. lv. 9). "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities" (Ps. ciii. 10). For the worthiness of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who took our sins upon Him, and was dealt with according to them, we are received as sons, and made heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him." We have only filthy tatters of our own, but God clothes us in Christ, our robe of righteousness. A ring on his hand—betrothed for ever; shoes on his feet—the Christian's path may be rough and thorny, but God will keep the feet of His saints. Let none of you be discouraged from returning to your Father by fears of not being able to walk in the narrow way. He will put shoes on your feet. "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved" (Ps. cxxi. 3). And for the famine, and the hunger, and the husks, He has a feast prepared of all good things, and He cries, "Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness" (Is. lv. 2). Jesus says, 'I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst" (John vi. 35). If you have never come before, come now; and let it be true of you, as it was of the prodigal, this my son was dead, and is alive again, he was lost and is found.'

After singing the hymn 'Just as I am,' and joining in prayer, the people began slowly to disperse, Mr and Mrs Pemberton speaking kind words to each, and shaking hands with them all; the cottagers, on their part, begging them to pay Coombe another visit soon.

The thunderstorm, meanwhile, had passed over, and the rain had ceased; and as our party returned to Westcliff, more than one of them thought they had never enjoyed a more delightful evening. A great part of the way lay through a wood; and the sun shining out after the rain was throwing a chequered shadow of the trees across the road, and reflecting itself in the little pools the rain had made, while the birds were singing and chirruping in chorus after the storm; the first foliage of summer, so brightly green, was still glistening with the drops of the refreshing shower; and the air was laden with the scent of sweetbrier, honeysuckle, and all the woody perfumes; added to all, the murmur of the sea was heard in the distance.

Mr Pemberton walked alongside of Lily on her donkey, and conversed on the highest themes, which yet a child, if Spirit taught, can understand, and none but the Spirit taught can enter into. The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, filled the minds of both, and their hearts burned within them as they talked by the way.

Edith was walking with Mrs Pemberton, and feeling ill at ease in her mind; she was beginning to doubt whether she were not worse even than the profligate prodigal, and to fear that it might be more difficult for her than for him to be saved (always possessed of the idea that she had something to *do* more or less difficult), for while he made no pretension of being better than he was, she was outwardly professing to be a Christian. She longed anxiously to ask what *she* must do to be saved; but although she felt persuaded that Mrs Pemberton loved her tenderly, and would be able to help her in her difficulty, pride closed her lips, and she pressed the question back into her heart, there to suffer the torture of its gnawing for many a day.

Ben was behind with Benson, his bright face looking more radiantly bright than ever, and with a tearful joy Benson made some remark on what they had been hearing, which made an opening for him to say, in a voice which was hushed by its own intensity of earnestness, 'I should have been still in the far country, still a lost sheep, if the Lord hadn't sent you kind people to gather me in. I never thought it mattered to any one though I told lies, and said bad words, and robbed orchards, and never thought about God or heaven. But it did matter to little Miss; and the great God Himself cared, and the Saviour loved me, and gave Himself for me, to redeem me from all iniquity. Oh! isn't it wonderful!' —and overpowered by a sense of his own nothingness and God's infinite grace, he fell on his knees on the wet roadside and poured out his heart in adoring gratitude and self-dedication. Afterwards he said: 'The prodigal would never want to go *back* to the country of the husks; and the father would scarcely like to let him out of his sight, would he?'

'No; and God has said: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."'

'And He will put shoes on my feet?'

'That you may run in the way of His commandments.'

In such talk, and in silent meditation, they walked back to Westcliff on that sweet summer evening. When they had reached the lodgings, and Ben was going off with his donkey, he looked up into Mr Pemberton's face with a look that said so much, that the kind clergyman held out his hand to Ben, which he grasped with both of his for a minute, and then hurried off to hide his tears.

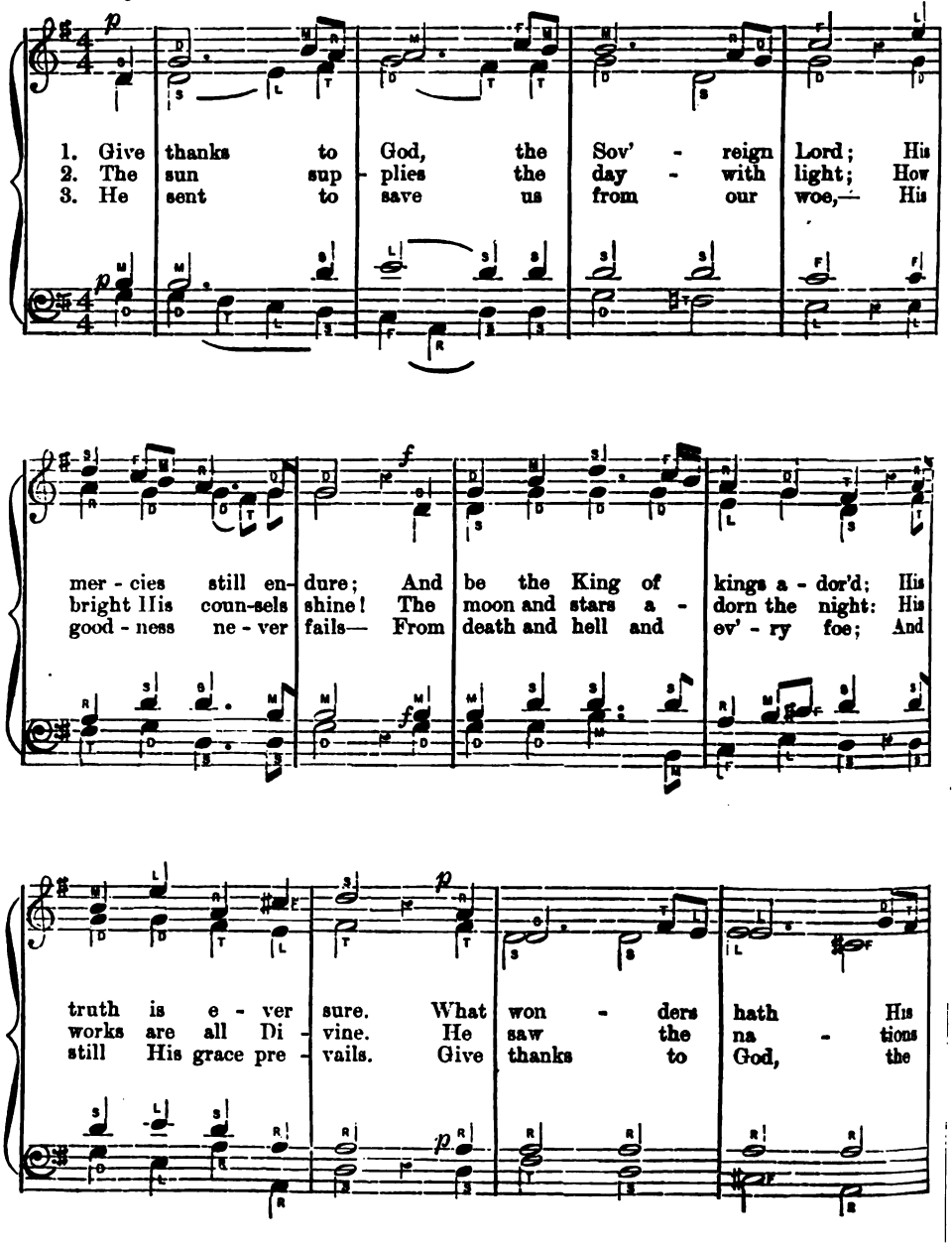
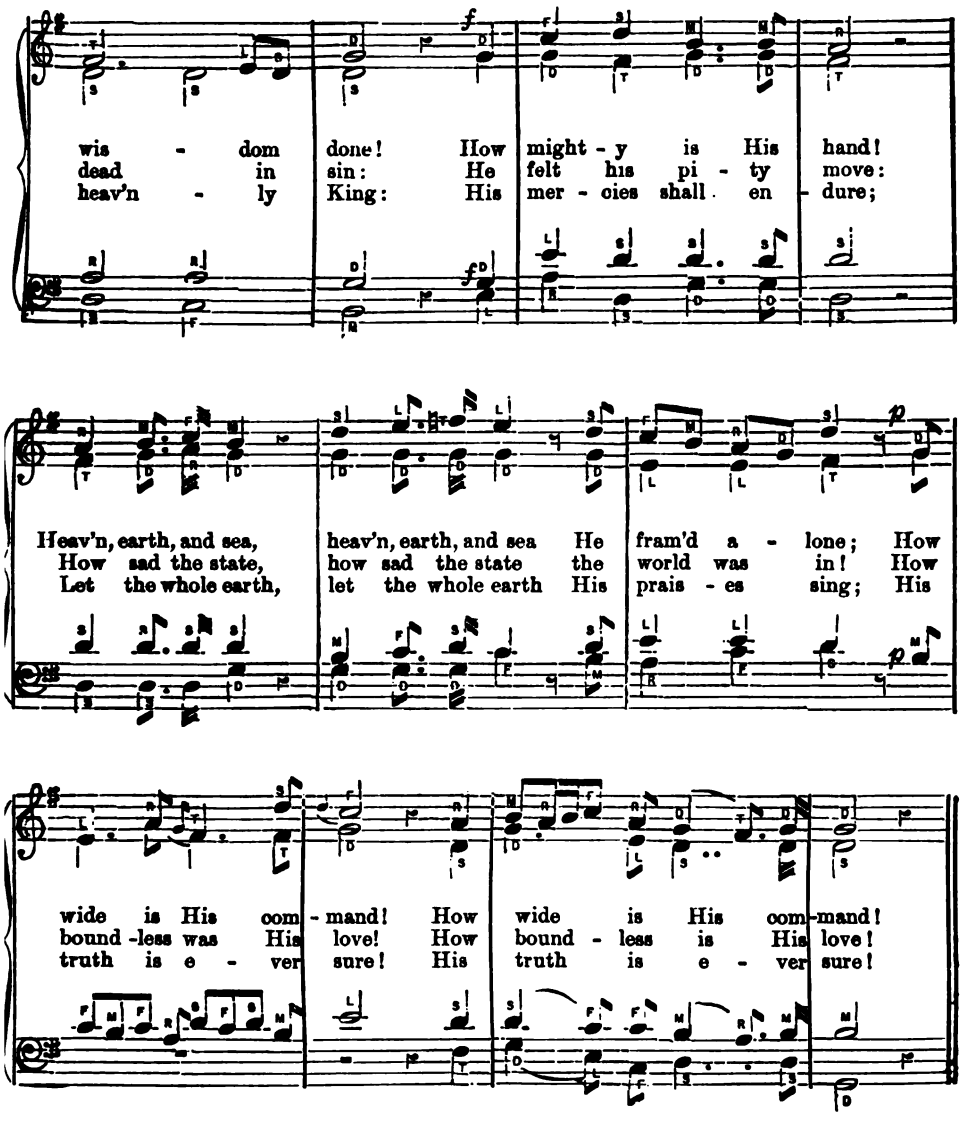
(*To be continued.*)

RELIGION.—Religion does not consist in talking piously, or in praying smoothly. There may be mere lip service in the prayer-meeting and great congregation, and even in the closet. Our Saviour called it hypocrisy.

Give Thanks to God.

Words by
WATTS.

Music by
HANDEL.

Allegretto *M.* 110=♩

1. Give thanks to God, the Sov' - reign Lord; His
2. The sun sup - plies the day - with light; How
3. He sent to save us from our woe,— His
mer - cies still en- dure; And be the King of kings a - dor'd; His
bright His coun-sels shine! The moon and stars a - dorn the night: His
good - ness ne - ver fails— From death and hell and ev' - ry foe; And
truth is e - ver sure. What won - ders hath His
works are all Di - vine. He saw the na - tions
still His grace pre - vails. Give thanks to God, the

wis - dom done! How might - y is His hand!
dead in sin: He felt his pi - ty move:
heav'n - ly King: His mer - cies shall en - dure;
Heav'n, earth, and sea, heav'n, earth, and sea He fram'd a - lone; How
How sad the state, how sad the state the world was in! How
Let the whole earth, let the whole earth His prais - es sing; His
wide is His com - mand! How wide is His com-mand!
bound-less was His love! How bound - less is His love!
truth is e - ver sure! His truth is e - ver sure!

The following hymn can be sung to the same music:—

HEAVEN.

O happy land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught (No lips untaught) may join that song
Or learn the music there,
(Or learn the music there.)

Thou heav'nly Friend, Thou heav'nly Friend,
O hear us when we pray;
Now let Thy truth and love descend,
And cleanse our sins away.
Be all our thoughts, be all our days,
To Thy blest service given;
Then shall we meet (Then shall we meet) to sing Thy praise,
Thy children all in heaven,
(Thy children all in heaven.)

FAITHFUL IN A FEW THINGS.

BY REV. IRENAEUS PRIME, D.D.

'I will make thee ruler over many things.'

A FEW weeks ago a great calamity came upon a large establishment in New York. In the midst of its prosperous business, in the twinkling of an eye, fire fell upon it, and it was swept away. To reconstruct, build up, and restore, required the untiring and devoted efforts of every one of the many who were connected, in any capacity whatever, with the concern. It was a time to try all souls and to show what manner of men they were. And the fidelity, devotion, unselfishness, willingness, alacrity, energy, and zeal with which each and every one did the work at his hand, was a sight to see. There was no saying, 'that is not my business.' Each man wrought as though he had it all to do. Each one seemed to feel the whole responsibility, and unless he was successful, everything would go to wreck and ruin. And looking on, I said, 'Faithful in a few things, ruler over many.'

It is not the faithfulness of the soldier on the field, or at his post. It is not the fidelity of the governor, or the statesman, or the preacher, of which I want to write. They are now rulers over many things, for good or for ill. And they have a dread account to give. To them, or for them, this letter is not written. To boys and girls, to young men and maidens, to servants, to workmen, students, clerks, in every department of human industry and art and trade and calling, I come with a message and an appeal. If you will bear with me, it may be to you matter of infinite value.

It is not in vain that our blessed Lord has made this test an element in the judgment which He will pronounce when the world stands in front of His throne.

The principle takes hold of human character. It lies at the root of success or failure in life. It makes the difference between a man and a tramp, between plenty and poverty, between heaven and hell. This life and that which is to come are bound up in the covenant of faithfulness in a few things, as the condition of being ruler over many. To him that hath shall be given. A talent well used gets ten.

It is a feature of American life and manners that one man is as good as another, and *therefore* that no one man shall rule over another, or hold him responsible. The boy in the family, and in school, and in a store, gets the notion of independence into his head by the time he gets into his teens. As a general rule he does what he is obliged to do, shirks all he can, and gets as much fun and play out of his work as possible, and keep his place. Duty, responsibility, obligation, he does not know what they mean. There are thousands of boys employed as messengers in the telegraph offices. It is no uncommon thing to see them engaged in snowballing in winter, and playing marbles in summer, when they are supposed to be making all haste to do an errand on which great interests may be depending. A plumber comes to do a job, and after he is gone you find that he has made a tube of plaster half-an-inch long to supplement that length of lead. He thought you would not find it out, and he had no sense of responsibility to God or to you. The man who puts up a barrel of apples with good ones at the ends and nubbins in the middle, or the man who puts sand in a bale of cotton, or stones in a load of hay, is a scamp of the same pattern. It is very much the same in all the trades and traffic of mankind. Faithfulness is a rare quality. It is not wholly wanting. I have seen a Roman Catholic servant in a Protestant family, doing her duty with a steady, unselfish, generous fidelity that counted neither health, strength, time, nor pleasure in the untiring, simple devotion to the work in hand. She was faithful in a few things, and will be found among those whom the Lord promised to make ruler over many things.

I employed a man to do a piece of work for me, having made careful inquiry as to his capacity and integrity. In a few days I found another man at the job, the other man having farmed it out to him, while the first had got another. I let him go on, and soon he let it out to a third, and then I discharged them all. Faithless in a few things, they deserved to be punished. The crying and abounding vice of the community is a want of personal responsibility, an unreadiness to stand square up to an obligation, and do one's duty.

Men accept positions as directors of religious or financial societies. You go to meet them at the appointed time; they come half an hour afterwards, perhaps not at all. Business has been delayed for them, and now must be rushed through. They have no time to be faithful in a few things. Unfaithful clerks rob banks governed by unfaithful directors. Both classes are guilty of criminal infidelity to their trusts. Men retire from many boards of directors because they cannot afford to waste time waiting for unpunctual men, who cannot give time to be faithful to the few things they have taken in trust. Probably five out of ten of the directors of banks and other institutions, religious and financial, and charitable, are in this sense unfaithful men. They do not know of their own knowledge the condition of their trust. Yet they direct! Precious directors they are! Will the Lord ever say to them, 'Faithful in a few things, ruler over many?' I trow not.

Exceptions are to be found under every rule. But in the school, the household, shop, office,

store, bank, business of any kind, the one who makes duty the end of his existence, laying himself out to perform every service for others with more faithfulness than he would if it were his own, is the one who will conquer, and get to the top of the heap. Self-made men are merely men who do their duty. They were conductors who became presidents. When I see the engineer of an elevated railroad reading a newspaper when he ought to be watching his engine or the track ahead, I *know* that man is as high up in the world as he will ever get. He is heedless and lazy. Unfaithful in a few things, he will never run the road.

Let me not be misunderstood. To be the head man of a bank, or a railroad, or a business firm, is not the measure of success. Wealth is not the measure. It is not even a factor in success. SUCCESS in life is to be able to provide for self and family in some useful avocation. Try that definition. Anything short of that is failure. But *that* includes all there is to be had in this world. With *that* goes respectability, usefulness, and as much enjoyment as God sees to be best. To that may be added honours, fame, riches, pleasures, all of which a wise, good man may dispense with, and not be a loser. More than half of the world's people have to be provided for by the rest. But the grand reason why all men do not honestly provide for themselves and families is that they are not faithful in the use of opportunities and means. Improvidence is a sin. So is laziness, and pride that despises labour, and fastidiousness that rejects a good chance to earn bread because it wants something better. No; the way to get ahead in the world is to seize the first opportunity to be useful; make yourself absolutely indispensable to the business; the hand of the diligent maketh rich; and from one step of success to another you shall rise till the reward is yours. It is true in religion as in trade. That chapter —the 25th of Matthew's Gospel—has an awful and a glorious sermon in it. It is not in conflict with, but is a supplement of the gospel that teaches salvation by the blood and love of Christ. But when the world is in judgment, the everlasting verdict of life and death, of heaven and hell, is made to turn on the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of the man at the bar. The faithful servant is to enter into the joy of his Lord. The faithless is to be cast into outer darkness. And when the throne is set and the world stands on the right and the left, what you have done to the least of the little ones will be counted as a witness of your faith and love. Ten thousand opportunities, duties, obligations to God and your fellows, Sabbaths, Bibles, prayers, sermons, these are some of 'the few things,' but they take hold on eternal life.

THE CEREMONIAL.—'Whenever the ceremonial is elevated to the same rank with the moral, the latter will soon be lost sight of.'

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

GEORGE MANNING had almost decided to become a Christian. One doubt held him back.

'How can I know,' he said to himself, 'that even if I do begin a religious life, I shall continue faithful, and finally reach heaven?'

He wanted to see the whole way there before taking the first step. While in this state of indecision and unhappiness, he one evening sought the house of his favourite professor, for he was a college student at the time, and they talked for several hours upon the all-absorbing topic. But the conversation ended without dispelling his fears or bringing him any nearer the point of decision.

When he was about to go home, the professor accompanied him to the door, and observing how dark the night was, prepared a lantern, and, handing it to his young friend, said—

'George, this little light may not show you the whole way to your room, but only one step at a time; but take that step, and you will reach your home in safety.'

It proved the word in season. As George walked securely along in the path brightened, as it was, by the little lantern, the truth flashed through his mind, dispelling the last shadow of doubt.

'Why can I not trust my heavenly Father,' he said to himself, 'even if I can't see my way clear to the end, if He gives me light to take one step? I will trust Him, I do trust Him.'

He could hardly wait till he reached his room to fall on his knees and thank God for the peace and joy that filled his soul.

Early next morning the professor was summoned to his door. There he found George Manning. With beaming face he looked up to his teacher, and as he handed him the lantern, said significantly—

'Doctor, your little lamp lighted me all the way home last night.'

OUT OF THE HEART PROCEED EVIL THOUGHTS. — The crowning lesson of this Scripture relates to our need of the renewing and sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit. Jesus is here speaking, not of some hearts, but of all hearts; of what is substantially true everywhere. The germs of every one of these sins are in us all. They may be only waiting for some powerful solicitation, along with the removal of restraint, to spring into activity. Not only do we, therefore, need an atoning Saviour for the cancelling of our past sins, but the Divine Spirit to renew and cleanse us within. No outer washing can ever do this. Only the Divine Spirit can make us inwardly right, and so right indeed. How fitting for us all is the Psalmist's cry, 'Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.'

ROMANISM AND PROTESTANTISM.

BY REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

IN speaking of the Roman Catholic Church, as always, we should exercise the utmost charity which loyalty to truth will permit. At the same time that Church gives us no very tolerant ground on which to stand. I have transcribed two statements from two eminent authorities of the Church of Rome as showing what judgment we are compelled to pass upon the Papacy. John Henry Newman says, 'The question really lies, be it observed, between these two alternatives—either the Church of Rome is the house of God, or the house of Satan. There is no middle ground between them.' Cardinal Manning says, 'The Catholic Church is either the masterpiece of Satan, or the kingdom of the Son of God.' Being thus compelled to choose, we must accept the position, which we believe the Scriptures make very plain, that the Church of Rome is antichrist. At the same time, it may humble us and convict us of our danger as Protestants to trace the steps of decadence by which the Catholic Church descended from its primitive purity to its present apostasy and corruption. Speaking generally, these steps may be summed up in three.

First, the adoption of the arts and customs of the world for popularising Christian worship. Few have any idea how large a part of the most sacred ecclesiastical ritual was borrowed from pagan Rome. When the primitive Church stood on her own ground, and rigidly refused the smallest alliance with the pagan world, it was then that she was going forth conquering and to conquer. This is most graphically shown in Uhlhorn's 'Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism.' But when little by little she became assimilated to pagan customs, tacking these on to her worship, to make it popular, her strength became sapped. Before we cast stones at Rome, we might well ask seriously how far we may be repeating the folly in our Protestant churches, in borrowing music from the opera to adorn our worship, and entertainments from the world to attract the young to our sanctuaries, and in using secular methods to attain the sacred ends for which the Church exists. We may well look seriously whither our feet are tending in this direction.

The second step in decadence from primitive piety may be seen in the custom which gradually obtained of allying the Church with worldly men and civil rulers for the sake of their support and patronage. It is this which characterised the age of Constantine; and what fatal consequences flowed from such alliance I need not rehearse. And yet who can say that the same tendency is not apparent in our Protestant churches to-day? To say nothing of State churches, which we leave entirely out of the question, who is not aware how common it is by means of the organisation known as 'The Society' which exists in connection with so many of our churches, to make large use of irreligious men in supporting and carrying on the worship? We are not unacquainted with instances where wealthy men of the world have great influence in the Society, and have a vote in settling or unsettling the pastor, which weighs far more than that of the humble and pious members of the Church itself. Here is a noxious germ of the same worldly and fatal principle.

And the last stage of apostasy results from this—the secularisation of the Church. She comes at last to forget that her citizenship is in heaven; that her portion is above, not on the earth; that she is a little flock to whom a kingdom is promised, and is to live as a stranger and pilgrim in the earth till that promise is realised. When the Church has settled down into this idea, it is quite easy for her members to heap up wealth, to indulge in earthly luxury and splendour, and to live entirely like the people of this world. Who will deny that even our purest Protestantism has advanced some steps in this direction?

So we have occasion, while we rebuke Rome, to consider ourselves and to fear, lest we fall under like condemnation. Human nature is the same in every age. Therefore there will have to be reformation after reformation in the Church. Christianity, as lived and administered by imperfect men, is constantly falling into degeneracy. The Church is like a tree, whose branches are constantly withering and dying, so that fresh shoots must put out. Out of Romanism, the Reformation; out of the Reformation, the Wesleyan Revival; out of the Reformed bodies other Reformed bodies, Free Church, Reformed Episcopal, and so on. The fresh shoots are forever putting out. We all need to be watchful lest we are not of those having a name to live and being dead.

WHAT WE ARE.—What we *say* is weak or strong according to the strength or weakness of what we *are*. The minister himself is his own best sermon. The Christian himself is his own best warning or persuasion to the ungodly. Live the truth, then, and by living preach it, if you would have your work for God 'mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds' of sin.—*Christian Index.*

TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR.—Divine truth is good seed. It has in it energy and life. By it God is pleased to save men that believe. How eagerly, soberly, earnestly, then, should we hear! Welcome every part of it. Let it be as the fire and the hammer that breaketh the flinty rock in pieces. Specially, and with all the heart, must we receive Christ, the living word, as our 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.'

THE FOOLISH WIFE.

JOB'S troubles were indeed great. We doubt whether there were ever greater. Suddenly, in a single day, he was stripped of all his possessions, and of all his children, seven sons and three daughters. And besides all this, he was afflicted with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And he took a potsherd to scrape him withal, and he sat down in ashes. Pitiable object to behold! He is in need of sympathy. Now is the time for his wife to speak an encouraging word. Or, if she can't do that, now is the time for her to hold her peace, as did Job's three friends, who, hearing of his sore trials, made an appointment together to come to mourn with him and to comfort him. But when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voices, and wept; and they sent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven. So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great.

And Job's wife should have done thus much, at least. If she could say nothing to assuage his grief, she could have said nothing to aggravate it. But she speaks, and her counsel was the very worst that could have been given. 'Curse God, and die.' 'Blaspheme your Maker, and take your life.' Here were mingled unbelief and rebellion. She seems to have been utterly destitute of faith, and to have had a heart at enmity against God. What would Job have gained had he followed her advice? How would he have been better off had he cursed his Maker? At the best, it would only have been to have kicked against the pricks. And how would he have been better off had he cut short his life? He might thus have escaped his present troubles, but he would have plunged into other and deeper. To use a familiar expression, it would have been to have 'jumped from the frying-pan into the fire.' 'No murderer hath eternal life dwelling in him.' Suicide is not the portal to heaven. The person that in his senses takes his life, opens for himself the door to endless perdition.

The answer of Job to his wife showed that he had the root of the matter in him. It showed that he was indeed the perfect and upright man, fearing God and eschewing evil, that God said that he was. He said unto her, 'Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' He showed that he was a man of faith, and of godly sincerity. No, not for a thousand worlds would he curse his Maker. Not for a thousand worlds would he die by his own hand. True, when his troubles thickened around him, he was led to curse the day of his birth; but he still retained his integrity, and in the darkest night of his sorrows his faith held out, and we hear him saying, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'—*H. S.*

A Daily Portion.

AUGUST 7.

'WHOSOEVER TRANSGRESSETH, AND ABIDETH NOT IN THE DOCTRINE OF CHRIST, HATH NOT GOD.'—2 John 9.

In all this there is no breach of charity, and no want of true love, for we are to love the truth more than we are the persons of men. To the man himself we should be ever ready to do good. Him we should never injure in any way, in his person, property, or feelings. We should never attempt to deprive him of the right of cherishing his own opinions, and of spreading them in his own way, answerable, not to us, but to God. We should impose no pains or penalties on him for the opinions which he holds. But we should do nothing to give him increased power to propagate them, and should never place ourselves by any alliance of friendship, family, or business, in such a position that we shall not be perfectly free to maintain our own sentiments, and to oppose what we deem to be error, whoever may advocate it.—*A. Barnes.*

AUGUST 8.

'KNOWING THEREFORE THE TERROR OF THE LORD, WE PERSUADE MEN.'—2 Cor. v. 11.

As the expression 'fear of the Lord' is so uniformly used to express that reverence and submission which are due only to God, it is clear from this and analogous passages that Christ was to the Apostles the object of the religious affections, and that they felt themselves to be responsible to Him for their moral character and conduct. The evidence of the divinity of the Lord is thus seen to pervade the New Testament, and is not confined to a few isolated passages. Influenced, says the Apostle, by the fear of the Lord, I persuade men.—*C. Hodge.*

AUGUST 9.

'THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH US.'—2 Cor. v. 14.

The love of Christ here means Christ's love for us, not the love of which He is the object. This is obvious, because the Apostle goes on to illustrate the greatness of Christ's love to us, and not of our love to Him. 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' It coerces, or presses, and therefore impels. It is the governing influence which controls the life. This is a trait of Paul's experience as a Christian, and is, therefore, common to all Christians. It is not benevolence which makes a man a Christian, for then all philanthropists would be Christians. Nor is it mere piety, in the sense of reverence for God, which makes a man a

Christian, for then all devout Mussulmans and Jews would be Christians. Morality does not make us religious, but religion makes us moral. In like manner, benevolence and piety (in the wide sense) do not make men Christians, but Christianity makes them benevolent and devout.—*C. Hodge.*

AUGUST 10.

'EVERY SPIRIT THAT CONFESSETH THAT JESUS CHRIST IS COME IN THE FLESH IS OF GOD.'—1 John iv. 2.

A Christian is one who recognises Jesus as the Christ, the Son of the living God, as God manifested in the flesh, loving us, and dying for our redemption; and who is so affected by a sense of the love of this incarnate God as to be constrained to make the will of Christ the rule of his obedience, and the glory of Christ the great end for which he lives. The man who does this perfectly, is a perfect Christian. The man who does it imperfectly, yet with the sincere desire to be entirely devoted to Christ, is a sincere Christian. On the other hand, the man who lives supremely for himself, for his family, for science, for the world, for mankind, whatever else he may be, is not a Christian. Whosoever loveth father or mother, son or daughter, more than Me, saith our Lord, is not worthy of Me. He that hateth not his own life cannot be My disciple.—*C. Hodge.*

AUGUST 11.

'THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH US; BECAUSE WE THUS JUDGE, THAT IF ONE DIED FOR ALL, THEN WERE ALL DEAD.'—2 Cor. v. 14.

This clause assigns the reason why the love of Christ exerted the constraining power referred to. It was because the Apostle judged that the death of Christ for His people not only placed them under the strongest obligation to devote themselves to His service, but it secured this devotion. They died in Him. That is, 'I live for Christ, because when I became a Christian I regarded His dying for me as involving the obligation and necessity of my living for Him.' This was the aspect under which he embraced Christianity; the judgment which he formed of it from the beginning.—*C. Hodge.*

AUGUST 12.

'THEY TRULY WERE MANY PRIESTS, BECAUSE THEY WERE NOT SUFFERED TO CONTINUE BY REASON OF DEATH: BUT THIS MAN, BECAUSE HE CONTINUETH EVER, HATH AN UNCHANGEABLE PRIESTHOOD.'—Heb. vii. 23, 24.

The contrast presented, especially in the Epistle to the Hebrews, between the priest and sacrifices of the old economy on the one hand, and the High Priest and sacrifice of the gospel on the other, is, that those were many, these are one. The ancient priests could not continue by reason of death. Our High Priest, being a divine person, and therefore possessed of an endless life, ever lives to save. The sacrifices of the law were daily repeated, because it was impossible that they should take away sin; Christ by the offering up of Himself hath forever perfected them that are sanctified. His blood cleanses from all sin. The Apostle here presents Him as the one priest and the one sacrifice.—*C. Hodge.*

AUGUST 13.

'WHOSOEVER SHALL CONFESS THAT JESUS IS THE SON OF GOD, GOD DWELLETH IN HIM, AND HE IN GOD.'—1 John iv. 15.

The great question is, What constitutes a Christian? It is being so constrained by a sense of the love of our divine Lord to us, that we consecrate our lives to Him. Hence faith in His divinity, faith in His love, faith in His having died for us, is the principle or source of the Christian life. And this is the only form in which true religion can now exist. That is, the only true religion now possible is the worship, love, and service of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is impossible for a man to turn his back on Christ and worship the God of nature or the God of the Jews. Should a man reveal himself to us first as an acquaintance, then as a friend, and then as a father, filial reverence and devotion would be the only form in which sincere and true regard for him could exist. To deny him as father, would be to reject him as a friend and acquaintance. Since, therefore, the same God who revealed Himself first in nature, and then as the Jehovah of the Hebrews, has revealed Himself in the flesh, loving us, and dying for our redemption, to deny Him in this the clearest revelation of His being and perfection, is to deny Him altogether.—*C. Hodge.*

AUGUST 14.

'WE THUS JUDGE, THAT IF ONE DIED FOR ALL, THEN WERE ALL DEAD.'—2 Cor. v. 14.

The Scriptures teach that the relation between Christ and His people is analogous to that between Adam and his posterity. The apostasy of Adam was the apostasy of all united to him; the work of Christ was the work of all united to Him. In the one all died; in the other all are made alive. As the sin of Adam was legally and effectively the sin of his race, so the death of Christ was legally and effectively the death of His people. This doctrine underlies the whole scheme of redemption. It is, so to speak, the generic idea of the Epistle to the Romans. The Apostle shows that man, ruined by the sin of Adam, is restored by the work of Christ. His people are so united to Him that His death is their death, and His life is their life. 'If we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him.' Hence believers are said to be crucified with Christ, to rise with Him, to reign with Him. The simple meaning of the words, 'If one died for all, then all died,' therefore is, that Christ's death was the death of His people.—*C. Hodge.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

IV. THE COUNTRY OF EVIL-FRUITS.

SILVER MINES—PROCESS OF PURIFYING THE ORE—TREE OF KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL—ITS HISTORY—FARM OF STONEYFIELD—INTERVIEW WITH THE FARMER—FRUITS OF THE COUNTRY—CITY OF CARNAL DESIRE—A PAWNSHOP—DRUNKENNESS AND VICE—ST AUGUSTINE—COLONEL GARDINER.

FTER passing the cottage of the poor widow, with her never-exhausted meal-bin, the traveller comes to extensive silver mines. These lie exactly on the confines of the territories of Immanuel and Belial, and from them is drawn the ore which, when up to the proper standard, is coined in the royal mint. Mr Diligent had told me that the process of melting and refining the ore was an interesting one, and that I should stay and examine it in passing, which accordingly I did, and found it to be instructive as well as interesting. The native ore is first of all crushed by a heavy hammer, such as those that were used to break the boulders in the Province I was leaving. When this hammer, called 'The Word,' has done its work, the crushed ore is exposed to great heat in a crucible placed over a furnace. This is to melt the ore, so that the silver may be separated from its baser alloy of lead. This furnace of fiery trial fuses the whole metal, lead and silver together, yet it has not of itself power to separate the one from the other. The foreman who took me round showed me the molten mass, and told me that, after all the crushing and the fusing, Immanuel's silver was still mixed in that vessel with Belial's dross.

'That which cannot be done,' he said, 'by the Word alone, which is heard by the wicked as well as the righteous, and even at times bruises and breaks both, nor yet by the trials of Providence, which often render the finally impenitent soft and impressible for a time, as well as those who are truly penitent, is effected by another agent. Do you see these large bellows which are fitted up here, and worked by an unseen agency? Well, from these a strong current of wind is caused to pass over the surface of the molten lead, and as it does so it oxidises the lead, forming it into a scum, and blowing it to the side, where it is absorbed by the porous cupel or crucible. This process being constantly repeated, and the current of air acting on the melted ore hour after hour, and, if need be, day after day, at last removes all the lead in the form of scum or refuse, leaving pure silver alone at the bottom of the cupel.'

Q. How do you know when the silver is perfectly pure?

A. Immanuel, when He set up these works, told us that it was pure whenever it was sufficiently bright to reflect His image, as He looked down into it, as clearly as if it had been thrown upon a spotless mirror. Now that He has gone from us for a season, He often looks down upon our work from above, and when we see His image reflected in the metal like the sun at noon, then we know that the processes of grace are perfected, and we send the bullion to the mint, where it receives Immanuel's image and superscription, a token that it is for ever His, always to be used in His service. It is then fit either for His kingdom below or His kingdom above.

Q. What becomes of the lead dross that you told me adhered to the sides of the cupel?

A. It is removed by the workmen, and thrown on to that great mound of dross, which, though close to our works, is really within the march of Diabolus.

Q. Is there always silver in the ore which you take from the mine and place in the crucible?

A. We are generally rewarded by some

silver, but not invariably. Sometimes, alas! the whole mass is lead and copper, and iron dross. In one of the oldest records of these works, under one of the early masters of the mint, we have found this entry: 'They are all grievous revolters, walking with slanders: they are brass and iron; they are all corrupters. The bellows are burned, the lead is consumed of the fire: the founder melteth in vain: for the wicked are not plucked away. Reprobate silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them.'*

Q. What is this powerful current of wind which thus mysteriously but effectually separates the bullion from the dross?

A. That is the Holy Spirit, who is the wind blowing where He listeth, and we hear the sound thereof. He is able to renew and to sanctify, and can thus effect what is not fully wrought either by the ministry of the Word or the trials of life. Indeed, as you have seen, without His agency, these others would have been wholly incapable of accomplishing the Master's design.

Q. But if you cannot command His operations when you will, does this not greatly interfere with your work?

A. Quite the contrary. Our whole success depends upon His working with us, but He is far more anxious that the gracious work should be carried through, than even any of His best servants. Besides, although we cannot command His influence by our own power, we can secure it by another method whenever we need it—viz., by praying to our Father which is in heaven, the great El-Shaddai, to vouchsafe to send Him to us.

Q. But how can you be sure that He will grant your request?

A. Because He has told us by His Son's lips. Are you a father? 'Yes.' Well, then, you will be able the more fully to appreciate the promise He has given us, which is in these words, 'If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? . . . If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.'†

Thanking my guide for his explanations, I left the works, but paused outside the gate to survey the great heap of refuse. It was a sad but an instructive sight; and as I walked on I was ever and again turning back to that mound of ashes, and reading over again in memory the Notice-board in large letters beside it, 'Reprobate silver do men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them.'

The road now stretched away over a flat country towards a skeleton fig-tree, which was my landmark. My conductor through the silver works told me that this tree had been a very large and umbrageous fig-tree, as even its bare trunk and branches testified, and had withered in a single night. Immanuel, shortly before His cruel betrayal and execution, faint and hungry, came up to it, desiring to find figs, and finding nothing but leaves, He cursed it, saying, 'No man eat fruit of thee hence-forward for ever, and presently the fig-tree withered away.'‡

But what strikes the traveller as he enters this territory is, that instead of finding it a desert, as he might perhaps expect, the distant and the near landscape are alike clothed with luxuriant vegetation. There are, indeed, some tracts of a very bare character, mere sandy wastes, but, generally speaking, the eye surveys a stretch of country clothed in green. Nor are the fields and gardens and forests wanting in fruit, and their fruit is fair enough to look upon. Here grows on every hand the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil laden with apples. In early times this country belonged to El-Shaddai, who planted here a garden, and placed Man, whom He had created, within it, to dress it and to keep it. In this garden He suffered to grow a single specimen of this hateful tree, to be a test of man's obedience. He put a fence about it, and told our first parents that in the day they ate of it they should surely die. One day the woman chanced to be alone in the garden when a serpent came up to her with many a graceful coil, and thus began to address her with crafty tongue—

> 'Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
> I was at first as other beasts that graze
> The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
> As was my food, and apprehended nothing high:
> Till, on a day roving the field, I chanced
> A goodly tree far distant to behold,
> Laden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
> Ruddy and gold.'

The eloquent serpent, who, you must know, was none other than Diabolus, who had transformed himself thus, then led her to the tree whose virtues he had been extolling. Eve recognised it at once as the tree of the forbidden fruit, and refused to eat of it, telling her guide of the Divine prohibition. To her words he replied—

> 'Queen of this universe! do not believe
> Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:
> How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
> To knowledge; by the Threatener? look on me,
> Me, who have touch'd and tasted; yet both live,
> And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
> Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.'§

Thus overtalked and overwiled by the tempter, seeing that the tree was said to be good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of its fruit, and did eat; and she bore some of it to her husband, and he ate of it also. Thus they fell from innocence, from happiness, and from fellowship with God. Paradise was lost. The garden became a waste; the Tree of Life was hid; for, lest Adam and Eve should trace it out, and eat of its fruit, and so live for ever, El-Shaddai

* Jer. vi. 28–30. † Luke xi. 11-13.

‡ Matt. xxi. 19, 20.

§ Milton's Paradise Lost, Book ix.

placed cherubim with a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keep the way of the Tree of Life.* And after a long time He came and transplanted it to that other garden where I had seen it growing in the Country of Fruitfulness, and where, as I have told you, multitudes are even now flocking to it from all lands.

To this day the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil grows everywhere throughout this country. Some of the inhabitants cultivate it in their gardens, but it also grows abundantly by the road-sides, and its fair but fatal fruit allures the eye and excites the appetite of every passenger who does not exercise the strictest self-control. The effect of eating it is, that it acts as a slow poison to the body, while it causes death to the immortal spirit the moment it is tasted. It is no wonder, then, that all the provinces of this country are exceedingly unhealthy. The majority of the population die before middle-life. The traveller will observe white plumes upon the hearses at many of the funerals, and the ages of the tenants of the tombs recorded upon the headstones in the cemeteries tell the same tale.

Here certainly I saw strange sights, and such as can never be erased from the tablet of memory. Turning first to some of the wheat-fields by the road-side, where, judging by a stray ear that here and there had come to maturity, some servant of Immanuel had sown good seed, I saw that much of it had fallen upon a rocky soil and among stony hearts. These never having been blasted, nor broken by the hammer of the Word, there was no depth of earth for the seed to root in, and so, when it sprung up, the poor, sickly plant had been scorched by the heat, and because it had no root in itself it withered away. In another portion of this field the soil seemed deeper, but, alas! it was fertile in thorns and thistles, which choked the seed, so that it also brought forth no fruit. Turning up my guide-book, which I had bought in a bookseller's over the border, I found that these thorns are named Cares-of-the-world, Lusts-of-other-things, and Deceitfulness-of-riches, and I read there that no good crop can be produced where these weeds are allowed to flourish.†

Looking into the farmyard to which this field adjoined, I went up to it, hoping that perchance the tenant might have a better crop from some other portions of his farm. The farmer (whose name, I observed on his carts, was Mr Worldly, of Stoneyfield) had got a good deal of his crop into the yard, and was busy superintending the process of stacking and storing. His face wore an anxious expression, as he went from one stack to another, and gazed at the empty ears, one of which he occasionally took and rubbed in his hands, and then threw the bruised husk on the ground. I made bold to ask him what sort of return he expected. He looked at me doubtfully, and then said, 'If you had asked me that question last night I would have given you a hopeful answer, but to-day I hardly know what reply to make.'

Q. What has made you change your opinion of the quality of your crop?

A. Well (said he), you may think it superstitious, but I awoke with a start before daylight this morning, and looking up I saw a figure robed in light, which shed its radiance through my room, and in His arm He carried a sharp sickle and a winnower's fan. His aspect was severe yet sorrowful, and He went out into the field next my house, which I thought my best crop, and cut a large sheaf. I followed Him with fear while He bore it to my threshing-floor, and threshed the head from the straw. He then further threshed out the husk, and, taking His fan, began to winnow the heap, and the more He fanned, more and more of it was carried into the air, and whirled away out of my sight in unending eddies by the wind caused by His fan, until all that was left was a handful of pickles of grain, blasted and black, and good for nothing. I looked at my strange visitor in dismay, and inquired who He was. To which He replied that He was the Lord of the Harvest, that up till this time my works had been chaff and husk, and that if, when He returned at the time appointed by His Father for reaping and winnowing the World's great harvest, they should still be the same, then I too would be cast out as chaff along with my works, and swept by the blast of judgment into the blackness of darkness forever. But, He added, I have given thee space to repent and to do other works, and if thou sowest to thyself in righteousness thou wilt reap in mercy; for, be assured, that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.‡ My sisters, who live with me, have tried to persuade me that the whole is a dream, but I am convinced it was no dream. Indeed, I should be sorry if it had been a dream, for my examination of the fruits of my labour this forenoon has assured me that the verdict of this Lord of the Harvest is simple truth. Even tried by my own rough test,§ I have, in examining my fruits all this morning, found no good wheat, nothing but chaff and mildewed grains; and His verdict is always ringing in my ears, 'Chaff, fit only for the fire.' But when I am driven almost distracted by this refrain, I am kept from utter despair by another sentence which chimes upon me like a silver bell, and which was His parting word, and it is this, 'He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.' So I earnestly hope that these sweet words are not the airy fancy of a dream.

Q. Who do you deem your visitor to have been?

A. I can only suppose Him to have been Immanuel. Indeed, by His bearing, as well as by His name, He can be no other.

In this I agreed with him. We talked for

* Gen. iii. 5, 24. † Matt. xiii. 18–23.

‡ Hos. x. 12; Gal. vi. 7, 8. § Test of conscience.

a time of the grace and mercy of this Lord of the Harvest. As we parted he said he was glad we had met, but he was not sorry to be left alone again, as he desired a little time for further reflection, and to devote himself deliberately to Immanuel's service. Just before I left him, after he had been sitting in silence for some minutes with his face buried in his hands, he looked up to heaven, and addressing an invisible person whom he seemed to behold, he said—

'I thought upon my former ways,
And did my life well try;
And to Thy testimonies pure
My feet now turn will I.
I will not stay, nor linger long,
As those that slothful are;
But hastily Thy laws to keep
Myself I will prepare.'*

Leaving Stoneyfield, I asked the first person I met on the road if there were any vineyards in this country, such as those I had just been visiting across the border. He said, certainly there were, and that they would compete with the vineyards of any land, both in extent and in the abundant produce which they yielded. Seeing I looked a little incredulous, he said he could assure me it was so; that the fruit was of various kinds, and sweet to the taste, although, he said, he should except those whose palates had been vitiated by eating the grapes that grew in Immanuel's Land. On being asked what kinds of grapes were produced here, he replied, 'Oh, all kinds of the pleasures of sin.' Until our roads diverged, we talked for a little of the comparative merits of the fruits of the flesh and the fruits of the Spirit, but we found that we did not agree in our estimates of these respective fruits, and we parted after a little without coming any nearer to each other's mind. After he left I took out my guide-book, and, examining it, found a long list of the various kinds of grapes and other fruits of this land, with quite different names from those he had given them. The list, as given in the guide-book, is as follows:—'Fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like, of the which (the writer said) I forewarn you, that they which practise such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.'†

Reaching a large town, I determined to lodge here over the night in one of the Hotels. The town was the capital of the Province, and was called Carnal-Desire. In it there were streets and squares of lordly mansions, and poverty-stricken lanes and squalid courts. In the early evening the shops were still full of customers, and the market was crowded, and one of Immanuel's servants was addressing the throng of men and women who were flocking into it. His words were: 'Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.'‡ A few stopped and came up to speak to the preacher, after his earnest address was finished, but the vast majority laughed, and passed lightly on their way. In the stalls of the handsome market-place were grapes of Sodom, and clusters from the vine of Gomorrha; also grapes of gall, and wormwood berries; there were the fruits of things whereof Immanuel's people are ashamed, and corrupt fruits which grew upon corrupt trees. Turning away my eyes from viewing the vanities of the market, I introduced myself to the preacher just as he was leaving his stance, and we walked together to his hotel, where I took my quarters also for the sake of having his company. The gin-palaces were flaring with gas, and crowded with customers, many of whom, to judge by their appearance, had lost any wealth they might ever have had, as well as health, by indulging in strong drink. Clothed in rags, with bleared eyes and bloated features, not a few seemed just about to stagger into a drunkard's grave. Others, pale and haggard, had hardly recovered from the tremors and horrors of their last carouse, yet were hurrying back to seek again the poison-cup that was ruining them in soul and body.

One of the saddest sights was a pawnshop, whose golden balls hung conspicuous hard by one of the largest of these publicans' halls. Here a husband was bartering the coverlet of his wife's bed, and his child, who was following him crying, and trying to tear the blanket from the broker's hands, told us that her mother was very ill, and the doctor thought she was dying, and that cold and hunger were killing her. Turning in horror from this inhuman monster in man's form, we saw a wretched, half-tipsy woman selling a good dress and shawl which some kind lady had evidently given her, while her own rags did not suffice decently to cover her emaciated frame, or to hide the scars which she had received in drunken brawls. A young man rushed up to the counter, looking somewhat ashamed of himself, and quickly deposited a handsome watch and chain, and with trembling fingers swept the loan he received on it into his purse. Asking leave to inspect it, we saw it had been presented to him several years before in the Country of Safety, by friends in recognition of his self-denying efforts in some work for the good of his fellow-men. Alas! how sad that he himself should now have fallen into the snare of the destroyer! So we saw that if grace has her converts, vice has her perverts, and that Diabolus has servants as active in seeking to deprave and destroy, as Immanuel's servants are in seeking to save and renew.

Turning from the door of the pawnshop, we saw a mother selling a lovely child to a band of strolling mountebanks, and no sooner was the cursed silver in her hand than she

* Ps. cxix. 59, 60. † Gal. v. 19-21. ‡ Is. lv. 2.

plunged into the nearest public-house, where the oaths of the wild revellers would drown at least for a little the pitiable sobs and cries of her little one. Such scenes made one sick at heart, and we turned gladly out of that miserable street. Still, vice in one form or another met us at every turn. From many a group rose ribald laughter, while horrible oaths and obscene language filled the ear. Here was to be met the foolish woman, gaudy and clamorous, who accosted passengers who went right on their ways, saying, 'Whoso is simple let him turn in hither:' and as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him, 'Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.' But those who were allured within her walls of dissipation and debauchery, knew not that though her lips drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil; yet her feet go down to death, and her steps take hold on hell, that none that go unto her return again, neither do they take hold on the paths of life. With all her professions of love there is treachery in her bosom, and blood on her hands, for she hath cast down many wounded, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.*

As we walked towards the Hotel, the preacher told me of cases which had come under his own observation of persons who had jeopardised and lost their all in this life, and in too many cases, it was to be feared also, in the life to come, through giving themselves over to one or other of the two grim vices which ruled over this populous city of Carnal Desire. He told me of families, every member of which—father, mother, sons, and daughters—he had followed to the tomb, to which they had hurried themselves before the time, through mad indulgence in strong drink; of a brother whom he had found lying dead drunk on the bed on which the coffin of his yet unburied sister was laid; of a grave-digger falling down into the open grave into which a coffin had just been lowered; and many other sights, which made my blood run cold as I listened to his gruesome narrative. Even that very day a lady of position and wealth had driven up along with a friend to the door, and requested him to come and converse with her. She told him that she had become a slave of strong drink, and desired to know whether he could assist her to break its shackles. She seemed anxious and earnest; so earnest, that though rain was pouring in torrents at the time, and the carriage was an open one, she continued to converse with him for half-an-hour, refusing to come under shelter, or to postpone the conversation; but yet so abandoned to the use of intoxicants, that at last she said to him, 'Mr ——, if you were to offer me the salvation of my soul in one hand, and a glass of spirits in the other, I would choose the glass of spirits.'†

In the evening, as we conversed together, my companion gave me many instances of persons who had been dwellers in this city or its dependent province, but who had forsaken it, and become distinguished in the roll of Immanuel's servants.

He told me of one who afterwards became a renowned ambassador of Immanuel, who in ancient times had been a ringleader in evil in this city. He was not born here, but was brought up by his mother in Immanuel's Land, who so imbued him with a reverence for that Prince, that when he had learned to read, he used to dislike any book in which His name did not occur. However, when he grew older, he emigrated to this unhappy land, and liked its Prince, its people, and its laws, if such they could be called. A friend of his was seized with fever, and when very ill called upon Immanuel. This dissipated youth laughed at his alarm, and tried by mocking to draw him back to Belial's service. His friend told him he must never again speak to him on this subject, as he was determined to follow Christ. A relapse of the fever carried him off, leaving his friend inconsolable for his loss, though not, alas! attracted to his Saviour. He continued to pursue vicious courses, while yet seeking for wisdom, and at last became convinced that if he was to find true wisdom, he must find some influence that could free him from the power as well as from the penalty of his sin. He found this influence at last in Divine Grace, and yielded himself heartily to its sway, and thereafter became one of Immanuel's most distinguished servants and statesmen, and used all his talents, which were of very high order, during the latter portion of his life, in commending to others the grace of Immanuel, which he had found so efficacious in his own heart.

Q. Was Immanuel quite willing to receive one who had so long outraged His laws, and who offered to become His servant only after years of indulgence in sin?

A. Yes. He had said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'‡ His experience is thus recorded—

'I lov'd Thee late, though early well I knew,
From saintly mother, what to Thee was due;
And such a mother, following her child
From home to cities, where in riot wild
I liv'd, and sometimes prayed without a vow,
"Lord, give me purity, but give not now."

'I lov'd Thee late, Lord, after shameful years
Of strife, wag'd hard between desires and fears,
Thy word now check'd me; now my will give rein
To lusts that drew me deep in vice again.
O Patience wonderful, Thou didst not hate
The lingering heart of him who lov'd Thee late.'§

Another resident in this city, who in his day was a well-known leader in profligacy in the town, of whom my friend told me, was a Colonel in the army. The son also of a pious mother, he gave himself up to practise all uncleanness with greediness, being yet so

* Prov. ii. 19; v. 3, 5; ix. 16–18.
† These incidents are substantially authentic.
‡ John vii. 37.
§ St Augustine.

far from finding true happiness in his sinful course of life, that on one occasion when some of his dissolute companions were congratulating him on his varied good fortune, seeing a dog stray into the room at that moment, his conscience was so ill at ease that he could not forbear groaning inwardly, and saying, 'Oh that I were that dog!' He never embraced the sceptical opinions of many of his friends, but believed in the being and holiness of God, whose law, however, he cast utterly behind his back. He had many remarkable providential deliverances: once, on the field of battle, a bullet going through his mouth and passing out at the back of his neck; on another occasion, by the fall of his horse (he was one of the most perfect equestrians of his day); and again, in a hurricane at sea, when the captain telling him to begin to pray now if he ever intended to do it at all, he cried for deliverance to the God whom he had despised, and was heard. Yet all these escapes made no lasting impression upon him, and in the year 1719, when thirty-seven years of age, he was as dissolute as ever. Then it was that while waiting for the hour of midnight to carry out some black deed which he had arranged, he took up, to while away the time, a small book that was lying in his room, called 'The Christian Soldier; or, Heaven Taken by Storm,' and which his pious mother had probably placed in his baggage. As he read, an unusual blaze of light fell on the page. Thinking some accident had happened to the candle, he looked up, and saw before him a representation of the Lord Jesus surrounded with glory, and was impressed as if a voice addressed him to this effect, 'O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?'

He sank down insensible through astonishment and awe, and when he awoke was filled with agony of heart under the sense of the greatness of his sins, by which he had crucified Immanuel, and of the majesty and patience of his offended God. After three months of great distress, during which he abhorred himself as the vilest monster in creation, and thought he must certainly perish, hope began to dawn by degrees into his mind, until the burden of his sin was removed by that Scripture concerning Immanuel, 'Him God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins, that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.'* The terrors of his former state were now changed into unutterable joy, which kept him waking for three nights together without any sense of fatigue. The following verses he delighted in, as exactly expressing his condition:—

'When God reveal'd His gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

'The world beheld the glorious change,
And did Thine hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

'"Great is the work," my neighbours cried,
And own'd the power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory Thine."'†

He spoke also of other residents in this city who became afterwards honoured servants of Immanuel, and in listening to such histories the time stole away till we had to retire to rest. I asked if these were exceptional cases or if many natives of this country had thus relinquished Diabolus' service.

He replied, 'Great numbers, blessed be God! In Immanuel's Provinces, which you have already visited, and in His other dominions are very many who once dwelt here, living on swine's husks, wallowing in corruption, and for dainties, feasting on the abominable and poisonous fruits that grow in this unhappy land, "but they are washed, but they are justified, but they are sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."‡ While in the Celestial Country is a countless multitude who once lived here, but have now washed their robes and keep His commandments, and instead of feasting on the Tree with the Forbidden Fruit, they have right to the Tree of Life, and enter through the gates into the city.'§

(*To be continued.*)

* Rom. iii. 25, 26.

† Passages from the Life of Col. James Gardiner. By Philip Doddridge, D.D. (Tract Society).

‡ 1 Cor. i. 11. § Rev. xxii. 14.

RELIGION AT WATERING-PLACES.

Of all places in the world, these places make a demand upon Christians to be true to themselves and their profession. If you are a good worker for God in the Church where you have your home, be the same in the *mission* field which you occupy during the summer. You cannot leave your character, profession, and influence at home. These influences surround you and fill the air. Others take knowledge of you that you honour or dishonour Him whose name you wear. It is my happiness to have friends who are, if possible, more useful in the summer than in the winter. Relieved from the cares of business, if they are men, from home duties, if they are women, they spend much time in doing good where they are resting and recruiting. They set a good example in the house where they sojourn; they encourage the minister whose service they attend; they impart fresh vigour to the religious circle in which they move; they give, and do, and pray. And just the best work a working Christian can do is to be a living, active, consistent, cheerful Christian among the people at a watering-place or among the mountains in his summer vacation.—*Irenæus Prime, D.D.*

THE FIRST TIME.

BY M. H. ROWLAND.

I HAD just counted out three florins for the washerwoman, and laid them on the table, when the bell rang. On opening the door, I found a telegraph messenger. He was a handsome, wide-awake boy, but his face was blue with cold, and I bade him come in and warm himself. He took a seat by the fire, and, as I glanced at the message, his bright eyes travelled round the room. After reading the message, I said, 'There is no answer, and, if you are warm, you can go.'

He half rose to go, paused, and said, 'Please, ma'am, could you give me a drink of water?'

I said, 'Certainly,' and stepped into the dining-room for a glass of water. When I gave it to him he drank a very little, seized his hat, and seemed in a great hurry to go. The great hurry was explained when I came to the room. I noticed that a newspaper had been thrown over my three florins, and, on lifting it, behold! one florin was gone. I stood quite still with surprise. Could it be possible that my bright-eyed boy was a thief? He must be—for no one else had entered the room. Then it flashed across me that the request for water was simply a plan to get me out of the room, so that he could rob me. Could so young a boy be so crafty? Surely this was warming a viper. Now I understood why he flew down the steps in such haste.

I sat down to think a little. Was it worth a mile of bitter cold riding to the telegraph office to get back the florin? I was busy, and expected company to tea. No, the florin must go, and I would leave no more money on the table, and ask no more boys to warm themselves. *I* had learned something, but how about the bright-eyed boy? He was somebody's son, already out in the big world earning his living. He would be a man some day, and, having stolen a florin without meeting punishment, he might steal again, and end with the penitentiary.

I put on my hat and rode down to the office. There was no one in but the operator. The messenger-boy had gone out.

'You sent your boy to my house this afternoon,' I said.

The man looked up, inquired my number, and said, 'Yes, I did.'

'What is his name?' I asked.

'Harry Carter.'

'Did you ever know of his stealing?'

'Oh, no, ma'am, never.'

'Well,' I said, 'Harry Carter stole from me this afternoon, I'm sorry to say.'

'Indeed, ma'am; are you sure?'

'Perfectly sure.'

Then I told him what had happened, and he looked very grave. Then I said, 'It is a great pity to let such a thing go unnoticed, and when Harry comes back, I wish you would tell him how wrong it is to steal. I came here to do it myself.'

The man looked uncomfortable. 'I wish, ma'am, you could do it; for I am a poor person to talk.'

It was growing colder and darker; the supper and the company came into my mind. Should I wait for Harry? Was it worth the bother? Was it worth the bother to say a few words that might do good and might not? Was it worth the *bother* to try and change this boy's whole life, perhaps?

I concluded to wait; so the operator placed a chair by the fire, and went back to his work. The room was a dreary one, and there was nothing to look at but some railroad maps on the wall. My thoughts were grave, my feet were cold, and my supper waited at home. Twenty minutes passed, and no sound was heard save the click of the instrument and the tramp of the passers-by. Thirty—forty minutes slipped away, and my feet seemed turning to stone. *Was* it worth the bother? Surely, whoever goes out into the world to seek 'lost sheep' must have patience and perseverance.

At last, when an hour had passed, a quick step was heard, and Harry Carter came in with bright eyes and red cheeks. He went straight to the operator without noticing me. I heard the man say gravely—

'Harry, there is a lady by the fire who wants to see you.'

'To see me! Who can it be?'

Then he walked over to me, and when he caught my eye I *knew* he was the thief. The red blood rushed over his brow, and his face was the picture of guilt. I felt sorry for him—very sorry, but I said in a low voice—

'Harry, I want the florin you took off my table.'

'I didn't take it,' he said earnestly, 'I didn't take it;' but he added hurriedly, 'I'll give you one.'

'But you need not give me one if you did not take mine,' I said. 'Don't tell any more stories, Harry—you know you took it.'

He was afraid his employer would hear what was said, and, without another word, he pulled out the florin and gave it to me.

There were people coming and going, and my time was short; but I gave him a most earnest little talk, and begged him never to steal again. I shall try to do something more for Harry Carter. What his life will be I do not know, but I hope that if he stole from me for the first time, it may also be the last time.

I hope the boys who may read this story will not be like Harry Carter. I hope you will have no 'first time' to steal. If you steal, you will be apt to lie to conceal it. Stealing and lying generally go together. If you are in school, do not steal the examples from your desk-mate's slate, and try to pass

them off for your own. You will cheat yourself worse than you cheat the teacher. Some day you will need the knowledge which you are not gaining now. Do not get the boy beside you to tell you how to spell, so that you can steal his spelling, and pass that off for your own. I knew a boy who once copied a composition out of a book, and handed it to the teacher as his own. The teacher read it, then wrote on it, 'Stolen,' and gave it back to him.

If you go into a store or an office, be honest about everything that belongs to other people. If you want a thing, ask for it; but if you fail to get it, you can better go without it than go without a good name.

If your time belongs to your employer, do not steal his time and waste it. Every one likes a boy who can be trusted. People say, 'Honesty is the best policy,' and this means that honesty will always be best in the end; but it would be better perhaps to say, 'Honesty pleases God;' think always that God sees you, and you will not want to steal.

I remember hearing of a bad man who went out with his little son to steal. He looked on every side to see if any one was watching him. The boy said, 'Father, you did not look up where God is.' And when the father heard that, he was afraid to steal.

FAILURE.—Be not disheartened if much of your sowing in other hearts should seem to fail. Make sure that you sow the 'good seed.' Pray for the Spirit to prepare the soil; and trust God to give the increase. In some hearts the truth will take deep and abiding root. God will find ways to plough the fallow ground and break the hard rock, and to uproot the cares and selfish desires that hinder spiritual life. There will be some in whom the fruit will be thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold.

The Charmed Flower.

When by an Irish peasant's hearth
A little one pines away,
With sunken eyes and fading cheeks:
In a mournful, sure decay,

Yet with a hunger that nought can appease,
Craves food from morn till night,
While weaker, still weaker, the wasted form,
And quenched the eyes' glad light.

The wise women, skilled in mystic lore,
Shake their heads, and sadly say,
'The lamb on hungry grass has trod,
And will die with the year's last day,

'Unless the charmèd flower is found,
Which alone can cure such pining;
That flower, which blooming for one brief hour,
Must be plucked when the moon is shining.'

Then the parents an anxious search begin
For the wondrous floweret bright;
They cross the moors, and they climb the hills,
But *that* flower ne'er glads their sight.

And the child, all weary, by their side,
Puts forth its eager hand,
But only the worthless weeds it grasps—
In vain they search the land.

Till at last, worn out with the toilsome way,
Dying, the child sinks down,
Whiles fades the light of the year's last eve
O'er the dreary moorland brown.

. . . . . .

There are souls consumed with a hunger vain
Through this darksome world that pass,
Who, perchance, when straying in other fields
Have trod on the hungry grass.

And all their life is a long, long search
For the charmèd flower of their dreams;
But nowhere, nowhere upon the earth
That mystical floweret gleams.

Oh, vain the seeking! but leaves we bring,
And blossoms whose radiant glow
Has lured our eyes, but when scarcely culled,
As baleful herbs we know.

But the starving soul with the year won't die,
Though it sink down faint and weary,
Dark skies above it, wild wastes around;
It will pine through long years dreary.

They say that the grave can such pining cure,
In its silent, dreamless sleep;
But not for the rest of death we pant,
'Tis for *life*, more full and deep.

O soul, that on hungry grass has trod;
'Mid fields of fairer bloom,
It may be that precious flower is found,
In a land beyond the tomb,

Where Sharon's Rose emits its breath,
And the lily of the vale;
And there may the Living Bread be found,
That thy need can never fail.

And there thou mayest thy thirst assuage,
Where the Living Water flows;
And there in shelter sure abide,
Where the True Vine spreads its boughs.

There is surely nought but that Bread of L
Can still the spirit's pain;
When only it drinks from those living strea
It may not thirst again.

And only fruit from the True Vine plucked
Can cure the pining soul,
And only the shelter its branches give,
Relieve the spirit's dole.

But heavy and thick is the air we breathe,
And the scent of heavenly flowers
Comes wafted not on the evening breeze,
From out those distant bowers.

O Flower divine, some fragrance waft;
Bread of Life, some portion send;
O Living Streams, some drops vouchsafe;
True Vine! fruit, shelter lend.

M. Nethercot

ERRORS TO BE AVOIDED BY TEACHERS.

BY THE REV. R. M. PATTERSON, D.D.

THERE are several errors which Sabbath-school teachers, who seek to represent the divine Master, and are influenced by His Spirit, will avoid.

1. They will not consider the conversion of their scholars the ultimate result of their labours. The word *conversion* is, in its common acceptation, made synonymous with regeneration, or, at least, with the first step in the outward Christian life as the immediate effect of regeneration. This was the meaning attached to it by the teacher who thoughtlessly went to her pastor with the statement and question: 'All my class are converted. What shall I do next?'

In its truer and wider significancy conversion extends over the whole Christian life of earth, which should be a perpetual turning from sin. In this sense the question as to whether a person can be converted more than once is not legitimate. True conversion, in the Christian heart and life, goes on unceasingly until perfect holiness is produced by the Spirit at death. But in neither sense of the word should conversion be regarded as the great end of preaching or of Sabbath-school instruction. Not in the first sense, because while it is true that every soul which is really regenerated will persevere in the divine life, so that regeneration, with the first step in conversion, is really the turning point in the destiny, yet, under God, the preservation of that life and persistence in it depend on careful culture, accurate instruction, perpetual watchfulness against temptation, and the active exercise of the Christian habits; so that it may almost be said, from the human point of view, that perseverance in conversion is more difficult than the commencement of it. Nor, in the second and wider sense of the word, should conversion be exalted to this high and ultimate ground. For it suggests rather the negative side of the Christian life—the abandonment of sin. But the positive formation of all the religious virtues should be strenuously aimed after. The decided cultivation of devotional habits, the development and strengthening of the various graces which constitute the rounded Christian character, the promotion of activity in the work of the Church, the production of the liberal spirit—all these should be included as the end of Sabbath-school instruction.

2. Teachers under the influence of the Master will not grow impatient with scholars who are not apt in grasping their instructions, and quick in putting them in practice. How dull of understanding were the disciples of the Master! But how divine was His forbearance while He repeated and enforced His teachings! 'Precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line.'

Take one example of this. As we now read the gospels, the clearest words which fell from the lips of Jesus were those in which He foretold the certainty of His death, and the nature and object of it. Yet, to the very last, so strong were the Jewish prejudices, and so deep was the spiritual ignorance of His Apostles, that they could not and would not understand Him. But how tenderly did Jesus bear with their misconception and their blindness! And pastors will say still that the great difficulty they have in dealing with awakened souls is to make them perceive the relation of the Saviour's death to them, and the freeness of the gospel salvation. This is a part of the very darkness which has to be removed by the Spirit under our instruction. When teachers find it, in the course of their instruction, they should deal with it as the Master did.

3. Nor, with advancing years and increasing engagements, will teachers, who seek to represent the Master, permit themselves to be withdrawn from their work. It will be their life employment. I do not underrate the importance of winning the young into the ranks. But it is an evil that so many, of the men especially, when they marry and settle in the world, permit themselves to be separated from the school.

The true ideal of this department of the Church is that it should be the agency through which almost every Christian work may be carried on, and that not only in it should be retained the experienced, the grey-haired, the aged, as teachers, but that the whole communion-roll of the church and the members of the congregation should be gathered together in adult as well as in youthful classes for the study of God's Word and the prosecution of Christ's mission. Making every allowance for mothers, whose home relations keep them away, and for the sick and the attendants upon the sick, who cannot be present, the masses of our congregations should thus be organised. Sabbath-school classes might thus accomplish all the good which our Methodist brethren aim after in the classes which form so prominent a part in their Church life.

Next to the pulpit, the noblest position which a man can occupy is that of a Sabbath-school teacher. Governors, judges, lawyers, merchants, working-men add to their dignity by entering it; and those who once engage in it, if they truly seek to represent the Master, will never leave it until, as death removed Him, so it takes them from the earth.

BLINDNESS.—Natural blindness is but a trifling ill as compared with that which afflicts the human soul. Happily, Jesus can remove the latter as well as the former. To Him we are invited to come, and to bring our neighbours and friends.

MRS SHELBY'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS KATE NEELY HILL.

'AND do you mean to tell me you believe such a thing as that of *our minister's wife* — such a sweet, delicate little lady as she appears to be, too? Do you really mean it?'

'Yes, I do really mean it. I can't doubt the evidence of my own senses; and I tell you, Mrs Lane, when I went to call on her yesterday her room smelled—well, like a *bar*-room. And when she came in from the nursery, her face was as red as could be, and she brought the odour in with her stronger than ever. She'd been taking something *hot*, just as sure as you live. And as for being such a *delicacy*, why, that's the sort that takes such things nowadays. "Tonics," they say. "My physician orders them." And the consequences are getting to be dreadful in society. You think just as I do about that. In my opinion, plenty of good healthy house-work is the best tonic a woman can have. But Mrs Grayson is too *delicate* a lady for that it seems, and so she goes into the extravagance of boarding, and keeps her hands white and takes "*tonics.*"'

'She doesn't board for any such reason, as I happen to know, Mrs Shelby. She told me herself that they longed for a nice little home of their own more than anything; but that just now, when there was such a craze for decoration in everything, and she could make so much money by painting fans and screens and china and things, she ought to do it, and help her husband to buy a house, instead of spending her time in house-work. And meanwhile, it costs them no more to board than to keep house; and yet what they pay really supplies the table for that nice old Miss Manly, who has a house, but no income; and their washing helps to keep that poor widow Mackay from suffering.

'No, Mrs Shelby; you're entirely mistaken in your opinion of Mrs Grayson; and I must say, I think you don't show a spirit of Christian charity in judging her as you do. If you'll take my advice, you won't go one step farther with such a report as this you've brought me, till you get some better foundation for it. There might come trouble out of it for yourself as well as for the minister's folks; and there can't come good out of it for anybody.'

Good Mrs Lane stopped, completely out of breath with her indignant defence of her pastor's young wife, recently come a stranger among them, and her visitor listened with a disagreeable smile.

'This has never deceived me,' she said, oracularly, as she rose to go, laying a bony finger before the very obtrusive organ in question. 'She was taking a "tonic" good and hot—yesterday; and she'll be taking one of the same kind every day, at the same hour, probably; must be regular about medicine, you know. Will you go round with me tomorrow about three? Then maybe your nose will say something. Will you come?'

'No; I won't!' broke out Mrs Lane, too indignant to be polite; 'no; I won't go spying upon any one; least of all such a woman as I believe Mrs Grayson to be; and if you'll excuse me, Mrs Shelby, there's my husband coming in at the gate; I always make it a point to meet him at the door.'

'Oh, well, well! I'm going, my dear. Don't let yourself get so excited; you'll find my words come true yet. Just go round now and then at three o'clock in the afternoon—ha, ha, ha. Good-by, good-by.'

'I'll *never* go round at three o'clock in the afternoon!' rejoined Mrs Lane.

But we cannot always tell just what we shall or shall not do; and it happened to want just a quarter to the ill-omened hour, when Mrs Manly's little handmaiden appeared at Mrs Lane's sitting-room door with a note from Mrs Grayson.

'Would Mrs Lane come round for a few minutes,' it said; 'the baby is not well, but not sick enough for a doctor, and somehow it seemed natural to go to Mrs Lane, as to a mother.'

'Bless the dear! I believe I feel like a mother to her,' said the good soul, feeling her eyes grow suddenly moist, and bustling up to get her bonnet and shawl.

In less than ten minutes she was standing at the door of the young mother's room, and knocking lightly for admittance.

No answer came to the first or the second tap; and Mrs Lane, saying to herself, 'Perhaps the little fellow has dropped asleep on her lap, and she doesn't want to call out for fear of waking him,' opened the door and went in.

There was no one in the room, neither mother nor baby, but the door leading into the chamber beyond was ajar, and there stood the minister's wife, with her back to the incomer, and holding a glass of—*something*—to her lips, and the whole air was tainted with the sickening odour of *hot spirits*.

Then it was *true*—that woman's shameful accusation was true! The miserable conviction pressed itself upon Mrs Lane's consciousness with such force as to make her absolutely stagger; and she sank into a chair with a groan that came from the very bottom of her heart.

There was a sudden start in the next room, and in a moment Mrs Grayson appeared, looking flushed and confused.

'Why, I didn't hear you come in;' she said, and then, with a half laugh, 'but I'm just as glad to see you. Baby has been feverish and fretful this morning; he won't nurse, nor take milk, nor anything. I thought you could tell

me of something to try, and anyhow, I knew it would be a comfort to have you. But you look sick; what is the matter? You hurried too much, I'm afraid.'

'The—the room—is a little close—isn't it? Coming in from the cold air — you know,' stammered poor Mrs Lane.

'Oh yes,' moving lightly across the room to open a window. 'It's that horrid alcohol you smell, I expect. I was heating baby's milk, to try him once more, when you came in. It's an old-fashioned sort of spirit-lamp Mrs Manly lent me; but I don't like it, the odour is so disagreeable. I'm going to have one of those gas arrangements; I can't leave him to go down to the kitchen, you know. I guess the milk is cool enough now; it burnt my mouth when I tasted it just as you came in. Let me bring the little rogue to you, and see if you can coax him to take it; he would always do anything for grandmamma when we were at home.'

She went into the other room to bring the baby, and as she stooped to lay him in the broad, soft lap, the old lady put her arms round them both and hugged the two together. She stayed pretty late with the minister's wife, but found time to stop and make a call upon Mrs Shelby, in the course of which she preached a sermon from 1 Cor. xiii. 5, which it is not likely that worthy will forget, even should her life be as long in proportion as her nose.

Evening.

On velvet slopes the shadows lie,
The crimson pales along the west,
The steadfast stars arise on high,
And labour's weary hand may rest.

So gradual is the twilight's fall,
That day is past and night begun,
Ere we have heard dear Nature call
Her tired children, every one;

Yet homeward fly the little birds,
And homeward fare the laden bees,
And sweet as songs unset to words
The zephyrs murmur through the trees.

Then, through the balmy silence, hark!
There sounds the children's vesper chime;
Between the dawning and the dark
There comes no holier, fairer time.

Soft thrill the voices low and sweet,
While little figures kneeling pray,
And trustfully at Jesus' feet
Lay down the burden of the day.

Then mothers tie the robes of white,
And kiss the lips, and smooth the brow;
The happy children say good-night,—
And earth is watched by angels now!

Mrs Margaret E. Sangster.

A Daily Portion.

AUGUST 15.

'AND THAT HE DIED FOR ALL, THAT THEY WHICH LIVE SHOULD NOT HENCEFORTH LIVE UNTO THEMSELVES.'—2 Cor. v. 15.

He judged that the death of Christ was the death of His people, and that the design with which He died for them was that they might live for Him. This idea is expressed in various forms in the Word of God. Sometimes our Lord is said to have died, the just for the unjust, to bring us near to God; or, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; or, to purify to Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. In Romans xiv. 9, the mode of statement is exactly parallel to the passage before us. 'To this end Christ both died and rose that He might be the Lord both of the dead and the living.' To say that Christ died that He might be the Lord of His people, is to say that He died that they might be His servants—*i.e.*, belong to Him and be devoted to Him. The proximate design and effect of the death of Christ is the expiation of sin and reconciliation with God, and the design and effect of reconciliation with God are devotion to His service. Hence the death of Christ is sometimes presented in reference to its proximate, sometimes in reference to its ultimate design—*i.e.*, sometimes He is said to have died to make a propitiation for sin, and sometimes, to bring us near to God. Here it is the latter. He died that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves.—*C. Hodge.*

AUGUST 16.

'AND THAT HE DIED FOR ALL, THAT THEY WHICH LIVE SHOULD NOT HENCEFORTH LIVE UNTO THEMSELVES, BUT UNTO HIM WHICH DIED FOR THEM, AND ROSE AGAIN.'—2 Cor. v. 15.

We do not serve a dead Saviour. The resurrection of Christ is as essential to redemption as His death. He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. And it is to this risen Saviour, seated at the right hand of God, to whom all power in heaven and earth has been committed, and who ever lives to make intercession for us, who is the object of the supreme love of the believer, to whose service and glory the Christian consecrates his life.—*C. Hodge.*

AUGUST 17.

'PUTTING YOU IN REMEMBRANCE.'—2 Peter i. 13.

The Apostles did not only preach to us vocally while they lived, but even now also exemplarily by their former conversation, and still doctrinally by their holy rules. The words of a preacher die not with him, but live

in the hearers' hearts; and shall either convert them here, or convince them hereafter. 'The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.' Thou hast forgotten such a sermon, but this sermon shall not forget thee. The prophets are dead; but the words that I commanded them to speak, 'did they not take hold of their fathers?' If it take no hold in thee by due obedience, it shall take hold on thee by deserved vengeance.—*T. Adams.*

AUGUST 18.

'AND SAMUEL GREW, AND THE LORD WAS WITH HIM, AND DID LET NONE OF HIS WORDS FALL TO THE GROUND.'—1 Sam. iii. 19.

It is said of Samuel that 'the Lord did let none of his words fall to the ground.' Stephen foretold the Jews of their future desolation by the contempt of Christ; they confute him with hard arguments, stop his mouth with stones; Stephen dies, but Stephen's sermon dies not. We tell the usurer that the third generation shall rue all; we die, but our words come to pass. We tell the impropriator that his robbing God of His due shall make his posterity, like Achan, accursed; we die, but this saying is fulfilled upon them. We tell the proud officer that his suits are the suits of Gehazi, cut out of bribes, and will engender a leprosy in his issue; we die, but this event follows. Our sermons shall be thought on, even when we are dead you shall remember them. God grant you may remember them to your comfort.—*T. Adams.*

AUGUST 19.

'MOREOVER I WILL ENDEAVOUR THAT YE MAY BE ABLE AFTER MY DECEASE TO HAVE THESE THINGS ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE.'—2 Peter i. 15.

We have St Peter still preaching among us; as it is said plainly Moses was preached by being 'read in the synagogues every Sabbath-day.' While the writing of Peter is read, the voice of Peter is heard. The Apostles are dead, their holy sanctions live with us. But now what entertainment have they found in our hearts? You shall see that by our lives. If you have digested those excellent rules, what a great change they will work in you! you will be as men that dreamed, wondering at your former loves; your fair Herodias of this world will appear a stigmatic gipsy. All the toil and cost you have been at to get riches will appear as ridiculous as if a countryman should anoint his axletree with ambergris, or a traveller should liquor his boots with balsamum. You that have run by the church as a pest-house, would now continually wait at her doors. Then if you know that finger which but itched to be accessory to any corrupt dealing, you would cut it off; and bite off that lip which but lisped out any equivocation; and pluck out those eyes that lusted after adulterous mixtures. Let religion be held a fable, and ministers false prophets, if you find not in yourselves a wonderful change.—*T. Adams.*

AUGUST 20.

'TAKE HEED, AND BEWARE OF COVETOUSNESS.'—Luke xii. 15.

Alas, where is this change? where is the fruit of such plentiful preaching? There is a cursed devil that mars all, called covetousness. It was once said of this island, England is rich in light; alluding to the long days and short nights. It may truly be said of her in respect of the gospel that she is rich in the best light; but the darkness of this worldliness hath almost overcast it. This land hath been four times conquered, say our chronicles; but by the chronicles' leave I will add a fifth conquest. First, it was possessed by the Britons; the Romans conquered the Britons, the Saxons conquered the Romans, the Danes conquered the Saxons, the Normans conquered the Danes, but now covetousness hath conquered all. I know you have ears judicious enough; I hear you extolling the learned, praising preachers, magnifying sermons; yea, and more, England gives preferment to her ministers. But, beloved, there is one preferment behind, and that most proper to preachers, a preferment in the hearts of the hearers. Let the rest go, give us this. Though I have no hope to attain to any preferment in this world, yet I shall rest joyfully contented with this, if I may find preferment in your consciences.—*T. Adams.*

AUGUST 21.

'THE HOLY GHOST, HE SHALL TEACH YOU ALL THINGS, AND BRING ALL THINGS TO YOUR REMEMBRANCE.'—John xiv. 26.

There are two offices of the Holy Spirit—to teach and to call to remembrance. Both are expressed in the text. Suppose that the fundamental articles of faith may be taught within less than the term of a preacher's life, which (curious speculations and idle digressions laid aside) I conceive not impossible. In the remainder what shall he do? Either he must preach the same over again, and so be a remembrancer; or else be silent, and so be no preacher. It is too true that; who hath not an Athenian ear? We long for novelties, and would have men preach not only after a new method, but new doctrines. But Christ's sheep love not only His name, but the echo of His name; they hearken to His voice, and to every reflection of His voice. Were your sanctification absolute, continual obedience to His word would no more trouble you, than the everlasting aspect of His countenance doth trouble the angels. Therefore answerable to the degree of your regeneration must be the degrees of your attention. Likeness causeth liking. 'We with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image.' If you be changed into that image, you will desire to behold in the gospel, as in a glass with open face, that image into which you are changed.—*T. Adams.*

BLOSSOMS AND FRUIT.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

THE grass before my door is white this morning with the profuse shower of blossoms that have floated down from a couple of cherry-trees. Those are nature's promissory-notes for red cherries about six weeks hence. But how many of these fair promises will be 'redeemed?' Not all of them, I fear. The sparrows will devour a portion of the tender germs, and others will turn black and drop to the ground.

Last Sabbath I saw an interesting group of young people standing before the pulpit, pronouncing their solemn covenant to be the Lord's. They promised a 'cheerful obedience to Christ's commandments, and to discharge all those duties by which God may be glorified.' As I looked at the goodly group, I was reminded of a tree laden with blossoms, and said to myself, how many of these young converts will be yielding the fruits of the Spirit a dozen years hence? Assuredly not one of them who has not rooted down well into Christ with a deep and genuine faith. Nor will any be fruitful who is satisfied with having merely come out for Christ and made public profession. To come out is one thing, and a good thing; but to *stay out* is a still better thing. To become alive is a happy start; the problem henceforth will be to keep alive and to grow with spiritual vigour.

The early beginning of those young consecrators of Christ is in their favour; it is much easier to make a well-developed Christian out of one who begins at fifteen than out of a sinner who is converted at fifty. But those converts must be fed, and with food nutritious enough to supply spiritual bone and blood and brawn. Story-books and newspapers will not supply it. They want strong meat and wheaten loaves such as God's Word alone can furnish. No soul can wax fat on syllabub or water-gruel. Spiced condiments make one dainty and spoil appetite for solid books. All the fruit-bearers have been huge and hungry feeders on the Bible. Mr Moody's highest mission has been to set people to grinding and baking and devouring Bible truth. We ministers must see to it that the converts who are received into our churches are well fed with roast-beef and the well-baked bread of life. A practical sermon well remembered, well digested, and seasoned with prayer, will last through the week. It will make *fibre*. The busiest person also ought to have on hand a good book, and by using spare moments several solid volumes may be mastered in the course of the year.

Wholesome atmosphere is also vital. There is a subtle *malaria* that prevails in certain places, and certain pursuits which poison a Christian, like the subtle virus of a typhoid. I have never known a church member to keep healthy in the atmosphere of social dissipations. Fashionable routs and 'germans' and theatres and card-clubs and the like do not suit the plants of grace any better than Lapland suits orange-trees. A Christian cannot practise the ways of the world and go deep into its pleasures without poisoning his or her piety. 'I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest *keep them from the evil*.' The best preventive from being drawn into sinful amusements is to keep the heart intent upon better things.

Last evening I met a group of young men on their way home from a social meeting for prayer and song. Some of them had been practising there in speaking for Christ. That was the best antidote for the billiard-room or the theatre. If a young convert does not put himself, from the start, in the line of spiritual activities, he is apt to become dwarfed. Some of the most effective Christians I know were very raw and awkward and unpromising in their first attempts. 'I train my young Christians,' said a shrewd pastor, 'as you teach puppies to swim; I throw them in.'

My cherry-trees have borne well for a dozen years because they have been rooted in good soil. So must the soul that would yield the fruits of the Spirit—faith, humility, zeal, patience, temperance, and unselfish love—be

well rooted into Jesus Christ. The roots must be down below the drought and beside the veins of water; the inner life must be hid with Christ in God, and the trunk of outward practice will grow up straight and strong, and the boughs will be laden every year with the fruits of righteousness. They who are thus planted in the enclosure of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God; even on to old age they will be thrifty bearers.

KENNETH.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHILE Rachel is introduced to Christine, and then led away to her own little room by the side of Kenneth's, Miss Crownley is talking with her brother and Mr Vernon; relating the incidents of her drive, the conversation of the lad, and giving her opinion freely with regard to the expediency of helping him in his college course.

'Thus far he seems willing to work and to study; but it is a breaking down process, I know from experience,' smiled Mr Vernon.

'What do you propose?' Mr Crownley asked his sister, in a business-like way.

'Merely to help him. What he can do, I should allow him to do; but never to physical exhaustion. The withering, deadening sense of poverty dwarfs intellectual endeavours, and wears away the vital forces. In order to do one's best, the mind must be free from anxiety.'

'Very well, arrange it as you will; I have not forgotten that I have a debt to discharge;' letting his eyes drop to the level of Zoe's face.

The latter was making ready for school. She reached out her hand.

'Come, papa.'

Mr Vernon joined them. Miss Crownley was left alone. Her first thought was to visit Karl Lubeck and his wife. Then, remembering that Rachel was only a new-comer, she wisely yielded the desire to go there until she was persuaded the little girl felt perfectly at home.

Meantime, the latter found herself in a new world. The mirror set in a chintz frame, the covers, the curtains elicited admiration. She examined each chair, and was delighted with the rocker with bright ribbon woven through it.

'It is nice, and it is prettier than your room. I think it should not have been.'

'Girls are expected to have things nicer than boys,' was the answer.

'But why should they? I am a girl, but I intend to study just as you do, and I am to work in the garden; and when the raspberries are ripe, I am to take them to market. I know a little about it now,' smiling quietly.

Kenneth was strangely bewildered. Rachel betrayed no anxiety with regard to receiving all her good things here; on the contrary, there was a practical turn to everything. Her room was not simply to admire, but to study in. The garden was not for idle walks, with only roses to gather and fruit to eat, but a place to work in. He had considered her such a little girl, and so she was; but the months that had deepened his knowledge, and made him strong to do all that a boy could be expected to do, had likewise touched her into womanly ways and feeling. Everything was new and nice, but she was looking for something beyond; already she was reaching up higher for something to do. It was pleasant to hear her talk, her eyes looked so bright, and her whole heart evidently took it all in as real. Doing, she expected to receive. It was the receiving without service that puzzled her.

The book-shelves had not been thought of. Christine hastened to put them up.

'You must let me help you,' pleaded Rachel, in her quiet, straightforward way. 'In all these months I have been learning to be Kenneth's little housekeeper, whenever he should send for me.'

This was the key, and smiles came back to Kenneth's face.

Christine brought a ball of red cord, and soon the shelves were hanging against the chintz covered wall.

'It is so very pretty, and you have tired yourself over it. Now you must teach me how to help you, just as if I was your own little girl, and I shall be so happy,' pressing up to Christine, and nestling her pink face close to the white, thin cheek.

Tears started in Christine's eyes. This was the little Rachel they had so long talked of seeing. The child of want, and poverty, and isolation had not taken from her the sweet, trusting love of a child. She had simply believed that the day would come, and it was come. She was not disappointed, only everything was nicer and handsomer, and for a moment she was afraid lest, having too much in the present, she would fail at last of her inheritance.

'Dear child, we shall be happier for your coming, and we will help each other,' said Christine, folding the little girl in her arms.

Kenneth slipped out of the room, and afterwards they found him in the garden.

With such helpful ways, it is not strange that Rachel soon felt herself at home with

istine Lubeck. Besides this, she
h and to Sabbath school, and sat
class with Zoe Crownley. The
be warm friends, and hardly an
ound them going out with Karl
sitting on the steps studying out
book, while Christine sat on the
g.

o be living my childhood over
is pleasant; and I think how
l be if we could always be young,
nd happy, and simple-hearted,'
Ir Vernon, as he came up the
himself with his wide-brimmed

ly, and sweet, and beautiful,'
tor, slowly, 'but it is the rich,
at is garnered. The trust and
lhood is but the warm gush of
ng, before knowledge comes to
lfish, or deception chills and
weet spontaneity of soul. The
s to him who overcomes. "He
th shall inherit all things." And
ng must, of necessity, be through
Is it not blessed to think that,
l worn with the conflict, we are
have this love and trust; true, not
a childhood, but pure, and strong,
he love of a man for his mother
d firmer than the love he gave
nt.'

face showed a glad content. She
eager to go back and live her
gain; but just then, with her eye
g girls, their state seemed almost
om her standpoint she could see
le; she was looking forward; the
a God.

as sinking in a sea of golden
lden primroses were beginning to
petals, roses covered the hedges,
dded on the walk, and peals of
ter floated up from the foot of the
he pastor and Christine walked
was in each heart so much to
e thankful for.

f blossoming vines hung over the
lazy droning of bees was in the
d, the sunshine filtered through
branches of tall trees, and here
eople were assembled with their
The one who could send an arrow
centre of the target was entitled
arey Kew grazed the card at the
; the third was no nearer the

ys I can never do it until I learn
weight on the right foot. Here,
s your turn,' with a light laugh.
ry this time; she has had more
s the reply.

has seen me in the back yard
Auntie has a firm hand, but my
away just where I don't want

no backing out,' cried Hinckley.
her bow, and sighted her arrow.
The next instant it stood firm in the wood of a young tree several feet beyond the target.

'A good hit and in line! What a pity the target was not there,' rang out good naturedly.

'Try again, Zoe.'

'You are not afraid?'

'Not afraid but you will hit the mark if you keep on,' was said, brightly.

At the same time Zoe raised her bow for the second trial, and so far succeeded as to reach the card.

A shout went up.

'Another trial, Zoe.'

'It's Rachel's turn; my arms are tired,' said Zoe, flinging herself down on the green turf.

Karl Lubeck came up as Rachel's name was called.

'How is it, missy?' a broad smile lighting up his bearded face.

'I have had a little practice, but not enough to venture by myself.'

'Suppose I help you?' was whispered.

Kenneth looked anxious; Rachel was no longer the little girl he remembered, and he did not wish to see her pained through any fancied awkwardness on her part. He had not noticed that Karl was beside her.

The next instant the whizzing arrow pierced the centre of the target.

There was clapping of hands and jubilant voices.

'The girls take the lead in this game!' Carey shouted.

'I could not have done it without help,' said Rachel, looking into the bronzed face at her side. 'I mean to try again; I like it.'

Hinckley was talking to Christine, Kenneth had stolen over to Zoe. It was a pretty picture.

'I am quite proud of Rachel, and as she stands now, she looks so much like mother,' he said, in a low voice.

Mr Vernon took the bow, and Karl Lubeck said it made him think of Switzerland. It was a long time since he had tried, and his eyes were not what they used to be.

Scarcely were the words uttered when the arrow cut through the air and struck the target on the wall several yards beyond the point the young people had been aiming for.

'So much for habit,' laughed Karl, as the lads came up with the arrow. 'There was a time when I would have ventured to strike the apple from the head of my own boy.'

Christine's face showed a heightened colour. She was reminded of the old days, when her husband's arm was strong and his nerves firm. Side by side they had stood the shock together, and now the sun of their existence was going down. It was like an old picture she had seen; far back against the horizon lay the rich warm colouring of what to her was still home. Then cloud and storm and darkness, coming at last into a broad plain with colour, fragrance, and a paler bloom, beautiful, but lustreless in comparison.

Mr Vernon tried his skill, and very nearly

hit the mark. Amid the laughing, some one remembered that Kenneth had not shown his skill; neither had Christine.

The words recalled the woman; for a brief space she had been living again in the days of her youth. For answer she glanced over to Rachel.

'I have a representative who has already made her mark.'

'And the rose?' Hinckley called out.

'You shall each have one,' came merrily.

'This is a wonderful old garden!' exclaimed Mr Vernon. 'I find something new continually; something that I can put into my sermons.'

Rachel ventured to ask if the minister put 'anything like this' in his sermon?

'I aim to make truth practical. If the boys teach me a lesson, I am sure to use it in a new form.'

A change had come over the garden; shafts of golden light had given place to purple; the pure, pale blossoms rested against the ferns; roses were softly visible; only the golden primroses and the scarlet poppies blazed out in the deep, cool verdure. Zoe distributed the prizes and then went down the street with Mr Vernon. Kenneth walked to the gate with his friends; then hastened to his room and his books with only a whispered word for Rachel. He had had his work and his play, and now he must study.

It was late when the star looked in. The lad was reading. His face was full of enthusiasm—

'From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

'For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

'I will abide in Thy tabernacle forever. I will trust in the covert of Thy wing.

'For Thou, O God, hast heard my vows; Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear Thy name.

'In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul.'

Very softly she touched the broad forehead and sped away. The brief visit was a rest; the song the stars sang together had a fuller note.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was always the case. Brentford was full to overflowing during the summer. Hotels advertised 'rare fishing and yachting, with air-line communication to the tops of the bluffs; with innumerable drives, and any quantity of pigeon shooting and squirrel hunting.' Of course they came. Of course everybody wanted to patronise the air-line. It would be something to be proud of when they came to recount it to their grandchildren, that they had taken a choice look of the Mississippi and her network of islands, and float of boats, from the topmost pinnacle of the bluffs.

Then it was a rare occasion for city people to visit their aunts and sisters and cousins. Every house was full; railroad coaches spilled over; steamers disgorged living freight; there was abundance of bag and baggage, and a fulness that had to be replenished; and suggestions were made and plans set afloat. And while it was fun for some, it was work for others. And hay must be made in the sunshine.

Karl Lubeck and his wife Christine knew this. Hence their garden was intended to be profitable to them, and never more so than this season.

Rachel was as good as her word. When the raspberries came she insisted upon going into the village with Kenneth to make sales. Kenneth would have refused, but she pleaded so earnestly to be permitted to share his work; beside, they were poor and dependent, why should she not go? And the result was, that the blue gingham dress and gipsy hat came to be associated with cool, tempting fruit; and when they went home, Rachel's sales counted up handsomely.

Mr Vernon kept up his practice of picking, and Carey Kew came up as often as possible.

'I am always happier for it,' he said, and thus the garden was an inspiration, stimulating youth and working into the Sabbath discourse, so that hearts were lifted up and hopes were strengthened, and life brightened and made better by it.

Not alone this. Rachel found her way to the desolate homes of the poor.

'You remember mother said, any little service, whether the reading of a chapter, or going out of one's way to carry a flower, or a pleasant word, or something nice to eat, would be owned and blessed as an actual kindness done to Christ Himself,' she would say to Kenneth in her pretty, earnest way. And thus the lad was stimulated, if from any cause he faltered.

Sometimes Mr Vernon met her in her walks or Miss Crownley, likewise bent on errands of mercy. At such times the pastor's heart warmed towards the child. He was energised by her example. To hear her repeat the promises of God as taught her by her pious mother was to comprehend how real they were to her. She believed them, and she acted upon them, and her faith, pure, bright, actual, seemed to him as the leaven to stir in the schoolroom and in the homes the hearts of her associates.

Mrs French was at home, and with only a few weeks' vacation Hinckley was studying. It was now very generally understood that the lad, who had always carried a high hand, was, in deed and in truth, a new creation. Old things had passed away, behold with him all things were new. The love of Christ was in his heart, and it was the power of God unto salvation. In talking with Kenneth and Carey of his college course, he said—

'It is sounding in my ears continually,

"According to your faith be it unto you." A wondrous thing it seems that our faith should be allowed to measure the action and bounteous power of God! "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee."

'Elisha said to the woman, "What hast thou in the house?" "Only a little oil;" but you remember her oil was poured out as long as fresh vessels were brought. It was the question asked of the disciples, "What have you?" and it sounds down to me, "What have you, of health, talent, education, riches? Whatever you have, bring it forward; put it to use, much or little." When I consider from what depths I was taken, I am constrained to give my all to Christ. We have lately heard a good deal said about mission work. Last Sabbath I almost imagined Mr Vernon was speaking to me when he described the scene so vividly, and the words in the mouth of the Divine Christ, "I was a hungered, and ye gave Me no meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink"—and then, when he spoke of the millions perishing without the knowledge of Christ, I felt that I must go. My money would greatly aid the cause, my health could bear change of climate and stress of work, and I must study to fit myself for such work. Do you consider it presumption on my part?' stretching forth his hand to Kenneth in an appealing manner.

'Presumption? No!' grasping the hand warmly. 'I have always considered you a whole-hearted fellow, Hinckley. With love for Christ in your heart, there must be love for souls.' Then drawing more closely to each other, 'Possibly we have each had something of the same thoughts with regard to future work. The call to preach the gospel is sounding stronger and stronger in my own heart. By His own hand He has led me through the straits of poverty and homelessness, and when my feet would have slipped He held me from falling. Above all, when assailed by temptation, He gave me strength to resist, and for this, what return have I made? What return am I to make? When I have seen criminals fettered to each other and borne away to prison, I have said to myself that they had doubtless been poor boys, unrestrained by a mother's teaching, and with no one to stay them in their downward course. Just such another I should have been but for God's grace, God's promise to my dear, dead mother.'

There was silence. Carey tried to speak, but could not. There was nothing of this experience in his heart. Still he longed to preach the gospel. Since his conversion, this had been his unwavering desire. But would he be able to interpret the truth in all its fulness, and send it home to the hearts of his hearers, unless he could tip his arrows with an experience as varied and as searching as that of his companions?

Possibly Kenneth divined what was in his heart, for he said presently, 'Paul, Peter, and John were each effective preachers of the word. Certain elements of fitness they had in common, but they were very unlike in manner, speech, and appearance. Paul was a finished scholar and a most eloquent orator. The logic of his discourse stands unequalled, and the beauty of his periods have been the admiration of the wisest men in all ages. Peter, with his sturdy manhood and strong, practical sense, and John, with his loving heart and warm, gentle manner, everywhere the comforter, recalling the words of Jesus, and strengthening hearts by bidding them remember. It was because of their distinctly marked peculiarities that they were so well fitted to fulfil different forms of service.'

'From my heart I thank you,' said Carey, in a broken fragmentary way. 'I was tempted for a moment to think that the current of my life had run so smoothly, perhaps I was not called.'

'A temptation that needs to be put behind you,' smiled Kenneth. 'The field is large. God disposeth, and giveth each a place and a work.'

At night, as Kenneth sat at his table, Rachel slipped in, and stood with an anxious and still a half apologetical expression on her young face.

'Kenneth.'

For answer, Kenneth closed his book and drew her to his side. 'I have plenty of time to listen to you, little sister.'

'To-day, as I was reading to Mrs Graff, she stopped me to ask if you were to be a minister, or were you to enter Mr Crownley's store? I told her I hoped you would be a minister. She said it would be far better to be a merchant, and rich as Mr Crownley is; and as your sister, that would give me very enviable surroundings. I told her that Mr Crownley was your Bible-class teacher, and that I loved Miss Crownley and Zoe very much, but I would rather have you a good minister than have you anything else in the world. I had asked Jesus that you might be, and I was waiting to hear you say that this was, likewise, your desire.'

'Have you considered how many years of study will be needful to fit me for the work?'

'Eight years,' was the reply.

'And the money for tuition and books, to say nothing of clothes; and, Rachel, who is to care for my little sister while I am away at college?'

'I have thought of all these things, Kenneth, and I have asked Jesus. I cannot tell; but I have always felt that he would do it.'

'There are no miracles now, little sister; these eight years will be the most precious of all your life, child. I must see that you have a home.'

'But, Kenneth, I have learned to do a great many things. This is the reason why I wanted to work in the garden, and to make sales in the village. I understand how to do it now. And there is nothing in the garden to do, that I cannot do just as I have seen you do it.'

'But girls do not. Zoe does not'——

'Zoe does not need to do it; but she will not love me less because I do it, Kenneth.'

The latter felt his cheeks crimson. Was he thinking more of Zoe's good opinion than he was of doing right? The next instant the words came firmly.

'I have been thinking a good deal about it lately, Rachel, and now I know that you are anxious to have me study, it will be easier.'

'How could you for a moment think otherwise, Kenneth?' exclaimed Rachel, with a little hurt expression.

'In that case, it will be a long time before you can be my housekeeper.'

'But the day will come, and I shall think it will come,' pleaded Rachel, with animation.

'I must talk with Karl Lubeck and his wife. They have been very kind to me.'

Rachel did not reply that she knew they were as anxious as she was for Kenneth to study; still she was confident such was the case.

A step was heard on the stairs, and Christine's good-night rang out pleasantly. Rachel nestled still closer to Kenneth.

'Have I disturbed you? Will you have to sit up very late?'

'You have not at all disturbed me, little one.'

'We have His promise, Kenneth, and sometimes I think mother knows. She seems so near me, quite as though I could reach out my hand and touch her. It is a fancy, perhaps; but Jesus is near, and He knows, and He will help.'

When the star looked in the lad sat alone with his head bowed over the open Book.

'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.'

Back through all the years. He had thought of Rachel as a little girl, dependent upon him. He must provide a home for her; he must shelter her with his strong arm. His vision is clearer. Her wisdom is not the wisdom of experience, but of asking and receiving; while he had been plodding over a dusty way, she had been sitting at the King's table. She had eaten of the heavenly manna and grown strong. The wings of her faith bore her up into an atmosphere of rest. She had a helper, and she had asked help for him. He could go forward. He must go forward.

Very gently the star slid over the page. Once more the lad read—

'"And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee.

'"Thy vows are upon me. O God, I will render praise unto Thee."'

'A lesson that you have been a long time learning,' said the star, slipping along the page. 'The Lord is a great King. His treasure is exhaustless, and He gives with a free hand. All that one has to do is to ask.'

'That is true,' answered the lad. 'I will ask.'

'And asking, you will receive,' said the star. 'And receiving, you will be satisfied.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

College life is everywhere the same. There are days of preparation and a certain looking forward; the sundering of old ties, and the formation of new ones; the going into a world, that is to the youth only the vestibule of the beyond, where the conflict of life is really to be carried on.

In this work of preparation Miss Crownley had been very active, and so had Zoe and Rachel. Carey Kew was ready, and Mr Kew was to go with them. Hinckley French had not given up the idea of study, but he must remain a year, Mr Street said, and patiently the youth set to work. What was it but the penalty of lost opportunities?

The good-byes had all been said. Kenneth's trunk stood in the hall strapped, and with his name written in a firm, legible hand. Rachel passed up and down the stairs. She was anxious and flushed lest something really useful to the young student would be forgotten. Only as she sat down did she realise how near she was to weeping. At best, it would be a year before Kenneth would return, and in a year what changes might take place. Karl was sensibly growing older, and Christine complained of weariness. With all her efforts, the brave, courageous little heart trembled.

'Would you have it otherwise, Rachel? Would you have me give it all up?' asked Kenneth, coming suddenly upon the child as she sat curled up on the lowest stair.

'No, no, Kenneth! It was not that. I must have been tired, or thinking of the time when you started for the West. I did not shed a tear then. I knew it must be, and you had so few things to take. Only mother's little satchel, with her Bible and the Latin grammar pressed in against the few clothes. It is different now,' letting her eyes wander over to the large trunk.

'You are quite sure you can be satisfied,' Kenneth persisted, feeling that he had but a short time, and glad, for Rachel's sake, if the good-bye must be said, to have it said quickly.

'Certainly, Kenneth; I want you to go;' once more breaking down, and hiding her face in her hands.

For answer Kenneth raised her up and led her into the garden. He could not bear to see her unhappy. He could not carry away in his heart the memory of her tears.

Silently they walked along the narrow paths that separated the strawberry beds. The raspberry hedge showed a strong, vigorous growth; fruit trees gave promise of an abundant harvest. Rachel was the first to speak.

'You will not think of my foolishness. At least, you will not let it trouble you, Kenneth. There will be so much to do here for Karl and Christine Lubeck, and I am to do it. Then I shall go to school as you have done, and Mr Vernon says I am to be his home missionary. And there will be readings, and letters to write.

I think it was the trunk that made me feel badly,' making an effort to smile.

Kenneth was comforted. He saw that it was but the ripple on the surface. The firm, pure principle was not shaken. Jesus was still the friend to whom the patient little heart would look. His strong arm would be hers to lean upon, His promises would be her support. And in the days to come, if spared to see days to come, the present would only be a milestone in the journey, a way-mark from which to date a new experience.

There was the roll of carriage wheels, and bright voices and eager, anxious faces pressed through the gate, and along the path to the house.

'They are come. Kiss me, darling,' said Kenneth, lifting Rachel in his arms, and holding her pressed closely to his heart.

'"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."'

It was over.

Christine walked down to the gate and looked after them, just as she had done when her own boy went away for the first time. Then she turned and held out her arms to Rachel, and thus the two walked silently back to the house, and to the rooms that would henceforth be invested with a tenderer memory.

THE END.

IF.

'If only I had been as wise once as I now am,' said a matron the other day, 'all this train of disasters would have been averted.' And she finished her sentence with a sigh.

'My dear,' replied a practical friend, 'do not waste your strength by drifting into the subjunctive mood. We forget that we survey the past by the lamp of experience. If we could have foretold results, seen the end in the beginning, been sure that this step or that would lead to calamity or to blissful success, we should have been walking by sight. God's way is to let us walk by faith. Having done at any time in life the best we could, according to the light we then had, and with patient waiting on God, it is wrong for us to lament because things have turned out ill.' So the good woman preached her little sermon. How many of us need to take heed and apply it to ourselves?

There are so many things in which, looking back, we are grieved and somewhat disconsolate. There is the son or daughter launched in life, started for the career of maturity, and on the whole, getting along with comfort and respectability. But if it were all to be done over again, and the child with a child's wonderful possibilities lay in the mother's arms, how different would the education be.

Sometimes in quiet hours of thought the pity of our great mistakes in just this direction comes home to us painfully. We see that we pruned with too much zeal in one case, while in another we restrained too little. Discipline and indulgence were perhaps alike misplaced. The resources which we might have given our dear ones, had we managed differently, are not theirs.

There are parents to whom this talk is an enigma—so happily complacent, so contentedly grateful they have reason to be with their home training and its results. There are others who feel that they would give half a life-time to be able to undo some of the patchwork of the past.

People often lament with bitterness their mistakes with regard to property or business. 'If I had not sold those lots when I did, I would have been a rich man to-day,' says the man whom middle age finds struggling on from hand to mouth. 'If I had accepted that offer, or bought that estate, or withdrawn from that partnership, we might have been riding in our carriage now,' is the mental conclusion of the man whose enterprises have never proved brilliantly remunerative. Yet, of all idle things, the idlest is this—to repine because we did not take at the flood the tide that would have led to fortune. It is far better to settle down comfortably in the belief that the fortune we have is for us the best possible—as it really is. Because, notwithstanding our failures and losses, our errors and omissions, there is ONE, wise beyond our halting wisdom, loving above our feeble capacity, and tender with divine compassion, who guides, overrules, and plans; and who is leading us onward, and preparing us to dwell with Himself forevermore.

Equally—if we accept this view—are we saved from the worry that looks back, and the anxiety that forecasts the future. Life takes on the rose-colour of joy, and we cast away our troublesome 'ifs,' because we trust in God.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

A SENSE of need is enough to send one to the Saviour, and to His compassion it is reason sufficient for showing mercy.

THE HEART.—The seat and source of evil is the heart. It does not come upon us from without. It is not the work of God. It is not the product of temptation; since temptation is only the opportunity to act out what is already within. The heart, therefore, is to be kept with all diligence. Here our great battles are to be fought, and victories won. Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. By that He will judge us at the last.

HUMAN TRADITION.—There is always and everywhere a tendency to put human tradition above God's word. Communities, and even churches, have rules of conduct and standards of living other than the laws of God and the precepts of the gospel. Men think themselves good enough if they observe the maxims of 'good society,' or of respectable trade; if in morals as well as manners they 'do at Rome as the Romans do.' What is this but making the Word of God of none effect through human tradition?

Intelligence.

NATIVE AGENCY.—One of the most encouraging facts connected with missions, is the great increase of the native ministry as compared with that of missionaries sent from Christian lands. While the number of ordained missionaries of the Presbyterian Board has in ten years increased only 19, the number of native preachers and helpers has risen from 41 to 300. The May number of the *Missionary Herald* (Boston) states that while the number of ordained missionaries employed by the American Board has since 1840 increased only 18 per cent., the native agency has during the same period increased about 1400 per cent., or from 122 to 1717. As pointing toward a day when the Christian Church in lands now heathen must be entirely a self-propagating institution, these facts are very significant and cheering.

A SELF-TAUGHT PREACHER.—The London Missionary Society Mission on Lake Ngami, in South Africa, reports an interesting case of a self-taught preacher, Bokaba, who had learned the truth from portions of scriptural translation made by Dr Moffat and Rev. Wm. Ashton in 1857. He had found the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and had been led to behold there 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.' Very humble in spirit, he has nevertheless proclaimed the truth to all about him. 'It is all babblement,' he says. 'We are all like infants; but the mother understands her infant, and God understands His children better still.'

THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.—The sixty-first part of the *Encyclopedie des Sciences Religieuses* (Paris, G. Fischbacher), just issued, contains a short paper by M. W. Martin, in which he summarises recent discoveries regarding the premeditated character of the Massacre of St Bartholomew. M. H. Bordier in 'La Saint-Barthélemy et la Critique Moderne,' published in 1879, shows by numerous and well-arranged quotations that from 1565 Catherine de Médicis had resolved upon in her own mind, if not a general massacre of all the Protestants, at least the death of five or six of the principal leaders of the party. The publication that M. Combes has just made of some letters taken from the archives of Simanca, brings a decisive confirmation to the thesis of M. Bordier—'L'entrevue de Bayonne en 1565' (Fischbacher, Paris, 1882). It was at this celebrated interview that the project of striking—marzillar—the heretics was adopted. Their friends, the moderate men or politicians, were to be seized as they were named at a later period. This was decided between Catherine, accompanied by Montine, Montpensier, and Cardinal Bourbon, and her daughter Queen Elizabeth, wife of Philip II., attended by the Duke of Alva, a man much in the favour and confidence of his master, and a few other fanatics, also somewhat eager for the blood of their fellow-creatures. Charle IX. was yet too young to be let into th secret. He must wait till the occasion, an the plan would be unfolded to the king whe the time for execution drew nigh. M. Marti says that the plan to strike the heretics wa thus formed from 1565 has been establishe in the completest manner by the document lately published.

INCREASING LIBERALITY OF THE AMERICA CHURCHES.—They who suppose, says the *Ne York Observer*, that there is a decline in th interest of the American Churches in foreig missions would do well to see the receipts o various foreign missionary societies for the years 1877 and 1881.

	1877.	1881.
American Board	£88,240	£138,249
Baptist	47,755	62,755
Methodist . . .	60,070	65,635
Presbyterian . .	94,394	116,051
Reformed . . .	14,133	21,694
Episcopal . . .	22,995	37,151
	£327,587	£441,535
		327,587
Increase in four years . .		£113,948

THE TELEPHONE.—The *Greenock Advertiser* for June 27th gives an account of the telephone in connection with the church of Rev. J. M. Jarvie, a valued contributor to the *Christian Treasury*. It is contained in a letter of Mr John M. Hutcheson, Thorndean, Greenock. Mr Hutcheson first gives a letter he received from the secretary in Glasgow of the National Telephone Company:—'Glasgow, 26th June. Dear Sir,—I was much pleased to hear that the telephonic communication which we have established for you through our Exchange in Greenock between your house, Thorndean, and George Square Congregational Church, gave you such satisfactory results yesterday. It may interest you to know my experience of it here. During the forenoon service I went to our Hillhead Branch Exchange, which is over two miles from the centre of Glasgow, and got connected with the church in Greenock—a distance of about twenty-five miles as the wire runs. I then distinctly heard the sermon, the text being from the sixth chapter of Hebrews, and the words "Heirs of promise." Occasionally, I lost a sentence, but, on the whole, it was very perfect: the hymns given out, the organist playing them over, the rustle made by the people rising, the volume of sound by the large congregation singing, every note coming out quite clearly and distinctly, and the whole effect very fine. The benediction (followed by a few moments of quiet) and the rustle made by the people leaving were distinctly heard. The whole thing seems almost incredible; and if I had been told three or four years ago that it would be pos

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A Daily Portion.

AUGUST 22.

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'REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAY: AND AGAIN I SAY, REJOICE.' Phil. iv. 4.

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doctrine of universal grace; CANDOLLE, a family who fled in the middle of the sixteenth century from Provence to Geneva, and at once obtained an honourable place among its citizens, and has had the rare fortune of adding lustre to their name in the Candolles that, in this century, have revolutionised the science of botany; CAPITO, the Reformer of Strasburg; LOUIS CAPPELL, the pupil of John Cameron, and by his recommendation sent at the expense of the church at Bourdeaux to study at Oxford, and afterwards famous for his treatise on the Hebrew points, which he demonstrated, in answer to Buxtorf, to be the invention of the Masorétes in the fifth or sixth century of the Christian era; CAUSAUBON, whose eventful life has recently been so well told by Dr Pattison; CHAMIER, the learned and valiant antagonist of Rome.

As might be expected, CALVIN occupies a large place in 'La France Protestante,' but certainly not larger than his formative influence upon French Protestantism demanded—indeed, the article upon him might have been more minute in its biographical section, and yet not have transgressed the limits such a work requires. Its treatment is a specimen of how 'La France Protestante' has grown under the hand of M. Bordier. In the first edition of M. M. Heiag, more than thirty years ago, Calvin occupies 53 columns, but in the second edition it has 132. The chief additions are in the bibliographical part of the article. Indeed, the account of Calvin's writings occupies three-fourths of the whole paper, and is by far the fullest, and at the same time most interesting account of the Reformer's writings yet given to the world.

M. Bordier speaks with high admiration of the magnificent edition of Calvin's works in the 'Corpus Reformatorum' now issuing from the Brunswick press. He says:—'This "Corpus Reformatorum," the gigantic enterprise of Protestant Germany, was intended to be the continuation of the great edition of the works of Luther, published at Halle, in twenty-four quarto volumes, from 1737 to 1753, by G. Walch. According to a prospectus printed at Gotha in September 1827, it was to embrace the works of Melanchthon, Zwinglius, Ulrich von Hutten, Calvin, Œcolampadius, and all the great labourers in the work of Reformation, the successors of Luther, who wrote in the first part of the sixteenth century. A commencement was made with Melanchthon —"Philippi Melanchtonis Opera quae supersunt"—extending to twenty-eight volumes, the first of which appeared at Halle in 1834, under the care of K. G. Bretschneider, and the twenty-eighth at Brunswick in 1860. With the twenty-ninth volume began the collection of the works of Calvin prepared at Strasburg and printed at Brunswick. The editors begin each work of their author by a literary and critical notice, setting forth the history and bibliography of the work, especially in the time when Calvin lived, and this with such a luxury of exactness, and by searching every public or private library in Europe for copies, sometimes unique, that they note even the paging, and state that a volume paged to 946 by a blunder of the printer contains only 938 pages. The best text recognised and selected as the result of the previous discussion is given by the editors with the various readings, notes, and subsidia of every needful kind; the commentaries upon the French pieces are in French, some German are in German, and Latin in Latin, whilst all the prefaces and preliminary notices are in an elegant and easily understood Latin, which seems to be a reflection of that which Calvin himself employed. The twenty-second volume was reached in 1880, and closes the first division of the collection. It contains Calvin's French Catechism of 1537, which had disappeared, and was only discovered in 1878, a Confession of Faith also of 1537, and a catechism of doubtful origin, dated 1542, and upwards of 500 pages of indices to the preceding twenty volumes. The twenty-third volume, containing the commentary of Calvin on Genesis and ten sermons on the history of Abraham, begins the commentaries upon scripture, and has just been published.'

M. Bordier speaks in equally high terms of the correspondence that forms so large a part of this new edition of the Reformer's Works. He says—'It is an edition of the correspondence of Calvin incomparably superior to all that have preceded it, and is, in short, worthy of a historic monument of this importance.' 'It is edited by the learned Professors Edward Reuss and Edward Cunitz of Strasburgh,' and 'extends to eleven volumes.' 'This immense and precious collection, preceded by a literary preface (xliv pages), and accompanied by a very full running commentary, contains 4271 letters, from more than 600 persons, or corporations, some having written only one letter, and others a great number. These letters extend over a period from May 1, 1528, to October 1565.'

M. Bordier gives an alphabetic index of the writers of these letters, and of the number written by them—Beza has 160; Bucer, 44; Bullinger, 215; Calvin, 1345; Cranmer, 3; Farel, 221; Knox, 1; Luther, 2; Peter Martyr, 44; Melanchthon, 10; Servetus, 9. M. Bordier speaks in a condemnatory manner of the edition of Calvin's Letters, the two first volumes of which were published in Edinburgh in 1855–57, and the third and fourth in Philadelphia. 'These publications are very faulty,' and he gives a few specimens of their shortcomings.

In a note, M. Bordier unconsciously illustrates the high place that the Reformers have attained even in the esteem of autograph collectors. A letter signed by Calvin, he says, sells in Paris for about 300 francs—*i.e.*, £12; a simple signature, 100 francs; a letter by Luther, 200 to 400 francs; Beza, 100 francs; Melanchthon, 50 to 60 francs; Bucer and Bullinger, about 100 francs.

In reading the pages of 'La France Pro-

testante' we are irresistibly reminded of the stormy times through which French Protestantism has passed. Calvin's life was one of constant trouble; Cameron received a mortal wound, while striving to quell a disturbance that had arisen in the streets of Montauban; and Chamier was killed by a cannon ball in the defence of Montauban; while flight, hardship, and suffering, imprisonment, and often cruel death, appear every now and then in the accounts given of less celebrated names.

The closing page contains a second list of subscribers, bringing it up to 453. The list contains only one or two English or American names. Our public libraries, with the exception of the British Museum, do not appear. It ought to be otherwise. A work so noble in design, so admirable in execution, and issued at a rate that will barely pay the expenses of printing, ought to find a place in all public libraries wherever Protestantism has taken up its abode. It really tells of the sufferings and trials of multitudes of men and women who, in fleeing to this country, or other Protestant countries on the Continent, brought a blessing with them wherever they came.

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AUGUST 22.

'WHETHER WE BE BESIDE OURSELVES, IT IS TO GOD: OR WHETHER WE BE SOBER, IT IS FOR YOUR CAUSE.'—2 Cor. v. 13.

The Apostle denied that he lived for himself. He asserts that he lived for God and His people. For, he adds, I died in Christ. This is precisely the argument which he uses in Romans vi. Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? Far from it, he says, How shall they who have died on account of sin live any longer therein? If united to Christ in His death, we must be united to Him in His life. Death on account of sin is death to sin. Dying with Christ involves death to self and sin; and of course includes the obligation so to die. The death of Christ reconciles us to God; and reconciliation to God secures a life of devotion to His service. This is the doctrine set forth in the Epistle to the Romans, chapter vii.—*C. Hodge.*

AUGUST 23.

'TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST.'—Phil. i. 21.

That is, Christ is the end of my life; I live not to myself but to Christ. To me to live is Christ; all my living is to do service to Christ. When we lay out ourselves wholly for Christ; as the factor trades for the merchant, so we trade for Christ's interest, we propagate His gospel; the design of our life is to exalt Christ, and make the crown upon His head flourish. Now it may be said, To us to live is Christ, our whole life is a living to Christ. —*T. Watson.*

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AUGUST 26.

'CHRIST LIVETH IN ME.'—Gal. ii. 20.

That is, Christ is the principle of my life. I fetch my spiritual life from Christ, as the branch fetcheth its sap from the root. Christ liveth in me. Jesus Christ is a head of influence; He sends forth life and spirits into me, to quicken me to every holy action. Christ is the principle of my life; from His fulness I live, as the vine branch lives from the root.—*T. Watson.*

AUGUST 27.

'TO DIE IS GAIN.'—Phil. i. 21.

A saint can tell what his losses for Christ are, but he cannot tell how great his gains are at death. Death to a believer is the day-break of eternal morning. At death he shall gain a writ of ease from all sins and troubles; sin expires with the mortal life. Life begins with a cry and ends with a groan; but at death all troubles die. The saints at death shall not only have a sight of God, but shall enjoy the love of God; there shall be no more vail on God's face, nor His smiles chequered with frowns, but God's love shall discover itself in all its orient beauty and fragrant sweetness. Here the saints pray for God's love, and they have a few drops; but there they shall have as much as their vessel can receive. To know this love that passeth knowledge, this will cause a jubilation of spirits, and create such holy raptures of joy in the saints as are superlative, and would soon overwhelm them, if God did not make them able to bear it.—*T. Watson.*

AUGUST 28.

'EVER WITH THE LORD.'—1 Thess. iv. 17.

When all worldly honour shall lie in the dust—the mace, the star, the robe of ermine, the imperial diadem—then shall the saints' honour remain; not one jewel shall be plucked out of their crown; they shall gain at death a blessed eternity. If the saints could have the least suspicion or fear of losing their glory, it would much cool and embitter their joy; but their crown fades not away. As the wicked have a worm that never dies, so the elect have a crown that never fades. Ever is a short word, but hath no ending. In the end there will be joy without end, says St Bernard. The things which are not seen are eternal. At Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore. Who can span eternity? millions of ages stand but for ciphers in eternity. This is the elah or highest strain of the saint's glory; ever in Christ's bosom.—*T. Watson.*

AUGUST 29.

'I AM IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO, HAVING A DESIRE TO DEPART, AND TO BE WITH CHRIST; WHICH IS FAR BETTER.'—Phil. i. 23.

What is the place we now live in, but a place of banishment from God? We are in a wilderness, while the angels live at court. Here we are combating with Satan, and should not we desire to be out of the bloody field, where the bullets of temptation fly so fast, and to receive a victorious crown? Think what it will be to have always a smiling aspect from Christ's face; to be brought into the banqueting-house, and have the banner of His love displayed over you. Ye saints, death is your ascension-day to heaven. Go forth my soul, said Hilarion on his death-bed, what fearest thou? Another holy man said, Lord, lead me to that glory which I have seen as through a glass; haste, Lord, and do not tarry. Some plants thrive best when they are transplanted. Believers, when they are by death transplanted, cannot choose but thrive, because they have Christ's sweet sun-beams shining upon them; and what though the passage through the valley of the shadow of death be troublesome? who would not be willing to pass a tempestuous sea if he were sure to be crowned so soon as he came to shore.—*T. Watson.*

AUGUST 30.

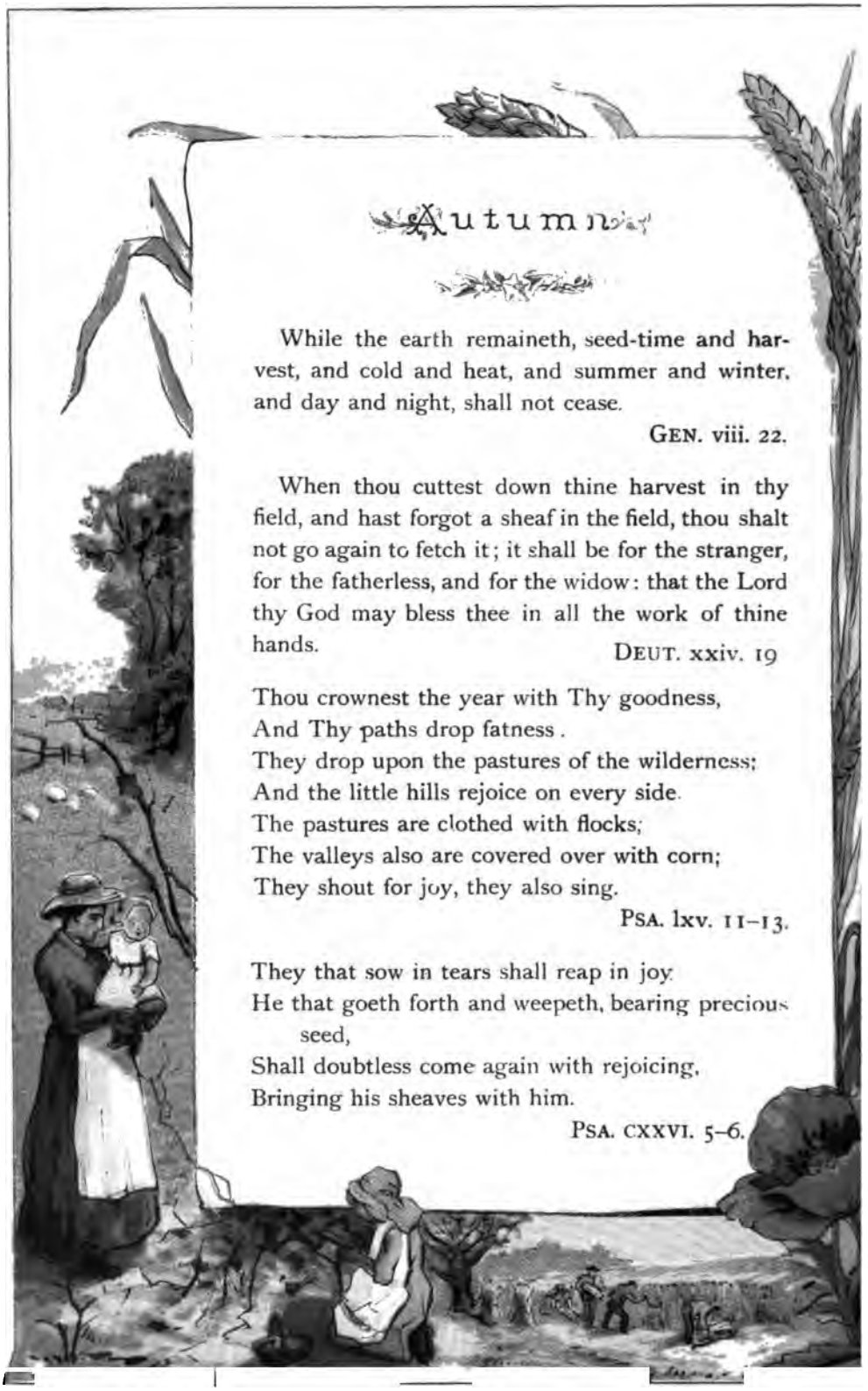
'BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD.'—Rev. xiv. 13.

Let us have comfort in the loss of our dear and pious relations. They, when they die, are not only taken away from the evil to come, but they are great gainers by death. They leave a wilderness and go to a paradise; they change their complaints into thanksgivings; they leave their sorrows behind, and enter into the joy of their Lord. Why, then, should we weep for their preferment? Believers have not their portion paid till the day of their death. God's promise is His bond to make over heaven in reversion to them; but though they have His bond, they do not receive their portion till the day of death. Rejoice to think of their happiness who die in the Lord. To them to die is gain. They are as rich as heaven can make them.—*T. Watson.*

AUGUST 31.

'THE WICKED IS DRIVEN AWAY IN HIS WICKEDNESS: BUT THE RIGHTEOUS HATH HOPE IN HIS DEATH.'—Prov. xiv. 32.

Hope is a Christian's anchor, which he casts within the vail. Rejoicing in hope. A Christian's hope is not in this life, but he hath hope in his death. The best of a saint's comfort begins when his life ends; the wicked have all their heaven here. Woe unto you, rich, you have received your consolation. You may make your acquittance, and write, Received in full payment. Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things. But a saint's happiness is in reversion, The righteous hath hope in his death. God keeps the best wine till last. If Cato the heathen said, To me to die is gain; he saw mortality to be a mercy. Then, what may a believer say? The day of death is better than the day of one's birth.—*T. Watson.*



Autumn

While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.

GEN. viii. 22.

When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow: that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands.

DEUT. xxiv. 19

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness,
And Thy paths drop fatness.
They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness;
And the little hills rejoice on every side.
The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys also are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing.

PSA. lxv. 11–13.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed,
Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,
Bringing his sheaves with him.

PSA. CXXVI. 5–6.

'LORD, REMEMBER ME WHEN THOU COMEST INTO THY KINGDOM.'

(Luke xxiii. 42.)

BY REV. JOHN TOWERT, B.D., NESTON, CHESHIRE.

ALL the incidents of the crucifixion are full of tender interest. One can hardly meditate alone on the story of the dying thief, whose prayer we are now to consider, without being deeply moved by it, and feeling almost embarrassed by the multitude of thoughts which it stirs. When we mark what the interview at Calvary reveals, both of the Saviour's character, and that of the penitent malefactor, we cannot wonder that the story of this interview should imprint itself so deeply as it does on the minds of most Bible readers, and that it should be so common a theme as it is of meditation and discourse. The prayer of the text is a simple one, yet, in the circumstances in which it was offered, and coming from the person it did, it must seem also strange and startling. Its remarkable character and its deep significance will appear, if we consider it from one or two points of view.

I. The Position of the Person who Offered this Prayer.

He was a *dying* person; he had but a few hours to live. This he knew. The issue of the torture to which he was subjected could only be death, and probably he already felt the hand of the king of terrors heavy upon him. It was in the full consciousness, therefore, that his time on earth was short that he uttered the words of this prayer. We are prone to treasure up the dying utterances of friends. Possibly the inclination to do this arises from the thought that they are last words.

We watch for them, too, under the impression that they will be weighty and earnest, and that they will reveal the inner workings of the soul, and permit us to learn the favourite topics of thought and the ruling dispositions of the heart. This expectation, however, is often disappointed. There are some who are not drawn out, even in a dying hour, from the reserve that has been natural to them through life. Others do not realise the solemnity of their position, and spend the closing hours of life in the utterance of trivial sayings, light jests, or even language of a worse character. This was true of the other malefactor who was crucified along with the Saviour. But the words before us are worthy of attention, as coming from one who was evidently in earnest, and felt the solemnity of the crisis that had overtaken him. It is instructive to note that not only was this the dying utterance of an earnest soul, but that, as the words show, the man died in the attitude of prayer. In no more appropriate exercise than that of supplication could this man have been engaged at such an hour. Prayer is suitable at all times, and especially at the entrance to the dark valley. Yet we cannot place too much dependence on the fact that a person prays in his last hours. It seems to afford comfort to some to be able to say of a friend who has passed away, 'He prayed very hard before he died.' Many, however, have a great fear of death. Hence, when they feel it approaching, they cry for mercy, though perhaps they have never through life uttered a single prayer. In such cases supplication does not rise from a penitent heart—from a soul drawn out to God in confidence and love: it is prompted simply by a consciousness of guilt and a vague fear of the future. The simple exercise of prayer, therefore, is not a sure indication of a dying person's state of mind. But in the case before us the act was the outcome of a gracious change that had taken place in the man's heart. He had begun truly to look to the Lord Jesus. This is evident from the nature of the request made by him, and the answer vouchsafed by Christ. The prayer implied a sincere surrender of heart to the Saviour, hence it was heard.

This prayer came not only from a dying man, but from a dying *malefactor*. He had broken the law of God and man; he had

offended against the rights of society. His life had been marked by crime, and he was now descending to a criminal's grave. He was cast off by his fellow-men. There was no attempt to save him, no pitying word addressed to him. But though society rejected him, Christ did not refuse to receive him. An earthly tribunal had condemned him, but from this he appealed for mercy to the Lord of heaven; and he appealed not in vain. It is often necessary for a human judge to pass sentence upon a criminal, though the latter may profess deep repentance, and offer to make amends for the wrong he has done. This course is needful in the interests of society, and because it is impossible to discriminate between genuine and false profession. But the Lord knows the heart in which spiritual life has begun to spring up, and sin has begun to be abhorred and forsaken; and when a repentant sinner turns to Christ, though he came with a conscience laden with guilt and a life stained with crime, he can feel assured of a gracious welcome. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and none that come to Him are cast out.

II. His State of Heart, as indicated by his Prayer.

(1.) He was penitent. He did not glory in his crime, nor spend his last hours, like the other criminal, in giving vent to the malignity of an evil heart. He may at first have joined his fellow-sufferer in casting reproaches at the dying Redeemer, as one of the gospel narratives apparently indicates. But afterwards a change passed over him; he rebuked his companion for his blasphemy, acknowledged the justice of the sentence passed on both of them, and testified to the holiness of the sufferer who hung beside them. Plainly he now recognised the sin of his past life, viewed it with right feelings, and sought deliverance from it. Very far removed from himself he probably recognised the Lord Jesus to be—who was without a taint of evil, while he himself was a notorious transgressor. Yet even he was most powerfully attracted towards that Holy One at his side, and felt a longing for a place in His kingdom of righteousness. Now we do not look for all this in a heart that still loved sin. Such a heart hates holiness, and shuns the presence and society of all who are pure. The testimony offered to Christ by this dying sinner, and the petition addressed to Him, with a full knowledge of the Saviour's holy character, was a sign that the man had been turned from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

(2.) The prayer showed a humble spirit and a modest desire. *Remember* me. The thief on the cross did not ask, like James and John, a place at the right or left hand of Christ on His throne, but only that He might be thought of. He did not prescribe the form which the blessing should take. There are many ways in which a person may be remembered. When a king remembers a subject, this may imply the raising of the latter to the highest honour, or it may mean only the bestowal of the most trifling favour. In one sense, the request before us might be said to be a great one, inasmuch as the least blessing of Christ's kingdom is great, and this the suppliant on the cross evidently wished to obtain. He desired to be within the heavenly kingdom of the future, to be owned as a subject of the Lord. But this obtained, he cared not how humble was the place he occupied. And the modesty of the request is all the more remarkable, seeing that he believed that he was now appealing to the King Himself, who would have the dispensing of the favours of this kingdom. He had a great opportunity. It was a king he was addressing; one who could give him much as easily as little. Yet no ambitious desire of high honour and great power did he allow to carry him away, and prompt him to an extravagant request. Bearing in mind the smallness of his claim on Christ's goodness, and the wickedness of his own heart, he was content to win but a kindly consideration from the Lord, and whatever favour His gracious disposition might prompt Him to grant: 'Lord, *remember* me.'

(3.) The prayer further indicates the keen sense its author had of his own forlorn condition. There is a touching reference in the word 'remember' to his present circumstances. We do not read that any friends stood by his cross and gazed up with tearful sympathy, as we read in the case of Jesus. There was no one to acknowledge him; at all events, if there were any friends present, they were powerless to help him in his distress. And the crowd that watched the carrying out of the sentence of the law would have no sympathy for him. He was a disturber of the peace and comfort of society; no one in that hour of calamity ventured to lift hand or even voice in his behalf. He was cast off by all and left to his doom. Friendless and forsaken in this world, he must have viewed the future with a feeling of utter despondency. What hope could he have of a better life? Who was to think of him in the other state, or secure any benefit for him hereafter? What

could he expect from above, seeing his had been a life spent in crime and in opposition to God? The present was lonely, the future was dark. It was most natural, therefore, that he should have sought a refuge from coming evil, and a friend in the unknown world whither he was hastening. He thought himself sure of both blessings if he could but win the favour of the sufferer beside him, and so he cried out in his loneliness and despair, 'Lord, remember me.' He prayed to be remembered, though all unworthy even of a kindly thought. Though all others might cast him off and forget him, yet he entreated the Lord not to forsake him, but to befriend him in his extremity and distress: 'Lord, *remember* me.'

(4.) This prayer reveals marvellous faith. 'When Thou comest into Thy kingdom'—literally, *in* Thy kingdom—'when Thou comest in all Thy power and splendour as a king, to establish Thy rule and sit upon Thy throne.' The dying thief recognised Jesus to be a king. He believed that a kingdom would be set up by Him in a coming age. We cannot tell what idea he had of that kingdom, or of the benefits to be conferred on those admitted into it. His notions may have been vague and even erroneous as to Christ's character and the nature of His kingdom. Still, he believed that there was a blessed time coming, and that in that future age Christ would be in the seat of power and authority, the Sovereign dispenser of heavenly favours; and that, to secure future felicity, it was needful to secure an interest in the Lord Jesus. Accordingly, he now sought this, and he begged his suit with as much confidence as if Christ were already in His kingdom. Such confident looking to the Saviour must amaze us, if we but consider the circumstances of this unhappy man. It is a comparatively easy matter for us to recognise the divine claims of Jesus. Eighteen centuries and more lie between us and the occurrences recorded in this chapter. During all this time the evidence on behalf of the Saviour's claims has been continually accumulating, and the heavenly character of His religion has constantly been receiving new proofs and illustrations. We must cut off all these centuries, with their conflicting testimony. We must put out of view the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, for it had not yet been accomplished. This malefactor, it is true, may have heard of and even seen some of the miracles of the Lord; but then what a stumbling-block was there for him in the ignominious death on the cross! Wonderful as the works were, was there not here a confounding of them all, and a complete exposure of the pretensions of Jesus of Nazareth? It was an easy matter to discern the greatness of Christ after the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and we are not surprised to read that the people should have sought to make Him a king. Any one, too, might have been ready enough to follow the multitude that accompanied Jesus in His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and to echo the language of prophecy, 'Tell ye the daughter of Zion, behold thy king cometh unto thee.' But it was surely an altogether different thing to address Jesus as a king while He hung on a cross. It was surely a marvellous spiritual vision that enabled this man to trace in the marred countenance that hung beside him the image of the Son of God, and to see behind the shame of the cross the coming glory of universal power and authority. Was it not a faith greater than any of His chosen disciples had shown that led the dying thief to cling to Jesus of Nazareth as his one sure hope, when some denied His claims, and nearly all had forsaken Him, and the same dire necessity had overtaken him as had befallen the malefactor himself? It is related that when the general of a hostile kingdom had encamped on a spot of ground within a short distance of Rome, the Romans, to show their contempt of their foe, and their confident expectation of victory, put up to auction the very ground on which the enemy lay encamped, and readily secured buyers for it from among their number; and here are two persons, who are suffering death at the hands of a human government, giving and asking favours as if the one were already seated on His throne, and the other a suppliant at His palace gates. Christ knew that the suffering He was passing through was but the path appointed to the crown which His Father had reserved for Him; but how should the dying thief have been sure of all this? That he was so confident as to offer the prayer of the text showed that light had been given him from above; and to him, accordingly, the same words might have been addressed which were spoken to Peter, 'Blessed art thou, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father in Heaven.'

III. The Gracious Answer Granted to this Prayer.

This must not be passed over. It was an earnest and believing prayer, and it was heard, and there was more in the answer than in the prayer. The dying suppliant asked only to be remembered, however small the favour which it might be deemed fitting to grant.

Jesus promised intimate fellowship with Himself. As they had been side by side at Calvary, so would they be elsewhere. 'Thou shalt be *with Me*.' Again this suppliant thought of a kingdom. The Lord promised an abode in a place which, by the very name applied to it, would suggest the idea of supreme felicity—'Thou shalt be with Me in paradise.' The thief looked forward to the distant future, 'When thou comest'—'whenever that time may be; I know not how far off it may be' Christ Jesus promised present enjoyment. No sooner had he closed his eyes in what had been to him a world of sin and sorrow than he would find himself in the realms of light, and joy, and bliss—'*To-day* shalt thou be with Me in paradise.' We hardly know with which to be most struck, the prayer or the answer. When we take these in connection with such instances as the prayer of the Syrophenician woman, and the answer vouchsafed to her, 'According to thy faith be it unto thee,' we seem to discern the principle on which the Lord acts. When He meets with remarkable prayers, he gives remarkable answers. When He sees great faith, He responds to it by bestowing great grace and great blessing. We receive according to our asking. We receive not only because we ask, but as we ask.

The case of the malefactor gives us some encouragement in dealing with the dying. It warrants us in saying that if there be the penitent heart, and the look of faith turned towards the Lord Jesus Christ even at the eleventh hour, He is able to save. But this case, rightly understood, affords no encouragement to put off the matter of salvation to a dying hour. No one who does this is warranted in expecting that he will cherish the same spirit as this dying criminal. If you definitely resolve, my reader, to leave the consideration of eternal concerns till the season of a death-bed, the greater probability is that you will then manifest the spirit of the other malefactor, who, as far as we know, died without faith and without hope. But this man's case affords you comfort (if you are not yet Christ's) in seeking the Lord now. In a certain sense, you are like the thief on the cross. Like him, you are dying; your heart is beating 'funeral marches to the grave.' But now, while the spark of life is still within you, if you will come to Christ, you may. However many the difficulties and obstacles in the way, however great the mercy you need, and the request you are constrained to make, you may look for a gracious welcome and an abundant answer. Seek a place in His kingdom. The lowliest member of that kingdom is more blessed than the highest potentate of earth. It is said, with respect to an English nobleman, that when any one wins his favour and obtains any position under him, he may be said to have his fortune made. Seek the Saviour's favour, and you will obtain through Him all the benefits of salvation, all the riches of divine grace, and all the glory of heaven's inheritance.

THE TRUE STANDARD.

'By what rule do you choose your associates?' said a merchant to his newly-engaged clerk.

The young man hesitated. Finally he said: 'I don't know that I choose my companions by rule; it is just as it happens. I am thrown with certain people at my boarding-house or in the store; I like some young men the moment I see them; others repel me. A man has to do the best he can.'

'If you wish to succeed,' replied his mentor, 'you will take pains to have for friends only the honourable, the intelligent, and the straightforward. It is a mistake not to have a standard of judgment.'

Young people do not understand, when they set gaily forth on the journey of life, that they are to be made or marred by the company they keep. Far more than we imagine, we are all modified by our surrounding atmosphere. A boy's father, for instance, has a low ideal of life. He takes the mercenary view that material success is everything, and that it makes little difference whether minds and hearts prosper or not. What can be expected of the boy—unless, indeed, he have a Christian mother, who can stamp herself and her higher aspirations and convictions upon him?

In selecting a school or a college for son or daughter, the question should always be asked, 'What style of companionship will this institution assure to its students? The whole tenor of many a life has been affected by the friendships formed in school-days. Of this almost any biography furnishes proofs—whether it be the published life of a conspicuous man, or the unwritten story of some one whose days have been passed in obscurity.

The true standard by which our friends should be measured—the touchstone, the divining-rod—should be character. Does this person live with eyes uplifted to God? Is that life consecrated to the Lord Jesus? Other and accidental things—as social position, education, wealth, and family—are to be regarded as secondary to this primary essential, in those whom Christians should select as their fellow-helpers on life's path.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

KENNETH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in a grand old church in one of our sea-girt cities that a goodly company of men and women, divines, professors, and theological students, met one June morning in 18—, to bid good-bye and good-speed to a band of young missionaries, who, constrained by love to Christ, had chosen a foreign field for their life-work. The warm sunshine, slanting across arched vane and pillared aisle, rested upon the silvery hair and earnest face of him who had been previously appointed to lead the service.

It was not a gathering of one church or one denomination, but an assemblage of Christians impelled by one motive, one impulse running from heart to heart, and this impulse, this motive, was to be like Christ. Loving the world, He came into the world, and for the love He bore the world He gave up His life; and the life that He lived He enjoined upon His followers, saying, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel.'

In obedience to this mandate, behold the gathering! With bowed heads and eyes wet with happy tears, prayers were offered and hymns were sung, and the divine blessing invoked upon those to go away and upon those to remain. With a voice broken, mention was made of Robert Raikes, Andrew Fuller, and William Carey. 'The former with a heart to pity the swarms of ragged, vicious, and profane children who filled the streets on the Sabbath-day, was led to devise a school system in order to reclaim them. And now, in every part of the world where there is a Christian Church, there also is a Sunday school. The second has left his mark on the age, not alone as an eminent Christian minister and a great theological writer, but as one of the founders of missions, and in whose service his life was prematurely exhausted; while the latter, with prayer and conference, stimulated the effort, and brought to a happy issue the work of preaching the gospel to the heathen.

'More than half a century has rolled by, and behold what God has wrought! If I had the power to bring here to-day representatives from the entire mission field, what an assemblage! People of almost every nation, and of every colour and every rank would be present. See them greet one another as if they were members of one family with one head, even Christ. Such a sight would give us some idea of the last scene in the history of man's redemption, when the curtain of time shall fall, and this world and the things of this world will be brought to a close. "I beheld, and lo! a great company which no man can number, of all nations, and kindred, and peoples, stood before the throne and the Lamb, singing with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

'There was nothing of sacrifice, nothing of enforced duty and consequent depression; but triumphant, strong in His strength to go forward, and willing, nay, counting it joy to follow wherever He would lead.'

There was more singing and more speeches; then from the class of young men so recently invested with ministerial authority, one rose up, and in the presence of men who had grown white-haired in the service, briefly narrated what God had done for him, and the reason why he sought the foreign field.

The well-knit figure and handsome face of the young man attracted every eye. The sincerity of his manner impressed every heart. Before he came to the conclusion, it was patent to every listener that the call had been no uncertain sound; but the voice of One who could transform the careless, erring youth into a chosen vessel. There was no mistake. Yes, it could be no other than Hinckley French, just through with his studies, and ready for his life work. Grouped around him were several of his own class, and still others of the class previous; pastors now, two of whom we have before seen, Kenneth Kline and Carey Kew. With a familiar wave of the right hand, the speaker turned to the associates of his boyhood. Thoughts of the good-bye overpowered him. With tears running over his cheeks he stood with wide-open arms. The great organ sounded; there was a rushing as of mighty wings, and some one was praying.

Mrs French came over to Zoe's side. She was making a powerful effort to appear calm.

'Let us say it here,' she whispered, 'with the music sounding in our ears, and the people crowding around us. I would rather think of my boy so. I cannot go to the steamer.'

'We cannot, either of us,' answered Zoe. 'I think Kenneth will like it better here.'

'If I had known how lonely it would make me feel, I would have insisted upon going out now; but no, I shall go with Augusta; it would not be right to have her go without me.'

It was not one good-bye; but a succession of hand claspings and tender, whispered words and fragments of speech to be treasured up and lived over in the days to come.

With a choking voice, Hinckley whispered—

'Be gentle with mother. I was all she had, and I disappointed her.'

'No, Hinckley, no!' came hoarsely. 'I would not have you do otherwise; but I would go with you.'

'You will come with Augusta. God bless and keep you, mother. God bless and keep us all.'

Carey Kew went to the steamer, leaving Kenneth with his wife and Mrs French to make their way back to the hotel. It had been a severe test, and Kenneth knew that action would prove a remedial agent in the case of Hinckley's mother.

'We will leave for our Western home to-morrow, taking Mrs French with us,' he said to Zoe.

'To-morrow. Yes, I think it will be best,' looking to the door through which Mrs French had just passed to an inner room. Then in a lower key, and dropping her words slowly, but with marked distinctness, 'I am sure I never thought of it. Did you ever think of it, Kenneth? Did Hinckley really disappoint his mother, and in what way?'

'Mrs French was rich, and Hinckley was an only son. Very probably there were ambitious schemes, or social position more or less enviable,' was the reply.

'But, Kenneth, if there is any disappointment in Hinckley, it is a disappointment that brings joy with it.'

'The transforming influence of the Spirit of Christ would never disappoint us, if we believed less in impossibilities!' replied Kenneth.

'Possibly it was the meeting of the extremes in Hinckley that disappointed Mrs French.'

Carey Kew came in with a whispered message to Hinckley's mother. The poor woman wept afresh; then her face brightened.

'A gift will profit nothing, unless cheerfully given!' was the purport of the message.

Afterwards Carey drew his chair still nearer to Zoe.

'An unlooked-for event stares me in the face,' he said. 'At first I thought it was a mistake, and read it twice over before I was convinced that it was intended for me. Read it, and tell me what you think of it,' at the same time handing her a letter.

Running her eyes over it, she cried with a burst of girlish enthusiasm—

'An offer from a city church! Good, is it not? Only it will take you from us,' flashing her eyes over his face.

'If I accept it,' was said, thoughtfully.

'Then you have doubts about it?'

'I have grave doubts of my ability to fill the place worthily. A more experienced man would, I think, be preferable; meantime I have six weeks in which to decide.'

A smile touched Zoe's face. She was thinking that six weeks would make a change with Carey. He was now on his way to Brentford, and when he left it, Rachel Kline would go with him.

Possibly Carey saw the smile, and divined the thought, for he raised his head almost proudly.

'Before I accept of any place I must be sure that Rachel approves. A long time ago we decided to work together, when and where ever we could do the most good.'

CHAPTER II.

It was a quiet wedding; the guests coming from the church and the Sunday school, with a few of the old people to whom Rachel was in the habit of reading aloud every Sabbath evening. It was a picture for them to remember when she came out, dressed simply in pure white, and leaning upon the trembling arm of Karl Lubeck. Possibly her serene beauty never appeared to better effect than it did as she walked with gentle grace along the avenue to the green, natural arch, where Carey was already waiting for her. A few well-chosen words from Mr Vernon—now an old man—and a prayer by Kenneth, closed the ceremony, that would be to all who witnessed it a fragrant memory.

The good Christine's heart was full to overflowing. With a burning flush in her cheeks, the bride threw herself into the outstretched arms.

'You have been more than a mother to me. With my entire being I thank you. In losing me, you have gained a son to lean upon in your old age. You will not forget this.'

There was no reply; the grey-haired woman could only press the weeper to her heart. Then she ran into the house to hide her tears.

Mrs Kew felt that she was called to make a greater sacrifice than most mothers. Augusta was looking forward to a foreign field, and Carey was commissioned by the Home Missionary Society to go to the frontier. Truro was the beginning of what promised to be a prosperous town. There would be no lack of people. A fine place for the development of intellectual strength, and the growth of personal piety in the heart; but with social drawbacks, that led him to feel a weight of responsibility new and strange to him.

Mrs French had no daughter of her own to provide for, and she insisted upon fitting out the young people with such things as would be needed in their new home.

'I think it would have been better had Carey gone to the city,' she said to Rachel one day, as she counted out beautiful damask towels, napkins, and bed linen.

'How so?' asked the young wife.

'It was a position that a young man might well be proud of, and it would have led to something better. As it is, there will be few to appreciate him, or you either.'

'Possibly that very reason had something to do with Carey's decision,' was the thoughtful reply. 'It was the fear, perhaps, that the selfish part of his nature would grow strong, and that the praise of men would be as sweet music to his ear.'

'Carey has the elements of being a successful preacher, I judge, and I have heard Mr Vernon say as much,' breaking her count and folding the goods neatly.

Rachel was flushed and slightly restrained. Of course, it was natural for Mrs French to prefer city life. She was rich and accustomed to beautiful things; it would be an annoyance to her to do without them, and once more she thought of Hinckley, and questioned, if, indeed, his course had been a disappointment to his mother. And had she yielded to his wish to come out to India with Augusta Kew, on her own part merely, as a traveller, or, through love to the cause? She did not feel like saying another word. Still, Mrs French might think her ungrateful; besides, she would like to have a little clearer understanding of the gifts needful to make a successful preacher.

'Please specify the essentials necessary for preaching the gospel with success?' she asked, without the appearance of undue anxiety in her voice.

A smile brightened the face of the proud woman, and faded quite away before she ventured a reply.

'I think when a man can speak so as to fill his house night after night, as I am told Carey has done, it is tolerably safe to say that he has the elements of a popular speaker.'

'But a popular speaker is not of necessity a successful preacher,' returned Rachel.

'Why not?'

Rachel coloured.

It was her wish to learn from Mrs French. The latter parried her question, and now it was her turn to answer.

It was not a time to keep silent, however, and she said quite firmly and without apparent hesitation—

'Fluent speech, united with intellectual attainment, can and does make a brilliant orator; but the preacher must have zeal for God, and love for souls, with a voice of such persuasive tenderness that his hearers will be won to embrace the truth and walk in the light of it! I can but feel that Carey has this in a measure, and, as he grows older, I trust it will increase tenfold.'

'Quite my way of thinking—only we have different ways of coming at it,' smiled Mrs French.

Then, in a voice suffused with tears—

'Just as Hinckley used to talk about going to India, and the heathen and all that. I thought I could bear it, and I said to him, "Go!" but I did not realise what it would be, and now he's away, it's killing me. I can't sleep; and if I do, I am dreaming of jungles and terrible monsters, and demoniac men, and my boy!'

The last words were uttered with almost a shriek.

The poor woman dropped into a chair and covered her eyes. Was it a vision? Did she really see her boy in peril, and were her arms outstretched to save him?

Rachel stood a moment, speechless; then she ran for a cordial.

When she returned, Mrs French was sitting upright.

'I am very sorry,' she began. 'I know it is only nervousness, and I must not give way to it. I hope I did not frighten you!'

Rachel explained that it did not frighten her; she knew it was only weakness, and she had brought a cordial.

'No, indeed, child!' putting the goblet from her. 'I shall feel better—I am feeling better now. It is only when I think that it might have been otherwise. Hinckley might have staid at home — he would have done good anywhere. Don't you think he would have done good anywhere?'

'Certainly I do; but the sheaves garnered from outlying nooks and dangerous passes may please the husbandman more than those gathered in the open field.'

Zoe and Kenneth came in to lunch.

'We, too, are going,' Zoe said to Mrs French. 'Kenneth has decided.'

Rachel trembled. She was afraid of the question, where?—Mrs French would be sure to ask.

The answer did not trouble her, however; she was stronger, as she had said, and at once she began to ask if it were true that some missionaries had to live in mud houses and build them themselves?

'I have been told that many a minister has built his own house, and possibly his church, and his schoolhouse. Fortunately I know a little of carpentering,' returned Kenneth, with a bright smile.

Zoe was full of plans. Of course, it would not do for Kenneth to make a sod house. She was thankful that she had money; they could build a house, and they could put up a church and a schoolhouse. Under the volley of bright, arch talk, Mrs French soon regained her old elasticity of manner. She was interested, and her interest led her to think and to question what she could do to further the work in the home as in the foreign field. In justice to Mrs French, it must be said that her impulses were on the side of benevolent activity, but she shrank from personal contact with everything that did not harmonise with her taste. Accustomed to the elegant glitter of fashionable life, the sight of less brilliant surroundings stung her into unrest. This was the one vulnerable point—the thorn in the flesh, perhaps—by which a more thorough discipline was to be attained.

Zoe and Rachel were chatting quite in the old girlish fashion. Since the latter came to him with Karl and Christine Lubeck, Miss Crownley had been as good as her word. With nothing to call her own, the young girl had been free to go in and out of the Crownley mansion, very much in the same way that Zoe was accustomed to do, and in point of study and dress there was no other difference than that of varying taste in the same class the world over.

'If you will excuse me,' said Kenneth, rising, 'I promised Mr Vernon that I would call. The time has passed so pleasantly, I had nearly forgotten it.'

'We have our engagements. I was just saying to Zoe;' and Rachel gave a running account of all that must be done in order to get home in time and not keep Christine waiting. 'First of all, I must see my old people. I wish, oh! I wish!' looking over to Mrs French.

'What is it, child? Can I help you in any way?'

'I was thinking how happy it would make them if you would drop in and read to them occasionally.'

'I?'

'Yes.'

'I cannot think they would like it,' with a little quaver in her voice.

'Why not?'

'They are not accustomed to me. The sound of my voice would frighten them.'

'They know who you are, and to see you come in and speak and read to them, quite like one of themselves, would encourage them.'

'Mr Vernon makes a monthly distribution,' persisted Mrs French, in a voice that said as plainly as possible, 'What more can be expected of me?'

Rachel wanted to say, 'That is well, but how much more good it would do them if the donor would dispense her charity in person.' She did not say it, however; only this, with her old, sweet manner—

'When I am gone, you will go. You know you are going to miss me terribly.'

'I know no such thing. I shall try hard not to miss you, child,' the woman's dark eyes filling with tears.

Rachel ran down the steps and through the gate. Much as she had desired the time to come, she could not keep her own eyes dry when she thought of the good-bye so soon to be said. Still, she would not keep Carey one day from his work.

Making her way through the more populous streets, Rachel came into that portion of the town known as the old quarter. Here were blocks of dark, barrack-looking houses, with stacks of red chimneys, dingy windows, and battered doors. There was nothing unwholesome, but poor and barren. Even the sunshine, lying warm on the cobble stones, failed to give brightness to these homes of the poor. A small bakery stood on the corner, with a few brown loaves and a bundle of onions and radishes so placed as to catch the passer's eye. Farther on, where the light had more scope and the winds could sweep in under the eaves, was a carpenter's shop, with fresh lumber lying before the door and a piney odour filling the air. With a light step she crossed the threshold. A long bench ran the length of the room, and a man in a linen coat and flat cap was driving a plane over the wood. As he caught a glimpse of his visitor, he stopped and drew out a long, shiny curl.

'I am glad to see you do not forget us, child. I thought, perhaps, the wedding and everything——' a sudden glow lighting up the brown, bearded face.

'I am not one to forget; besides, we are to go away,' said the visitor, coming quite into the shop and standing by the table. 'How sweet and clean everything is! You know I always liked to come in here.'

'For that matter, so did Carey. Ever since the Kews have lived in Brentford I've known 'em; a mighty good family, them and the Crownleys. So you're going West, Carey told me. I wouldn't have guessed that would fill his eye, hadn't he said so out and out.'

'Carey thinks he can do more good there,' was the reply.

'Mebbe he can, mebbe he can; but it'll be hard. Hard set; mostly miners, mebbe, and such.'

'Wicked men need the gospel, and if it is such a hard place, there will be fewer who care to go,' smiled Rachel. Then after a pause, in which the carpenter was adjusting a board, 'Is your mother able to see me to-day?'

'She's right smart, and will be glad, I know. Come right up.'

The stairs were steep and narrow, with nothing like a rail to hold by; still Rachel was accustomed to them, although to-day she found herself wondering how Seth's broad shoulders squeezed through.

The room they entered was half the size of the shop. A neat rag carpet covered the floor. A bed stood in one corner, covered with a pieced quilt in bright colours, and by the fire-place, a pale, delicate woman in a full frilled white cap, was sitting in a comfortable easy-chair, with a book spread open before her.

'I have brought a visitor to see you. Are you feeling pretty well, mother?'

'Pretty well, my son,' raising her eyes with a little wondering expression in their blue depths.

The voice was low and sweet, with a thrill of joy in it. Seth slipped down to his table, leaving the visitor with his mother.

'I knew you would come. Seth was afraid, with all the new things—we must'nt expect too much, he said.'

'I see that you are able to read a little,' said Rachel, lifting the book from the woman's knee.

'A verse or two, and sometimes a psalm. I don't think I could do it if it wasn't large print.'

'You won't forget to pray for us,' said Rachel, while a dewy softness shone in her eyes. 'There is great spiritual darkness in the place whither we go. God grant that we may be able to carry our light steadily.'

'Seth told me Carey might have gone to the city. I almost wonder he didn't. He's been brought up city fashion.'

'We spent a whole week in trying to decide; then we left it with God, and that very evening a letter came for us to go to Truro.'

'I know, and I kind of rebelled at first. You see I was selfish, and could not bear never to see your face again. And Kenneth, Seth

allows, has done a nice thing marrying Zoe Crownley. She's an only child. Don't suppose Crownley will let her go out of the house.'

'Kenneth is a home missionary, and his wife is just as anxious to go out as he is,' was the reply.

'The Lord be praised for all He's done for these young folks!' said the invalid. 'I just say to Mr Vernon I don't wonder he's smilin' all the time.'

'When does Jenny come home?' asked Rachel, as she gazed over the clean room.

'Sometimes before dark; and then she's so tired. Seth helps me almost as well as a girl.'

Rachel was thinking how good and tender and true the latter had been to his mother. It was something beautiful to see him on fine days, guiding the steps of the invalid; supporting her with his strong arm, and shielding her, as far as possible, from every discomfort. Such action must be approved by God, and thus the only son of a widowed mother stood before her, invested with a manliness that the gold of princes could not purchase. What mattered poverty and dark days? reward must and would follow.

There was no one in the shop as Rachel went down. Only as she stood in the door, fearful that she was not to see Seth again, did the carpenter make his appearance. He carried a board on his shoulder, which he quickly threw down, and came forward.

'I am heartily glad you came to-day, Rachel; mebbe I should say Mrs Kew—no offence, only we've always been used to calling you both by your given names.'

'This is right!' chimed in Rachel. 'There is no reason why you should treat us as strangers.'

'I am glad; as I was saying, we shall miss you both more'n many of 'em.'

'We have the same Friend to go to; you won't forget that, Seth, and you will pray for us when you gather in the old church.'

'That we will, and always, Miss. And somehow I'm glad and happy we've as a church sent out so many.'

Rachel held out her hand.

'Good-bye, Seth. Wherever we are, we shall think of you and your mother and Jenny as among our best friends.'

The tight grasp of the brown hand was more expressive than words.

Another glance at the tall figure and brown, bearded face, and the visitor vanished down the street, feeling that in all the world there was not a nobler man than the carpenter, Seth Breezes.

(*To be continued.*)

MAKING A PROFESSION.

It is a standing reproach of the Church that she is not distinguished from the world by any broad mark of speech and behaviour. 'What do ye more than others?' 'Your saints are no better than many who make no pretence of being Christians.' To this reproach it is common to answer that all are not Christians who so profess, and that very few of them who are Christ's live up to their privileges and duties. Yet I am very far from admitting the justice of the reproach. Take the number of adult Church members in the community, and compare them with the whole number of non-professors, and the result will show a far higher standard of morals in the Church than out of it. In this comparison you must omit the Roman Catholics, for they reckon the whole of their baptized population as members of their communion. With this exception, you may take the records of the vicious and poor (and pauperism is largely the fruit of vice, so it is proper to include the public poor in the count), and you will find that the Church is almost wholly exempt from vice and its inevitable results. And it is proof of this also that such a great outcry is made when a minister, a deacon, or a Sunday-school teacher, or a young Christian is detected in wrong-doing. If Christians are no more honest, as a class, than others, why is such a fuss made when one of them commits a crime? Ministers' sons are said to be the worst boys in town, because one of them getting into a scrape makes more talk than the going astray of ninety-and-nine of the rest of the young people. And it is worth keeping in mind that some very bad men, especially in the financial world, make a profession of religion for the purpose of its endorsement of good character. Being at heart bad men, they know that Christians, taken as a class, are regarded as honest men, and they wish to be thought so, as they are not. This is evidence that bad men think well of those who profess to be Christians. But after all is said in defence of the Church, it remains sadly true that the profession of religion is not what it should be, as a guarantee of good faith. This is a very imperfect world, 'and men are not always what they seem.' It is better now than it has been in two hundred years. There is less immorality in the Church, and more piety, than in any previous period of its history. Ministers of the gospel, pastors in city and in country, will bear me witness that there are fewer cases requiring discipline, from year to year, than twenty-five or fifty years ago. This is in a measure owing to the immense change in the habit of using intoxicating drinks. Intemperance made Church discipline a necessity, first in its own sin, and then in sins which it induced. Now it is quite likely that the love of money is the root of more evil in the Church than the love of strong drink. The standard has not been lowered, and a true Church will be as faithful now in the enforcement of discipline as it ever was. But there is less of it; and instead of the fact being used to prove the Church growing lax and worldly, it should rather encourage the hope that the tide is rising.—*Irenaeus Prime, D.D.*

ASKING THE RIGHT WAY.

BY GEO. KLINGLE.

'BOBBIE, dear, that was very wrong.'

'I know it, sister Eleanor, but there is no use talking of it any more; that was forgiven long ago.'

'I am afraid you think too lightly of your fault,' replied sister Eleanor, gravely.

'No; not a bit, sister. I did very wrong; of course I did, but everybody does wrong; and I asked God to forgive me last night, at prayer-time, and this morning, and I do not see any use of thinking of it any more.'

'Are you sure you asked in the right way?'

Robbie was surprised.

'Why, sister El., there is only one way. I wanted to be forgiven, and get it off my mind, and I told God so.'

'Was that all?'

'Yes, sister, that was all; there was nothing more to do.'

'And you are sure it was all forgiven long ago?'

Robbie was perplexed.

'Sister El., you have told me yourself, a hundred times, that God forgives every sin if we only ask Him to do so.'

'And what else did I say about it, Robbie, dear?'

'I do not know,' said Robbie, 'you say so many things sometimes that it puzzles a boy.'

'That is very wrong of me,' said sister Eleanor; 'I must try to say less, and say it better, but do you think you can remember anything I ever told you about one of the most important things connected with forgiveness?'

'That we must be really sorry. I am, sister; I am really sorry.'

'I am glad you are sorry; that is one important thing; but there is something else.'

'I do not know what it can be. If a boy is sorry when he does a wrong thing, and asks God to forgive him, every single time he says his prayers, I do not see the use of taking any more account of it.'

'And how about to-morrow, and to-day, Robbie, and all the days to come? When you ask God to forgive you for the sins of yesterday, what about to-morrow and to-day?'

'I do not know what you mean, sister El.'

'Are you to do the same thing over to-morrow or to-day, and expect God to forgive you for it?'

Robbie looked amazed. The fault which he had committed was one that he had been corrected for frequently before; he had always been sorry about it; he had always asked God to forgive him, and been anxious that God should forgive him, and had been taught that God forgives us all our sins when we ask Him and are sorry. But Robbie remembered that though each time he had been sorry, and had asked to be forgiven, he had fallen into the same sin again, and that was a part of the matter which he did not like to think about.

'Do not talk about to-morrow, sister El,' said Robbie, looking very uncomfortable; 'I do not think I shall do it again as soon as that.'

'Will you ever do it again?' said sister Eleanor, looking earnestly into his worried face.

'How does a boy know what he will do, sister El.? I did not mean to do it the other day; and yet I did do it. How can a boy know?'

'He can know if he wants to.'

'Now, sister, you do not mean that.'

'Yes, I do, Robbie.'

'I do not see how you can.'

'Suppose you should run your hand into the fire to-day, and feel the sorrow of a boy who had done wrong and had been burned; would you do that wrong thing again?'

'I think not; but that is different.'

'You *think* not, or do you *know?*'

'I know I would not.'

'You have done a wrong thing a number of times, Robbie; the same thing over and over——'

'It was something different each time.'

'You felt the sorrow of a boy who had been scorched by a sin every time.' Sister Eleanor stopped speaking for a moment, while Robbie looked gravely toward the floor. 'You have felt scorched by sin every time, and asked God earnestly to take away the burn, and to make you comfortable again? How many more times are you going to get burned with this sin, and expect God to make you comfortable again?'

Robbie did not speak a word. He saw his position before God. He had been wilfully sinning with the thought that God would forgive him many times, He was such a loving, forgiving God.

'Do you know when you will be ready to stop being burned with this sin, Robbie, dear? God's mercy will not go on forever. Either you must stop that sin, or God will stop forgiving.'

'I mean to stop it. I intend to try not to do it again. I meant, every time, not to do it again.'

'And every time you have done it.'

Robbie looked very unhappy.

'You see you did not go the right way to work about it. If you had burned your hand in the fire, you would not have said, "I will try not to do it again," but you would have said boldly, "I will never do it again." When this sin burned, you said, "I will try not to do it again," and you see what has come of it. You should have decided about it just as certainly as you would have decided about the hand, and then have gone to God and begged Him every day to help you to keep to your resolution.'

ıt you mean, sister,' said Robbie, cheerfully in her face. 'I will

forget to ask God to help you. ?ou have been trying your way, self, and did not succeed.'

think He has forgiven the other Eleanor?'

, Robbie, dear; but I know He will ı gladly if He finds that you are in your effort not to do so again.'

thought He forgave everybody if they asked Him.'

es, if they ask the right way.'

do we know, sister, if we ask the I always thought I was asking way, and now, it seems, I have ht at all; and like as not, a great ; do not ask the right way.'

ys ask the right way when we are y that we did wrong, and resolve never, to the end of our lives, do lod is ready to forgive sins, and to them up, but He wants to see us p. A sin which we keep hold of, sure we will overcome next time, ve do not hate enough to put our could hardly expect God to for-

easy to be forgiven always, is it,

r if we really love God; for if we 'e will not wish to keep a sin in ve will hate it and stamp it down, l to keep us free from it forever

hrew his arms around sister eck, and looked so lovingly, and nd gladly in her face, that she l put that sin down under his feet, ng to fight it, by God's help, and to be right with regard to it for etween him and God.

CHRIST.—Are we bringing souls We have the greatest possible ent to do it. The touch of faith e. 'He is able, He is willing,' to ıd ours.

A Song for the Morning of the Lord's Day.

(From the German of B. Schmolke.)

BY J. M. M.

Light of light, illume mine eyes
At the newly dawning morning;
Gracious Sun, appear, arise,
With Thy rays my face adorning;
Let Thy brilliance dwell with me,
That my Sabbath glad may be.

Fountain of all blessedness,
Let Thy streams glide smoothly hither,
That with Thy preparedness
Even my spirit may not wither;
Strew the word with blessing wide,
Let it hundredfold abide.

Kindle Thou the sacrifice
Which upon my lip is waiting;
Light my pathway, O most wise,
Keep from error desolating,
That no alien fire may glow
Which Thy altar will not know.

Let me now and evermore
Sing the chorus, three times holy,
To eternal worship soar
With a spirit winged yet lowly;
Give me here a foretaste sweet
Of the joys in heaven that meet.

Rest in me, and I in Thee,
Paradise in heart erecting;
Manifest Thyself to me,
Feeble spark of love affecting;
Fresh supply of precious oil
Feeds devotion after toil.

Consecrated be this day—
Hence, each vain and glittering pleasure;
That Thy excellent glory may
Be enshrined, my heart's best treasure;
Every wish and deed be blest,
Finding in Thy love my rest.

A Daily Portion.

SEPTEMBER 1.

'HRIST JESUS NEITHER CIRCUM-AVAILETH ANYTHING, NOR UNCIR-ION; BUT FAITH WHICH WORKETH E.'—Gal. v. 6.

ith Paul, to die is gain; to me, a re we such? Have we this blessed th, wherever it is, is operative. ay there is no precious stone but hidden virtue in it; so I may say hath some secret virtue in it; it soul on Christ. It hath both a nd sanctifying virtue in it. It od out of Christ's sides to pardon, ut of His sides to purge; it works by love. It constrains to duty, it makes the head study for Christ, the tongue confess Him, the hands work for Him.—*T. Watson.*

SEPTEMBER 2.

'PRECIOUS FAITH.'—2 Peter i. 1.

I have read of a father who had three sons, and, being to die, left in his will all his estate to that son who could find his ring with the jewel which had a healing virtue. The case was brought before the judges; the two elder sons counterfeited a ring, but the younger son brought the true ring, which was proved by the virtue of it; whereupon his father's estate went to him. To this ring I may compare

faith. There is a counterfeit faith in the world; but if we can find this ring of faith, which hath the healing virtue in it, to purify the heart, this is the true faith which gives us an interest in Christ, and entitles us to all these privileges at death, to be freed from sin and sorrow, and to have our bodies united to Christ, while they are in the grave.—*T. Watson.*

SEPTEMBER 3.

'I WILL PUT MY LAW IN THEIR INWARD PARTS, AND WRITE IT IN THEIR HEARTS.' —Jer. xxxi. 33.

We cannot act any evangelical service without a new nature. If we have no natural preparation, we can have no natural action. The law must be written in our hearts before it be formed into the life; 'I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts.' It is then, and then only, that we have a practical and affectionate knowledge of God, 'And they shall know Me from the least unto the greatest.' Restoration to a supernatural life must be before there can be supernatural actions, a just nature before a just walk, 'The just shall walk in them'—that is, in the ways of God. The motion of the creature is not the cause but the effect of life. The evangelical service is not the cause of righteousness, but the effect. We cannot walk in one commandment of God till the law be written in our inward parts. Those that have not a new heart cannot walk in God's statutes.—*Charnock.*

SEPTEMBER 4.

'HE GAVE GIFTS UNTO MEN.'—Eph. iv. 8.

All these extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost—the calling of prophets, and Apostles, and evangelists, and the ordinary ministers of the gospel by pastors and teachers—tends to that great design that God hath in building His Church, making up that great assembly of all the elect, to enjoy and praise Him for all eternity. For this end sent He His Son out of His bosom, and for this end sends He forth His messengers to divulge that salvation that His Son hath wrought, and sends down His Spirit upon them, that they may be fitted for so high a service.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 5.

'THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOW REPORTED UNTO YOU BY THEM THAT HAVE PREACHED THE GOSPEL UNTO YOU WITH THE HOLY GHOST SENT DOWN FROM HEAVEN; WHICH THINGS THE ANGELS DESIRE TO LOOK INTO.'—1 Peter i. 12.

The cherubim wonder how guilty man escapes their flaming swords, and re-enters paradise. The angels see that their companions that fell are not restored, but their room filled up with the spirits of just men, and they envy it not; which mystery the angels desire to look into; and this is added in the close of these words for the extolling of it. The angels look upon what they h seen already fulfilled with delight and admi tion, and what remains—namely, the accomplishment of this great work in the of time—they look upon, with desire to se finished; it is not a slight glance they take it, but they fix their eye, and look stedfas on it—viz., that mystery of godliness, G manifested in the flesh; and, it is added, s of angels.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 6.

'SEEN OF ANGELS.'—1 Tim. iii. 16.

The Word made flesh, draws the eyes those glorious spirits, and possesses them w wonder, to see the Almighty Godhead join with the weakness of a man, yea, of an infa He that stretcheth forth the heavens, bou up in swaddling clothes! And, to pass all t wonders of His life, this is beyond all admi tion, that the Lord of life was subject death, and that His love to rebellious manki moved Him both to take on, and lay do that life.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 7.

'VERILY HE TOOK NOT ON HIM THE NATU OF ANGELS; BUT HE TOOK ON HIM T SEED OF ABRAHAM.'—Heb. ii. 16.

It is no wonder the angels admire tho things, and delight to look upon them; but is strange that we do not so. They view the stedfastly, and we neglect them; either consider them not at all, or give them but transient look, half an eye. That which w the great business of the prophets a Apostles, both for their own times and to co vey them to us, we regard not; and turn o eyes to foolish wandering thoughts, whi angels are ashamed at. They are not so co cerned in this great mystery as we are; th are but mere beholders in comparison of u yea, they seem rather to be losers some wa that our nature, in itself inferior to theirs, in Jesus Christ exalted above theirs. W bow down to the earth and study, and grov in it, rake into the very bowels of it, and co tent ourselves with the outside of the u searchable riches of Christ, and look n within it; but they, having no will nor desi but for the glory of God, being pure flames fire, burning only in love to Him, are no le delighted than amazed with the bottomle wonders of His wisdom and goodness, shinin in the work of our redemption.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 8.

'THE WICKED WILL NOT SEEK AFTER GOD.'— Ps. x. 4.

The great error of man's mind, and th cause of all his errors of life, is the divertin of the soul from God, and turning downwar to inferior confidences and comforts; and thi mischoice is the very root of all our miserie Therefore the main end of the holy Word o God is to untie the hearts of men from th world, and lead them back to God, as thei only rest and solid comfort.—*Leighton.*

LUTHER AS A CHILD AND A SCHOLAR UP TO 1501.

BY JULIUS KOESTLIN,
PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE-WITTEMBERG.

AS to how Martin Luther, as the child of these parents in Mansfeld, grew up and spiritually developed himself, and as to the surroundings in which he moved, we have no information save what he himself has told us. What person there could have had the boy in his eye in order ıake him the theme of a future history? can, therefore, only make use of disıbered occasional utterances from himself, :h sometimes meet us in his writings, or etimes have been received from his lips friends, such as Melanchthon, or Ratze:er, his later physician, or Mathesius, his ılar, and written down for posterity. They very incomplete, but still important ıgh for the understanding of the course :h his inner life took, and which prepared for his future calling. And we may at same time reckon it significant and imant that those enemies who, from the nning of his ecclesiastical contests, pried his origin, and sought to find out anyg hurtful to him, have throughout, on r part, brought to light no contribution to history of his childhood and youth, ɔugh the Reformer had gainsayers enough eplace of his upbringing and of his parents; indeed, a part of the Mansfeld nobility ıined in communion with the Romish rch. There were therefore, at least, no vourable or dark features to bring out of ıouse of his parents, or out of his youthful s.

e speak of the paradise of childhood. ıer himself, at a later period, rejoiced and ed himself at the life and the happiness :tle ones, who know neither the cares of ɔuter life nor inner soul needs, and happily freely enjoy the goodness of their God. is remembrances from his own life, so far ɔ speaks of them, it is not the sunshine of a childhood that he depicts. In the time which the parents had at the ıning to pass through in Mansfeld, the ren, especially the first-born, must share. As these parents passed their days in, and resolutely braced themselves for, severe labour, the tone in the house was prevailingly earnest and stern. The straightforward, honourable, and industrious father was sincerely desirous to make out of his son an able man, who should take a higher place in the world than he had done; but at the same time also he demanded conduct corresponding to his own from him, and held him up sternly to his own paternal reputation. After his father's death, the Reformer thought in moving words of the love that he had enjoyed from such a parent, and on the sweet intercourse that he had with him. But there is nothing strange that when he, in childhood, especially needed tender love, he had too often to feel his father's sternness. He was once, he says, so severely beaten by him that he fled from him, and had taken up a hatred to him, but it soon wore away. Luther, in his conversations on the training of children, has also referred to his mother as an example how parents in punishment, with the best intentions, may go too far, and forget the distinctions that are to be made between them, and the consideration that in acting with children we must take notice of the particular ways of each individual child. Once, on account of a small nut that he had taken, his mother beat him until the blood came. In contrast with this severity, he notes that in the training of children the apple must be alongside the rod; children, on account of a fault with nuts or cherries, must not be so chastised as if they had seized gold or jewels. His parents, he said, had sincerely meant well to him, but held him so straitly that he became timid and low-spirited. What he experienced, however, was not a hardness without affection, which blunts the child's spirit, and leads to concealed deceitful ways. Their sternness, well-meaning, and proceeding from a truly moral earnestness, called forth in Luther himself a sternness and tenderness in his own conscience whereby he afterwards deeply and painfully felt every crime with regard to God; while, with regard to himself, he was not free from anxiety, and at the same time made that

to be sin which was not sin at all. He himself noted as the result of such training that he ran into a monastery and became a monk. He thus spoke, although he at the same time declared that it was better to punish children from the cradle with the rod, than to suffer them to grow up without punishment, and that it is a great mercy to bring the will of young people under subjection, although it cost labour and pains, and require threatenings and blows.

The experiences which he himself passed through, in consequence of the early poverty in his father's house, are evidently referred to in later utterances regarding the sons of poor people, who must labour out of the dust, and suffer much, have nothing to be proud or boast of, but suppress their feelings in silence, and learn to trust in God, and to whom God also gives good heads.

With respect to Luther's ways with his brothers and sisters, an acquaintance of the Luther family in Mansfeld, and especially of his brother James, relates that he acted with them from childhood in the most brotherly manner; and, according to the statement of his mother, he exercised a happy influence by word and deed in the pious upbringing of the younger members of the family.

When he was still very young he was brought by his father to school. 'A good old friend,' Oemler, a citizen of Mansfeld, long afterwards—two years before he died—wrote a remembrance of it in a Bible, how he, as the elder, had more than once carried the still feeble child to school in his arms—a proof, not as a Catholic enemy in the following century supposed, that the young child had to be compelled to go to school, but that he was still at an age when carrying did him good. The school buildings, still existing in the lower parts, lay at the upper end of the town, that was partly built upon a hill with steep streets. The children were there instructed in reading and in writing, and in the elements of Latin, but doubtless in a very unskilful, mechanical manner. Luther, at a later period, speaks of the experiences which he there passed through, of the severe torments in declining and conjugating, and in the other tasks which the scholars in his youth had to bear. But he there felt the severity of his teachers to be something quite different from the sternness of his parents. The schoolmasters, he says, were at that time tyrants and executioners, the schools prisons and hells; and, in spite of blows, trembling, fear, and suffering, nothing was learned. He himself, he says, once, in the course of a forenoon, received blows fifteen times without any fault of his, while he was compelled to say what had never been taught him. He continued to attend this school up to his fourteenth year.

His father then wished to send him to a better and a higher seminary of learning. He, therefore, first sent him to Magdeburg. The school which Luther there attended is, alas! not further known to us. His friend Mathesius tells us that the school there, properly called the city school, is 'widely renowned beyond many others.' Luther, at a later period, once said that he there went to school to the Nullbrethren. The Nullbrethren, or Nollbrethren, were a name for the so-called brethren of the common life, who united together without a vow, in order to help each other in their efforts for their soul's salvation, and for a holy life, and also to labour for the moral and religious welfare of the people by the preaching of the divine Word, by instruction and pastoral work. They took also a special interest in the rising youth. They likewise shared, especially in Germany, in the then awakening efforts to dig out the treasures of the old Roman and Greek literature, and by them to renew the scientific education of the time. Since 1488 there had been a settlement of the brethren in Magdeburg, which had come from Hildesheim, one of their chief seats. According to all accounts, they had not there an institution of their own, but they may have given their services to the town school. Here, therefore, the miner, Luther, in 1497, sent his first-born. He was led to this course by his relative, Peter Reinicke, the mine bailiff. He despatched him thither with John, Peter Reinicke's son, or, as Mathesius expresses it, by John Reinicke. With this John Reinicke, who, at a later period, also obtained an honourable position among the Mansfeld miners, our Luther remained united in life-long friendship. His father kept him only a year in Magdeburg, and then removed him to a school in Eisenach. We do not know whether he failed to come up to the expectations which the youthful reputation of the Magdeburg institution had called forth, or whether other considerations, such as less outlay for his son, had determined him to the change. It is, however, only his zeal for a better education for his son that here comes before us. Of the instruction which he doubtless there received we have no information.

Ratzeberger alone tells us something, that he had received from Luther, regarding his life in Magdeburg; and, indeed, an isolated fact which seemed to him worthy of notice as physician. Luther was there once afflicted with a burning fever and great thirst, and in the heat of the fever he was denied anything to quench his thirst. There, on a Friday, when his associates in the house had gone out to hear sermon, and left him alone, and when he was no longer able to endure his thirst, he crept down upon his hands and feet to the kitchen, and there drank with great zest a vessel full of fresh water, and thereupon was scarcely able to reach his chamber again, when he fell into a deep sleep, and henceforward remained free from the fever.

The assistance which his father could give him was not sufficient at Magdeburg, and afterwards in Eisenach, to cover the cost of his support and attendance at school. He was

therefore obliged, after the manner of poor scholars, who, as he himself afterwards expressed it, sing before the doors the bread dance, and collect small gifts or parteken. 'I myself,' he says, 'have been such a gift collector, especially at Eisenach, in my beloved town.' He thus went round about in the neighbourhood with his companions. In after days he repeatedly presented from the pulpit and from the lecturer's chair a scene out of this period (which, moreover, suited his school-time at Mansfeld). They were singing about Christmas, among the villages, hymns in four parts, with which they were wont to celebrate the birth of the Child in Bethlehem. When they had done this before a farm-house standing by itself, the farmer stepped out and called with a gruff voice, 'Where are you, you rogues?' He had two sausages for them in his hands, but they ran through fear and terror until he called after them, and desired them to come for the sausages. So, said Luther, he was at that time crushed by these terrors of school training. But he then wished to give his hearers in this story an example of how the heart of man, in the gracious offers of the merciful God, sees only what leads to fear and destruction, and how unceasingly we should pray to God without timidity or dread. It was by no means rare at that period for even scholars of the better classes—as here the son of a magistrate of Mansfeld, and such as, from the desire of a higher education, went to foreign schools themselves, to seek in a marked manner to supply the means of support lacking to them.

To Eisenach his father then sent him, and at the same time with the thought of his numerous rich relations who lived in the town and neighbourhood, of whom, however, only one out of that period is named—Konrad, who was clerk in the church of St Nicolas. But the connections of the relations with young Luther were, at all events, not of a kind to afford him all the outward support needful for him.

It was at this period that his singing brought him into the hands of Frau Cotta, who with befriending love received the growing lad, and whose memory now lives among the German people along with that of the Reformer. Konrad, or Kunz, her husband, was one of the most esteemed of the citizens, and was descended from a noble family of Italian origin that had become rich through trade. Ursula Cotta was sprung from an Eisenach family of the name of Schalbe. She died in 1511. She took a hearty liking for the boy, as Mathesius expresses it, on account of his singing and simple prayer, and she admitted him to her table. He, at the same time, enjoyed similar kindness from a brother or a relation of hers, and also from an institution belonging to the Franciscan monks in Eisenach, which the Schalbe family had closely united to itself by its rich foundations, and which, therefore, was called the Schalbe College. With Frau Cotta Luther learned for the first time to know life in a patrician house, and how to conduct himself therein.

In Eisenach Luther at last enjoyed profitable school instruction for a period of four years. At a later time he lived on friendly and grateful terms for ten years with Pastor Wiegand, who once had been his schoolmaster in Eisenach. Ratzenberger names as schoolmaster John Trebonius, a learned man and poet, of whom he tells that every time he came into school he took off his barett or cap, since God might choose out of the young people present some one to be a burgomaster, or chancellor, or highly learned doctor, which, as our narrator adds, was afterwards abundantly true in Doctor Luther. We cannot now say what place Luther and John Reinicke occupied at the school, which had several classes. But the mode in which instruction was there given Luther himself afterwards commended to Melanchthon. The result was that Luther there acquired the full knowledge of Latin, which was then the chief matter in order to enter upon study at the university. He learned to write it not merely in prose, but in verse, so that even the Eisenach school must have been sympathising in the Humanist movements of that age. His living spirit and sharp understanding now happily unfolded itself, and he not merely overtook what had been neglected, but he shot ahead of his associates of the same age.

But while we see in him the future hero, teacher, and contender for the faith growing up, the most important question for us is in regard to the course which his religious development had taken from this childhood.

He who afterwards entered on so great a contest with the existing Church still always thankfully acknowledged how that in her, and under all the corruptions complained of by him, the foundations for a Christian life, the conditions for salvation, the fundamental principles of Christianity, and the means of redeeming and sanctifying grace always existed, and how she laboured to unite them with her own works and teaching. He also recognised what he himself had received from her from his childhood. In this house, he once said, as he had been baptized, so also he had been catechised or instructed in Christian truth, and would therefore always honour it as his paternal house. The Church, at the very least, required that children at school and at home learn by heart the so-called Apostles' creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and to pray, and to sing psalms and Christian hymns. Of the old Christian hymns in German, of which a surprisingly rich collection has now been gathered together, there was at least a certain number in general use in the Church, especially at the festivals. 'Fine hymns,' Luther calls them. He was therefore careful that they should continue in the evangelical Church. The hymns which we owe to his poetic gifts are partly based upon older verses. For Christmas, for example, when, as we have just heard, scholars

travelled round about singing, have we still from those times the song, 'A Little Child so Beautiful.' The first verse of our Pentecostal hymn, coming down from Luther—

'Now pray we to the Holy Ghost,'

he himself notes down as from these fine old songs. From the Holy Scriptures at least the Church lessons, gospels, and epistles were given in the vernacular for old and young in the service of God. For a long time, also, sermons were preached in German, and there were printed collections for the use of pastors.

In this respect it was much better in the districts in which Luther was brought up than in many others. Still, generally speaking, what in such matters had been recommended and striven after by pious fathers of the Church, writers and members of societies, such as that of the common life, or enjoined in ecclesiastical regulations, was very far from being valued or carried into effect. The Reformers afterwards could, therefore, bring serious charges against the procedure of the Catholic Church of their century without fear of actual contradiction. The greatest defects and shortcomings had been brought to light by the visitations which had been undertaken on their account, and we must therefore judge as to its condition from the actual facts of the decades which preceded their operation. Even where parents and schoolmasters had taught the first principles of religion, these principles were never brought before the young in ecclesiastical instruction. And, indeed, it was one of the charges brought against the opponents of the Reformation that, notwithstanding ecclesiastical regulations, this instruction was not given, and that children were rather exercised in carrying banners at processions, and sacred candles, &c. Indeed, priests were met with in these visitations who had not even once performed the chief acts of their office. But Luther does not remark in his later complaints that he personally, in his youth, had experience of this shameful state of matters.

But the chief defect and necessity which he afterwards came to realise, and by which his inner being suffered from his childhood, related rather to the mode in which the instruction of youth, and from the pulpit the saving truths of Christianity, as well as the religious life arising out of their reception, were misrepresented.

He himself at a later period wished to have Christian children brought up in the joyful conviction that God is a loving Father to them, Christ a true Saviour, and that they with free, childlike confidence draw near to this Father, and, when a conviction of sin and guilt might spring up within them, that they should and ought forthwith seek forgiveness from Him. But in this manner, he says, he himself had not been taught. Indeed, from childhood, he had been trained up in the conception of Christianity and the form of religion against which afterwards, as we shall see, his chief Reformation testimony directed itself.

God there stood for him in unapproachable majesty and fearful holiness. Christ the Saviour, Reconciler, and Mediator, whose appearing only must mark out for condemnation those who reject His salvation, essentially presented Himself as a threatening Judge. On the other hand, men sought Mary and the other saints to intercede and mediate with this Lord on their behalf. Towards the close of the Middle Ages this worship had increased and enlarged itself manifold. Special honour and care fell to the lot of particular saints at particular places, in particular circles to the favour of particular interests. The Knight George was the special saint of the town and district of Mansfeld; and his statue still stands at the entrance to the old schoolhouse. Towards the close of the century there quickly sprung up among the miners the worship of the holy Anna, the mother of Mary; after whom, for example, the mining town Annaberg, built in 1496, was named. Luther, at a later period, remembered the great honour paid to her when he was a boy of fifteen; and, indeed, he then wished to betake himself to her protection. At this period pious writings were not lacking, which, whilst they truly wished to preserve the Catholic faith, earnestly warned against too great valuing of the saints, and trusting in them more than upon God; but we see, even from the warning, how much it was needful, and from the more remote historical circumstances how little fruit it produced. Upon Luther the beautiful features of the history of the saints had an attractive power, which he at a later period never denied; and, indeed, he always spoke of Mary the mother of God in a tender, reverential manner, only complaining that men would make her a goddess. But of his earlier position in regard to his belief, he says that Christ was then for him seated upon a rainbow as a stern judge; that men had gone away from Christ to the saints as their protectors; men called upon Mary that she show her breast to her Son, and thereby make Him merciful to them. An example from an Eisenach convent of what deceit such worship led to came afterwards into the hands of the Elector John Frederick, the friend of Luther. It was an image carved in wood of the holy virgin with the child Jesus in her arms, and was provided with concealed machinery, by means of which the child, when people prayed before it, at first turned away from them to the mother, and then, when they addressed her as mediatrix, inclined to them with outstretched arms.

On the other hand, the sinner whose anxiety for his salvation, and thoughts of the divine judgment made him afraid, saw himself pointed out to exercises of penance and pious works as the means to satisfy a just God. For this end he received the decision and command of the Church in the confessional. Our Reformers themselves, and especially Luther, put high value upon a man disclosing his troubled heart to a Christian confessor, or some other Christian brother, and receiving

from his lips the comfort of forgiveness, which God, in His pitying love, gives to him who is rich in faith. But at the confessional, they say, a man received nothing, but their consciences were tortured by numbering up their individual sins, and were burdened by the various external penances prescribed to them; and, indeed, the educating activity of the Church was especially directed to this end, with both old and young, that every one be drawn to this Church discipline, and regularly appear at the confessional, and seek for peace with God in no other way.

Luther, at a later period, always recognised, and, indeed, comforted himself therewith, that even in such circumstances so much might press in upon the heart from the simple words of the Bible message of salvation as to awaken a faith, which, in spite of all the limits set around it, and the confusing dogmas, would throw itself with inward desire and childlike confidence into the arms of divine grace, and so be truly joyful from a sense of forgiveness. He himself, also, as we shall see, received in the following years wholesome instruction from men in the then existing Church; and Ritualism did not, at least in like measure, everywhere rule over Christian life in Germany during his youthful days. But in his own inner being he came, when a boy, quite under the influence of the prevailing church teaching; at all events, no one led him into childlike enjoyment of the gospel. Looking back upon his monastic years, and the entire period which preceded them, he acknowledged he had never been able to trust in his baptism into Christ, and was always in anxiety when he would be able by his own piety to come to a gracious God; indeed, by such thoughts he was afterwards driven into a monastic life.

Men who spoke out in regard to the abuses and corruptions of Church life, and especially of those of the priesthood, were not wanting in the times before and during Luther's youth. Such voices had long pressed in among the people, and had indeed come out of the midst of the people. There were also, at the same time, great complaints of the tyranny of the Papal hierarchy, and of their usurpation of worldly honours, as well as of the secularity and great immorality of the priests and monks. The Papal chair at that period reached its highest moral corruption in Pope Alexander VI. We as yet hear nothing of the impressions which, in these matters, were made upon Luther by the surroundings in which he grew up. The knowledge of the scandals which then were shamelessly, in open daylight, going on at Rome, might only slowly reach his circle. . . .

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN TRACT.

WHO was the writer of the first religious tract? and what was that tract? are questions which might puzzle not a few of our readers.

Some might answer that the first tract was that which was written with the finger of God on the summit of Sinai. Others might refer to '*the letter*' of King Hezekiah, sent by post, three thousand years ago, 'from Dan even to Beersheba,' inviting the people to 'come to keep the passover unto the Lord God of Israel at Jerusalem,' and which ends with these beautiful evangelical words: 'The Lord your God is gracious and merciful, and will not turn away His face from you, if ye return unto Him.'

Others may think of the accusation 'set over the head' of Emmanuel on the cross, written by the hands of the Roman Governor, Pilate: '*This is Jesus the King of the Jews*;' but that might, with more propriety, be termed the first gospel placard.

Others, regarding what we call the Bible as a volume of sixty-six tracts, as it really is, may point to *Genesis*, and say, 'That is the first tract.' But not to say that Job is thought by many to have been the first written book of the Bible, neither it nor any of the books of Moses is possessed of the qualities of a modern tract.

The first account we have of the writing and circulation of a gospel tract is to be found in the Acts of the Apostles. The occasion of the writing of this tract was *a leaven of legalism* that had got into the Church at Antioch, by the false teaching of 'certain men who came down from Judea,' who, though believers, from having been, before their conversion, 'of the sect of the Pharisees,' had much to unlearn; and, instead of seeking grace to do so, like some in our own day, who trouble the Church with their legal notions, they set themselves to work to bring the simple-hearted young converts, who were rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and walking in the liberty of the gospel, back to 'the yoke of bondage' imposed by the law of Moses; for the purport of their teaching was: 'Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved.'

The upshot of their erroneous teaching was, that the matter led to the convening of the first General Assembly of the Christian Church; and the tract we refer to was the result of their deliberation on the important question under discussion.

The tract is a brief one, containing only twenty-seven lines; but it is of great value, considering the nature of it, and that it was sent out for general distribution with the approval and under the authority of a general council of the Church of Christ. An Apostle presided over that assembly, and others of the Apostles took part in the discussion; and we read that it pleased the 'Apostles and elders, with the whole Church, to send chosen men of their own company to Antioch with Paul and Barnabas,' as well as to forward by them the decree of the council. And it is worthy of remark that the little tract they gave them for general circulation was written expressly *to guard the free gospel of the grace of God from any mixture of legalism.*

A Portion for the Aged.

A GREAT SINNER, A GREATER SAVIOUR.

FOR these many years I have been accustomed to say to myself with self-application, 'A great sinner, a great Saviour.' As some years ago I lay on what I then thought was to be my dying bed, I thought that this would be an appropriate inscription on my tombstone. But of late I have changed it somewhat. I have altered a single word, thus, 'A great sinner, a *greater* Saviour.' My sense of my sinfulness does not diminish as I increase in years. It rather increases; and as I review my life, and think of my sins, they seem greater both in number and in magnitude than ever before. As to their number, they often seem as the sands of the seashore; and as to their magnitude, as the great mountains. I am sometimes overwhelmed by a sense of them, and feel as did the Psalmist, when he said, 'Mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me.' At times, as I think of them, I find myself repeating the words of Edwards, 'Infinite upon infinite, infinite upon infinite.'

And yet I do not despair, for I am assured that however many and great my sins may be, I have a Saviour equal to my utmost needs. I have the confidence that He is a greater Saviour than I am a sinner. I feel that it would be to have dishonourable views of Him not to believe so. It would be to minify, and not to magnify, the grace of God to think otherwise. Christ is a divine, and therefore an infinite Saviour. Were He not divine, I am sure that He would not be the Saviour for me. Were He but a man, or but an angel, and the chiefest of all, I could not trust Him with the precious, eternal interests of my soul. I must look elsewhere, or despair. I feel that I need, and must have, one for my Saviour who is 'mighty to save,' whose 'blood cleanseth from all sin.' And I know that I have such a Saviour in the Lord Jesus Christ; and therefore I have peace. Although my sins may be indeed as the great mountains, the merits of the Crucified One, crucified for me, rise fifteen cubits upward above them all, covering them all from the eye of justice, and shielding me from the avenging stroke. In Christ I behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world. 'More than all,' more than all my needs 'in Thee I find.'

READY TO DEPART.

TO-MORROW I am expecting to start on a journey to a distant city. For weeks I have had it in anticipation, and have been getting in readiness. And now, at length, I have all things arranged, and am waiting the arrival of the hour when I shall set out. There are dear friends in that city whom I hope to meet. Our greetings will be mutual and cordial. I hope also to become

acquainted with those whose faces I have never yet seen. And the glory of the great city I hope to behold.

There is another city, 'a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God,' to which I am also expecting ere long to depart. There, too, dwell many loved ones, dear to my heart, whom I hope to meet. And there, too, are many, whom, not having seen, I love; and with them I anticipate pleasant familiar intercourse. And the surpassing splendour of that city I shall behold. I shall gaze with never-ceasing wonder on its streets of pure gold, on its wall of jasper, whose foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones, and on its gates of pearl. And I shall see the King in His beauty, and I shall drink of the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, and I shall partake of the fruit of the tree of life, which bears twelve manner of fruit, and yields her fruit every month.

From that other journey I must soon return. After a few days or weeks of tarrying with loved ones, I must bid them farewell, and return to my earthly home. But from this journey I shall never come back, I shall have no desire to come back. The celestial city will be my everlasting home. There I shall dwell in the presence of God, where is fulness of joy, and at His right hand, where are pleasures for evermore.

And am I in readiness for that journey? Am I all ready to depart? Have I done all that needs to be done for myself, and for others, before I shall go the way whence I shall not return? Soon will the summons come. Unexpectedly it may come. May I be all ready to depart and be with Christ, which will be far better than to be here.

H. S.

GOOD ENOUGH WEATHER.

'IF a long season of inclement weather is not sufficient excuse for my failing to plant more than four Sabbath schools during the past month, then I can offer no other,' writes a Southern missionary. 'No complaints, however, about the weather,' he adds, 'for I shall not soon forget a little rebuke I received a short time ago, while stopping to warm and take shelter from a storm in a freedman's humble home.

'"What a dreadful day this is!" escaped my lips as I greeted old Aunt Judy at her cabin-door.

'"Bless the Lord, Sir," said she; "don't everything come from the Lord? Then, if you are a Christian, the weather is good enough for you; and if you are not a Christian, the weather is more than too good for you."

'The harder it rained, the louder did Aunt Judy sing, "Thank the Lord for everything!"

'After awhile the storm ceased, and with thanks for her kindness, I put a florin into the hand of the pious old woman. "Good-bye, Aunt Judy; your short sermon is well worth a collection." Soon the cabin-door was out of sight, but my pathway seemed to grow brighter, and "the weather has been good enough" ever since.'

LILY MELVILLE AND HER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER VII.

'Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me.'—Ps. cxxxix. 3, 5.

T was about this time that one day, on the arrival of the Indian mail, which was always looked forward to by the girls with the deepest interest, for it seldom failed to bring them loving letters from their parents, Lily, having read the letters, called Benson, and abruptly asked her the name of her village home.

'Woodcot, in ——shire, Miss,' was the rather wondering reply.

'Then you *are* mamma's Sunday scholar. Mamma was the teacher you told us about,' cried Lily, clapping her hands in delight.

'Is it possible? Miss Grahame?'

'Yes, yes, mamma was Miss Grahame before she married papa. And listen to what she writes. You know she once sent you a message before, that she was so glad to hear that her daughters had got one with the love of Christ in her heart to be their maid; and now she says:—"Did not you tell me the name of your maid was Benson? Ask her where she came from. It would be singular if she should turn out to be the Mary Benson of my Sunday class at Woodcot, and the sister of the poor fellow I have been writing about." Mamma has been telling of the providential escape of our precious papa from great danger. He was returning from a missionary meeting at the next station, attended by one native servant. Night had overtaken them when riding through the jungle not far from home. Papa all at once saw two fierce eyes glaring upon him; it was a large tiger, quite close. Papa fired and wounded the beast, but only enough to exasperate it. It sprang upon him and pulled him down; and, oh! it would soon have killed him had not a man, a British soldier, jumped up and fired his revolver at it more than once, which made it leave hold of papa, only to seize on the new enemy. But by this time it was badly wounded, and papa was able to shoot it dead with the man's revolver. The native had run to a distance, but came back when he saw the tiger was killed, and was sent off for assistance to carry the man, who was most hurt, to papa's own bungalow, where mamma has been nursing him, and he is slowly recovering. "His story," mamma says, "is a very sad one. He has led such a wild life—often determining to turn over a new leaf, and always falling into greater excesses than before—that he was weary of his own existence, and had gone out that night with the purpose of shooting himself, and it was less with a desire to save the colonel's life than to imperil his own that he attacked the tiger; though now he cannot find words to express his thankfulness that he was permitted to save the life of one to whom he now owes so much, for your papa's teaching seems really to have been blessed to him, and he now sees not only the evil of his doings, which he had often done before, but also the only remedy for sin, and we trust he has learned that only as 'a little child,' as 'born again,' can he enter the kingdom of God. He was anxious to acquaint his friends at home with his gracious change, but as he is not yet strong enough to write, I have done so for him, and this is how I found he was Joseph Benson of Woodcot, for he had enlisted under another name."'

'Our own Joe!' cried his sister, who had been listening with parted lips and clasped hands. 'Oh, if mother had but lived to hear that of her darling Joe! But she always said he would be brought in. She believed it, and when dying said she could cast that burden—that unanswered prayer—with all the rest on Him who doeth all things well. She felt sure of meeting him in heaven.'

This discovery formed a new bond of attachment between mistress and maid.

The pleasant time at the seaside was drawing to a close, and our friends began to consider what was to become of little Ben when they left, and rather reproached themselves that they had never gone to see his home and his grandmother, when one morning he appeared with one of his eyes bruised and black. He did not seem inclined to tell the cause until closely questioned, when it came out that he had offered to read a chapter in the New Testament to his grandmother, who had forbidden him, at the same time taking God's name in vain.

'I told her what little Miss had said about that to me, and what the Bible said about it; and for my impudence, as she said, she gave me such a box on the ear that it knocked my head against the door, and gave me this black eye.'

'Poor boy!' 'poor Ben!' came from his listeners.

'Oh, it's nothing,' he said, 'I'm used to worse; only I be sorry she won't let me read to her.'

They would delay no longer, and all set off for the cottage on the top of the cliff, taking with them a suit of clothes for Ben, which Mr Pemberton and Benson had contrived out of worn ones of Mr Pemberton's, hoping the gift might soften the old woman. But they found Widow Turner a difficult subject to deal with. They came to ask her to let her grandson attend the Sunday school; she, however, said no use of so much learning. There weren't no Sunday schools in her day or her husband's, and they had got on very well in the world without them; always paid their way, and never done no harm to no one. And it would

never do to disappoint the gentry as came by rail of a ride on the Sunday; and, indeed, it took all Ben could earn to keep the house. And, for that part of it, he was no grandson of hers, though he had been brought up to call her granny; he was of no such good stock, she feared, leastways on the father's side. A brute of a husband was Absolom Harding, for all his good looks, as ill-treated his poor, weakly wife, and went off to the gold diggings, and never sent home nothing to take her out, as he promised.

Benson was standing behind by the door, and no one was looking at her then, else they would have seen her face flush scarlet, for Absolom Harding was a handsome young coachman in her first place, who had asked her to marry him, and make a better man of him, for he was of rather dissipated habits; but, happily, her mother had warned her never to think of marrying any one she could not thoroughly respect, and to marry only in the Lord; so she would have nothing to say to his flattering speeches. And this bright-eyed Ben then was his boy! Here was another discovery for her.

The old woman's tongue ran on, scarcely leaving an opening for Mr Pemberton to remind her that this world was not all, and that her fancied righteousness was only as filthy rags in God's pure sight. They had to leave her without getting a promise of liberty for Ben; but they felt assured a way would be opened for this lamb of the flock.

Ben learnt more of his own history from the communication of old Widow Turner to her visitors than he had ever known before. He was aware, indeed, that his father had gone abroad, and never taken any notice of his boy's existence; also that he was held in little estimation by the old woman who had brought up Ben, for when in worse humour than usual, she often accused the son, as it seemed to him, of his father's delinquencies; but, somehow, he had never before thought much about his mother, of whom he had a very vague and dim recollection, almost as of a form without life, and without any connection with himself. He could not remember ever hearing her voice or seeing her smile. Many loving words, however, and fond caresses had she lavished on her boy during the first four years of his life, all unremembered as they were by him. He now listened with interest to the account given by Widow Turner, how his father and mother were on their way to the sea-port, whence they were to sail for Australia, when his mother's strength gave way as they were passing through Westcliff, and how she entreated her husband to find out Mrs Turner, a cousin of her father's, to whom they came, asking shelter for a short time, until the ailing wife should get better by resting.

'So what could I do,' said the old woman, with her hard voice, 'but take them in? And when, instead of getting better, she got worse as the day for sailing came near, I could but promise to keep her when he went off; and glad enough he seemed to me to get her off his hands, the wretch! She told me she had a little money over from the sale of her things, and that she would pay me for any expense I might be at. So, having buried all my own, and being at times a kind o' lonesome-like, I said she might as well bide with me.

'By-and-by, that boy there was born, and when his mother was stronger, she got plenty of work from the laundresses in the time of visitors, for she was a very good hand at laundry work. I must say that for her, and having been laundress myself, I know what's what. And she took in plain work at other times, and pretty well maintained herself and her child; but a poor broken-hearted creature she was, and no ways lively company. She never would let me say a word agin her husband, and always began to cry when I could not hold my tongue about the poor bargain she had made; and I do believe she hoped to save enough to take her and Ben out to him. But when he was four years old, she took a bad cold in the winter, and never got better; and so there she lies now in the churchyard. And ever since I have done my best by the boy, and never had a penny o' parish money for him; for I thought, seeing as how I had had the trouble of him as a baby, I might as well keep him till he would be of some use to me, and I soon made him learn to be handy, and then I knew God Almighty would reckon what I had done to my account in the next world.'

Mr Pemberton tried to point out to the self-righteous old woman that no deeds of our own, however good—and none are good but those wrought in us by God's Holy Spirit, and thus not ours to boast of—can justify us in His sight, far less blot out any of the long account standing against us for past offences; but Mrs Turner could not bear *preaching*, and rudely interrupted her visitor by talking of other subjects. The gospel was no good news to her, nor had the story of Christ's life, and death, and resurrection any charm for her ears.

Mr Pemberton would gladly have taken Ben home with him to Thornley Parsonage, to assist and be trained by old Anthony, his man-of-all-work, who was getting rheumatic, and scarcely able for all he had been accustomed to do; for, seeing Ben's kind treatment of his donkey, Mr Pemberton was sure he could easily be taught to take care of his horse; and, smart and active as he was, as well as obliging and grateful, he would make himself useful in many ways. He did not feel justified, however, in taking him from the old woman, who, in her own ungracious way, had really befriended his mother and him in their hour of need; so the good clergyman kept that project to himself, determined at the same time to keep an eye on the boy for the future.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Friends given by God in mercy and in love,
My counsellors, my comforters, my guides.'

The day of the visitors' leaving—and both parties went at the same time—was a sad one for poor Ben. When he saw the train depart containing his friends (how lately he had not known what it was to have even one!), he felt as if awaking from a beautiful dream to dull reality. How could he get on without them? What if he should fall back to his former careless life, now that he had not them to guide him? They had first told him about the Lord Jesus Christ—a real living Person he now knew Him to be—it almost seemed to the newly-awakened boy as if *they* had brought their Saviour to Westcliff! But they would not forget him even when far away, he was sure of that, and would remember him in their prayers. Miss Lily would talk about him to Benson; she would speak about him to *God*.

Every day he lingered about the door of the Post Office at the hour of the arrival of the London mail, in the eager expectation of getting the letter which Benson had promised to write to him, and with the mistaken notion that it would more surely reach him if he were in the neighbourhood of the place where the mail-bags arrived. He had never known of a letter being delivered at his granny's cottage, and he somehow could not imagine any of the smart letter-carriers condescending to knock at the door of that humble dwelling, and leave a letter addressed to such an insignificant personage as little Ben felt himself to be. When, however, day after day passed—and to Ben they seemed longer than any others—without bringing the longed-for letter, he began to feel very forlorn and desolate.

One morning as he was leading his donkey along the sands, waiting to be hired, he saw a young boy in a small boat by himself, in danger of drifting out to sea, for he seemed to have little knowledge how to manage oars or rudder. The water was smooth at the time, but if a breeze should spring up, what would become of the ignorant voyager? Unconsciously, so to speak, the scene suggested to Ben's mind a picture of his own case: left to himself to be drifted hither and thither, without guidance, at the mercy of the winds and waves, for so it appeared to him in his desponding mood. As he watched the ill-directed craft, he noticed another boat shoot out from the shore, in which was the little boy's papa, who soon brought his child safe to land.

And Ben thought, if that earthly father had been watching over his son all the time, ready to help him with all his power, was not *his* heavenly Father ever near him, seeing and caring for him, ready to guide him to the haven where He would be? The thought cheered and strengthened the poor fellow amazingly for a time, and led him to remember what Miss Lily had said about the Bible being given us to direct us in our daily path of life. And did she not say, too, that it was God's long letter to us, full of kind words and loving messages? *That* letter had reached him from heaven, and the expected one now ever uppermost in his mind had not so far to come; and, besides, the best it could contain, he very well knew, would refer him to that same Bible—the Word of God.

But it was in the reading of the Word that he missed the help of his friends so much. With them he had been accustomed to read passages in connection, which threw light on one another; and he was conscious now of a diminished delight in the sacred page, from finding less meaning in portions which had not been opened up to him. Widow Turner had not only forbidden him to read aloud to her, but she threw every obstacle in the way of his poring over the Book himself in the evening, by sending him on unnecessary errands, or giving him trifling jobs to do, and then ordering him off to bed.

He sometimes took flight with his Bible to old Dan's cottage, where he certainly had peace to read, though he received no instruction in the truth; for, old in years as the fisherman was, he was as young a learner in the school of Christ as his little friend, and a less apt and keen scholar.

Also, in Ben's newly-stirred interest in his dead mother, he had gone to the old sexton and asked him to show him where she was buried. He took him to a quiet corner of the churchyard, and, pointing to two or three nameless graves, told him it was in one of these, but in which one he could not tell for certain. Ben soon fixed on one covered with daisies as hers, and this became a favourite evening resort of his with his Bible. That corner of the churchyard was surrounded by a high hedge, and each time the sorrowful boy visited it, a little bird was there warbling a sweet little song. It seemed as solitary as himself, yet peaceful and happy.

A great yearning would come over him at times for the love which a sort of instinctive feeling told him would have been his, had not his mother been lying under the green turf on which he lay stretched; and lonely indeed he oftentimes felt, for he had now lost all pleasure in the rude, riotous fun of his thoughtless companions, and was also rather shunned by them as a young '*saint*.'

One beautiful evening, so still and warm, with a restful hush, and an evening scent of flowers pervading the air, Ben sat in his favourite spot, with his Bible open on his knees, his finger pointing to what he had been reading, although at the moment he was not so much thinking of that, as simply feeling the quiet, and hearing the music of the little bird's song of few notes, more resembling the rippling prattle of a very young child repeating again and again its few words, than any artistically composed song, by which, indeed it could not be imitated. Thus engaged, he suddenly became aware that he was not alone

in his quiet corner of the churchyard, for moving about near him he saw a lady dressed in deep mourning leading a little boy by the hand.

Attracted by the earnest, wistful eyes which met her gaze, the lady spoke to Ben in a gentle voice, which at once won his confidence, and, sitting down beside him, she had not far to seek for a subject of conversation in the open Bible. She found the passage he had been reading was the eighth chapter of Acts, and Ben frankly told her he had been wondering over the 39th verse—how the eunuch could go on his way rejoicing, when Philip, to whom he owed everything, had been taken from him, so that he saw him no more. Ben had not been struck by the *difference* between the high courtier entrusted with the riches of an Eastern monarch and a poor, ragged donkey-boy like himself, so much as by the *similarity* in both having been led to the knowledge of the truth by messengers unexpectedly sent, and then quickly snatched away; but while the eunuch was hastening on his way filled with joy, he himself was groping and lagging in a spirit of sadness, and unable to comprehend how it could be otherwise.

The lady referred him to verse 26, and showed him that Philip was only one of God's agents, and had been taken from work elsewhere, to be sent on that special errand, and that the eunuch could not reasonably have expected him to remain with him; and, besides, like the man in the parable, he could well afford, for joy of the treasure he had found, to part with all else.

> 'Why should the soul a drop bemoan
> Who has a fountain near,
> A fountain which will ever run
> With water sweet and clear?'

She reminded him also of what our blessed Lord Himself had said to His perplexed disciples about its being expedient for them that *He* should go away, for He would send the Comforter to be with them at all times and in all places. 'You remember when the storm arose on the Lake of Galilee, the terrified disciples had to awake Jesus, who, worn and weary with His labours, had fallen asleep; but now He never slumbereth nor sleepeth, and His ears are ever open to our cry.' And many precious promises she quoted, such as: 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you' (John xiv. 18); 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee' (Heb. xiii. 5); 'I will guide thee with Mine eye' (Ps. xxxii. 8); 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him' (James i. 5); and many more, turning them up, and marking them in Ben's Bible.

He never imagined there could be any other people in the world like his *friends;* great, therefore, was his surprise to find this unknown lady talking to him in the very way they were wont to do, and he not unnaturally concluded that she must have some connection with them; and he ventured eagerly but timidly to inquire if it were so. She had never heard of any of them, but a question sufficed to lead the grateful boy to pour out his full heart concerning them, and his infinite obligations to them.

The lady smiled at the boundlessness of his admiration, but at the same time was touched by the fervour of his gratitude and attachment to his benefactors. Turning up 1 Peter i. 22, she said: 'It is wonderful kindness on God's part, is it not? to permit us, even to command us, as He does here, to "see that ye love one another with a pure heart *fervently*." But yet we must not lean on man, for (verse 24) "all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth forever."' She thought this lonely boy was to find the lesson, 'Cease ye from man,' and 'cleave unto God,' as hard to learn as many an older Christian, and asked whether he remembered Jonah and his gourd. Ben had never heard the story; it was therefore turned up and read, and his new friend pointed out that if Jonah had been as *glad* of the Giver of the gourd as he was of the pleasant gourd itself, his gladness could never have been excessive, for God, our 'exceeding joy' (Ps. xliii. 4), could never have failed him; 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever' (Heb. xiii. 8), and as she spoke her voice faltered, and her eyes were dimmed with tears by the memory of some recent sorrow, the withering of some gourd, whose tendrils had clung tightly round her own heart.

More she spoke of Christian friends being given to help us, like a strong, steadying hand in the rough and difficult places of our road, or like lanterns in the dark night, or like the lighthouse on yonder point, to warn vessels of dangerous rocks, and indicate the way into the channel; or like voices calling us to make haste and not loiter by the way, or else cheering us on in the race—in every way to help us nearer to Jesus, and never meant to come between us and Him, or so to engross our view as to hide Him from sight; Him, the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother.

Ben would not soon have wearied listening to this gentle, earnest voice, and was sorry when the lady rose to go, which she did on hearing her little boy cough; for it reminded her that by the time they could reach their lodgings her delicate child would have been late enough out in the evening air. Before bidding Ben good-bye, she took from her pocket some nice little books, and selected one or two for him, which he most thankfully received.

Several times after this interview, during the remainder of her stay at Westcliff, he saw his unknown friend (for he never learned her name) hiring a donkey for her little boy, and oh how Ben wished she might engage his pretty Neddy and him for a long ride! But she never recognised him amongst the others, and seemed glad to get rid of the noisy boys

by hiring the most clamorous of them at once; and Ben found the best way of keeping down his envy of Tom or Dick, or whoever the favoured donkey-boy might be, was to hope that the lady might speak some momentous word to him, as, in like circumstances, Miss Lily had done to himself.

And this made him think of the delightful possibility that some of the persons who hired and rode on his donkey might also belong to 'the whole family in heaven and earth;' and, obliging in manner as he had been before, he became more attentive and respectful than ever, when he considered whom he might be serving. Very seldom any of his employers spoke to him, except concerning the objects and places around them, but sometimes, on dismissing him and paying his hire, one would almost shyly give him a tract, as if half ashamed of the act. Ben could not help thinking of those as of dark lanterns, the light probably burning within, but kept from shining before men, except through chinks. Perhaps had they remembered the precept enforced in the little hymn—

> 'Sow ye beside all waters,
> With a blessing and a prayer;
> Name Him whose hands uphold thee,
> And sow ye everywhere,'

they would not have neglected the opportunity of dropping a seed into the good ground beside their path—the little donkey-boy's prepared heart.

(*To be continued.*)

A Daily Portion.

SEPTEMBER 9.

'THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD.'—Mark i. 14.

The estate of grace and that of glory are not only so inseparably connected, but so like one to the other, yea, so essentially the same, that the same expressions in Scripture do often fit both of them, and so fit them, that it is doubtful for which of the two to understand them; but the hazard is not great, seeing they are so near, and so one grace being glory begun, and glory grace completed, both are often called the kingdom of God.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 10.

'THE GRACE THAT IS TO BE BROUGHT UNTO YOU.'—1 Peter i. 13.

The grace here brought to them is the doctrine of grace in the gospel, wherein Jesus Christ is revealed, and that grace in Him; for all the whole tenor of the covenant of grace, and every clause of it, holds in Him. His precious name runs through it all, it is the grace of salvation to be fully perfected at the last and clearest revelation of Jesus Christ.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 11.

'HOPE FOR THE GRACE THAT IS TO BE BROUGHT UNTO YOU.'—1 Peter i. 13.

This is the last act of grace, and yet still it is called by itself, and not turned into the name of merit, notwithstanding all the obedience, and all the sufferings of the saints that have gone before it; yea, even the salvation to be revealed to them is called grace. But it is needless to insist on this, for certainly none that partake of grace will be of another mind, or ever admit the mixture of the least notion of self-deserving. It is not only against the voice of the Scriptures, and of grace itself in the soul, but even against sound reason, to imagine any meriting, properly taken, in any mere creature at his Creator's hands, who hath given him his being, of which gift all his services and obedience fall short; so that he can never come to be upon even disengaged terms, much less to oblige anew, and deserve somewhat further. —*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 12.

'ALL THINGS COME OF THEE, AND OF THINE OWN HAVE I GIVEN THEE.'—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

That same grace by which any serves and obeys God, is likewise His own gift. Both the ability and the will of giving to Him is from Him; so that in these respects, not angels, nor man in innocency, could properly merit at the hands of God, much less man lost, redeemed again, and so coming under the new obligation of infinite mercy. And this is so evident a truth that the most learned and most ingenious Jesuits and schoolmen have in divers passages of their writings acknowledged it, that there cannot be any compensation, and much less merit from the creature to God, but only in relation to His own free purpose, and the tenor of His word and covenant, which is inviolable, because He is unchangeable, and truth itself.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 13.

'TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY.'—Rev. xxii. 17.

His first grace He gives freely, and no less freely the increases of it, and with the same gracious hand sets the crown of glory upon all the grace that He hath given before. It is but the following forth of His own work, and fulfilling His own thoughts of free love, which love hath no cause, but in Himself, and finds none worthy; but gives them all the worthiness they have, and accepts of their love, not as worthy in itself to be accepted, but because He Himself hath wrought it in them; not only the first tastes, but the full draught of the waters of life is freely given. Nothing is brought with them but thirst.—*Leighton.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

V. THE ROAD OF REPENTANCE, AND THE ROYAL BATHS.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE PROVINCE—ROAD OF REPENTANCE—ROYAL BATHS AT FRONTIER—QUARANTINE REGULATIONS—OTHER LOTIONS—PERSONS WHO REFUSE TO WASH AND BE CLEAN—THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS—VICTIMS OF DESPAIR—CHANGE OF GARMENTS—THREE HISTORICAL PICTURES.

IN passing through the country of Evil Fruits the traveller sees much that is fitted to sadden the heart, and to impart instruction. For here may be met with people who eat the bread of wickedness and drink the wine of violence. One poor man was showed me, who lived upon ashes. Another, just as infatuated, who amused himself by essaying to walk upon red-hot coals without burning his feet; others who madly carried glowing brands in their bosoms, thinking that by practice they will succeed in doing this without burning either their clothes or their persons.*

Large districts of the country were evidently suffering sorely from drought. Over these arid plains there drift clouds without rain, filled only by the dust of the desert instead of fertilising showers. Here are wells without water, and river-courses whose channels are filled with dry boulders, along whose banks are trees, whose fruit withereth, twice dead, and many of them lying overturned by hurricanes plucked up by the roots.† The sea that washes its shores is never at rest, but its waves are always raging, casting up mire and dirt. Even its midnight sky lacks the beauty of serenity that adorns it in other climes, for in place of its deep blue firmament being lit up with countless stars fixed in their places, or moving in their regular orbits as impelled by a Divine hand, the eye, when, weary with scenes of nightly riot and debauchery, it is lifted above, sees only wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

This country of Evil Fruits is of immense extent, and contains a teeming population. The sights that everywhere meet the eye of the tender-hearted traveller are so harrowing that as he journeys on he may be heard to sigh, 'Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!'‡

My friend, the preacher, told me that there were several roads leading from this unhappy land into Immanuel's country. One of these is the road of Spiritual Desire, which leads to the Smitten Rock, and on which we had found the fainting mother with her boy. Another is the Road of Repentance, which leads straight to the country of Holiness. It has several branches leading into the several provinces of this country, such as the road of Temperance, the road of Purity, and others.

The Road of Repentance is a well-built highway, and was cast up under the directions of a great Lawgiver. It was surveyed most accurately by the King's engineers, and runs as straight as an arrow's flight to the Land of Immanuel. The travellers on this road may be observed often to weep through the bitter recollection of their past misdeeds as they journey on.

Having seen so much sin and misery during my brief visit to the country and its capital, I determined to pursue this road until it passed out of Belial's territory, that I might see with my own eyes what manner of people the refugees were. The road itself I found to be in many parts steep, for instead of winding round the hills it leads right over them, like the roads of the ancient Romans, never turn-

* Is. xliv. 20; Prov. iv. 17; vi. 27, 28. † Jude 12. ‡ Jer. ix. 1.

ing either to the right hand or to the left, and therefore instructions are fastened up on sign-posts by command of Immanuel, directing all fugitives before entering the road to lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset them,* that so they may be able to surmount the difficulties, and to run with patience the race set before them. Although running through Belial's territory, the road itself belongs to Immanuel, has been fortified by Him with strong walls, and is patrolled by His heavenly warriors.

Occasionally Immanuel Himself has been known to appear to travellers on this highway, but for the most part He has deputed the office of guiding pilgrims along it to one very dear to Him, who is called the Comforter.

One pilgrim whom I met seemed fainting through the toilsome ascent of a very steep hill, and him I heard crying aloud, 'Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe,' whereupon as I looked I saw one like the Son of Man Himself, who took Him, and carried him, even as a shepherd might carry a bruised lamb, safely and tenderly, to the summit of the mountain.† This pilgrim I next watched descending into a deep valley, through which the road ran, where the shadows of the overhanging rocks, draped with dark fir-trees, made a gloom almost as profound as night, on entering which I heard him cry, 'O send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill and to Thy tabernacles!' Whereupon I heard a voice saying to him, 'The commandment is a lamp, and the law is light; and the reproofs of instruction are the way of life.'‡ Then might he have been seen taking a book out of his bosom, which suddenly shined forth as a lamp to his feet and a light to his path, by whose help he walked steadfastly through the dark valley.

Some of the pilgrims travel alone, while others journey in little companies, and beguile the tediousness and fatigue of the way by singing. One whom I met was singing this verse to a sweet and simple melody—

> 'O let my footsteps in Thy word
> Aright still order'd be:
> Let no iniquity obtain
> Dominion over me!'§

Now, where this grand highway of Repentance enters the kingdom of Immanuel there is a frontier town and fortress where there is established a very strict quarantine, and none are permitted to bring with them into that kingdom any portion of their old dress, habits, or property. No embargo, or even detention, is, however, imposed upon the fugitives themselves. The officers here have received the same instructions as have been issued to all the frontier towns, that all comers shall be freely admitted. The instructions, which are in the Prince's own handwriting, and sealed with His own signet, are in these words, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'‖ Though their Prince has committed the keys of His kingdom to these officers, He has entrusted them with no discretionary power; and should they prove unfaithful to their charge, there lies an appeal from them to their Prince, whose will and word are supreme. Yet this proclamation of an immediate entrance is made only to those who have come by the Highway of Repentance. To all who come by any other road it is said, 'Be not deceived, neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor idolaters, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.'¶ This notification is printed in all the languages spoken in the great country of Evil Fruits. Moreover, those who are admitted by the gates must comply with the regulations laid down by Immanuel, which are as follows:—

They must, first of all, *put off their old garments*, that these may be destroyed. These old garments are all covered with foul stains, and are full of the infection of the plague of sin. This infection is so virulent that it would occasion an outbreak of disease, even in Immanuel's land, if once it were admitted across the frontier. The royal ordinance runs thus: 'Put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts;' 'Now ye also put off all these, anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth.' After the applicant has laid aside his filthy garments, which are taken away to be burned, he is enjoined in the next place *to wash in the bath or laver* (as it was called in old days) of pure water that has been provided for the purpose of purifying all who intend to settle in the Holy Land. This tank or bath is fed by a stream of water, drawn from the river of the Water of Life, and into it are poured a few drops of the precious blood that was shed on Calvary. The efficacy of this mingled blood and water is very great. It so renovates the whole system, mind and spirit as well as body, that it is called the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. As other baths serve for the purifying of the flesh, so doth this wondrous bath purify the heart and conscience.

Now, even as I stood near the fountain, there came many from the country of Evil Fruits, as well as from other provinces of the realm of Belial, desiring to enter the Country of Holiness, who yet would in no wise be persuaded to wash in this fountain, and so to become clean. One man had gone and climbed to the top of a high range of hills to gather the glistening snow, and melting a sufficient quantity to fill a pool in the mountain, he plunged in, hoping thereby to purify himself from his deep-seated defilement; but not only were the stains of sin not extracted from his frame, but, slipping on his way down,

* Heb. xii. 1.
† Is. xl. 11.
‡ Ps. xliii. 3; Prov. vi. 23.
§ Ps. cxix. 133.
‖ Matt. xi. 28.
¶ 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.

he fell into a ditch full of mud, so that his own clothes abhorred him, and he was worse than he was before.* Another tried nitre and soap; but his iniquity was still indelibly marked upon him. Others I saw opening the veins of their own bodies with lancets, or lacerating these with scourges, imagining that the stream of their own blood must needs be at least as efficacious as the blood of any other; but I watched the result, and saw that the life-blood of the body could not cleanse the deadly sin of the soul. Others I saw weeping copiously because of their iniquities; and knowing that the tears of penitents are most precious in the sight of God, and seeing holy angels robed in white gathering these tears as they fell into little phials, as gems more priceless than diamonds, I wondered whether theirs might not avail to wash out their sins. Yea, watching closely, I saw a spirit of darkness whispering something into the ear of the penitents, and I learned that he was suggesting that these tears would form a lotion that would remove every stain. Some of the weeping ones turned away from the tempter with a gesture of loathing, but others seemed pleased with the idea, and, catching some of their own warm and sparkling tear-drops, they began to try therewith to wash away their sins. But as they did this, I perceived that the tears lost their lustre, and became defiled with the foulness with which they came in contact, while the stains were not removed. For the soul's sorrow has not power to wash away the soul's sin. Their tears, like all the other appliances referred to, merely washed their sins over, and did not wash them out. Yet, when these tears mingled with the blood and water in the sin-cleansing fountain, they added to its efficacy. Indeed, they seemed to supply a necessary ingredient to this cleansing flood, for those who stepped into the bath with dry eyes came out as defiled as they went in. One of the officials in charge of the bathing establishment told me that these waters, with all their virtues, would only cleanse penitents. He said that when Immanuel was crucified some drops of the very blood and water which flowed from His pierced side fell upon those of the Roman soldiers and Jewish rabble who were standing nearest to His cross; but though the crimson drops marked them and their children, their sin-stains were not thereby removed, seeing the hearts were impenitent.

While inspecting the establishment, I observed two classes of persons who refused to avail themselves of this bath. The first was a generation that were pure in their own eyes, and yet were not washed from their filthiness. † One of these, seeing a man standing at the door clothed in filthy garments, who would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, but beat upon his breast, saying, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!' began to pray also, but instead of suing for cleansing, his words (for he prayed aloud) were, 'God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican' (glancing with scorn at the tax-collector, who was so humbly pleading for mercy).‡ Even while this self-righteous man was engaged in his devotions a voice came down from heaven, 'Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin?' and again it said, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me.' For a moment the man turned round in astonishment, but presently his features resumed their old self-satisfied expression, and gathering his skirts around him (for he was an Eastern Jew, and wore that dress), and arranging his phylacteries, with their texts and prayers, upon his forehead and wrists, he daintily departed.

Somewhat apart from the rest might be observed some who kept aloof from the baths, and whose features were stamped with the brand of despair. Not a few of these had committed crimes of very deep dye; the hands of some of them were reddened with the blood which they had shed, and these stains they were convinced could never be washed out. Others had not sinned more than most of their neighbours and friends, but their eyes had been opened, so that they saw the true state of their hearts, and having discovered that all their nature was impure, and that their thoughts, emotions, and desires flowed from an apparently inexhaustible source of corruption within their own breasts, they became altogether hopeless that this polluted stream and spring could ever be purified. Immanuel's servants were instructed to deal very tenderly with these victims of despair. Of this wretched company, some, after losing all hope for eternity, resolved to return to their old homes, and to abandon themselves without reserve to the pleasures of sin for a season. As they departed two or three of them shouted, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' Others answered, 'A short life and a merry one;' while one replied to a heavenly messenger who was urgently pressing him not to follow with the rest, 'There is no hope: no; for I have loved strangers, and after them will I go.'§ I was told that the greater number of such backsliders never returned to the fountain and bath, and that it was impossible to renew them again to repentance, seeing they crucified to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame. They had already tasted the Word of God, and the powers of the world to come, they had experienced the striving of the Holy Spirit, and since there was no other blood to cleanse than that which they had trampled under foot, no other Saviour to redeem than Him whom they had rejected, and no other Spirit to renew and sanctify than Him whose strivings they had quenched, there remained for them only a fearful looking for of judgment.‖

* Job ix. 30. † Prov. xxx. 12, xx. 9.

‡ Luke xviii. 9. § 1 Cor. xv. 32; Jer. ii. 25.
‖ Heb. x. 27-29.

Of those who remained behind, one of Immanuel's officers said that ever and anon, in spite of all efforts made to prevent them from carrying out their mad purpose, at nightfall one and another would slip away from the company, and plunge over the brink of the bottomless pit, which yawned close by. Fiends were constantly trooping out of that Pit-mouth, bringing razors, halters, loaded fire-arms, and phials of deadly poison, and urged these unhappy creatures to make use of them to put an end to their miserable lives. Here might be seen the brood of that viper which the beautiful Egyptian Queen Cleopatra held to her bosom, till it fixed its venomous fangs in her breast, after she had swallowed the dissolved pearl that had been worth half a kingdom; here was the sword of the dark King of Israel, upon which, steadied by his own hand, he fell in Mount Gilboa; here was the halter with which Ahithophel hanged himself; here was the ill-omened rock in the Fuller's Field, over which the arch-traitor Judas cast himself, so that all his bowels gushed out, and his guilty spirit fled to its own prepared place; and here also flowed the dark waters of a sullen river, whose deep pools, whenever they were dragged, gave up a ghastly tale of sodden corpses, whose eyes had never been closed by the hand of love.

But, blessed be Immanuel, the ranks of these despairing ones were also thinned in another way. One and another, even while I was there, yielded to the pressing entreaties of Immanuel's servants, and came and washed in the fountain He had opened for cleansing sinners. To one the minister of the Bath bore this message from his Master: 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' To another, who had tried every kind of bath and lotion puffed and recommended by various unprincipled quack doctors in Heathendom and Christendom, and who was by their use nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, he said, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin;' to another, who had been a ringleader in vice and blasphemous scoffing at holy things, the memory of whose past misdeeds followed him like his shadow, and made him imagine that he was haunted by a ghost day and night, so that he trembled at the stirring of a leaf, while his restless eye and nervous twitching told that ere long, unless he found peace of conscience, his mind would be thrown off its balance, he said, 'All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme.'* While another, who sat apart wringing his hands, and refusing all comfort, and saying, 'There may be mercy for others, but, alas! there is none for me, for I am the chief of sinners; I have outraged the laws of God and of man, and I have destroyed the souls of others as well as my own,' he said, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom thou art chief.'† Now I saw that, encouraged by these and other like gracious messages from Immanuel, one and another of these persons forsook the gloomy woods and caverns that overhung the brink of the Pit, and the banks of the black and treacherous river that lures so many to a grave in its embrace, and called upon the name of the Lord, crying, 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;'‡ and, lo, when they came out, their iniquity was cleansed and their sin purged, their flesh was like a little child's, and they were clean. As one came out of the water, I heard him singing—

> 'The dying thief rejoiced to see
> This fountain in his day;
> And there have I, though vile as he,
> Washed all my sins away.'

There is a third regulation for all desiring to enter the Country of Holiness, and this is, that they *put on a change of garments provided for them by the Prince.* The royal ordinance is worded thus, and is posted where all can read it: 'Put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him: Put on as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering; above all these, put on love, which is the bond of perfectness.'§ The garments in which the purified ones clothe themselves are two: the inner one is a garment of needlework wrought by The Comforter; the outer is of Immanuel's workmanship, and is woven without seam from the top throughout.'‖ These garments have been themselves washed in the Laver, and are so white as no fuller on earth can white them.

I asked if the rule was absolute that every one on entering this Holy Country must put on these robes, and I was informed that it admitted of no exception. The officer to whom I spoke invited me to come and view the Picture Gallery. The paintings were all historical, and consisted of scenes in the lives of men who had here become Immanuel's subjects. Three of these specially struck me.

The first was that of a Jewish High Priest, standing before Immanuel clothed in filthy garments, while at his right stood the dark Diabolus as his accuser. In the background were shining angels, bearing, at Immanuel's word, spotless garments in place of his own so sin-stained, and a fair priestly mitre to set upon his head. This, said my guide, shows thee that no official consecration or holiness can be a substitute for holiness of heart.¶

In the second picture was an aged Father, who had run to embrace his son, who seemed to be returning home in a miserable plight.

* Is. i. 18; 1 John i. 7; Mark iii. 28, 29.

† 1 Tim. i. 15. ‡ Ps. li. 7. § Col. iii. 10, 12, 14.
‖ Holiness imparted to the soul, and Christ's righteousness imputed to it. ¶ Zech. iii. 1-5.

His dress was in rags; his matted hair hung in shocks over his emaciated features, which wore a suffering expression, caused partly apparently by mental anguish, and partly by the gashes which the sharp, hot stones of the highway had inflicted on his unshod feet. The Father had fallen on his neck and embraced him, and turning, now called to the servants who were hurrying up, 'Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'* This picture, he said, shows thee that the rags of a man's misdeeds, however foul, need never exclude him from the home and the heart of his heavenly Father.

The third picture was that of a young man of intellectual countenance, and deep, thoughtful eye. He was well attired, and had a blue border round his robe, which showed he was a Jew, and the unusual breadth of which marked him a strict Pharisee. He seemed supercilious, and proud of his robes. A gathering expression of dismay, however, was visible on his features as his eye was turned towards a corner of his robe, upon which the august Person called the Comforter was letting fall the light of a very powerful lamp which He held in His hand. Here was plainly visible an undeniable stain. In His other hand the Comforter held an exquisitely-wrought robe, far exceeding in beauty that worn by this young Pharisee, and on which there was no spot or stain at all. He seemed urging the young man to cast away his own robe, and array himself in this other. I asked my conductor what was the result of this appeal. He bade me read the writing below the picture; so I read, 'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, verily, I do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having a righteousness of mine own, even that which is of the law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.'† This picture, said he, shows thee that a man's own righteousness, be it never so good, hath yet some stains in it; there is heart-sin, where even the man himself may deem there is little act-sin, and therefore all stand in need of the righteousness provided by the Redeemer.

Before taking leave, I asked whether this white raiment would not, in course of time, become soiled; to which he replied, 'No;

> 'This spotless robe the same appears
> When ruined nature sinks in years;
> No age can change its glorious hue,
> The robe of Christ is ever new.'

(To be continued.)

* Luke xv. 11–32.

† Phil. iii. 7–9.

'A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.'

BY ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

THE door stood wide open, and the swarthy brawny armed men passed it to and fro on their way to the furnace at the other end of the building. A giant elm waved its cool green fingers above, and spread before the door a carpet of shifting shadow. A man with a grand head thickly covered with rings of yellow hair came out from the forge, and stood in the midst of the shadow fanning himself with his straw hat.

'How —— —— hot it is!' he muttered.

A clear voice, seemingly proceeding from the trunk of the elm, piped out—

'You said two naughty, wicked words; and your mother will have to wash out your mouth with peppery water!'

A little figure followed the voice, and, with a pitying look upon its face, came and stood before the man. He looked down at her curiously, half smiling, half frowning. A winsome, childish face it was that was lifted to meet his gaze, with eyes as blue as larkspurs, and hair like corn-silk. The pink calico slip was held up carefully in one little hand, and was filled with road-side flowers. One elastic had become unfastened, and the turned-down stocking revealed the pink baby-leg; both little hands and cheeks and nose were mottled with buttercup gold.

The man stooped down and said—

'You've got a dirty face.'

'Yes; but I'm clean on the inside—I sha'n't have to have pepper on my tongue.'

'Well, I guess the day for peppered tongues has gone by for me.'

The child drew nearer, and laying one stained little palm on his shoulder as he stooped before her, she said, earnestly—

'Haven't you got any mother?'

The young man's face grew dark as he said—

'No, I have no mother.'

'Does she live up in heaven?'

'Yes.'

'So does mine, and my father too; so you must be God's child. Auntie says I am!'

'I think you must have run away,' he said hastily; 'better run back again, little maiden.'

'No, I came out after flowers, and I shall sit under your tree to tie 'em. I do most ev'ry day.'

'What is your name?'

'Sunny Fletcher.'

'Where do you live?'

'Oh, right down here—just a little way.'

'I think you had better run home, little Sunny, for your auntie will miss you.'

The child gathered her treasures up a little tighter, and saying, 'Good-bye,' gravely went down the road.

All that afternoon Herbert Emerson wore a thoughtful look on his handsome face; and once, when one of the men standing near him swore frightfully about something, he turned sharply toward him as if to speak. Turning away, he went to the farther side of the room. Coming back by the door, he saw a dainty little maiden standing just outside it, and stopped to see again his acquaintance of the morning. Lifting a smiling face to him, she said gleefully—

'See! I'm all clean—please mayn't I come in?'

'Why do you think you must be clean to come in here?'

'Auntie says "one must be clean to visit anywhere," and it is so pretty way down there by the bright fire—it looks like heaven; and all are clean who go to heaven.'

'I'm afraid you won't find anything very heavenly here,' Herbert said bitterly, as he held out one finger to the child, and led the way toward the glowing furnace.

As they passed down the long building, the men stopped working to look smilingly at the white-robed child, holding her sun-hat in one hand, while with the other she clung tightly to Herbert's finger, nodding brightly to each of the men she passed.

She stood silently in front of the great glowing furnace; her eyes shining like stars, and the pink in her cheeks deepening to carnation. Her guide waited by her side, wondering what she would say. But she said nothing; and he drew her gently away, fearing the heat was too intense. She drew a long breath as she turned and said—

'Oh, it is *so* beautiful! I shall come here ev'ry day, if auntie will let me. Please, please come home with me and ask her if I may!' And Herbert suffered himself to be led out the high, wide door, down the hot dusty road, and up to a shady porch, before he realised what he was doing. Laying a detaining hand on the child as she was speeding away, he said—

'You must introduce me to your auntie, little one, for you know I have never met her.'

'Yes, I know how,' impatiently answered Sunny; 'if you will only tell me your name.'

'Herbert Emerson,' he said; and Sunny opened the door and ran down the cool echoing hall in search of her aunt. In a few moments he heard Sunny's voice eagerly talking, and a light step beside her own dancing ones. The door opened, and he was gravely presented to—

'My auntie, Miss Boyd.' A fair young girl, in place of the elderly lady he had expected.

'I am afraid my little one has been giving you trouble,' she said.

'Not a particle, Miss Boyd; and I am here to beg that she may be allowed to come as often as she likes. I will see that no harm comes to her, and that she comes safely home.'

'Certainly, if it will be no trouble to you; for she seems to have an intense desire to go.'

'It will be a pleasure to both of us then,' said Herbert.

And so it came to pass that little Sunny became almost a daily visitor in the smoky old forge.

The men came to be more careful in their dress and manners, knowing the little maiden loved clean and tidy men only. Before two months had passed, an oath was never heard in the room where Sunny came; and the coarse jest or vile story was not allowed to soil the lips that sometimes touched her pure ones.

One of the young men made a pretty seat under the old elm, and here Sunny used to sit and make her flowers into bouquets—a tiny one for each of the men—singing softly to herself the while. The men would pause and cast loving glances at the little figure at its pretty work, and ofttimes their eyes grew dim, and there came a curious quiver about the mouth as they looked; for Herbert had told them of the father and mother who had died before she was a year old, and of the fair girl auntie, who was all the relative she had in the wide world. Not a man among them who would have seen harm come to either.

When the flowers were tucked snugly under their winter blanket of snow, the men gave Sunny a little sleigh; and some one of them would draw her up to the shop, where she would sit like a tiny queen enthroned on a high bench, and receive the homage of her loving subjects.

The few men who had wives and babies of their own at home were tender to her for their sakes, and the others loved her the more that they had nothing else to love. She was 'our Sunny' to all the men; and by-and-by, instead of spending the Lord's-day lounging about the streets, at home asleep, or in the other questionable ways, which had been their custom, they got in the habit of going to 'Sunny's church' occasionally to hear her recite some little poem, or sing a hymn in the Sunday-school concert; and she was always so glad to see them there that they went often, and by-and-by to the morning service. Then Sunny always told the pastor these were her kind friends; so he gave them a hearty handclasp and a kind word. Then he sought them out at their homes, and they grew to love him and his church, first, because Sunny did; afterward, for his own sake. Later, they learned to love the message he brought them from the Master whom he served; later still, many obeyed the call and became earnest followers of the same Master. Verily, 'a little child *shall* lead them.'

[E HISTORICAL PROOFS OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE CREDIBILITY OF THE EVANGELISTS.

BY GEORGE P. FISHER D.D., LL.D., YALE COLLEGE, CONNECTICUT.

(*Continued from page* 210.)

IN the last two articles of this series evidence has been brought forward to prove that the Gospels were written by Apostles and companions of Apostles—in particular, that the Fourth Gospel 'k of John; that the First Gospel, at ts original form and as to its main had Matthew for its author, and that in the Greek and in its present com- ɜ the generation of the first disciples by whom it was acknowledged, was eing; that the Second and Third vere composed by contemporaries ght together the information which sought and obtained from Apostles others who were immediately cog- the facts. The Gospels thus meet f trustworthy historical evidence— all come from witnesses or well-in- ontemporaries. They present the which the Apostles gave respecting and actions of Jesus. We have to this testimony is entitled to credit. nderstood that in this place we have ɔ do with the theological doctrine of n, or with the nature and limits of ıe help afforded to the historical the New Testament. That subject nt to the present discussion. What o establish is the essential credibility angelists; in other words, to show ıarrative which they give of the life nay be relied on as fully as we rely graphies of other eminent personages st which are known to have been by honest and, in other respects, t historians.

fact of the selection of the Apostles, ew taken both by Jesus and by them- heir function, are a strong argument ibility.

iring whether the Gospel history is ıt, it is first of all important to ascer- ; view Jesus took of the life He was mong men, and also to observe in t His career was regarded by His Had His teaching and the events in connection with His life such a ɔe in His own eyes that He meant e the subject of testimony? Did He at they should be remembered, and ılly narrated to those beyond the immediate observers? In other ł He, and His followers with Him, a l feeling' as regards the momentous es, as they proved to be, belonging to ır? This question is conclusively by the fact of a deliberate selection f a body of persons to be with Him, who were deputed to relate what they saw and heard, and who distinctly understood this to be an essential part of their business. They were called 'The Twelve,' and so current was this appellation at an early day, that Paul thus designates them even in referring to the time when Judas had fallen out of their number (1 Cor. xv. 5). The idea which they had of their office was explicitly pointed out by Peter when he stated the qualifications of the one who should be chosen in place of Judas (Acts i. 21–25). It may be remarked, before quoting the passage, that if there were any just ground for suspecting the accuracy of Luke in general, it could have no application in this place. There is no room for the bias of a Pauline disciple, since the transaction is one in which it is Peter who appears as the leader, and the thing proposed is the completion of the number of 'the twelve.' The passage reads as follows: 'Wherefore of these men which have companied with us'—that is, travelled about with us—'all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us'—that is, was in constant intercourse with us—'beginning from the baptism of John unto that same day that He was taken up from us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of His resurrection.' The resurrection is particularly mentioned as the fact most prominent in the Apostle's testimony. Here is a deliberate consciousness on the part of Peter that he and his fellow-Apostles were clothed with the responsibility of witnesses, and that to be of their number one must have the necessary qualification of a credible witness, a personal knowledge of that about which he is to testify. 'We are witnesses,' said Peter, on a subsequent occasion, 'of all things which He did both in the land of the Jews and in Jerusalem' (Acts x. 39.; cf. Luke xxiv. 47–49; Acts i. 8). Their commission was to 'teach all nations,' and to teach them the commandments of Jesus (Matt. xxviii. 20). His teaching was to be brought to their remembrance (John xiv. 26). They were forewarned that they would be arraigned before magistrates to give reasons for their adherence to Him (Matt. x. 18; Luke xxi. 12). The promise of the Spirit is given in a form to exalt and not to diminish the importance of the historical facts of the life and teaching of Jesus (John xiv. 15, *seq.*; 25, 26; xv. 24–27; xvi. 14; Luke xxi. 14, 15). The Apostle John speaks of himself as an eye-witness (John i. 14, xix. 35; cf. xxi. 24). Luke, at the beginng of his Gospel, refers to his having consulted, with painstaking, those who had heard and witnessed the things to be recorded by him (Luke i. 1–5). His object in writing is to satisfy Theophilus that

his Christian belief rested on a good foundation of evidence. It is plain that the Apostles and evangelists are distinctly conscious of their position (see also Paul, 1 Cor. xv.) They are aware that they have to fulfil the duty of witnesses. There is this barrier against fancy and delusion. It is a great point in favour of their credibility.

2. The Apostles never ceased to be conscious that they were disciples. They never ceased to look back upon the words and actions of Christ with the profoundest interest, and to regard them as a sacred treasure left in their hands to be communicated to an ever-widening circle. In that life, as it had actually passed before their eyes, they placed the foundation of all their hope, and of the hope of the world. There is not the least sign that any enthusiasm which they felt in their work ever carried them away from this historical anchorage. They received the precious legacy which it devolved on them to convey to others, in a spirit of sobriety and conscientiousness, and with such a sense of its value and sacredness that they were cut off from the temptation to add to it or subtract from it. They were as far as possible from regarding what they had received as a mere starting-point for musings and speculations of their own. They were not 'many masters,' but continued to hold the reverent, dependent position of pupils.

3. The Apostles relate, without the least attempt at apology or concealment, instances of ignorance and weakness on their part, together with the reproofs on this account which they received from the Master.

This proves their honesty; but, more than that, it illustrates the *objective* character of their testimony. That they were taken up by the matter itself, so that all personal considerations sunk out of sight, is the main fact which we are now endeavouring to illustrate. So absorbing is their interest in what actually occurred that they do not heed its effect on their own reputation. They do not think of themselves. They narrate what exhibits them in an unfavourable light with as much artless simplicity as if they were not personally affected by it. When Jesus taught them that no defilement could be contracted by eating one rather than another kind of food, at which the Pharisees were offended, Peter asked Him to explain 'the parable,' or obscure saying. They tell us (Matt. xv. 16; Mark vii. 18) that Jesus answered, 'Are ye also without understanding?' He expressed, they say, astonishment and regret that even they could not discern His meaning. When told to beware of 'the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees,' they surmised that the injunction had reference to a possible deficiency of bread. They report the severe reproach which this called forth, of a littleness of faith, a failure to remember the miracle of the loaves (Matt. xvi. 8; Mark viii. 17–21).* They tell us how they confessed their own weakness of faith (Luke xvii. 5). Repeatedly they state that they did not comprehend or take in the predictions of His suffering death which were addressed to them by Jesus. They represent themselves to have clung so tenaciously to the idea of a political Messiah, that after the death of Jesus they expressed their disappointment in the words, 'We trusted that it should have been He which should have redeemed Israel;' and, even after the resurrection, they anxiously inquired of Him, 'Wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?' This false conception of the Messiah's work led to expressions on their part which deeply wounded Jesus. These are faithfully reported by them. They inform us (Matt. xvi. 23; cf. Mark viii. 33; Luke iv. 8) that Peter's protest against the suggestion that Jesus was to suffer death, elicited from Him such a rebuke as nothing but the feeling that He was tempted to sin by a friend by whom He ought rather to be supported on the hard path of duty, could evoke: 'Get thee behind Me, Satan'—adversary of the will of God, tempter—'for thou art an offence'—a stumbling-block—'unto Me; for thou savourest not'—mindest not—'the things that be of God'—God's will, God's cause—'but those that be of men.' This heavy, humiliating rebuke is recorded by all the synoptists. It entered into the story which the Apostles, Peter included, were accustomed to relate. Other instances when they must have felt humbled by the Saviour's displeasure are recorded with the same candour. For example, when they repelled those who brought little children to Him, Jesus 'was much displeased,' and bade them let the children come to Him (Mark x. 13, 14; cf. Mark x. 14; Luke xviii. 16).

What surer mark of an honest narrator can exist than a willingness to give a plain, unvarnished account of his own mortifying mistakes, and the consequent rebuffs, whether just or not, which he has experienced? When Boswell writes that Johnson said to him, with a stern look, 'Sir, I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject;' or when he writes, again, that Johnson said to him, 'Sir, endeavour to clear your mind of cant,' no one can doubt that the biographer is telling a true story. Men are not likely to invent anecdotes to their own discredit. When we find them in any author, a strong presumption is raised in favour of his general truthfulness.

4. The Apostles related, and the evangelists record, serious delinquencies of which the former were guilty—unworthy tempers of feeling and offences of a grave character.

They tell us of the ambition and rivalry

* The strong expression of grief and weariness, 'O faithless and perverse generation,' &c. (Matt. xvii. 17), is omitted above, for the reason that the parallel (Mark ix. 19) makes it, perhaps, doubtful whether the disciples were included among those addressed in the apostrophe. Matt. xvii. 20 would suggest that they were.

which sprang up among them, and of the wrangles that ensued. The mother of John and James petitioned that her sons might have the highest places of honour in the new kingdom, of the nature of which she had so poor a conception (Matt. xx. 20). The two Apostles joined in the request (Mark x. 37), having first tried to draw from their Master a promise that they should have whatever they might ask for. The other ten disciples were angry with John and James for preferring such a request (Matt. x. 41). One day, on their way to Capernaum, the disciples fell into a dispute on the same question, who should have the precedence (Mark ix. 34; cf. Luke ix. 46, xxii. 24). Altercations of this sort—so they themselves related—broke out in their company on different occasions. Will the reader ponder the fact that all four of the evangelists give a circumstantial account of the denials of Peter (Matt. xxvi. 58, *seq.*; Mark xiv. 54, *seq.*; Luke xxii. 54, *seq.*; John xviii. 15, *seq.*)? Here was the Apostle who had a kind of leadership among them. It was he whose preaching was most effective among the Jews everywhere (Gal. ii. 8). Yet this undisguised account of his cowardice, treachery, and falsehood on a most critical occasion is presented in detail in the evangelical narrative. It is impossible to doubt that it formed a part of the story of the crucifixion which the Apostles, each and all of them, told to their converts. Could a more striking proof of simple candour be afforded? Is it not obvious that the narrators sank their own personality—merged it, as it were—in the absorbing interest with which they looked back on the scenes which they had beheld, and in which they had taken part? And then they relate that at the crucifixion they all forsook Jesus and fled (Matt. xxvi. 56; Mark xiv. 50). They make no attempt to conceal the fact that they left His burial to be performed by one who was comparatively a stranger, and by the women whose devotion overcame their terror, or who considered that their sex would be their safeguard. Beyond their conscientious spirit which this portrayal of their own infirmities and misconduct compels us to attribute to the Apostles, these features of the Gospel narrative show that they forgot themselves, so intent were they on depicting things just as they had occurred. In other words, they impress on us the *objective* character of the Gospel history as it is given on the pages of the evangelists.

5. It is an impressive indication of the *objective* character of the Apostolic narrative, that the manifestations of human infirmity in Jesus—infirmity which does not involve sin—are referred to in the plainest manner, and without the least apology or concealment. These passages occur side by side with the accounts of miracles. Had there been a conscious or latent disposition to glorify their Master at the expense of truth, it is scarcely possible that they would have spread out these illustrations of human weakness. It is only necessary to remind the reader of the record of the agony of Jesus in the garden. We are informed that He was overwhelmed with mental distress. He sought the close companionship of the three disciples who were most intimate with Him. He prostrated Himself on the earth in supplication to God. As He lay on the ground one of the evangelists tells us that the sweat fell from His body, either actually mingled with blood, or in drops like drops of blood issuing from the wounds of a fallen soldier. 'My soul'—thus He had spoken to the three disciples—'is exceeding sorrowful unto death.' In the presence of passages like these, how can it be thought that the Apostles were enthusiasts, oblivious or careless of facts, and bent on presenting an ideal of their own devising, rather than the life of Jesus just as they had seen it?*

6. The truthfulness of the Apostles is proved by their submission to extreme suffering and to death for the testimony which they gave.

They had nothing to gain, from an earthly point of view, by relating the history which is recorded in the Gospels. On the contrary, they had everything to lose. It had been distinctly foretold to them that they would be 'delivered up to be afflicted,' delivered up to pain and distress, be objects of universal hatred, and be killed (Matt. xxiv. 9). They were forewarned that they would be seized, imprisoned, brought before rulers as criminals, betrayed by friends and nearest relatives (Luke xxi. 12–16; cf. xi. 49). 'The time cometh,' it was said, 'that he that killeth you will think that he doeth God service' (John xvi. 4; cf. xv. 20, xvi. 33). These predictions were verified in their experience. Whatever view is taken of the authorship of the Gospels, none can doubt that these passages are a picture of what the Apostles really endured. The persecution of the Apostles was the natural result of the spirit which had prompted the crucifixion of Jesus. It began as soon as they began publicly to preach 'Jesus and the resurrection.' There were men, like Saul of Tarsus, eager to hunt down the heretics. The murder of Stephen occurred in the year 33 or 34, about two years after the death of Christ. The Apostles were objects of mingled scorn and wrath. Their situation is described by St Paul as follows: 'For I think that God hath set forth us the Apostles last, as it were appointed to death'—or, doomed to death—'for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men.' 'Even unto the present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place.' 'Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat; we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this

* It does not fall within the plan of John to repeat this narrative of the synoptists. But John reports an instance of the deep distress of Jesus: 'Now is My soul troubled,' &c. (xii. 27). John alone relates that He 'wept' (xi. 35).

day' (1. Cor. iv. 11–14). There were certain peculiar exposures to suffering in the case of Paul; yet he describes here the common lot of the Apostles. Defamation, public scorn, physical hardship, assaults by mobs and punishments by the civil authority, imprisonment, death—this was what they saw before them, and what they actually suffered. Ostracism, with all the indignities and pains that bitter fanaticism can inflict along with it, was the reward which they had to expect for their testimony to the teaching, the miracles, the resurrection, following the death, of Jesus. To suspect them of dishonesty is to imagine that men will fling away property, friends, home, country, and life itself, for the sake of telling a falsehood that is to bring them no sort of advantage.

Hardly less irrational is it to charge them with self-delusion. It has been shown in a preceding article (see *Christian Treasury* for 1881, p. 152), by internal evidence derived from the Gospels, and by other proofs, that miracles were wrought by Christ. It has been shown that the theory of hallucination will not avail to explain the unanimous, immovable belief of the Apostles in His resurrection. The twelve attended Jesus through His public ministry from the baptism in Jordan to the close. The occurrences which necessarily presuppose the exertion of miraculous power took place in their presence. They were events in which they had a deep concern. The Apostles were not wanting in common sense. And they were conscientious men. They were the men whom Jesus Christ selected to be His companions. Unless, as the enemies of Jesus charged, He was 'a deceiver,' and most accomplished in the art, how could they mistake the character of these works which, as they alleged, He performed before their eyes?

But as the miracles are the part of the gospel history which, in these days, chiefly provokes incredulity, it is well to consider this topic further. No time need be spent on Hume's argument to show that a miracle is, under no circumstances, capable of being proved. As Mill observes, all that Hume has made out is that no evidence can prove a miracle to an atheist, or to a deist who supposes himself able to prove that God would not interfere to produce the miraculous event in question. We assume the being and moral attributes of God, and we have no call to discuss the character, in other respects, of Hume's reasoning.

We are not called upon to confute the opinion that the first three Gospels—the historical character of the fourth has already been vindicated—were moulded by a doctrinal purpose or bias, since that opinion finds no countenance now from judicious critics of whatever theological creed. The First Gospel contains numerous passages in which the catholic character of Christianity is emphatically set forth (Matt. xxiv. 14, xxviii. 19, viii. 12, xx. 1, *seq.*, xxi. 28, 33, xxii. 40, xxiii. 33, ix. 16, *seq.*, xii. 8, xiii. 31). 'Our Matthew,' says Mangold, an unprejudiced critic, not at all wedded to traditional views, 'is, to be sure, written by a Jewish Christian for Jewish Christians,' 'but he has given us no writing with a Jewish Christian doctrinal bias.' 'The words of Jesus, quoted in Matthew,' says Reuss, 'which form the doctrinal kernel of the book, are not selected in the slightest degree from that point of view'—that of the Palestinian Jewish Christianity—'but go beyond it in a hundred places, and bespeak so much the more the faithfulness of the tradition.' Mark has decidedly outgrown Judaism, 'but no dogmatic tendency can on this account be saddled on his presentation of the gospel history, as long as it is not shown that Christ Himself did not rise above Judaism, and that the Jewish Christian Matthew looks on Christianity as a development within the limits of Judaism.' In Luke, 'not only does the history of Jesus acquire in general no other significance than in Matthew; nowhere is there disclosed a design to set aside or to overcome an imperfect understanding of it. On the contrary, there occur numerous words and acts, drawn from the general tradition, which, when literally taken, rather wear a Jewish Christian colouring. But here it will be nearest to the truth to affirm that not a party feeling, but the most independent historical research—or, if we prefer so to call it, a thirst for the fullest possible information—has governed in the collection of the matter.' The whole charge of being *Tendenz-Schriften*, which Baur and his school brought against the Gospels, is founded on untenable theories respecting their authorship and order of composition.

If the 'tendency-theory' no longer calls for detailed refutation, the same thing is true of the attack of Strauss on the credibility of the Gospels, which is founded on their alleged inconsistencies. This attack is acknowledged by judicious scholars to be merely the work of an expert advocate, bent on finding contradictions in testimony which he is anxious to break down. The gospel narratives are wholly inartificial. No compositions could be more open to assault from critics who ignore this character that belongs to them, and labour to magnify the importance of variations which only serve to prove that there was no collusion among the several writers, and no attempt on the part of anybody to frame a story that should be proof against hostile comment.

(*To be continued.*)

HE WENT UP INTO A MOUNTAIN APART TO PRAY.—Our Saviour had marvellous resources in Himself, and yet He had need of times of secret prayer. He could not live and do His work without them. How impressive is this His example! Is it strange that if we pray little we are overpowered by sin and the world?

Christ in Metaphor.

is a *Lily*, heavenly fair,
›wly vales of purity,
neekness far beyond compare,
olding all its charms for thee.

is a *Plant* with clustering leaves,
›ugh summer's heat and winter's snows,
ts of royal beauty weaves
robes of Sharon's dewy rose.

is a *Vine*, a tender vine,
e planted 'neath Judea's sod,
› clusters yield the choicest wine,
life-blood of the Church of God.

is a *Star* that never sets,
›ugh clouds and darkness seen afar:
ilgrim all his grief forgets
eath the bright and Morning-Star.

is a *Gem* that constant gleams
›n kingly crowns to fragments fall,
bright than planetary beams—
Pearl of Price outshines them all.

is a *Sun* that ne'er goes down,
t brightens evermore to bless.
ıature's wreck still shines that sun—
› the Sun of Righteousness.

is a *Lamb* that once was slain,
human guilt the sacrifice;
having died, once rose again
›lead His offering in the skies.

is a *Lion*, King is He
ıncient Judah's royal line.
t, submit, and thou shalt see
t all His strength and will are thine.

ly, rose, the tender vine,
gem, the star with constant ray,
ın that never knows decline
l brightening through eternal day,

›ntle Lamb that once was slain
›et the sin-bound captive free,
›f Judah's royal line,
›sus! all are found in Thee.

Mrs M. A. W. Cooke.

POWER OF THE WORD OF GOD.

'THE Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.' It often has an influence which the words of men do not have; and it would be well if ministers and other Christians, in their reasoning with unconverted persons, were to depend on it more than they do; and would use it as 'the sword of the Spirit,' and expect decided results.

Some years ago, at the close of a large meeting, a number of persons remained for inquiry. A minister noticed in one of the aisles several young men talking together. He went up to them, and instead of speaking to them all as they were together, he asked one of them to go with him apart. On his doing so, the minister opened his Bible at John iii. 16, and placing his finger near it, asked the young man to read it. The minister then read aloud, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The eyes of the young man filled with tears, and he bowed his head. After a short silence, he said to the minister, 'You do not know what you have done, sir.' He replied, 'I have read with you a passage from the Word of God.' The young man answered, 'Well, sir, it has broken my heart.' He then added, 'When you led me aside, I was telling those young men that this revival work was all nonsense, that it was just getting up an excitement which would soon pass away, and that it was very foolish; and you brought me here, and read that verse to me, and that Word of God has gone to my heart, and has made me altogether different to what I was.'

The minister says that had he known the circumstances with reference to what the young man was doing, he would probably have taken a different course with him; but he is glad that he did not know them, and that he was led to depend simply on the Word of God. It was to the young man the commencement of a new life, and the minister knew him for years afterwards as a living Christian.—*W. H., in Boston Watchman.*

A Daily Portion.

SEPTEMBER 14.

THE REVELATION OF JESUS CHRIST.'—1 Peter i. 13.

refore is it a day of grace, all light and dness to them that are in Him, be- they shall appear in Him; and if He ›rious, they shall not be inglorious shamed. Indeed, were our secret sins ›o be set before our own eyes in their ıffrightful visage, and to be set open to ›w of angels and men, and to the eye of Justice, and we left alone so revealed, who is there that could gather any comfort, and would not rather have their thoughts filled with horror at the remembrance and expectation of that day? And thus, indeed, all unbelieving and ungodly men may look upon it, and find it terrible; but to those that are shadowed under the robe of righteous Jesus, yea, that are made one with Him, and shall partake of His glory in His appearing, it is the sweetest, the most comfortable thought that their souls can be entertained and possessed withal, to remember this glorious revelation of their Redeemer.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 15.

'BE SOBER, AND HOPE FOR THE GRACE THAT IS TO BE BROUGHT UNTO YOU.'—1 Peter i. 13.

Not that is brought, or that shall be brought; but if we will render it strictly, it is, that is a bringing to you. That blessedness, that consummation of grace, the saints are hastening forward to, walking on in their way whereso-ever it lies indifferently, through honour and dishonour, through evil report and good report. And as they are hastening to it, it is hastening to them in the course of time, every day brings it nearer to them than before; and notwithstanding all difficulties and dangers in the way, they that have their eye and hopes upon it shall arrive at it, and it shall be brought safe to their hand; all the malice of men and devils shall not be able to cut them short of this grace that is a bringing to them against the day of the revelation of Jesus Christ.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 16.

'THE SON OF MAN SHALL COME IN HIS GLORY.'—Matt. xxv. 31.

It is their great grief here, not that themselves are hated and vilified, but that their Lord Jesus is so little known, and therefore so much despised in the world; He is veiled and hid from the world; many nations acknowledge Him not at all; and many of those that do in word confess, yet in deed deny Him; many that have a form of godliness, do not only want, but mock and scoff at the power of it; and to such Christ is not known, His excellencies are hid from their eyes. Now this glory of their Lord being tender to them that love Him, they rejoice much in the consideration of this, that there is a day at hand wherein He shall appear in His brightness, and full of glory to all nations, and all shall be forced to acknowledge Him; it shall be without doubt, and unquestioned to all, that here is the Messiah, the Redeemer, the Judge of the world.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 17.

'NOW ABIDETH FAITH, HOPE.'—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

The difference of these two graces, faith and hope, is so small that the one is often taken for the other in Scripture; it is but a different aspect of the same confidence, faith apprehending the infallible truth of those divine promises, of which hope doth assuredly expect the accomplishment, and that is their truth; so that this immediately results from the other. This is the anchor fixed within the veil that keeps the soul firm against all the tossings on these swelling seas, and the winds and tempests that arise upon them. The firmest thing in this inferior world is a believing soul. Faith establishes the heart on Jesus Christ, and hope lifts it up, being on that rock, over the head of all intervenient dangers, crosses, and temptations, and sees the glory and happiness that follows after them.—*Leighton.*

SEPTEMBER 18.

'I HAVE NO GREATER JOY THAN TO HEAR THAT MY CHILDREN WALK IN THE TRUTH.'—3 John 4.

If a child wished to confer the highest possible happiness on his parents when with them, it would be by becoming a decided Christian; if, when abroad in foreign land or his own, he wished to convey intelligence to them that would most thrill their heart with joy, it would be to announce to them that he had given his heart to God. There is no joy in a family like that when children are converted; there is no news that comes from abroad that diffuses so much happiness through the domestic circle as the intelligence that a child is truly converted to the Saviour. There is nothing that would give more peace to the dying pillow of the Christian parent, than to be able to leave the world with the assurance that his children would always walk in truth.—*A. Barnes.*

SEPTEMBER 19.

'I REJOICED GREATLY, WHEN THE BRETHREN CAME AND TESTIFIED OF THE TRUTH THAT IS IN THEE, EVEN AS THOU WALKEST IN THE TRUTH.'—3 John 3.

It is an unspeakable pleasure to a Christian to learn that his friends are living and acting as becomes sincere Christians; that they love what is true, and abound in the duties of hospitality, charity, and benevolence. When a friend learns this of a distant friend, when a pastor learns this of his people from whom he may be for a time separated, when those who have been instrumental in converting others learn this of their spiritual children, when a parent learns it of a son or daughter separated from him, when a teacher learns it of those who were formerly under his care, there is no joy that goes more directly to the heart than this—nothing that fills the soul with more true thankfulness and peace.—*Barnes.*

SEPTEMBER 20.

'THE WELL BELOVED GAIUS, WHOM I LOVE IN THE TRUTH. DEMETRIUS HATH GOOD REPORT OF ALL MEN.'—3 John 1, 12.

Let us follow the example of Gaius—the hospitable Christian, the large-hearted philanthropist, the friend of the stranger, the helper of those who were engaged in the cause of the Lord—a man who opened his heart and his house to welcome them when driven out and disowned by others. Let us imitate Demetrius, in obtaining a good report of those who know us; in so living that, if the aged Apostle John were still on earth, we might be worthy of his commendation, and, more than all, of the approbation of that gracious Saviour before whom these good men have long since gone, and in whose presence we also must soon appear.—*A. Barnes.*

PAUL IN BONDS.

(PHIL. i. 12-20.)

BY REV. JOHN ALEXANDER, A.M., SYMINGTON, BIGGAR.

I. HIS POSITION.

HE tells the Philippian converts that he is bound in chains; that, nevertheless, he possesses certain privileges and liberties; he is, indeed, surrounded with enemies who make the most of his unhappy imprisonment, but he has also his friends, who encourage him in his sufferings, and who help him to bear his burden. Paul here wishes to correct a wrong inference which unthinking minds might entertain. The fact of his being bound had not hindered the progress of the gospel. The messenger was bound, the ambassador was in chains, but 'the Word of God was not bound.' Its progress could not be stopped; it was not the Apostle's, it was the Lord's. Paul was serving his Master, preaching the gospel even in his sufferings. He was living a captive's life, with all its anxieties and fears, its dread of death and fearful uncertainties, for the sake of Jesus Christ. He need not have been bound unless he had willed; he might have been free, might have escaped much sorrow and trouble, if he had only denied his Lord and separated himself from the Christians. But this he could not do; the gospel was worth all the persecution. His Lord had died for him, and he would have been an ungrateful man had he shrunk from hazarding his life for his Saviour. The preaching of the cross was laid on him as a necessity. He himself says: 'Yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel.' He knew the one great truth which men had been vainly groping after; he knew the fact which would cause joy to many a weary soul, that would light up many a darkened mind, and drive away many doubts from the troubled seeker, and chase away the black shadows that enshrouded the future of mankind. And he was bound to proclaim this, even though in proclaiming it he was to suffer and die. He was thus a martyr for the truth, and served its cause while he was a prisoner in Rome waiting Nero's time. Many, however, might imagine that the imprisonment of the great and the enthusiastic Apostle of the Gentiles would be a blow to the truth; now that he was shut up, his voice could no more be heard in the streets of the cities and towns 'telling the story of Jesus and His love.' Some Christians, too, who were weak and fearful, might be discouraged and turn back from the faith after they heard of his sufferings. Surely this would be a great disaster to the gospel. But the Apostle most emphatically denies any hindrance, and even goes the length of saying that 'the things which happened unto him had fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel. So that his bonds for Christ were manifest in all the pretorium and to all the rest. And the greater part of the brethren, waxing confident by his bonds in the Lord, were much more bold to speak the word of God without fear.' He was now brought forward more prominently into public notice. His case was to come before the emperor for trial; and the fact that a man would suffer imprisonment for his religion would make the inhabitants of Rome, men of different religions, worshipping different deities, think that this new religion was worth looking into. The novelty of this fact would cause it to be talked about. The serious-minded would desire to know this religion, for it evidently had some element of truth in it, when a man could stake his life on it. Further, the fact of his being a Jew, and previously a Pharisee, would lend additional interest, for was it not his own people who were bitterly opposed to it? *They* were the cause of his confinement. They were his declared enemies, and sought his condemnation. Moreover, it was not at all unlikely that many thoughtless, careless people would laugh at what they termed his stupidity, for to suffer for their belief was the last thing they dreamt of.

Besides the notoriety of his imprisonment, there was his influence upon his guards, and

the means of acquainting them, and *through* them many others, with the gospel for which he suffered. His captivity was a severe one, yet not the most severe. He had appealed to Cæsar, and had to wait the emperor's convenience, which sometimes extended to years, as it actually did in the Apostle's case. But he was permitted to see his friends and all who came to him; for Luke, in closing the Acts of the Apostles, mentions that the chief of the Jews went to him and heard his defence. His privilege of intercourse was to be prized, but still he could not enjoy the freedom of conversation and comfort from communion with his friends that would have been his had he been at liberty. For there was the soldier to whom he was chained, who would be a great restraint. But Paul was not the man to be discouraged and to give way to gloomy forebodings. He made the best of his circumstances and the liberty that was left to him. His tongue could not be tied; his heart was still full of love to his Saviour; and we may safely picture to ourselves the aged Apostle, his face showing traces of his many hardships, telling with all the earnestness of his soul the rough soldier beside him of the amazing condescension of the Lord Jesus Christ, detailing His wonderful life, His cruel betrayal and death, and asserting His resurrection and ascension and present living in heaven. A tale of such wondrous love, told with the beaming face and the earnest eyes, could not but take effect on many a hardened and yet weary heart; and so the gospel of Christ was passed on from mouth to mouth.

Again, the soldiers relieved guard in succession, and thus all the pretorians were made acquainted with the truth. He says 'his bonds for Christ were made manifest in all the pretorium.' Where Paul stayed while in Rome is not definitely known. Some critics 'have imagined him a prisoner within the barracks attached to the imperial residence on the Palatine;' and this view is supported, they think, by the greeting sent by Paul at the end of this epistle—'All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household.' Others have fixed his dwelling-place in the great camp, the headquarters of the pretorians, without the walls, to the north-east of the city. Others, again, say that pretorium signifies 'not a place, but a body of men—the imperial guards.' This would explain Luke's statement that Paul dwelt in his own hired house, unless we suppose a house in the midst of a camp. And, besides, it forms a fit introduction to the remaining clause of the verse—'and to all the rest,' for 'places' is in italics, and therefore not in the original.

The soldiers would speak to the civilians about their prisoner; and, again, the greater part of the brethren who felt emboldened to preach the Word of God would point to the Apostle as a proof of its sustaining and comforting power, as also of its truth, for it was worth suffering and dying for. So it happened that very many in Rome heard the gospel, which would not have been had he and his cause not become notorious through his imprisonment.

The fact of his suffering emboldening the greater part of the brethren to preach the Word of God more boldly and without fear was most encouraging to the Apostle, and proved the truth of his remark, that the things that had happened to him had fallen out rather unto the furtherance (progress) of the gospel. We might have expected other results.

Both pure and unworthy motives caused this. Some, indeed, preached Christ even from envy and strife, and some also of goodwill—the latter from love, knowing that he was set for the defence of the gospel. These recognised the truth of the religion for which Paul was bound; they, further, believed it, were partakers with him of its benefits, were his brethren. They realised, too, the value of the truth, and were no doubt stimulated by intercourse with and exhortation from him to proclaim more widely the issues at stake. Moreover, they knew that the burning desire and the great aim of his life was to spread the knowledge of Christ, for his captivity at Rome, his many previous sufferings and persecutions, were all undergone to attain this end; and to show their sympathy with him, to cheer his heart, they braced their nerves, put forth their energies, braved their hearts to greater exertions in the preaching of Christ and Him crucified. They thought on the joy the knowledge of this would give to their beloved friend, and, no doubt, saw many good results. This was the proper motive from which to preach—from love—cheering the Apostle by the fact that, though his single voice was closed, many others were opened to carry on the good work. And his pleasure was his Master's; so that they, in gratifying the Apostle, also gratified his Lord and Saviour.

But there were men who professed Christianity in order to gain other ends. Those

were the Judaisers, to whom he refers afterwards in the third chapter as 'the dogs, the evil-workers.' These men wished to bring Gentile Christians under the law. They were strong opponents of the Apostle, trying to undermine his doctrine of justification by faith and not by works in all the churches he planted. Again and again he had to contend with them, and to try and undo the great mischief they had caused. These men were delighted to find that he was prevented from preaching, and gave him all the annoyance they could, supposing to add affliction to his bonds. They preached Christ not sincerely —*i.e.*, preached a gospel of their own—mutilated the true gospel so as to give prominence to their view of the necessity of the law. But this had not the effect that was desired. Paul says:—'What then? Notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice, yea, and shall rejoice.' This is the utterance of a man like Paul, noble, generous, and far-seeing. For he knew that though his enemies were preaching the gospel imperfectly, yet they were holding up Christ to many who would not have heard otherwise. An imperfect gospel was better than none.

We are not to imagine for a moment that Paul approved of this, for we find him, in his Epistle to the Galatians, calling down 'Anathema' on all who preached any other gospel than the true one, whether they were men or angels; but here the gospel, mutilated though it was, would be preached, telling men the facts of Christ's life, death, resurrection, and ascension, calling them to turn from their idolatries and to become followers of the Messiah. Thus it was that the Apostle could rejoice at the spread of the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

II. The Hopes which cheer him in his wearisome captivity amid these reports of the preaching of his opponents.—He knew that these trials and afflictions would perfect him and be the means of his salvation, in the sense that they would develop his spiritual life, would enable him to work out—*i.e.*, perfect—his own salvation. His converts in Philippi were praying that he would be supplied with the spirit of Jesus Christ, and he knew their prayers would be heard. The Holy Spirit would work in his heart and sanctify these afflictions to him, so that he would become holier and better, refined as silver, purified as gold in the furnace, even refined seven times. And from being thus blessed and upheld, he knew that the longing of his soul, the desire of his heart, and his earnest expectation would be realized—viz., that 'in nothing he would be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so then also Christ would be magnified in his body, whether by life or by death.' His spirit was willing, his flesh was weak, and it may have been that the Apostle now and again was afraid lest he should be inclined to hang back and feel ashamed of his profession. A long, weary imprisonment was apt to make him dull; no doubt the tempter, taking advantage of his unhappy circumstances, suggested that he might deny Jesus and regain his liberty; and the Apostle felt that he needed to be kept up by the prayers of his Christian brethren and the working of the Holy Spirit in him, exerting His mighty influence on his soul, giving him light and wisdom and prudence. How worthy of admiration is he when he declares that he ardently desires to be the means of magnifying Christ, his blessed Master! And so earnest is he in this, that it matters not whether his Lord is magnified in his life or in his death. He puts in practice what he urged on his Roman brethren—he presented himself a living sacrifice, holy—*i.e.*, purified, sanctified, acceptable unto God. Surely the Apostle loved Jesus; surely he adored Him when he could say this. Does not this make us ask—What was there in Jesus that constrained the Apostle so to say and so to act? That there was a constraining power is evident, for he had once been the most bitter opponent of the cause of Christ; he had persecuted His followers with all the fanaticism of the Pharisee; he had done great hurt to the Church, and yet he had turned to be one of Christ's most zealous supporters, and had suffered much for His sake. *The constraining power was the mercy of God, the love of Jesus Christ.* The Redeemer Himself appeared to Saul on his way to Damascus to take most violent steps against the believers, and had revealed Himself to him afterwards in an especial manner. And whenever he understood why it was that Christ came into this world, when he knew that the blood of Jesus was shed to wash away his sins and to redeem his soul from death, when he understood the beauty and the nobility of the Christian life, then it was that he felt compelled to live and, if need be, to die, for Christ. He realised the privilege he had of adding to the lustre of Christ's name, through bringing others to know Him, and then love Him, and then serve Him.

Since Jesus had divested Himself of all

outward insignia of royalty and divinity, and had lived and suffered and died as a man in his room and stead, and through His humiliation had raised him to the high and holy position of a child of God, his gratitude would be seen in putting himself entirely into the hands of his Saviour. He had been called, specially called, to be an ambassador of Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and he must deliver his message, no matter what opposition he encountered. Again, it was an honour to suffer for Christ; he could magnify His name and glorify Him, and his heart's desire was that he would get grace and strength to do so.

These words of the Apostle, written in the prison at Rome, with the soldier by his side, excite special feelings of interest. The circumstances were peculiar; the words themselves are the bold utterances of a man imbued with the spirit of his Master, a hero of the faith, full of courage and hope, though harassed with fear and anxieties. They are words worthy of the Apostle. He was a man who entered into every undertaking with no half spirit. Whatever he thought to be his duty he tried to perform with all the energies of his soul. He brought love and enthusiasm to bear on all his work. Thus it was that, when he persecuted the Church of Christ, he did so most cruelly, steeling his heart against all sensitive feelings, spurning the cries of the tortured, and disregarding the tears and the death-screams of the murdered. Acting up to the light he had, he thought that he was doing God service. But when his eyes were opened, when he saw that he had been persecuting the true Church, when Jesus of Nazareth revealed Himself to him as the Saviour and Redeemer of men—the long-expected Messiah, anointed to bring life and joy to men—the enthusiasm of his nature flowed into the new channel of working for and living for Christ. And as formerly he had dared everything to attain his ends, so now he was willing to undergo anything, be it a life dragged on in lonely imprisonment, or a life active and beset with innumerable sufferings; be it death, the most unjust, the most cruel;—he cared not, so that his Master was magnified and glorified.

Let us learn—1. *To trust more and more in our heavenly Father.* Our trials may be great, our path may be strewn with thorns, our life may be hard; yet we are to trust in God. Our God will make the things we are so apt to murmur against and complain of turn out for our good, and His own glory. We may think that we could do more work and better work without them; but we are to know that 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.' He often sends trouble and trial to test our faith and our love; and in the enduring of these we can show forth His praise. We are not to despond, because it seems as if God had forsaken us; it is not so. We are His children, His servants, and He can do with us what seems best. Let us, then, be like the Apostle, patient and hopeful, looking away from our trials, away from our enemies, 'looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God,' and we shall be able to see the bright side as well as the dark side of God's dealings with us. We shall see that they are for our good, enabling us to 'work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in us, both to will and to do of His good pleasure.'

2. *To be bold, and not to be ashamed of Jesus Christ*, that He may be magnified in our bodies, whether it be by life, or by death. How many are there of us who can say that we have never been ashamed of Christ? How many can say that we are bold to confess Him, to magnify Him in our bodies, and are willing to do so even if death was the cost? We must confess that the fear of man has often led us to be false to our Master, and that we have not been so bold as we ought to have been. And as to magnifying Him, we have been too busy, and too earnest in exalting ourselves to have time for Christ. But the following of the Apostle in his consecrated life, though difficult, is not unattainable. It is acquired step by step. The more we confess Christ before our fellow-men, the more we talk to others about Him, the less ashamed, the less shy will we be. There is a feeling which we cannot get over, a feeling which we know ought to be overcome. This, however, will not be mastered without a struggle; the longer we continue subservient to it, the stronger it grows; but once let us contend with it, every new contention will be easier and easier, till at last we shall confess our Lord unblushingly before the world.

And as true Christians, we will follow up our confession *in our practice*. Confession by the mouth is good, in many cases seems to be an exceedingly easy thing; but it often goes for nothing through inconsistent living. But we are to be known as Christians who have laid ourselves at the feet of Jesus, desiring only that He should be magnified.

What a privilege to be able to glorify Christ! We are not called just now to lay down our life, as the Apostle had to do, but we are enjoined to live unto the Lord. Are we, then, bringing honour to our Saviour? Is the gospel spreading through our instrumentality? or are we hindering the cause of truth by our flippant talk about things divine, our uncharitableness, our pride, our self-conceit? Far be this from any of us. Let us, then, be bold to confess our Saviour, and back up our confession by our simple, holy, pure lives; and thus Christ will be magnified in our bodies, and God the Father will be honoured.

'SOMETHING BETTER.'

BY C. C. BITTING, D.D.

ONE Sabbath evening, as the congregation of a Baptist church was gathering, an intelligent Roman Catholic lady was passing. She had been reared in a convent school, and had never entered a Protestant church, but now curiosity conquered, and she passed in with the crowd.

The whole worship was new to her, and was watched intently. The preacher's theme was the perfect priesthood of Christ, and she wondered at the teaching, so new and clear and complete. The last sentence of the sermon, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' seemed to condense a fresh doctrine, and she could not rid herself of the ring of those words.

Coming out with the congregation, she met a neighbour, who expressed pleasure at her presence. They began to converse about the sermon, and the lady asked, 'Do you think that the minister would be willing to answer some questions about the Protestant belief, and to explain more of that doctrine?' Her neighbour replied, 'Let us go together and see.' After a few days the call was made, and the pastor interviewed. 'Where did you get the teaching of your sermon,' said the lady, 'and especially your last assertion?' 'From the Bible,' replied the minister. 'From your Protestant Bible?' said she. 'Yes; and it is in yours too,' said he; and taking the Douay Bible he showed her the Scripture with which he had closed his sermon.

At her request, the minister repeated the points of his discourse, pausing to show her, from her own version, which she had never read, the proof-texts of Scripture. He spoke of the one Sacrifice for our sins; the one Offerer, Jesus; the one, only Mediator between God and man; the one only way of access to God by Jesus, without saints' intercession or merits of good works; how any might go at once directly to Christ; how He hears our confessions and absolves us by His blood; how Christian ministers are never called priests, nor are ever endowed with priestly power; and how this teaching is of the Bible, and meets every need, of every class, in every exigency.

To this lady these teachings were all new. Her whole face showed intense interest.

'Give me that Bible,' said she, 'and show me where it says these things, and let me study them.'

She received the book, with references marked as desired, and went home to study. Several times afterwards she called on the minister with new questions, until her mind clearly comprehended the blessed truth of the sole priesthood of Christ. Then she went to see her old 'confessor,' told him of her new joy and clearer, surer trust, and bade him farewell for ever as her priest.

She returned to the minister bearing a small package, from which, after explanation of what had occurred during the past few weeks, she took her 'Manual for the Mass,' and presenting it to him, said—

'Take this. I have found something better. This sends me to dead saints, to pretended priests, and to the Virgin Mary. My Bible is better. It invites me directly to the blessed Saviour, to the blood that cleanses us from all sin, to a pardon from the Lord Himself, to Jesus as my perfect, prevailing priest. I am going to the fountain-head.—Take these beads. I have found something better. I say no more rosaries, and will no longer use vain repetitions, as the heathen do. I count no more Aves or Paters.—Take this scapular too, for I have found something better. I will wear no more false charms, but trust in the care and love and leading of my blessed Redeemer.—Take this crucifix. I give up all my idols. I worship now a living Saviour, not ivory images. I have found a heavenly confessor, who says, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." I am done buying pardons, for Jesus says, "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." I am done with self-imposed penances, for we are saved by grace through faith in our Redeemer's merit and promise. Bless God! I have found something better. My soul is unchained. My heart is loosed to wholly love Jesus. My service is love, not that of a slave or of a hireling. My peace is perfect in my Redeemer. I have one holy, living, Almighty Priest always by me, day and night, well or ill, sad or glad, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the foregiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace." Bless God that I found something better!'

And so she has gone for many months with a new song in her mouth, a new joy in her heart, and a new assurance of acceptance with God through our perfect Priest, Jesus, the Christ. It was a new revelation that made her a new creature.

LUTHER AS A CHILD AND A SCHOLAR UP TO 1501.

BY JULIUS KOESTLIN, PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE-WITTEMBERG.

(*Continued from page* 425.)

SEVERAL foundations made in his youthful years, all relating to the altars and masses to be observed at them, bear testimony to the faithfulness with which the traditional Church customs were clung to in Luther's home in Mansfeld. Even Reinicke the mining steward, the friend of Luther's family, is among the founders; he provided for the worship of God and the service of song, to the honour of the mother of God and the holy George.

Both in a religious and in an ecclesiastical respect, we see a specially interesting condition in Luther's father. A similar condition was then doubtless to be found in many an upright pious citizen. He maintained a God-fearing life. In his house, it was afterwards told of him, how often he had prayed over the bed of his little Martin, and of how, as the friend of piety and knowledge, he kept up friendly relations with the priests and schoolmasters. Words of pious contemplation from his mouth remained imprinted on the memory of our Luther from his childhood. Thus Luther tells, in a sermon in the last year of his life, that he had often heard his beloved father say, as he too had heard from his parents, that there are many more men upon the earth who eat thereon, than would be sheaves gathered together from all the fields of the world—so wonderfully does God know to preserve men. With his fellow-citizens he observed the institutions and practices of his Church. When, in the year in which he sent his son to Magdeburg, two new altars were consecrated in the church at Mansfeld to a number of the saints; and to the persons who should hear mass at them sixty days absolution were promised, Hans Luther, along with Reinicke and the other members of the magistracy, was among the first to make use of them. The enemies of the Reformer, whilst they have sought to make him out to be a descendant of heretical Bohemians, have been able to let fall upon his real father no shadow of suspicion of heretical opinion. And just as little does his son, after his father had gone out with him from its pale, ever say that he from his youthful years had heard from him any polemical or critical utterance against the Romish Church. Nevertheless, he quietly and firmly held his own opinion, and a will in conformity with it. He stood firmly in the consciousness of his paternal rights, and of the duties owing to him, in opposition to all claims made upon him. Thus, he once, as Luther tells us, when he lay sick nigh unto death, and the pastor exhorted him to bequeath something to the Church, answered, out of the simplicity of his heart: 'I have many children, who have more need of it, to whom I shall leave it.' We shall see, when his son went into the monastery, how inflexibly he held up the claims of the commandment of God, that children should obey their parents as higher than all the honours and meritoriousness of the position of a monk. Thus it is that he afterwards, without hesitation and with full conviction, assented to the doctrine of salvation which his son preached. But he always, with utterances of a thoughtful kind, maintained a blameless walk in the forms of life and faith, which in the past had been made by the Church into law, and a renunciation of criticism and reasoning about Church affairs, for which he did not feel himself called, and, indeed, an entire abstinence therefrom in the hearing of his children. But the impression and movements which his positive religious influence might have had, as is evident from his saying about the Count of Mansfeld, were always outweighed by the sternness and harshness of the paternal discipline.

Finally, with the teachings of the Church regarding the way of salvation, by means of the saints and the Church, and by one's own works, to which Luther saw himself directed from his youth, there went side by side the gloomy popular representations of Satanic powers. These representations were not, indeed, authoritatively given forth by the Church, but still they were presented by its teachers. These Satanic powers not only threatened the souls of men, but exercised an evil influence upon the whole natural life. As is well known, Luther has said a great deal of his own conflicts with Satan, of enchantment from the evil one coming upon human affairs, and especially of witchcraft. But he was, above all things, certain of this, that we are safe from Satan's attacks in the hands of God, and shall triumph over him. He, however, thought that we ought to recognise his malicious working in destructive natural occurrences suddenly breaking forth, in accidents, in storms, in conflagrations. Of witchcraft by human agency, of which much was said and believed by the common people, he affirmed it was partly unbelievable, and partly to be ascribed to a deception of the mind wrought by the devil. But he had no doubts that witches could do great bodily harm, that they could do mischief to children, and bewitch them soul and body.

In his earliest years as a boy, and in the society in which he moved, and especially in his father's house, Luther received these representations, and they, at the very least, exercised a powerful influence upon his imagination. They had, in a very remarkable manner, laid hold at that period of the German people, and had widely unfolded themselves in

wonderful forms, and had obtained a place in both ecclesiastical and civil legislation, and had called forth the action of the Inquisition, as well as frightful punishments against those who seemed to be possessed with the devil. And under such patronage these representations of the influence of Satan had gone on increasing and enlarging. A year after the birth of Luther, the most important Papal Bull appeared, on which the processes against witchcraft were founded. When a boy, therefore, Luther would hear a very great deal about witches, whilst he at a later period thought that people heard less about them; and without hesitation he said of them that they caused evil to cattle and men, and produced storms and hail. Indeed, of his own mother he knew that she had suffered much under the witchcraft of a neighour. 'This neighbour,' he said, 'cast such a spell upon children that they cried themselves to death.' Impressions and views such as these essentially belong to the gloomy features which present themselves to us in the picture of Luther's youth, and are of high importance for the understanding of his future inner course of life.

But we must not think, when we put together these features of piety and superstition, that the entire existence of the boy and of the youth was ruled over by them. He was indeed, as Mathesius depicts him, an active and joyful young lad. From his own later utterances regarding himself and his early life, we learn that it was his contest against the continued existence of all these universal ecclesiastical conditions, under which he himself suffered so much, that was the cause of this side of his early life coming forth so prominently. But, however these circumstances may have pressed upon his spirit, and cast dark shadows over the joyful period of youth, a fresh elastic inborn hereditary natural vigour held its ground within him, and which afterwards, upon the basis of a new religious life, showed itself in a fresh and rich manner. Even his childlike joy in the world of nature around him, which afterwards specially characterised the earnest theologian and polemic, we must trace back to his individual inborn characteristics of mind, and to the life of the boy amidst the objects that surrounded him.

To his life from childhood among the people we owe the natural manner with which he afterwards made use of their language. With no theologian, and, indeed, with no distinguished German writer of his century, do we meet with so many proverbs taken from the speech of the people as with him. They artlessly crop up in his books, his sermons, his academic lectures, as well as in his conversations and letters. Of the German popular legends and books, such as Dietrich of Bern and other heroes, or of Eulenspiegel or Markolf, would he at a later period hardly have thought so much as he did, if he had not made acquaintance with them in his youth. He sometimes complained of the useless, indeed scandalous, stories and 'gossip' to be found in them, and strongly condemned the pastors who seasoned their preaching with them, and partly he expressed himself approvingly of them, as for example, 'of some who have shortly and simply given us songs made by Dietrich and other giants, and much greater matters besides.' Of the delight with which he read or heard such matters, his own remark reminds us, 'A man can remember a tale of Dietrich of Bern even although he has heard it only once.'

Throughout his lifetime he preserved a loving attachment to the places in which he was brought up. Eisenach remained to him his beloved city. Mansfeld was specially dear to him as his native place, and the whole earldom as his 'Fatherland.' And not without pride he calls the district out of which he came, 'a noble renowned earldom.' The miners, who were his countrymen and the associates of his beloved father, he esteemed all his life long. A wide horizon, indeed, had not opened itself to him among the citizens of the small mining town of Mansfeld, and there where he afterwards attended school. In his later gigantic labours he, with a wide survey and a warm heart, readily comprehended the highest and most difficult problems for his Church and the entire German people; yet at the beginning of his labours and contests he understood but little of the great world, and of its politics, and of the foreign relations of his German Fatherland. Indeed, in this respect he showed an almost childlike simplicity.

These last years of his attendance at school had then skilfully advanced him on the way to the learned education which his father wished to secure to him. Thus equipped, in his eighteenth year, and in the summer of 1501, he went to the University of Erfurt.

'IS THE MATTER SETTLED?'

'Is the matter settled between you and God?' I asked solemnly of one whose declining health warned us to expect her early removal from the world.

'Oh yes, sir,' was her calm reply.

'How did you get it settled?'

'The Lord Jesus Christ settled it for me.'

'And when did He do it for you?'

'When He died on the cross for my sins.'

'How long is it since you knew this blessed and consoling fact?'

The answer was readily given: 'About twelve months ago.'

Being anxious, however, to ascertain the grounds of this confidence, I asked, 'How did you know that the work Christ accomplished on the cross for sinners was done for you?'

She at once replied, 'I read the Bible, and believed what I read.'

And now, dear reader, have *you* read the Bible, and believed what you have read? It is written, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'

RUN, SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN.

BY REV. IRENAEUS PRIME, D.D.

THE young man that I went to speak to has recently left the school, and has now the world before him. Some thousands have thus finished their course of school or college study in the last month and are looking out for something to do.

Boys will be boys, and they ought to be. But boys ought not to be fools. Some of them try hard to be. It is said there is a time in every boy's life when he is perfectly insufferable. At least he is so to everybody but his mother. She coddles him the more, the worse he is. But he bullies his brothers, torments his sisters, quarrels with his companions, and makes himself universally disagreeable. He is not on good terms with himself, but sulks when he is not on the rampage. This time of life is usually between ten and fifteen. In college this total depravity finds vent in those malicious tricks which the boys imagine to be funny, but are stupid and wicked, without an element of humour in them. It is not amusing to disturb, annoy, and injure others in their persons or property. Yet the average college boy is just so much of a fool as to imagine he is doing something very funny when he is only showing how much folly and devilry there is in him.

Well, that time of life is also now gone by, and, for good or evil, school-days are over. And what next? Childish things are certainly put away, and the serious work of life is taken in hand. Before this time it is most likely that your moral character is determined. Not certainly and always, but probably. If you have not come to a fixed purpose to be on the Lord's side in every battle, everywhere and always, it is better to come to that decision before you take another step. There are only two great sides in this world; it is a game, a conflict, and God is on one side, the devil on the other. The little battles that men fight on the exchange, in the market, in politics, and the halls of legislation, or on the tented field, are small affairs compared with the eternal strife that is waged between good and evil, with the infinite issues of heaven and hell as the outcome of the fight. If you are not on God's side, you will do well to get there quickly. Do not give sleep to your eyes till you have made friends with God and His cause and His people, so that you are understood to be His. That makes religion not only easy, but a glory. You have as good a right to your sentiments, and to express them, as the blatant infidel has, and if you have taken your position you can stand on it and up to it manfully, openly, bravely; and the more decided and outspoken you are, the higher respect will you command.

This, then, I say, is the first and great commandment, to love God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself. All virtue lies in that. It is just that and nothing else. That is the sum, essence, and substratum of integrity. And no man who loves God and his fellow-man goes out of his way to do wrong. God-ward and man-ward he is as true as the needle to the star.

And then? Seek after that place in life where you can be most useful, where your peculiar talents, if you have any, will find their most fruitful exercise. It is not certain that one of the professions is to be your calling because you have had what is called an education. You are not *educated*. You have only learned how to learn. Your education will go on day by day, as you find by experience how very little you know, and how much more there is to learn than you ever supposed.

Yet I would that every young man of decided ability who has left school this summer would learn to preach the gospel. It is the highest calling on earth. It has more wealth, more glory, more joy in it, and after it, than any other work that men or angels can be employed in. It may not be the riches, or honours, or pleasures that come from men, but they are real and eternal, and I never heard of a good, faithful minister of Christ who, when he had finished his course, was sorry that he had been a preacher of the gospel.

But all young men are not called of God to preach. There are diversities of gifts. If your heart is right, you will be useful in some other pursuit, it may be trade or profession. Any pursuit is honourable that has usefulness as its main purpose, and you will dignify or disgrace the pursuit according to the measure of your ability to do good or evil. But the gist of what I want to tell you, my boy, is this: If you decide to go into business or to be a lawyer, doctor, engineer, editor, or teacher, go in to be the best man in that business, or to be as good and great a man as there is in it. The highest and best is no higher and better than he ought to be. God has given you no faculty which may not be wrought into active and efficient service in the life work now before you.

The great difference in men is the result of more or less energy. Given virtue and sense, your success or failure will come from energy or laziness. 'The world owes me a living,' says the lazy man. But, pray, what did you, lazy man, ever do for the world? It owes you nothing, and if you get anything you must work for it, and work hard too. There are always idle men in the market-place, and if you do not work there are twenty men waiting for your place, and you can starve at your leisure. But the top of the heap is

the place for you, and if you strive for it you will get higher than if you are content to sit quietly at the foot of the ladder.

Now go with faith in God and yourself. Place no dependence on patron, or parent, or influential friend, but keep steadily in mind that the best help you can get is in your own head and heart. There is great truth and sound sense in the old adage of God helping those who help themselves. All the friends in the world cannot make a man of you. You can be a man without a friend to help you.

'THY WILL BE DONE.'

No more blessed words ever fell from the lips of Jesus than 'Thy will be done.' Nor did ever a human being adopt fitter and more joyous words, through whatever scenes of sorrow He might be passing. They recognise the right of Jehovah to determine what shall and what shall not be, and the duty of all to submit, without murmuring, to that determination. There must of necessity be some sovereign will to govern the universe. Such is the universal human conviction. Otherwise all would be confusion, worlds dashing against worlds, orbital motion unknown, and all living intelligences in an agony of despair. To this all, in general terms, submit in their belief; and yet, alas! how unwillingly. All have a will of their own, and that will seeks to determine all personal matters. To oppose God's will is to engage in a most dreadful warfare; which—however for a while its issue may be uncertain—can end in but one way: God will triumph over all opposing forces. The person who quietly and joyfully submits to Him can be no otherwise than at peace with all His dispensations. The person who is opposed to Him can be no otherwise than engaged in a most unequal fight with all His dispensations. Hence the heart that truly says, 'Thy will be done,' is the only happy heart.

And yet even Christian hearts know but partially the blessedness of complete submission to God. This may seem impossible when we remember that no heart can become a Christian heart till it first submits to God. But the painful truth is, we may submit to Him to-day, and refuse submission to Him to-morrow. Those regenerated persons who belong to this class rarely know what they are doing. They groan and complain of their condition. They say that they have a hard time, as compared with many whom they know. They cannot have their wants gratified. They grow old, and cannot escape the inevitable incidents of age. In one word, to hear them talk, you would think that they never escape one affliction but to plunge into another. And so every day finds them in some kind of distress. But they don't mean to complain of God; whilst they are all the time complaining of His dealings towards them.

What we need is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, producing an abounding faith, that God, as a kind-hearted Father, is continually watching over us for good; and that He never suffers anything to befall us which is not meant to promote the growth of piety in our hearts. He will discipline us for heaven before we can reach it. Nor can we be thus disciplined till, in all He does, we can rejoice and praise Him for it. 'I will sing of mercy and of judgment,' said the Psalmist. How many sing of mercy, but never of *judgment*, when really the judgments of God may be most needed by them. 'Thy will be done,' means, Let my will be swallowed up in God, as the rivulet is swallowed up in the mighty river. Then, and then only, can we be truly happy, and take life in all its parts with glad hearts. Then, and then only, can we be Christians to bless the world, and save souls. —*Rev. L. C. Stevens.*

God's Ways.—We are not to limit the ways of God in the enlightenment and conversion of men. Ordinarily He works by means; and in the use of these we are to co-operate with Him. Often He leads souls into clear light by a gradual process; and we are not to distrust such experiences.

Fidelity to a Godly Ancestry.—It is no dishonour to a young man to believe in the religion of his father. It shows no want of independence to be a Christian because one's father was a Christian. To believe as my father believed, to trust the faith which my mother sang to me, to cling to the Christian hopes which first bloomed at the fireside of my childhood's home, to rest in my *inherited* religion, and follow the example of my godly parents, is no unmanly thing. God forbid that I should glory in breaking loose from such sacred ties! Said a clergyman of my acquaintance, 'I have been young, and now am old, and I have spent my life in the study of the religions of the world; but I have yet to find a stronger proof of the truth of the Scripture than I discovered forty years ago in the character and life of my father and mother.' That pride of intellect which a young man sometimes feels, which makes him think that nothing in religious faith can be settled by the past, that he must, therefore, inquire *de novo*, as if no experience had taught his ancestry anything, is a very weak and narrow affection of the brain! No generation exists, in God's plan, for nothing. Every generation of Christian believers adds something to the reasonable faith of the world in Christ, as truly as every generation of astronomers furnishes data for the calculations of astronomers who follow them. I have no more reason for rejecting the Christian faith of my fathers because I have not investigated everything about it, than I have for going back to the Ptolemaic theory of the stars because I am not an expert in the Copernican astronomy.—*Austin Phelps, D.D.*

Intelligence.

HAWAIAN ISLANDS.—These islands, the scene of the death of Captain Cook, under Christian missions, have now taken an honourable place in the commerce of the world. Last year their exports amounted to £1,340,945, and their imports to £909,596.

A YEAR'S WORK AT LIVINGSTONIA.—*The Free Church Monthly and Missionary Record* for last month contains an interesting account of the work done at Livingstonia last year. Three members of the staff, chiefly on account of sickness, have returned to this country; but it has been reinforced by six others. In March 1881 preparations were made for removing from Cape Maclear to Bandawe, about 140 miles further up Lake Nyassa. It has been arranged to carry on the work at Cape Maclear under native supervision. The change was finally made in October last. Andrew Nwana Njobru, a native evangelist, carries on the services of the Lord's-day, when no white man is at the station. At Bandawe the school was reopened on October 31. Children are at hand by the hundred, but the difficulty is to get them to attend regularly, hence progress is slow. On the Sabbath work begins with the school at 7 A.M., service on the station at 9.30, or later if it rains. In the afternoon the white men, accompanied by our native teachers and older scholars, go out in various directions, and from two to eight services are held at different villages. In the evening there is an English service. During the week from three to five meetings are held with the workers. An English prayer-meeting is held on Wednesday evenings, while a native meeting, conducted by teachers and scholars, takes place at the same hour. In March Albert Namalambe made an open profession of his faith in Jesus Christ by baptism. Others of the scholars are advancing to the same profession. A more hidden and indirect work is going on among the people round Lake Nyassa, and is manifested by the trust reposed in the missionaries by so many of the natives. The medical department continues to be appreciated by the natives, and in the industrial much good work has been performed.

MR D. L. MOODY'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—Mr Moody brought to a close his visit to Scotland by a series of meetings in Dumfries, on the 15th and 16th ult. For a few weeks previous he had been visiting the smaller towns in Scotland after spending the spring months in Glasgow. Notwithstanding his Herculean labours during the past months, Mr Moody was in full vigour, and his addresses evidently produced a great impression on the crowded audiences that hung upon his lips. From all accounts, and especially from Glasgow, his visit to Scotland has been productive of happy results to very many. He has been well supported by Mr Sankey, and latterly by Mr and Mrs Stibbings. Their music is of a simple, natural character, and easily learned, and their articulation is wonderfully distinct and clear. They sing so that every word they utter can be readily caught by the audience. And this is a great matter in the service of praise. Mere sound, where the words are not distinctly heard, is a service very unprofitable to all concerned. Excellent, however, as has been the music from Mr Moody's coadjutors, the charm of the meetings has been Mr Moody himself. His practical good sense, his tact in directing others, his large knowledge of Scripture, his perfect command of Saxon, the bone and sinew of our English tongue, his power of illustration, his profound acquaintance with the difficulties that are apt to encounter inquirers after salvation, and his wonderful skill in meeting them, and his unwearied zeal and intense earnestness in the work of leading men to faith in Christ, have never been more manifest than in his recent visit to the south of Scotland.

HUNAN REVISITED.—The National Bible Society of Scotland's Quarterly Record gives an interesting account of a journey by Mr John Archibald through Hunan, the province of China in which the feeling of opposition to foreigners shows itself most active. He encountered much opposition, especially from the literati. But away from the great towns his mission was often successful. Leaving the main river a little above Hengshan, he took a small boat up a stream coming down from the borders of Kiang-si, through a little wealthy district which exports coal, iron, rice, tea, and paper. Two coolie loads of books were insufficient to meet the demand. At one town a small mandarin turned out with all his establishment to meet me, and nearly all the inhabitants of the place came along with him. He had seen our books many years ago, he said, and exhorted the people to buy them, for they would increase their intelligence and virtue. So buy the people did, more than I could well afford to sell them. At Yan Shien an immense crowd awaited us, everyone shouting at the pitch of his voice. As we drew near a number of men rushed into the water, and carried me, boat and all, high and dry ashore. I was not very comfortable under these attentions, but soon saw that our friends, though highly excited, had no ill-feeling towards me. After I got them calmed down sufficiently I began to sell. Then there was a scene! Hundreds on hundreds of them were struggling to buy at once. In vain I raised the prices; they would have books at any price. As the afternoon wore away the Yamun men insisted that I should walk through their city. In vain I protested that it was impossible with such a crowd. It must be done, and we started. We went along slowly to allow the pedlars time to get their stands cleared off the narrow streets, for the

rush was so great it overturned every movble. At length we brought up in the temple f the city god, where I talked to the people ill I could talk no more. I was anxious to save with them a few copies of 'The Road o Heaven,' which my assistant had for safe ustody crammed up his ample sleeves. The noment they saw books again countless hands were stretched out to clutch them, and in an instant they were gone. Whoever was fortunate enough to get a copy was ready to pay for it; only books they would have, 'honestly if they could, but by all means they must have books.' As it grew dark we bade them good-bye, earnestly praying our Heavenly Father to make the books a blessing to many.

A Daily Portion.

SEPTEMBER 21.

BELOVED, I WISH ABOVE ALL THINGS THAT THOU MAYEST PROSPER AND BE IN HEALTH, EVEN AS THY SOUL PROSPERETH.'—3 John 2.

The welfare of the soul is indeed the great bject, and the first desire in regard to a riend should be that his salvation may be ecured; but in connection with that we may roperly wish them health of body and suc- ess in their lawful undertakings. It is not ommon that in their spiritual interests they re so much more prosperous than they are n other respects, that we can make *that* the tandard of our wishes in regard to them, but t sometimes does occur, as in the case of Jaius. In such cases we may indeed rejoice with a friend, and feel that all will be well with him. But in how few cases, even among rofessed Christians, can we with propriety nake the prosperity of the soul the standard y which to measure the happiness which we lesire for them in other respects! Of how nuch property would they at once be deprived, ow embarrassed would be their affairs, how ale, and wan, and sickly would they be, if hey should be in all respects as they are in heir spiritual interests!—*A. Barnes.*

SEPTEMBER 22.

PREACH THE WORD; BE INSTANT IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.'—2 Tim. iv. 2.

Unregenerate hearts are termed stony earts. If they were brazen they might be nelted, if iron they might be wrought, but earts of stone must be broken with continual ammering. The blood of Christ must be ften dropped upon these adamantine hearts o mollify them. 'My doctrine shall drop as he rain, My speech distil as the dew.' If all he world were paradise, the sower might sow ut once for all. Or if it were like the land f Albanoises, he need to till it but once in hree years. Or if it were so fertile, as some oil is said to be under the northern pole, he night sow in the morning and reap in the vening. But sin hath made the ground full f thorns, and much seed falls among these horns. Some is trampled under feet with he vulgar track, other washed away with the ommon stream of the time, the rest pecked p by the fowls of the air; there is need, herefore, to sow even often the same seed, nd always to put you in remembrance, not f other, but even of these things.—*T. Adams.*

SEPTEMBER 23.

'THY WORD HAVE I HID IN MINE HEART.'—Ps. cxix. 11.

The word of grace hath been often offered unto you; whether it hath gotten house room in you or no I cannot tell. Perhaps it is but in the nature of a passenger to you; and your bosom the inn to give it only a bait and away. Perhaps as the Levite that sat in the streets, and no man received him to house, it hath sounded in your churches, but none bade it to dinner in their consciences. Perhaps it hath gotten admission by force, as they let down the sick man by the tiles of the house; the doors of your hearts being pestered with a throng and crowd of worldly business. But now let it be no stranger, but like a brother dwell with you, never to depart; not in a corner, as if it were pinched for want of room, but plenteously; not with inmates and chamber-fellows, as lusts and evil affections, but in your hearts, alone; yea, in the very heart of your heart. 'The law is within my heart,' in the midst of my bowels. Not unconceived or misconceived, unapplied or misapplied, but in all wisdom. And the God of all wisdom bring you by it to the end of your faith, even the dear salvation of your souls.—*T. Adams.*

SEPTEMBER 24.

'LET THE WORD OF CHRIST DWELL IN YOU RICHLY.'—Col. iii. 16.

We must not only read, nor only hear, nor only meditate, but all. Reading without meditation is fruitless, meditation without reading subject to error. Meditate, to profit by reading; and read, to rectify meditation. Otherwise it may be said, as of the Delphic oracle, It is not sooner gotten, than forgotten. Let the word dwell plenteously in you. The word must dwell in us, therefore the Bible must be in our house. It must dwell plenteously, therefore we must read it daily. The word doth dwell plenteously among us, God grant it may dwell plenteously in us.—*T. Adams.*

SEPTEMBER 25.

'SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.'—John v. 39.

Honour and admire the depth and secrecy of God's Word; yet fail not in thy diligence to search it. The Scripture is not like a calendar, to die with them for whom it is written; but serves for us in what climate

soever we breathe. What Paul wrote to the Romans, Corinthians, &c., serves also for the meridian of England. What is written is ever ready to be read, if men would be at leisure to read it. Christ repels all Satan's assaults with His own weapon, 'It is written.' From hence let us learn that all our weapons are the Holy Scriptures, saith Cajetan. It is 'like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.' There are shields for defence, and swords for offence.—*T. Adams.*

SEPTEMBER 26.

'THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORDS GIVETH LIGHT.'—Ps. cxix. 130.

As Laban deceived Jacob in the night, giving him, instead of fair Rachel, blear-eyed Leah; so Satan in the darkness of our ignorance cozens us; only the Scripture's daylight can discover Leah from Rachel. 'His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters.' The dove sitting by the rivers descrieth afar off the shadow of the hawk, her mortal enemy, so either escapes by flight or by hiding herself under the banks. He that sits by the bank of these living waters can discover the practices of Satan, by them he can sound him, and wound him. This is that sword of the Spirit; not the wooden dagger of fabulous stories, nor the rusty scabbard of old traditions, these are blunt; but the two-edged sword of the Spirit. It is written; this is the voice of Christ. It is by tradition; this is the voice of antichrist.—*T. Adams.*

SEPTEMBER 27.

'WHATSOEVER THINGS WERE WRITTEN AFORETIME WERE WRITTEN FOR OUR LEARNING.'—Rom. xv. 4.

We appeal to your consciences, we feed not your eye with pictures and baubles, nor your ear with legends and fables; no holy water from the font: but, It is written. This is that sacred water which is cast in the devil's face, and stops his mouth. Whatsoever things are written, are written for our instruction. Paul says the Scriptures are the people's instruction; the Romanists say they are the people's destruction. Paul says it makes the man of God absolute; the Romanists say it makes him dissolute. Paul says they are written to admonish us; they say they are written so difficult that, in a known language, they rather seduce us. Christ bids us to search the Scriptures, for there is eternal life; take heed, say they that forbid us, for therein is eternal death. 'To the law and to the testimony;' No, say they, To traditions, to decretals, to the Pope. Thy word is full of light. No, say they, it is full of darkness. Thus they cast a mist before men's eyes, that they cannot see their juggling. They blind the people, and buffet them; and then ask them, as the Jews asked Christ, who smote them.—*T. Adams.*

SEPTEMBER 28.

'THY TESTIMONIES ARE MY MEDITATION.'—Ps. cxix. 99.

We have the Scripture, let us read it; not the bare words only, but the sense. The Scripture is like Ezekiel's roll, written within and without; without in the outward sentence, within in the inward reference. It is the golden pot of manna; the words, that is the golden pot; the sense, that is the manna. It is not enough to take what offers itself at the first proposed; but to dig deep. God, that is rich in the veins of nature, is not poor in the veins of Scripture; excellent in the history, more excellent in the mystery. It is not the letters and words, but the sense and heart of the Scriptures, whereupon our faith depends. 'Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear.'—*T. Adams.*

SEPTEMBER 29.

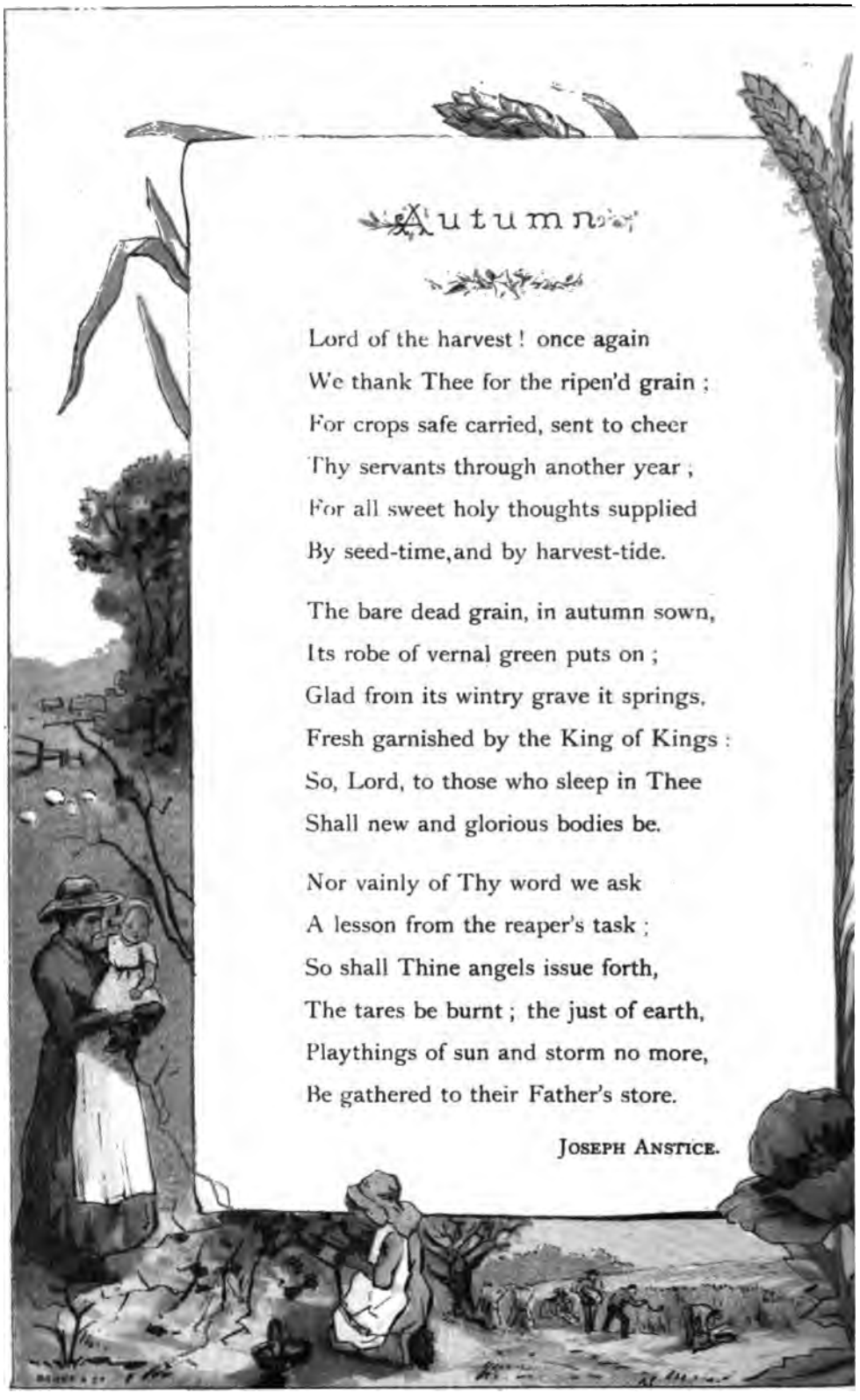
'HIS DELIGHT IS IN THE LAW OF THE LORD.'—Ps. i. 2.

It is but a shift now, and will be no good answer at the last day; I am no divine, this is none of my profession, to be busy with the Scriptures. Yet you would be Christ's sheep; but His sheep know His voice. You would be thought honest men; but is there anything except God's Word can make you honest? You would not be thought unclean; but wherewithal shall our way be cleansed, but by the word? You would all be made blessed; but blessed is he that delighteth in the law of the Lord, and meditates in it day and night. But, oh, the profaneness of this age! reading this Book is thought a fit of melancholy; deductions out of this Book, paradoxes; and the language of this Book a Shibboleth, which all the world besides pronounceth not.—*T. Adams.*

SEPTEMBER 30.

'THE WORD OF GOD ABIDETH WITH YOU.'—1 John ii. 14.

Alcibiades coming into a school, and asking the schoolmaster for one of Homer's works; when he answered that he had none, he knitting his fist, smote him on the ear. If God come to visit thy house, and find thee without a Bible, the Book of thy fair profession, God shall smite thee thou whited wall, thou shalt feel the weight of His hand. The barbarians showed Paul no little kindness; God forbid we should use him as a barbarian. Other books, histories, and poems we read and remember; but let a text of Scripture be pressed, and we say not, Jesus we know, and Paul we know. The 'Fairy Queen' we know, the 'Arcadia' we know, the book of statutes we know, the chronicles we know; but who are ye? The Lord of His infinite mercy lay not this neglect to our charge; but bind the Bible to our consciences, and our consciences to the Bible, that our faith may embrace the comforts there; and our eyes one day see the joys we have believed, in the blessed kingdom of Jesus Christ.—*T. Adams.*



Autumn

Lord of the harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of Kings:
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task;
So shall Thine angels issue forth,
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

THE STRAITNESS OF THE GOSPEL.*

BY EUGENE BERSIER, PASTOR OF THE REFORMED CHURCH OF PARIS.

'Enter ye in at the strait gate, . . . because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.'—MATT. vii. 13, 14.

MY BRETHREN,—I know nothing larger than Christianity. There is not one of the ideas which it has laid hold of that it has not enlarged into infinite proportions.

Shall I take, for example, *the idea of God?* What had it become in the ancient world? Each people had its gods, narrow, exclusive, and jealous, made after the image of their worshippers, savage and gloomy with the nations of the north, majestic and beautiful with the Greeks, sanguinary and voluptuous with the Asiatic; here and there a philosopher had with difficulty succeeded in raising himself above these vulgar notions, and if the reason of a Socrates or of a Seneca had seized the idea of the divine unity, this abstraction had never become in their eyes a living Being, to whom they could raise their hearts and their prayers. Jesus Christ appeared, and in a single sentence He broke and laid in the dust these confined barriers which separated souls: 'The hour cometh,' He said, 'when neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father. God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth.' And what the Master said Paul announces to the world. He goes to preach in the midst of the heathen: 'One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all,' a God in whom 'we live, and move, and have our being.' Eighteen centuries have passed by since that time; I hear all the men of thought, who boast that they have got beyond the gospel, and I seek in vain for one of them who is able to give me a larger, a more elevated, and more magnificent idea of God.

Shall I take the *idea of humanity?* You know what this became in the ancient world. The nations were separated like their gods; for the Greek and the Roman the stranger was only a barbarian; no higher bond united souls together. Among the most civilised nations society put the oppressor and the oppressed, the slave and the citizen, who styled himself free, face to face with each other. Here and there some elevated spirit vaguely dreamed of a universal city which should gather together the nations, and Cicero had stammered out this sublime saying: 'The love of the human race.' But these were only dreams without action upon the hearts of men, and the only unity which the world had realised was unity in the same servitude, in the same abasement under the same tyranny. Jesus Christ appeared; He said to those who followed Him, 'All ye are brethren, for one is your Father which is in heaven.' Paul carries to the world these grand tidings; he pronounces these strange words, 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female,' 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men.' Eighteen centuries have passed by since that time, but I search in vain in all the systems that human reason has produced for one which gives me a larger, a more elevated, and a more magnificent idea of humanity. What do I say? Far from having surpassed this idea, it has hardly yet, even to-day, been realised. Before the black man, to whom it had guaranteed his dignity, could be able to occupy his legitimate place at the homestead of our common liberty, but yesterday, there had to be sacrificed more than a million of lives; and, for ourselves, that we may learn to strip ourselves of our egotism, and to see, to respect, to love a brother in the poor, the ignorant, the degraded, is there not too much need of all the appeals of the gospel, of all the solicitations of the Spirit of God?

Finally, shall I take that of *the destiny of individual man?* See how it becomes greater

* Translated from the French for the *Christian Treasury*, by permission of the author, from the fifth edition of the third volume of his sermons. Paris: M. Fischbacher.

by the light of Christianity. Before the humblest of beings the gospel sets an end not less than his own perfection; it opens up to his view while here below eternal life, the life in which his whole being is developed and renewed after the image of God, in the certain hope that death will enter him upon this progress in glory, this development without end, that Peter expresses in words of strange boldness: 'Partakers of the divine nature.' Sublime but sorrowful destiny! I bear testimony to that disquietude, the indistinct uncomfortableness that it awakes and maintains in the souls of the elect that have truly realised this destiny. Why this discontentment which ceaselessly pursues them, which makes them hold for nothing all that they have accomplished? Why this searching after an ever higher end? Why this love which goes on always the more increasing, which enlarges the circle of its solicitude, which makes itself hear the most distant cries of sorrow, and which suffers from a wrong committed at the other extremity of the world? Why? Because Christianity summons them to nothing less than to an infinitude in moral perfection, in the resemblance to God. Are we astonished that the world submits to this influence? Are we astonished that faith in progress is born under the action of this doctrine, and that it is only under it that it has been realised? Are we astonished that whilst under the influence of Buddhism or Mohammedanism the nations languish and sink into a torpor without hope; science, liberty, light follow the sun of religious truth in its ascending and victorious march? Indeed, I here seek in vain for a doctrine, for a system which opens up to the human soul similar perspectives. It is not certainly in the science without ideal, which, usurping the name of positive, claims to shut up man for ever in the finite, and to forbid him to ask whence he comes and whither he goes, as if man could not carry the infinite in his heart; as if, in all the impulses of his soul, he did not escape from palpable realities; as if, in short, man could be satisfied by being reduced to be only the most intelligent of animals.

Thus, my brethren, from whatever side I look, I see that the gospel has increased into infinite proportions the thoughts, the researches, the hopes, the affections of humanity.

And, meanwhile, wherever Christianity has been faithfully preached it has been accused of narrowness. I say faithfully preached, because I know that there is a species of Christianity that never brings upon itself this reproach—a Christianity that the world supports, and to which it easily accommodates itself. It is that of those preachers who find means of always pleasing, of flattering the secret instincts of those who hear them, of proving that, after all, they are better, and more believing than they think, and of sending them away always satisfied with themselves; it is this easy religion, which does not hurt, which does not wound, which does not cause fear, and which does not convert. That men do not accuse it of straitness I am not surprised; but that men recognise in it the accent of the gospel is what confounds me.

Whence, then, comes this reproach of straitness that faithful Christianity at all times has brought upon itself? Must this reproach fall altogether upon its representatives? Is our nature in this point so infirm that faithfulness cannot exist without bringing narrowness along with it? Let us here be sincere with ourselves, and learn to be humble. Yes. In all ages Christians have compromised by their lack of breadth of view the cause they had to defend. From the first, when the disciples sought to keep away from Jesus the Syrophenician woman, the blind Bartimaeus, or the little children that Jesus wished to bless, down to the present time, it would seem all who have followed Christ have been tempted to make access to Him difficult and often impossible. Between Christ and souls they have put, some their traditions and their Church, others their systems; all their errors, their prejudices, their spiritual pride. Do not think that I am here alluding to any of the parties which to-day divide the Church. I call attention to a tendency of the natural heart, which is found, alas! in all parties; and if you ask me under what form it to-day most often shows itself, I answer that it is in the detestable spirit of judgment which pronounces not only upon the doctrines that we have a right to judge and to know, but upon individuals that God alone knows, and whom He has forbidden us to judge. I shall here speak all my mind; I suffer when I see with what ease we give or we refuse the title of Christians to those to whom it pleases us, as if experience did not point out to us that these classifications are superficial and arbitrary, as if many a little enlightened man did not serve God more faithfully than another whose profession is more exact and more complete, as if the heart with some was not a thousand times more valuable than the intelligence, as if, in short, God had not hidden from us the inner

state of every man, and the final destiny reserved to him.

But having said these things, I ask if these causes suffice to explain why the gospel is accused of straitness. No, my brethren, the true cause of this reproach is in the gospel itself. Even had it been announced by beings without fault, had it been announced by angels, it would not have escaped this accusation. What do I say? Has it not been brought to the world by the Holy and the Just, by Him who was love itself? Now, did Jesus Christ escape from this reproach? He laid hold of it. He made straitness one of the characteristics of the gospel. And it is He who uttered these astonishing words: 'Enter ye in at the strait gate.' Let us, then, accept these words, and seek, with God's aid, to lay hold of their real meaning.

In going to the foundation of this thought I find, first of all, that the gospel is strait, because it is the way of TRUTH.

This assertion may seem paradoxical, but a very simple reasoning will justify it.

Suppose that Jesus Christ, instead of saying, 'I am the Truth, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me,' had said, 'I am one of the ways which lead to God;' suppose that Peter, instead of saying, 'Neither is there salvation in any other but Jesus Christ,' had said that Jesus Christ was 'one of the means of the salvation of humanity;' suppose that John, instead of saying, 'Whosoever abideth not in the doctrine of Christ hath not God,' had said, that by Jesus Christ we know God better than by any other way; suppose that Paul, instead of saying there is but 'one faith,' had said that every sincere faith was equally good; suppose that, in our turn, instead of saying to you, when we announce to you the gospel, 'Behold the truth,' we should say, 'Behold our opinion,'—do you believe that Christianity so presented would for a single moment have been accused of straitness? No, doubtless. Whence, then, comes this reproach? It is because it gives itself out for the truth.

At the moment when Christianity appeared upon the earth, the most unbounded toleration reigned in the world. Every form of religious opinion was professed, and every form of worship could be celebrated in peace. Rome opened the largest of its temples to all the divinities of the nations it had conquered, and in this immense Pantheon their statues were counted by thousands. If it had been said to any philosopher of the time of Cæsar—to Cicero, for example—that blood would soon be shed for religious opinions, he would have rejected this idea with indignation perhaps, or at least with a smile of incredulity. A hundred years afterwards the Roman prefects were officially charged with the functions of inquisitors, and the world saw the commencement of the frightful persecutions which were to last for three centuries. Why this? Because the Christians, when they brought the gospel into the world, had not said, 'Behold one religion more,' but 'Behold the truth.' The world could not endure such straitness, and it decidedly showed its view to these Christians.

To-day religious liberty has entered into our modes of life, no more to depart. I am not alarmed at this. On the contrary, I rejoice at it. The world has realised that the human soul holds directly from God; that no terrestrial power has a right to interfere with it when it is a question of its faith. Behold here the veritable origin of liberty, its evangelical and truly divine origin laid down by Jesus Christ on the day when delivering the soul for ever from the yoke of force, He pronounced these immortal words: 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's.' But it is not always that the words are so understood. In the eyes of a great number, toleration is the daughter of scepticism, and it is by this side that it pleases them. Our age has an astonishing breadth for all kinds of religious opinions. Far from rejecting them with disdain, as was done a hundred years ago, far from seeing in them the work of the priesthood and of imposture, it is pleased to recognise in them the most spontaneous and the most profound effusions of the human soul; under this title it welcomes them, it examines them with curiosity; when they are elevated and poetic, it testifies to them a respectful sympathy; but what our age cannot suffer is a religion which presents itself to it and says, 'I am the truth.'

Trust here our experience in this matter. There is a secret instinct which warns us of what pleases or what wounds in our preaching. So long as we limit ourselves to moving souls, to describing our moral maladies and our sufferings, to appealing to human feelings, we do not call forth any opposition. But as soon as we cause revealed truth to appear, as soon as we speak in the name of the revealed authority which binds us, there are sympathies which withdraw from us.

What idea, meanwhile, are we to entertain of the ministry? Why are you assembled

here? Is it to hear the opinions of a man? Is it for us as a united body to bow before the truth of God? This is the question. We must choose between the Church and the school. For myself, I have assuredly to say that if I had come to believe that the gospel was no more absolutely and definitely the truth, if I had to bring you to hear only my own opinions, my hypotheses, and my hopes, however elevated and consoling they might appear to you, I would come down from this, and I would open a school of philosophy, where, in the name of my intelligence alone, I would address myself to other intelligences. Follow me who will, there at least I would be in the truth, and my conscience would breathe freely. If I remain here, if I bring to you in my feebleness not opinions but certainties, not questions but answers, it is that I may with you listen to and adore Him who said to the world, 'I am the truth.'

And meanwhile, in every other domain, our generation very readily accepts what is said to it of the truth. In the sciences, for example, it knows that the truth alone is good, advantageous, and fruitful. When an inventor, discovering the true law of certain phenomena, rejects without hesitation all the preceding explanations, and says, 'Behold the way that must be followed,' no one assuredly will accuse him of narrowness; on the contrary, men will follow him in this new way; men feel that it would be madness to remain indifferent or stationary in the presence of this discovery, and to affirm that all ways are good, that all explanations are plausible. Why, then, is it not the same in religion?

Why, my brethren? Because that the other religious truths interfere in no respect with our moral independence, because they positively only contribute to our material welfare. But it is otherwise with religious truth: it, if it exists, must above all things be the truth; it must reign master over our thoughts and over our wills. And why should it not be so? Religious truth is God restored to us, and our relation with God can only be a relation of obedience; if Jesus Christ has spoken truly, do you not immediately see that my entire life must direct itself to the end that He marks out to me, and that my proud independence is obliged to abdicate? Now, men claim to remain independent. Men claim to be free to believe what they wish about life, about duty, about God, about eternity. Men cannot bear to accept a truth entirely from God before which they must bow. There is in the pride of intelligence secrets and mysterious pleasures which intoxicate those who indulge in them; pleasures which overpower all others of the mind. Ah! the delicious independence of a spirit that nothing binds, that can wander at its sweet will in the heaven of opinions and of human beliefs, without becoming the slave of any; taking in each what is attractive, rejecting what is austere, forgetting itself in this game which amuses and which provokes its insatiable curiosity! Ah! the reputation to-day so longed for by the distinguished critic and the cultured mind! Oh! the sovereign pleasure of despising all conventional ideas, of looking down upon the medley of human beliefs and passions, of appreciating all as a judge, and never becoming the slave of the truth! Here is the peril of contemporary criticism; criticism, the science so grand and so fruitful when it strives to find out the truth in order to know it and to adore it; but which, if it separates itself from faith in the truth, is merely powerful for death and dissolution. Yes! who does not know this sickly scepticism, incapable of affirming anything and proving anything, always seeking, and never finding, always in quest of new opinions and impressions, allied to a horror of putting itself in the strait way of the truth? Who has not felt its attack in the evil hours in which conscience is mute, and in which the soul, forgetful of its destiny, abandons itself to the soft seductions of the present? Let us be on our guard! It is by this that many are dead to the life of truth. To have seen the truth pass by without following it, to have refused to serve it in renunciation and in humility, is the reason why they have become incapable of discerning it any more, and have finished by saying with Pilate, 'What is truth?' It is here that they sport with the holiest and most serious matter in the world; it is here that hatred itself is less to be dreaded than disdainful frivolity. Troubled souls, minds full of uncertainty, for you salvation lies in faith and in obedience. Enter ye in at the strait gate, enter ye, for it alone leads to life.

(To be continued.)

STORMS.—The storms we have most occasion to dread are those of temptation and sin. Jesus is not afar off when these assail us. If we cry to Him, if we are willing to receive Him, He *will* come to *our* deliverance.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—Having Jesus for our help and salvation, we have a right to 'good cheer.' There is nothing of which we need to be 'afraid.' It is not honouring our Master to go about with sad countenances.

NANCE.

BY MRS A. H. BRONSON.

'HALLO, Nance! where are you going?'

'Oh, over to Miss Bruce's, course, to sell my cranberries; she always wants them. She never says, like all the rest do, they are all frostbit and rotten. She says, "Why, Nance, where did you get so many?" and then she buys them, every one, and she always has something good for me too, pie, or cookies, or soup.'

'Well,' said the first speaker, a stout, good-natured-looking boy of about twelve, 'she's got something now you won't want much of, I can tell you.'

'What?' said Nance, curiously.

'Small-pox.'

'You don't say it?' and Nance sank down trembling in every limb as if struck a heavy blow. 'Who? she?'

'No, the baby. The hired girl carried her over to see some of her relations, and one of them was sick in the room, and it turned out to be small-pox. The girl left at once, and Mrs Bruce sent the other children away, and Mr Bruce he is travelling out West, and she don't know where to find him; guess she don't care much, either, for she is afraid he will come home and catch it.'

'Who takes care of her and the baby?'

'Oh, herself, and old Fergus he comes over once in a while and keeps the fires up, and sleeps in the kitchen—that's all.'

'It's a shame,' said Nance. 'Why don't some of your folks come and help her?'

'Why don't they? Why don't you? Same reason, I guess—afraid of catching it and carrying it. They do help some, though; cook all her food and send it up here, and the doctor and Fergus carry it to her. I've just brought some coffee and chicken-broth. I wish I had had it; I'd go myself. But my mother'll give me a blessing; she told me not to stop one minute; good-by, and don't go a step nearer,' and the boy was out of sight in an instant.

Nance sat still and thought. Her thoughts were as much to her as Isaac Newton's were to him, I suppose; they were all she needed for her duties.

'Well, 'tis too bad; why don't *I* go help? because I am afraid? *Guess* I be!' and Nance, who had once seen a patient carried out of the workhouse to the hospital, sick with the same dread disease, shivered at the thought.

But Nance had few, very few, to love, fewer still to love her. She had been on the town since her poor old mother died, for though she was industrious and neat, few cared to have her around, and the little she could earn by selling berries and doing little odd jobs could not give her food and shelter. She was allowed to earn what she could, and felt very proud when she could display a few pennies to her less fortunate companions at the 'farm.' Sometimes she bought a small quantity of tea and treated the old women, or candy for the children—they all liked her there.

Mrs Bruce had always been a firm friend. Buying the fruit which was often only fit to be thrown away was only one of the kind things she did. She gave her warm clothes and good food, and, better still, kind words and simple lessons in religious truth. No wonder Nance 'always went *just* to her;' no wonder she loved her.

And the baby, the sweet blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked baby, how she loved her! for the baby was no respecter of persons, and always laughed and crowed when Nance played bo-peep and gave her the biggest berry in her basket.

'The poor little creature,' soliloquised Nance. 'The last time I was there, she stretched out her little hand and gave me a pretty card, and Miss Bruce, she said—what was it she teached me on it, 'bout our life?' A sudden thought seized her. She fumbled in her pocket and brought out a card, with a Scripture text printed on it, 'Whoso loveth his life shall lose it, and whoso loseth his life for My sake shall find it.'

Nance slowly spelled this out, and tried to recall what her kind friend had told her it meant. She did not rightly understand, but a seed had been lodged in her brain or heart, and it was beginning to take root and spring up. 'Let me see,' went on Nance, studying the words over again. 'She said if we give up anything we liked to please Jesus, He would give us our life in the other world—take us to live where he is. I told Miss Bruce I had nothing to give, but she said, "Yes, you have, Nance; your life." Well, so I have; wonder if He would though, sure. I'll ask Him'—and dropping on her knees, she clasped her hands, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. She uttered no words, but a cry went up from her heart, 'Please, Lord, tell me if Thou wilt, sure?' Ere long a look of peace came into the vacant face, a light never seen there before.

'He says yes,' said Nance rising, 'and I don't feel a bit afraid now. I'm glad, ever so glad. I'll take these pails along. I guess she'll be glad too.'

The cottage was soon reached—wearing a strangely neglected, forsaken look, and solemn, with its red flag proclaiming death.

Nance unlatched the door and went in. It had to be left open, for the poor mother could not leave her sick child to open it for the doctor, and there was little danger from tramps then. How changed the kitchen was—so bright, and neat, and cosey the last time

she was there, now littered with wood and chips; the soiled table-cloth, and dishes standing on the table unwashed.

'Poor ole Fergus,' muttered Nance, as she swept and tidied the room, and washed the dishes. 'Poor old fellow! he's good, but he ain't no housekeeper.'

Then she put the fragrant liquid she had brought upon the stove, set the table nicely, not forgetting a napkin, for 'Miss Bruce had always told her it was proper to use one,' and once gave her two old red ones for her especial use, which she ever afterwards paraded at the workhouse table, giving her a decidedly aristocratic appearance. She drank a cup of strong coffee, ate a bowl of broth, and crept upstairs. A sound came to her ears as she neared the room at the farther end of the hall, the wail of the sick child, and the mother's soothing tones. Then the soft, trembling voice began to sing—

'E'en the hour that darkest seemeth.'

Nance listened with a new sense of its meaning, and a dim understanding that perhaps she was sent to show the truth of the sweet refrain—

'God is mercy, God is love.'

She took one long breath and stepped into the infected room. She had made no noise, for she had taken off her heavy shoes and appropriated an old pair of slippers found downstairs, so it was not strange that Mrs Bruce almost screamed as she caught sight of the familiar figure.

'Nance!'

'Yes, Miss Bruce, dear, it's Nance, come over to help you to take care of baby. May I?'

'No, no, Nance,' cried Mrs Bruce in an agony of distress. 'Oh, why didn't I lock the door? Didn't you hear? Didn't you see the flag?'

'Yes, Miss Bruce, I heard, I saw, but I had to come just the same. Jamie Baker, he told me when he brought your breakfast. It's all ready and hot. Go right down and eat while baby is quiet. Poor little lamb, she won't be afraid of Nance, nohow. 'Taint no use,' she added with a touch of authority in her tones, 'no kind of use; nobody would take me in, you know, *now*; the workhouse folks would cast me right off to the pest; so I've *got* to stay. And, Miss Bruce, I've got something to tell ye.'

Mrs Bruce looked frightened. Had her husband come home? Was he in the infected house even now?

Nance seemed to apprehend her fear.

'When I thought of coming, Miss Bruce, I was dreadfully afraid and faint like, then I remembered about your verse baby give me the other day, and I just asked the Lord if He would *sure*. I mean, save my life if I lost it, and He said He would. I was not a mite afraid after that. I'm just too glad! Come now, you go down, and eat your victuals, and then go out and walk as far as the bars, and you will feel a great deal better.'

Mrs Bruce resisted no longer; she was, indeed, in sore need of help, and here it had come; should she not take it?

She laid the baby in Nance's arms, and went downstairs. When the doctor came a half-hour after, old Fergus was trying to revive his mistress, who had fallen into a dead faint on the floor, and it was some time before they could bring her back to consciousness. She was not sick, only utterly exhausted, and the rest of the day Nance tended the sick child alone.

The next day Mrs Bruce was able to resume her place, but no tongue could tell the comfort the half-idiot girl was to her the next few days and nights. Then came the crisis, and baby began to recover.

One morning Nance did not appear, and Mrs Bruce went to the little room she had given her, to see if she was ill. Alas, the heavy eyes, the hot breath, the purple face —Mrs Bruce knew the signs too well.

How could she bear it, weak and ill as she herself was, and baby needing so much care! But she girded up her soul, and did what she could for the sufferer, and waited for the doctor.

He came soon, and, oh joy! not alone this time. A hospital nurse had come down at length, after repeated calls for help, for he had foreseen how it would be with Nance.

For weary days they three fought the dread foe, as bravely as if the sick girl was one of their own; but Nance was to be more richly rewarded for her sacrifice than with life amid her poor conditions.

In the morning, at just about the hour that she 'asked the Lord' in the meadow, He called her again.

''Member, Lord, You promised,' came from the swollen lips, a smile of peace and gladness burst over the disfigured face, and Nance was a glorified spirit forever.

'She lies here, my darling, the one who helped me to save your life, when you were so sick, you know,' said a sweet, gentle-looking lady to her chubby-faced little girl of four years, as she led her up to a green mound marked with a neat white stone bearing the date and name.

It was only

'NANCE, AGED 25,'

and

'Whoso loveth his life shall lose it, but whoso loseth his life for My sake shall find it.'

Little Rose knelt down on the grassy bank, and scattering a bouquet of lovely flowers over it, lisped, 'I love oo, Nance.'—*Boston Watchman.*

UNBELIEF.—Unbelief is native to the human heart. How slow we are to receive the divine testimony. Much of our distress comes of this lack of faith. Many perish because they will not believe the word of God, and the grace and power of His Son.

THE HISTORICAL PROOFS OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE CREDIBILITY OF THE EVANGELISTS.

BY GEORGE P. FISHER D.D., LL.D., YALE COLLEGE, CONNECTICUT.

(*Continued from page* 442.)

AS the miracles rest on the same grounds of evidence as the other matters of fact to which the Apostles testify, special reasons are required for discrediting their testimony as regards this one class of events. Is it said that miracles are incredible? The answer is, that being a necessary element and the natural adjuncts of Revelation, they are not incredible unless the fact of Revelation, and of the Christian Revelation in particular, is incredible. Their improbability is just as great, and no greater, than the improbability that God would reveal Himself to men, and send His Son to save them. Is it objected that there have been a vast number of pretended miracles? The answer of Bishop Butler appears sufficient, that mankind have not been oftener deluded by these pretences than by others. 'Prejudices almost without number and without name, romance, affectation, humour, a desire to engage attention or to surprise, the party-spirit, custom, little competitions, unaccountable likings and dislikings—these influence men strongly in common matters.' As they are not reflected on by those in whom they operate, their effect is like that of enthusiasm. And yet, as Butler adds, human testimony in common matters is not, on this account, discredited. Because *some* narratives of miracles spring out of mere enthusiasm, it is an unwarrantable inference that *all* are to be accounted for in this way.

But it is frequently alleged that the evidence in favour of pagan and ecclesiastical miracles, which fill so large a space in chronicles of a former day, but which are generally allowed to be fictitious, is as strong as that for the miracles recorded in the Gospels. What is to be said of the ecclesiastical miracles is in the main applicable to the miraculous tales found in ancient heathen writers, from Herodotus to Livy, and from Livy to the fall of the old paganism. To the stream of Church miracles, then, which flows down from the early centuries through the Middle Ages almost or quite to our own time, we may confine our attention. Is the evidence for these alleged miracles equal in force to that of the miracles recorded by the evangelists? So far from this being true, there are broad marks of distinction by which these last are separated from the general current of miraculous narrative.

1. The Gospel miracles are for the express purpose of attesting Revelation. They are the proper counterpart and proof of Revelation. They occur, with few exceptions, only at the marked epochs of Revelation, the Mosaic era, the reform and advance of the Old Testament religion under the great prophets, and in connection with the ministry of Christ and the founding of the Church. 'We know,' it was said, 'that Thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him.'

On the contrary, ecclesiastical miracles profess to be for a lower, and, in general, for a signally lower end. At the best, they are to give efficacy to the preaching of a missionary. Miracles were requisite to attest Revelation. When they have once taken place, testimony is all that can reasonably be demanded as a ground of faith. There need not be a perpetual interruption of the course of nature. Even the Roman Catholic Church holds that the whole deposit of Revelation was with Christ and the Apostles.

But, in a vast majority of instances, the ecclesiastical miracles are for some end below that of serving as the credentials of a missionary. At the best, they are to relieve the distress of an individual, with no ulterior and more comprehensive end such as is inherent in the miracles wrought by Jesus and the Apostles. In a multitude of instances they simply minister to an appetite for marvels. Witness the wonders that crowd the pages of the apocryphal gospels. Many are for objects extremely trivial. Tertullian gives an account of a vision in which an angel prescribed to a female the size and length of her veil. Some, like the Jansenist miracles at the tomb of Abbé Paris, to which Hume appeals, are in the cause of a political or religious party and against an antagonistic faction. Very frequently miracles are valued, and said to be wrought, merely as verifications of the sanctity of a person of high repute for piety.

The distinction which we are here considering is one of great importance. No doubt there is a presumption against the probable occurrence of miracles, which grows out of our instinctive belief in the uniformity of nature, and the conviction we have that an established order is beneficent. This presumption Christians believe to be neutralised by the need of Revelation, and by the perceived character of the Christian system and of its Author. But in proportion as the end assigned to miracles is lower, that adverse presumption remains in full force.

2. The Gospel miracles were not wrought in coincidence with a prevailing system, and for the furtherance of it, but in opposition to prevalent beliefs.

This is another striking difference. Jesus won all of His disciples to faith in Him.

They did not inherit this faith, they did not grow up to it. He and they had to confront opposition at every step. 'The world,' He said, 'hateth Me.' His doctrines and His idea of the kingdom of God were in collision with Judaic opinion and feeling. Christianity had to push forward in the face of the hostility of all the existing forms of religion. But how is it with the ecclesiastical miracles of later ages? They occurred, if wrought at all, in the midst of circles and communities which were already in fervent sympathy with the cause in behalf of which they were supposed to be performed. The narrations of them sprang up among those who were beforehand full of confidence in the Church as the possessor of miraculous power, and in the individuals to whose agency such miracles were ascribed. Recollecting what occurred at the origin of the Church, full of faith in the supernatural powers which were thought still to reside in it, men were on the look-out for startling manifestations of them. There was a previous habit of credulity in this particular direction. The same scepticism which is deemed reasonable in respect to stories of miracles performed by Dominicans or Franciscans, where the rival interests of the two orders are involved, is natural in regard to wonders said to have been wrought in behalf of a creed assumed to be true and enthusiastically cherished. In Galilee, Judea, and in the various provinces of the Roman Empire, Christianity was a new religion. It was at the start an unpopular religion, in a struggle against wide-spread, bitter prejudice. The whole atmosphere was thus totally different from that which prevailed in the Middle Ages, or even in the Roman Empire after the Gospel had succeeded in gaining hundreds of thousands of converts.

3. The motives to fraud, which justly excite suspicion in the case of many of the ecclesiastical miracles, were absent in the case of the miracles of the Gospel.

It cannot be denied that pious fraud played a prominent part in producing the tales of the supernatural which are interspersed in the biographies of the saints. Ecclesiastical superiors have often given a free rein to popular credulity, on the maxim that the end sanctifies the means. Where positive trickery has not been practised, circumstances have been concealed which, if known, would have stripped many a transaction of the miraculous aspect which it wore in the eyes of the ignorant. The same spirit that gave rise to the mediæval forgeries, of which the Pseudo-Isidorian Decretals are a conspicuous example, was capable of conniving at numberless deceits which served to bolster up sacerdotal pretensions. In order that an individual may be enrolled as a saint, and invoked in this character, it has been held to be indispensable that he should have wrought miracles. Miracles are held to be a badge of sainthood. It is easy to conceive not only what a stimulus this theory must have afforded to the devout imagination, but also what conscious exaggeration and wilful invention must have sprung out of such a creed.

When we enter the company of Christ and the Apostles we find that this incentive to the invention of miracles is utterly absent. We find rather the deepest antipathy to every species of deceit and fraud.

4. A great number of the Roman Catholic miracles can be explained by natural causes, without any impeachment of the honesty of the narrators. Frequently, natural events, of no uncommon occurrence, are viewed as supernatural. The physical effect of vigils, and fastings, and pilgrimages, on the maladies of those who resorted to these practices, was, no doubt, in many cases salutary. As the body acts on the mind, so the mind powerfully affects the body. Heated imagination, ardent faith, the confident hope of relief, may produce physical effects of an extraordinary character. There is a variety of nervous disorders which are cured by a sudden shock which turns feeling into a new channel. Mohammed was a victim of hysteria, attended by catalepsy. Especially when medical knowledge was scanty, exceptional conditions of mind and body were easily mistaken for supernatural phenomena.

If the miracles of the Gospels consisted only of visions, or of the cure of less aggravated cases of demoniacal possession, or of the healing of certain diseases which spring mainly from nervous derangement, there might be no occasion for referring them to supernatural agency. But such miracles as the cure of the lunatic at Gadara, the multiplication of the loaves, the conversion of water into wine, the raising of the son of the widow of Nain and of Lazarus, the resurrection of Jesus Himself, baffle every attempt at naturalistic solution. If miracles such as these are admitted on the ground of the testimony to them, taken in connection with the exalted character of Christ, and with the doctrine of Christianity, it is alike unreasonable and profitless to resort to any naturalistic explanation of visions and cures, which, considered by themselves, might perhaps be accounted for by that method. The whole set of Gospel miracles belong together. If certain of them do not of necessity carry us beyond the limit of physiological and psychological causes, and if this boundary is not strictly definable, there are others, equally well attested, which do undeniably lie beyond this limit, and must, if the phenomena are admitted, be referred to the interposition of God.

5. The incompetence of the witnesses to ecclesiastical miracles, as a rule, is a decisive reason for discrediting their accounts.

We do not include under this head an intention to deceive. Reports of pagan and ecclesiastical miracles frequently rest on no contemporary evidence. It was more than a century after the death of Apollonius of Tyana, when Philostratus wrote his life. Sixteen years after the death of Ignatius Loyola,

Ribadeneira wrote his biography. At that time he knew of no miracles performed by his hero. St Francis Xavier himself makes but one or two references to wonders wrought by him; and these occurrences do not necessarily imply anything miraculous. In the case of an ancient saint, Gregory Thaumaturgus, the life that we possess was written long after his time by Gregory Nyssa. Boniface, the apostle to the Germans, and Ansgar, the apostle to the Scandinavians, do not themselves claim to be miracle-workers. It is others who make the claim for them. Of the string of miracles which Bede furnishes, there are few, if any, which he affirms to have occurred within his personal knowledge.

Where there are contemporary narratives, it is evident, generally, that the chroniclers are too deficient in the habit of accurate observation to be trusted. This want of carefulness is manifest in what they have to say of ordinary matters. Dr Arnold gives an example of the inaccuracy of Bede. The Saxon chronicler describes a striking phenomenon on the southern coast of England, in such a way that one who is familiar with it would be quite unable to recognise it from this author's description. Where the observation of natural objects is so careless, how can we expect a correct account of phenomena which are taken for miraculous? Excited feeling, on the watch for marvels, in minds not in the least trained to strict observation, renders testimony to a great extent worthless.

Now who were the original witnesses of the miracles of Jesus? As Cardinal Newman has said, 'they were very far from a dull or ignorant race. The inhabitants of a maritime and border country (as Galilee was); engaged, moreover, in commerce; composed of natives of various countries, and, therefore, from the nature of the case, acquainted with more than one language, have necessarily their intellects sharpened and their minds considerably enlarged, and are of all men least disposed to acquiesce in marvellous tales. Such a people must have examined before they suffered themselves to be excited in the degree which the evangelists describe.' Their conviction, be it observed, was no 'bare and indolent assent to facts which they might have thought antecedently probable, or not improbable,' but a great change in principle and mode of life, and such a change as involved the sacrifice of every earthly good. There is a vast difference between the dull assent of superstitious minds, the impressions of unreflecting devotees, and that positive faith which transformed the character of the first disciples, and moved them to forsake their kindred, and to lay down their lives in attestation of the truth of their testimony. A conviction on the part of such persons, and attended by consequences like these, must have had its origin in an observation of facts about which there could be no mistake.

6. The Gospel miracles, unlike the ecclesiastical, were none of them merely tentative, unsuccessful, or of doubtful reality.

In ancient times the temple of Æsculapius was thronged by persons in quest of healing at the hands of the god. No one could pretend that more than a fraction of these votaries were actually healed. Of the multitude who failed of the benefit there was no mention or memory.

To come down to a later day, many thousands were annually touched for the scrofula by the English kings. Some recovered, and their recovery, no doubt, was blazoned abroad. But of the generality of those who thus received the royal touch, there is not the slightest proof that it was followed by a recovery. So, elsewhere, among those to whom miraculous power has been attributed, the instances of apparent success were connected with uncounted failures of which no record is preserved. Even in the cases where it is loudly claimed that there was every appearance of miracle—as in certain of the wonders at the tomb of the Abbé Paris—it is found that some have been only partially relieved of their maladies, or have experienced soon a recurrence of them.

Mark the contrast presented by the miracles of the Gospel. They were performed by a definite class of persons. They were 'the signs of an Apostle.' The main point, however, is that there were no exceptions, none on whom the wonder-working power failed of its effect. There were no abortive experiments. *All* whom Jesus attempted to heal were healed. *None* went away as they came. None went away with painful symptoms alleviated, while the disorders were not removed. Had such instances of failure occurred, they would not have escaped the attention of the Apostles and their enemies. Confidence in Christ would have been weakened, if not subverted. In accounting for the Gospel miracles, the supposition of accident is thus precluded. We do not reason from occasional coincidences.

7. The grotesque character of many of the ecclesiastical miracles awakens a just presumption against them as a class.

A miracle emanates from the power of God. But it will not be for that reason at variance with His other attributes. As far as an alleged miracle appears to be unworthy of God in any particular, it loses its title to be credited.

The miracles in the apocryphal gospels (such as that of the throne of Herod, drawn out to its right length by the child Jesus, to remedy a blunder of Joseph in making it) give no unfair idea of the style of many narratives in the legends of the Church. Among the miracles attributed to Thomas à Becket is the story that the eyes of a priest of Nantes who doubted them fell from their sockets. 'In remembrance,' says Mr Froude, 'of his old sporting days, the archbishop would mend the broken wings and legs of hawks which had suffered from herons.' 'Dead lambs,

pigs, and geese were restored to life, to silence Sadducees who doubted the resurrection.' The biographers of Xavier relate that, having washed the sores of a poor invalid, *he drank the water*, and the sores were forthwith healed. Even St Bernard, preaching on a summer day in a church where the people were annoyed by flies, excommunicates these winged insects, and in the morning they are found to be all dead, and are swept out in heaps. It would be unjust to say that trivial, ludicrous, or disgusting circumstances belong to all ecclesiastical miracles. But such features are so common that they affix a corresponding character to the set of wonders, taken as a whole, to which they pertain.

That the miracles of the Bible have a dignity and beauty peculiar to themselves is acknowledged by disbelievers; for instance, by the author of 'Supernatural Religion.' If any of them are thought to bear a different look, they are exceptions. 'Hence,' observes Cardinal Newman, 'the Scripture accounts of Eve's temptation by the serpent, of the speaking of Balaam's ass, of Jonah and the whale, and of the devils sent into the herd of swine, are by themselves more or less improbable, being unequal in dignity to the rest.' 'They are then supported,' adds the same author, 'by the system in which they are found, as being a few out of a multitude, and, therefore, but exceptions (and, as we suppose, but apparent exceptions) to the general rule.' When the miracles of Scripture are looked at as a body, they are seen to be of an elevated character. They are at a wide remove in this respect from the common run of pagan and ecclesiastical miracles. The contrast is like that of a genuine coin with a clumsy counterfeit.

8. The evidential value of the miracles of the Gospel is not weakened, even if it be admitted that miraculous events may have occasionally occurred in later ages.

The restoration of the sick is commonly through no visible or demonstrable interference with natural law. Yet no one should be charged with credulity for holding that in certain exceptional instances the supernatural agency discovers itself by evidence palpable to the senses. So discreet an historical critic as Neander will not deny that St Bernard may have been the instrument of effecting cures properly miraculous. It is true, as was suggested above, that missionary work is something to which human powers are adequate, and which requires no other aid from above than the silent, invisible operation of the Spirit of God. Yet Edmund Burke, speaking of the introduction of Christianity into Britain by Augustine and his associates, remarks: 'It is by no means impossible that, for an end so worthy, Providence on some occasions might directly have interfered.' 'I should think it very presumptuous to say,' writes F. D. Maurice, 'that it has never been needful, in the modern history of the world, to break the idols of sense and experience by the same method which was sanctioned in the days of old.' Those who, like the writers just quoted, hold that miraculous events have not wholly been wanting in later ages, cannot maintain that they have occurred under such conditions of uniformity and the like, as distinguish the miracles of Christ and the Apostles. The most that can be claimed is, that *sometimes* they have occurred in answer to prayer—a form of answer on which the petitioner has never been able to count. The judicious student who surveys the entire history of miraculous pretension will be slow to admit the miraculous in particular instances of the kind described, without the application of strict tests of evidence. He will bear in mind that the great, the principal design of the miracle is to stand as the sign and proof of Revelation.

(*To be continued.*)

A Summer Sabbath in the Country.

Sweet floats the breath of new-mown hay,
Light sways the nodding clover,
And ripe or reaped, the fields to-day
'Good-will to men' seem low to say,
As zephyrs pass them over.

The summer wears her regal crown
With pomp of proud assurance;
O'er tangled hedge and roadways brown
Her purple-mantled hills look down
On frolic and endurance.

Diaphanous her mists at morn,
And gemmed her sunset heaven;
In serried ranks her ribboned corn
Awaits the tender whispers borne
From errant winds at even.

A benison doth summer shed
From hands with largess burdened,
On all with weary heart or head
Who from the city's strife have fled,
Where she with peace is guerdoned.

A truce to worldly care and din;—
Where bee to bird is neighbour,—
Where lilies neither toil nor spin,
Come, tired soul, and enter in,
And cease from fruitless labour.

List! o'er the hills the church-bells chime,
With echo softly falling—
Tread reverently, 'tis hallowed time—
In measured beat of tuneful rhyme
The silver tones are calling.

Come, worship in the holy place;
Give thanks, thy sins confessing;
Come, kneel and ask the Saviour's grace
Where He unveils His kingly face,
And thou shalt have His blessing.

All sounds are merged in one rich chord,
And silence is like singing;
'Praise God,' from grove and vale is poured,
His works unite to praise the Lord,
His saints their hymns are bringing.

Margaret E. Sangster.

THE BORROWED BABY.

'PLEASE, ma'am, I've come to borrow the baby!'

The speaker was a rosy-cheeked girl, who lived with the family across the way. It was a regular nuisance, this lending the baby all the time. She did not seem to belong to us at all any more. I suppose we were all a little jealous, because she really did love these new people so much; and they took so much pains with her, teaching her little cunning ways and pretty sayings; and I must say they were most judicious, never giving her sweet things to make her sick, or letting her take cold. So, for the hundredth time, I rolled little Dudu up, and, kissing her good-bye, sent her off to act her part as a borrowed baby.

When John, my husband, came home to dinner, and found the baby gone again, he was just as angry as he could be.

'Why can't they get a baby of their own, and not always be borrowing ours?' he said, crossly. 'They could go over to the asylum and take their pick of babies.'

'But not like ours, John,' I said quickly.

'Well, no, of course not; but I don't propose to have strangers going halves with our baby. Besides, I won't have them teaching that child any more nonsense of the religious sort, and they may as well know it when they bring her back this time; you may as well settle it up once for all.'

I forgot to say that John and I were both free-thinkers, and did not go to church or subscribe to any of the religious beliefs to which we had been educated. We had both graduated in a brilliant intellectual school, utterly devoid of the, as we believed, foolish superstitions of any religious faith, and we intended to bring up our child in the same severely moral atmosphere. It did not once occur to us that ours was the strength of youth and presumption, or that our ignorance could not pull down in a day what knowledge had been a thousand years building. We felt that we were sufficient to ourselves and our child.

The baby came home. She was nearly three years old, but, after all, only a baby; and, as I took her from the girl, I said—

'We won't be able to lend the baby any more, Mary; her papa and I both think it isn't a good plan, and we cannot possibly do without her; the house is too lonely. Tell your mistress so, with my compliments.'

'I'm sorry, ma'am,' said the little girl, 'because we all love little Dudu so much; and she's real sweet. She can sing "Jesus loves me" all through, and not miss a word.'

'Superstition!' I exclaimed angrily. 'Tell your mistress from me, that I do not wish my child to learn those senseless hymns. I do not believe in them, nor do I intend that she shall.'

'N-o-t 'l-i-e-v-e them!' gasped the girl. 'Why, you ain't an infidel, be you?'

I dismissed her curtly; and when John came home, told him of the message I had sent.

'That is right, little woman! I guess we know enough to take care of this little blossom, hey, Willie Winkle, don't we?'

Somehow, just then, an old, forgotten text flashed into my mind: 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' and it ran up and down the garret of my thoughts all the evening.

When I put Dudu to bed, I noticed that her hands were hot, and her eyes seemed heavy.

There was much diphtheria in the place, but she had not been exposed to it in any possible manner, our neighbours who borrowed the baby being as afraid of it as we were; for that was why no baby was in their home.

Oh, that dreadful time! I cannot recall it now—the days—hardly more than a day—of anguish, the awful suffering, and the end; the parched lips and the fever-bright eyes; the realism of death, and not one hope, one word of comfort; only the cruel, dreary, unlighted grave that yawned for our darling.

Just at the last, there was a moment's peace. It was not on us that her last look fell. We turned to see who and what she saw, and there stood our neighbour over the way, whom she, at least, sweet darling, had loved as herself; and then she lifted the weary little hands, and a glad look of recognition was in the wan face, and we heard the last broken words, as they fell in awful distinctness from the baby lips: 'Desus loves me, dis I know.'

Yes, they sang it at her funeral—for we buried her with no heathen rites—and some good man prefaced a few consoling words with the text, 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' but oh, the tender melody of the child-voices that sung above her!

And when it was all over, and only the memory remained of so much beauty and sweetness, and our hearts were going back to the dust and ashes of unbelief, our good neighbour came, like an evangelist, and, giving us of her own brave Christian strength, gained at the foot of the cross, said wisely: 'Be content; God has borrowed the baby.'

A Daily Portion.

OCTOBER 1.

'IF ANY MAN BE IN CHRIST, HE IS A NEW CREATURE.'—2 Cor. v. 17.

The proposition is general; it applies to every man. To be in Christ is the common Scriptural phrase to express the saving connection or union between Him and His people. They are in Him by covenant, as all men were in Adam; they are in Him as members of His body, through the indwelling of His Spirit; and they are in Him by faith, which

lays hold of and appropriates Him as the life and portion of the soul. This union is transforming. It imparts a new life. It effects a new creation. This expression indicates not only the greatness and radical nature of the change effected, but also its divine origin. It is a divine work—*i.e.*, one due to the mighty power of God. It is, therefore, called a creation, the commencement of a new state of being. In Galatians vi. 15, Romans viii. 9, and elsewhere, the same effects are ascribed to union with Christ. If we are united to Him so as to be interested in the merits of His death, we must also be partakers of His life.—*C. Hodge.*

OCTOBER 2.

'OLD THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY; BEHOLD, ALL THINGS ARE BECOME NEW.'—2 Cor. v. 17.

In the Old Testament (Isaiah xliii. 18, 19, lxv. 17) the effects to be produced by the coming of the Messiah are described as a making all things new. The final consummation of the Redeemer's kingdom in heaven is described (Rev. xxi. 5) in the same terms. 'He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.' The inward spiritual change in every believer is set forth in the same words, because it is the type and necessary condition of this great cosmical change. What would avail any conceivable change in things external, if the heart remained a cage of unclean birds? The Apostle, therefore, says that if any man is in Christ he experiences a change analogous to that predicted by the prophets, and like to that which we still anticipate when earth shall become heaven. 'Old things are passed away; behold, all things have become new.' Old opinions, views, plans, desires, principles, and affections are passed away; new views of truth, new principles, new apprehensions of the destiny of man, and new feelings and purposes fill and govern the soul.—*C. Hodge.*

OCTOBER 3.

'HE HATH MADE HIM TO BE SIN.'—2 Cor. v. 21.

He was made sin, we are made 'righteousness.' The only sense in which we are made the righteousness of God is, that we are in Christ regarded and treated as righteous, and therefore the sense in which He was made sin is, that He was regarded and treated as a sinner. His being made sin is consistent with His being in Himself free from sin; and our being made righteous is consistent with our being in ourselves ungodly. In other words, our sins were imputed to Christ, and His righteousness is imputed to us. God laid on Him the iniquities of us all. His sufferings and death were penal, because inflicted and endured in satisfaction of justice. And in virtue of the infinite dignity of His person, they were a perfect satisfaction; that is, a full equivalent for all the law's demands.—*C. Hodge.*

OCTOBER 4.

'AND ALL THINGS ARE OF GOD, WHO HATH RECONCILED US TO HIMSELF BY JESUS CHRIST.'—2 Cor. v. 18.

Here our reconciliation to God is made the source and cause of our new creation—*i.e.*, of our regeneration and holiness. God's reconciliation to us must precede our reconciliation to Him. This, as remarked above, is the great doctrine of the Bible. So long as we are under the wrath and curse of God, due to us for sin, we are aliens and enemies, cut off from His favour and fellowship, which are the life of the soul. Therefore, until God's wrath and curse are removed, there is no possibility of holiness. It is vain to attempt to secure the favour of God by being holy; we must enjoy His favour before we can be holy.—*C. Hodge.*

OCTOBER 5.

'HATH GIVEN TO US THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION.'—2 Cor. v. 18.

That is, to the Apostle and to other preachers of the gospel, for the thing given was not something peculiar to the Apostles, but common to all preachers—viz., the ministry of reconciliation—*i.e.*, the office and duty of announcing this reconciliation. It is, therefore, the peculiar duty or special design of the ministry to proclaim to men that God, justly offended by their sins, can be just and yet justify those who come to Him by Jesus Christ. This is the evangel, or glad tidings, which our blessed Lord has commissioned His disciples to announce to every creature under heaven.—*C. Hodge.*

OCTOBER 6.

'WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST, AS THOUGH GOD DID BESEECH YOU BY US.'—2 Cor. v. 20.

An ambassador is at once a messenger and a representative. He does not speak in his own name. He does not act on his own authority. What he communicates is not his own opinions or demands, but simply what he has been told or commissioned to say. His message derives no part of its importance or trustworthiness from him. At the same time he is more than a mere messenger. He represents his sovereign. He speaks with authority, as accredited to act in the name of his master. Any neglect, contempt, or injury done to him in his official character is not a personal offence, but an offence to the sovereign or state by whom he is commissioned. All this is true of ministers. They are messengers. They communicate what they have received, not their own speculations or doctrines. What they announce derives its importance not from them, but from Him who sends them. Nevertheless, as they speak in Christ's name and by His authority, as He hath ordained the ministry, and calls men by His Spirit into the sacred office, the rejection of their message is the rejection of Christ, and any injury done unto them as ministers is done unto Him.—*C. Hodge.*

THE STRAITNESS OF THE GOSPEL.

BY EUGENE BERSIER, PASTOR OF THE REFORMED CHURCH OF PARIS.

(*Continued from page* 460.)

AFFIRM, in the second place, that if the way of the gospel is strait, it is because it is the way of HOLINESS.

The morality of the gospel has not always brought upon it this reproach of straitness. At first men accused it of too much breadth. Jesus Christ was put into the Index by the rigorists of His time. For them He was a glutton, a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. How could the Pharisaic spirit have been able to understand His teaching? How could it recognise the accent of holiness in those words which were counter to all the prescriptions of legal purity, all the strict ordinances, all the traditions to which had been attached the idea of holiness? No more oaths, no more washings, no more prayers recited, no more meritorious alms, no more holy places—were not these things the opposite of morality itself? In short, how could it think of a Master, of a Prophet, who seemed to delight in coming in contact with those whom men called impure—lepers, publicans, the most degraded of beings—and who proposed to the Jews the example of the heathen? Men ought to cry out at this scandal; and men did so. The breadth of the gospel has been one of the principal causes which has raised up the cross of Jesus Christ.

To-day men admire it. Men are astonished at this teaching of so pure a spirituality, which affirms all that is holy and good, while rejecting, without hesitation, all formalistic prescriptions—like those transparent glaciers of the Alps, which, while forming, throw out all foreign elements, all the scoria that the avalanche had mingled with its waters. Men are astonished at this morality which the labours of eighteen centuries have no need to enlarge, and which is as suitable to the modern as to those who heard it for the first time; at this morality, which, coming out from a most selfish and most narrow nationality, is the most humane which ever has existed; so ardent for good, and meanwhile so opposed to fanaticism; so admirable for its good sense, and meanwhile so free from all utilitarian spirit; more extraordinary, perhaps, for what it permits than for what it forbids; and which, in opening up to the soul the most elevated and the most sublime aspirations, knows to the utmost all the feeblenesses, all the stratagems, all the miseries of the natural heart. Men, then, admire it, they willingly give it the first place, and in this judgment the voices are unanimous; for the vicious, indeed, speak here the same as others; for they also have rights to defend. In this respect morality is not an indifferent matter to them; they have need of it, were it only to be protected. The skilful egotist would tremble at the thought of living in a society made after his own image; it does not displease him that there is in this world a doctrine which preaches to others sacrifice and self-denial. Thus interest with some, enthusiasm with others, love and obedience with the smallest number, all unite to create in favour of evangelical morality a favourable prejudice which resembles universal adhesion.

But to come from these generalities. Take this morality in its very principle and in its spirit. Teach, with Paul, that the glory of God ought to be the moving spring of all our acts and of all our thoughts, say, with Jesus Christ, that the crime of impurity is already in the lustful desire, that murder is already in the hatred; in one word, treat sin seriously, and you will see what an amount of anger, of wrath, of opposition, you will soon stir up. Straitness, austerity, will be the gentlest words men will apply to you. Happy will you be if the frankness of the crowd will not charge with hypocrisy this exaggeration which confounds and which irritates it.

And meanwhile what do men seek? To take away from evangelical morality its principle? But this is to take away at one

stroke its grandeur and its unity. To make it less spiritual? But this is to place evil no more in the intention but in the act—it is to fall back into Pharisaism pure and simple. Striking phenomenon! If you propose to man less than the gospel proposes to him, less than the love of God and of man, if you take from this law a hair's-breadth, it altogether falls; you will have scattered precepts that every one will interpret in his own way, but you will no more have the law.

You find this way too strait! You propose to enlarge it! To enlarge it! And how? Ah! I understand you. Each one would wish it to tolerate his favourite inclinations: one his ambition, another his guilty attachments, a third his hatreds, and all their secret idolatries. Nothing irritates them more than to hear the gospel declare that a living sacrifice, holy and without reservation, is the alone reasonable service of the Christian. Well. Let us, then, enlarge it, and let your wish be accomplished. Let us make a gospel according to your heart, and be satisfied. Satisfied! And who will say to me that you will be so to-morrow? Who will say to me that your passion, always the more encroaching and the more insatiable, will not demand new concessions? And if you yourself know how to limit it, who can assure me that another will know when to stop as you do, and that in the name of the breadth that you invoke, all the barriers that still stand in the way of his caprices will not be broken down? No more straitness, the voluptuary will say. No more straitness, will respond in chorus all passions and all desires. Let us make the way broad! Away with religious prejudices, the vain scruples of timorous souls, and all those chains that have been too long borne! Give us joy, give us the present hour with all its delights; let us give to our trembling lips the cup of pleasure with which the happy ones of the earth have quenched their thirst,—and in this frightful medley of desires of all kinds the victory doubtless will be with the fiercest and strongest selfishness. Behold, then, the outcome of human breadth. I know well you will not go so far as this; but is it not enough to think of these hideous consequences, to see what men will gain by a departure from the divine law? Thus, my brethren, we must choose either the broad way of passion without limit, or the strait way of holiness.

Let us take one step more. The way of the gospel is strait, because it is the way of HUMILITY.

I have shown that the gospel cannot tolerate our passions and our vices; I now affirm that it is even closed against virtuous pride. To humble ourselves, frankly to recognise what we really are in the sight of the God of holiness, to despoil ourselves of our virtues and of our supposed merits and to receive salvation as a grace—this, my brethren, is the only attitude that becomes us; but it is an attitude painful to the natural heart. Hence it is that the gospel is too strait for many men. How willingly they would purchase their salvation by the most splendid sacrifices, if this salvation were their own work, if by it they could merit heaven. Grace—that is to say, complete pardon, the grace without which the gospel would be only a more inflexible law than that of Sinai—what an amount of opposition does it not call forth! And meanwhile, it is the only way by which fallen beings can enter into communion with a holy God. Is it, then, God who has made the way strait? Judge for yourselves. See in the middle of the night a house laid hold of by fire. Everywhere the flames dart forth with the rapidity of lightning. We hear the cries of alarm, for there is an unfortunate man sleeping above this furnace that is about to devour him. He awakes. He directs his scared looks everywhere around him. Before him one passage alone remains open, strait, but sufficient to save his life. What does he do? With covetous and feverish hands he gathers together all that he can save of his goods, and laden with his treasures, and bending under his burden, he arrives at this entrance, which refuses to give him a passage. Ah me! he then exclaims. Ah me! the passage is too strait. Ah, poor madman! leave there thy treasures, which will cost thee thy life; despoil thyself of what stays thy advance; consent to sacrifice all. Thy safety is to be purchased at this price alone. You have understood me, my brethren. This house which crumbles down is our life; this devouring flame is the judgment of the holy God; this open passage is pardon; and these treasures which you are about to lose are the qualities, the virtues, the merits, which you wish to preserve at any price. Yes, the gate of heaven is too strait for the self-righteous, and hence it is that the gospel calls forth against it so much repugnance and irritation! Ah! the delirium of human pride is something astounding. Whilst we hear the holiest souls that the world has seen groaning at the thought of their unbeliefs, and asking pardon, we must make up our minds to see other

beings whose long existence before God is a tissue of transgressions, and has been marked by continual ingratitude—beings who have, like you, like myself, concealed pages in their existence, which they would not wish to be read by any man, and yet they reject grace as too humiliating, and become indignant when pardon is set before them, and speak of their virtues, of their good works, without dreaming even that their pride brands them in the eyes of the Just Judge; they go before death asking only justice in the presence of the cross that offers them compassion. They go to demand their legitimate place in the society of the saints, in the perfect light in which God dwells; they go, and they do not know that a single glance of the Just Judge, lighting up with awful brightness the depths of their concealed life, will suffice to condemn them. Ah! let us bless God, my brethren, for that which scatters our blindness, troubles our carnal security; and whilst salvation is offered us, let us accept it as a grace. Let us enter into the strait way, for it alone leadeth unto life.

Finally, I affirm that the way of the gospel is strait, because it is the way of LOVE.

I know that such a thought as this may seem strange. We are scarcely accustomed to hear the idea of straitness associated with the idea of love. On the contrary, nothing is so frequent to-day as to hear men speak of a religion of love, in which henceforward are confounded all the ideas, all the beliefs, which have hitherto divided men. 'God is love,' men say to us; 'what, in reality, do our errors and feeblenesses concern Him? How can the acts of creatures of a day trouble the serenity of the universal Being? Give up, O believers, your judgments, your condemnations, your anathemas! Open up to erring creatures the infinite compassion! Why trouble their fleeting joys? Why empoison their pleasures? Man is so feeble, and life is so short!' It is thus that they speak, and even in their sickly pages, sing of the love of God. Yes, upon polluted lips they place mystic effusions regarding the love of God. Yes, this sanctuary, this holy of holies, whither men ought never to penetrate but with trembling, is to-day a place of passage where every one insolently comes to take his place and to screen his ideas, his unbelief, his vices, and even his blasphemy.

Do you know what is under this thought? With an odious profanation there is there a frightful medley of selfishness and pride. God is love, they say; then we are free, free to think, to love, to act, according to our fancy! Away with intolerance! Heaven is open to all of us!

Ah! without doubt Christianity as a whole may be summed up in love. But what an abyss between love such as the world understands, and love such as the gospel understands! Yes, the love of God is religion itself; but what is this love, and what is God? He is the holy God, who is of purer eyes than to behold evil; He is the God before whom the angels themselves must veil their faces; He is the jealous God, who wishes to reign alone over the hearts of men, and who does not suffer any idol. Then the love which He bears to us must be holy, jealous like Himself, and the love that we bear to Him must be of the same nature. It is strait in the sense that it rejects all that is contrary to it. It allies itself with God—that is to say, it cannot be indifferent to anything that relates to God. All that offends God offends it, all that dishonours God touches itself. Away, then, with this universal and cowardly toleration that men claim to shelter under the gospel! Christian love brings with it the most energetic hatred of what is contrary to it, according to the beautiful words of the Psalmist: 'Ye that love the Lord, hate evil.' Far from justifying indifference, it holds indifference in horror; and, if in presence of sinners, it styles itself infinite compassion, in presence of sin it is inflexible holiness.

Here I appeal to yourselves. Is it not true that you love, you who really know how to love? Mother, is it a matter of indifference to you that the heart of your child has given itself up to all the passions, to all the shameful attachments which solicit it? Spouse, do you accept, under the pretext of breadth, the husband who has sworn to be faithful to you, and who plunges into all the temptations which attract him? Ah! your love is strait; strait because it is love, because the day in which it will cease to be so, the day in which you will accept the part of being loved after the stranger, the day in which this shame will leave you indifferent and cold, will be a day in which there will be nothing more than ashes on the extinguished hearth of your affections.

Well, do you believe that the God of the gospel asks from us less than what one creature can ask from another? And who, then, has a right to claim our heart if it is not He who made it? What! these treasures of tenderness, these irresistible impulses, this ardent thirst for sympathy, this necessity of admiring, of adoring, all these energies of the

human heart—shall the God who put them into us be the only one who shall have nothing of them! We dare to say that a God who would ask from you less than an absolute sacrifice without reserve, who would ask less than your life and your heart, would not be believed in by you for a moment. Hence it is that the way of the gospel is strait, because he who engages himself thereon has henceforward only one end, only one supreme ambition, the service of God in love. See what frightens you, O worldlings! I know well that we did not understand each other. This exclusive love is hateful to you: to consecrate your life to God, to love all for Him and through Him, to lose your life in Him, as the gospel says, this is a way too strait for a heart entirely taken up with itself. Meanwhile we must choose: either the broad way of selfishness, where man saves his life to lose it, or the strait way of love, where man loses his life in God to save it.

I have shown you, my brethren, why the way of the gospel is strait. Do I deceive myself when I affirm that whilst I speak to you in my feebleness, your conscience, in agreement with me, secretly confirmed what I advanced? Meanwhile I must conclude. If among you who hear me, one only, in silence before God, who sees him, has decided to go on the way which I have set before him, what success for me, and what a recompense! But for him what joy! What joy? Yes. Notwithstanding that this sacrifice has its bitterness. I have not wished to deceive you. Others will say that the way of the gospel is broad, others will flatter you. They will say that the Christian life, such as I have presented it to you, is mystic and gloomy, dull, monotonous, and full of privations. Eternal leading astray of the world, eternal falsehood that it repeats to all those who wish to follow Jesus Christ! Ask rather of those who have followed the strait way, ask them if they regret their privations and their sacrifices, ask them if all the illusions of the flesh, and of pride outvalue the immense happiness of a soul reconciled with God, living in what is true, assured of its eternal happiness; ask them if all the joys of selfishness outvalue the pure joy of a love which commences upon earth to expand in heaven in its infinite fulness. No, Lord, Thou dost not deceive, Thou dost not act with us as the world does. The world promises joy, it only gives bitterness; Thou promisest us the cross, and Thou givest us the crown; the world opens to us the broad way, but it is the way of errors and of deceptions, without hope; Thou openest to us the strait way, but it leads to heaven. Oh! give us all to follow it, so as to attain the true life, where we shall grow in knowledge, in holiness, in love, and renew ourselves without ceasing after Thy image.

PREACHING.

I WANT preachers to read all they can, and make use of ideas which fall like the manna of old; but let them take them home to grind, and boil, and bake in the mill of prayer, and the heated pot of reflection; then place them, like the twelve loaves of shewbread, on the golden table, before the worshippers and holy priesthood. I want the entire Word to be preached because it is given of God; but with such connections as exist in the solar system, or in the human body, which, if disconnected, the life and effect depart. The sun is 'the world's life and a globe of fire.' Were a husbandman who tilled and cultivated the earth for its products to hold a sackcloth towards the sun, he would be esteemed an ignorant owl in our sight. Were a surgeon to amputate a limb, a hand, or leg from the body, so that the connection with the great artery of the heart be broken, and then endeavour to make the blood circulate through the severed limb, to quicken and to warm it, we should only say, 'Reunite the limb to the body, that the blood may pervade its course, or else as soon as you like bury it in the earth.'

Many preachers, I understand, have more interest in preaching about the earth's being stricken and punished with drought last year than about Jesus being struck on the cross all red with his blood! Christ's sacrifice and the Holy Spirit's grace occupy the place of the central sun and of the heart's blood in the Christian system, as those do in their own systems. I have observed that an unevangelical style like that described has latterly crept in amongst all denominations in Wales in preaching duties. What good has preaching the dead cross ever done? Are the churches more heavenly, industrious, and striving? Or are they more inspiritual, insipid, and lethargic? Here is gun, here is leaden bullet, here is flint, here is touchhole, here is finger, but where is the powder? The ball will never start without this. He is the mover of the whole, 'Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.'

1. Let us then preach the whole truth evangelically.
2. Faithfully, for souls are in danger.
3. Plainly and clearly, since heaps of our hearers know less than we imagine.
4. Affectionately, fervently, winningly, for the flame of Calvary's love is intense, and should cause a glow in the pulpit, melting everything to its own consistency, and joining man to God by the cross, to be one spirit for ever and for ever.—*Sword and Trowel.*

SUMMER BOARDERS.

MRS HINTON took summer boarders; for she was a widow, and the Hinton purse was never a heavy one, and the busy little lone woman could devise no other plan by which to increase the sixpences and shillings. But Mrs Hinton's warm heart could not consider her boarders solely as a means of money-making. She made them feel welcome to the home-like, airy rooms of the farm-house, and really took a personal interest in the jaded mothers and pale children who sought health and summer rest at the Rye Farm. So it was that, a few weeks before her guests began to arrive, Mrs Hinton sat one afternoon on the piazza, with several open letters in her lap, and a thoughtful look upon her face.

'They have made all possible inquiries about everything: the water, the fruit, rooms, scenery, the post-office and telegraph, distance to the village; but not one has asked if a church was near, or what possibility for reaching it.' And Mrs Hinton scanned the letters again.

'It may be none of my business; but, surely, some of these ladies and gentlemen are church members.'

'None of my business?' something seemed to whisper to Mrs Hinton. 'It may be your Father's business, therefore yours.'

She sat with her head on her hand a moment, and then rose smiling brightly to herself, as she resolved: 'I must show them that they are in a Christian house; maybe the Lord is putting two kinds of work in my hands this summer. I shall try and do both heartily as unto Him.'

The first evening the boarders gathered at the farm table, abundantly and tastefully spread; the buzz of talk and laughter, and the unfolding of napkins were stayed at the sight of Mrs Hinton's bended head, and a low yet distinct voice asked for a blessing on the evening meal. There were surprised looks and smiles, and covert whispers. 'A blessing at a boarding-house table; did you ever!"

But Mrs Hinton's heart was gladdened when a lady paused near her after supper and said, heartily—

'It seems to make me feel at home at once, to hear a blessing asked at table.' And little Nell Gray slipped up and said: 'Father says those words at home, and I'm glad you do too.' It is always the first step that costs; and after that evening, guests and waiters paused respectfully for the expected words of thanks.

When the Sabbath came, balmy and beautiful, the ladies in crisp morning toilets, and gentlemen in their lounging suits, were gathered on the cool piazza, and Mrs Hinton came among them, saying pleasantly—

'Our church is within walking distance: but the carryall is at the service of those who cannot walk and wish to go. I hope some of you will go. Our minister will be glad to see you.' There was a pause; Miss Stratton's conscience gave her a quick stab, for she had deliberately resolved 'to let religious things alone while she was in the country.'

'I felt,' she said afterwards, 'as I think Balaam must have felt when he saw the angel of the Lord standing in his path.'

But she went to church that Sabbath and every other, while she was at Rye Farm. She took the Bible from her trunk, and the works of love which the autumn and winter witnessed in her home and church life showed that not an angel only, but even the Spirit of the Lord had come with a still small voice to Helen Stratton. And Mr Edwards, who had gradually let himself slip away from his Sabbath-school work before he left the city, became so interested by his visit to the country Sabbath school, that seeing a need of teachers, he complied with the invitation to take a class, and so delighted the boys with his genial manners and clear, ready explanations, that some others beside the teacher himself found that summer blest to their spiritual health.

There was sickly, despondent Mrs Curtis, who at first went to church 'just for the ride;' but, before her summer vacation ended, found such good tidings brought her by the earnest minister's lips, that a new life sprang up in her heart, and she learned to lean upon the Arm that never tires, and to her the little country church became the very gate of heaven.

'I am so glad I came here,' she said when parting from Mrs Hinton. And when a few months later Mrs Hinton heard of her death, she said: 'I am so glad, too, for I think God gave her a new peace here.' The minister, too, was cheered and stimulated by the increase of his congregation, and the appreciative faces lifted to his, Sabbath after Sabbath. When Mrs Hinton one day thanked him for a good sermon, she little thought that striving to help her boarders, she had been God's instrument in helping her pastor also.

Only being a Christian in her own home, only speaking a word at the right time, it did not seem a great thing to do. But so great was it, that the backslider was reclaimed, the faith of some strengthened, light brought to the darkened, and the Master's cause upheld.

MEN who wish to be freed from sin, and to be made pure, can find deliverance and holiness by trusting in Jesus Christ.

WHOEVER wishes to know and to feel that his sins are forgiven by God, and that he is a child of God, the object of divine love, and an heir of heaven, can obtain forgiveness and the love of God and eternal life by believing in Jesus Christ.

A Portion for the Aged.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN'S BIBLE.

BY MRS ANNIE A. PRESTON.

'THE beauty, strength, power, and all-sufficiency of God's Word grow upon me continually, as I believe they do upon all who love it and rely upon it,' said an earnest, consecrated young minister of Christ, who was spending his vacation in our village, as he dropped into our last Sabbath evening prayer-meeting.

'A few days since I was called upon to bury an aged member of my flock. He was over ninety years old, had been a Christian from his youth, and a student of the Bible for many years. During the months that he was confined to his bed, lingering as it were upon the border-land between this life and the next, it was my privilege to see him and talk with him almost daily.

'On the small table at the head of his bed, within reach of the withered, trembling hand, lay always a small worn Bible. When taken up this little book would faithfully open of itself to this passage in the twenty-third Psalm, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." The opening leaves and thin, thumbed paper told their own story of reliance by the aged pilgrim when the gate at the end of his earthly journey should be thrown back.

'One morning last week the summons came to me that Father A—— was dying, and hurrying along the village street, I reached his bedside just as he had breathed his last.

'Going forward to look upon his venerable face, grown majestic in death, I mechanically took up the little Bible and laid it upon the shrunken chest from which the breath of life had just departed. Immediately the leaves dropped apart as they had so often done at the bidding of the aged Christian, and his daughter who stood by bent tenderly and read distinctly, that all in the room might hear, the words that had established peace and comfort in the now still heart. It was as if his voice, grown strong and assured, came back to us, with the power of faith fulfilled, from the portal through which his soul had passed.

'"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."'

WITHOUT STRENGTH.

A LARGE company of people were gathered at the end of a wharf on the look-out when one of the number fell into the deep water. There was great excitement, but no one dared to jump in. But there stood an able-bodied sailor right there over him as he struggled in the water. He could swim; but he stood coolly,

doing nothing. The crowd were amazed and indignant. 'Why does he stand looking on,' they said, 'and not jump in and save him?' The drowning man had sunk twice, and was about to throw up his arms and go down for the last time, when, to the surprise of the people, the sailor jumped in, and bore him to the surface and to safety.

Now the people could understand the sailor's apparent indifference, and the wisdom of his course. The fact is, the drowning man was too lively and heavy to make it prudent to plunge into the water after him. He waited until the man had no strength even to struggle, and then rescued him.

Now this affords an illustration of God's way in saving a sinner. God's way may be to wait, not with indifference surely, until the sinner finds out that he has no strength to save or help to save himself.

It is one thing to own oneself a sinner, and quite another to confess that one is without strength to save himself. But such is the ruin of man, and such his impotency, that—though he struggles and strives, works and weeps—he can no more save himself from hell than the drowning man could from the watery grave that was inevitable, but for the strong arm of the brave and wise sailor. It is this that the Word of God states so distinctly, clearly and constantly.

'For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.'

'Without strength' is the divine statement as to man. This leaves the ground clear for Christ to come in and be a perfect Saviour. And as the sailor saved the man when he had given up, so does God through Christ, and His precious atoning death, save every one that comes to this conclusion—that he is not only a sinner, but also without strength. Such an one will readily appreciate the strong arm and saving grace of the Saviour of sinners, and allow Him, in every sense of the word, to be the Saviour and give Him all the glory for saving him. 'By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.'

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Now!—One of the ways in which we too often cheat ourselves of improvement, is by postponing our reforms to a moment not yet come. 'What are you going to do this morning?' asks some one, and the answer is ready: 'Oh, nothing *this* morning, but *to-morrow* morning I shall begin'—reading, or sewing, or studying, or working for the poor, as the case may be. So we go on, through hours and days, through weeks and months, through years at last—and still the new life has not been lived, and still we stand dallying with this *now* as once with all those other *nows* which make up our yesterdays. Let us wake up to one truth. Resolutions for the *future* are no resolutions at all. To begin at all, in anything, we must begin *now*, this day, this hour, this moment, or we shall never begin. For we are what we are now—and as we live to-day so shall we live to-morrow, and the next day, if thus we suffer resolutions to blind us to our want of present effort.

KENNETH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER III.

MRURO was not the terminus of the railroad, as our missionaries had regarded it, but a score of miles beyond, and only to be reached by a springless stage waggon without a cover.

'The better for prospecting,' suggested Carey; 'but with slight claim to comfort, provided the clouds shower down liquid hail, as they bid fair to do.'

Rachel expressed herself as anxious to see the town.

'Not a big show!' laughed the driver, 'but a powerful sight of folks coming in. Right sharp chances for fust corners,' looking into Carey's face with a shrewd, knowing wink.

Fortunately the horses took to the road with an energy that kept up the fainting spirits of the travellers.

'You take a good many over this road, I presume,' Carey said, as they were seated.

'Right smart. I allow it's hard on a man to keep right at it; but the road's comin'—everything is comin'. It's a powerful country, this.'

'Mostly eastern people, I presume,' said Carey, whose object it was to keep the man talking.

'Only a sprinklin'; them that's got money, and them that's had money and lost it, and cum to get more,' grinned the driver.

'A good deal of capital invested—no doubt?'

'You see, it's a wide-awake place; folks as come here mostly have their eye-teeth cut. It keeps one up to the times just to know how to talk and who to talk with. 'Tother night me and Alf. Jenks, that's a cousin of my wife, was sittin' at the winder lookin' out and talkin' of old times, when all of a sudden like, there was a scuffle and a cry, and 'fore we could wink, the villains got off, leavin' a dead man in the street. 'Twan't no use to bring him to, poor fellow! and the next day we buried him. My wife cried as if her heart would break. She hadn't been here long, and she wasn't used to such things. You see, stranger, the folks here are none of your slow sort—it's a word and a blow, and sometimes it's the blow first.'

The young wife looked into the face of her husband with misgiving.

'Was this the place, and what good could they do to such a people?'

'They have schoolhouses and churches, I presume?' Carey said after a pause.

'I heerd tell of a minister, but he didn't stay long. You wouldn't think it, stranger, but the folks are mighty pertikler about the minister. He can't change his callin', and he's got to work it out on the square. No dodgin' their callin'. The fact is, the folks know how to do, and they think their minister must do it. As a usual thing they don't stay—get home-sick like,' chuckling to himself without looking away from his horses.

'Have you been to the mines?' asked the traveller, throwing his gaze over the scraggy, sloping hills.

'I used to be a miner; was sort of misfortunate, and took to the road. It's slower, but my wife says she sleeps easier nights. Just so long as one keeps diggin', there's not much to fear, but begin to git on a little, and then look out. There's men don't vally a life; kill a man for a shilling, and toss up for drinks.'

A low, drizzling rain set in. The mist crept along the mountain ranges, and the wide expansive view was narrowed to mere breadth of road, with an occasional rocky defile, showing a sparse growth of hickory and scrub oak.

Rachel pulled the hood of her waterproof far over her face, and settled back in her seat. The driver fastened the boot, and gave his sombrero a downward pull, at the same time saying—

'We are nearly half thar. It's hard pullin', and the critters are beginning to be a little worried. Passmore's ranch lays right ahead, and thar we'll change.'

'I was in hopes you would take us into Truro,' Carey said, with a degree of warmth not lost on the driver.

'You see, it's feedin' time. I can't stop, so I change horses.'

The rain dropped over the boot in little plashes of sound; the wheels ground the pebbles into the mud, and the horses settled down to steady work. The travellers drew their coats tighter about their shoulders, and the silence was pointed with exclamations in keeping with individual taste and feeling.

The grey misty vapour did not permit them to see more than the base of the blue gigantic rock around which the road swept; only the pricking up of the horse's ears, and the perceptibly quickened movement, told that the ranche was in sight

'Passmore's! Change here!' cried the driver. 'Them that's going to Davnant, take another coach!'

'Here we are at last! I'm heartily tired of the whole thing,' said a tall man, as he threw off his tarpaulin, and emerged from his cramped position on the back seat.

Carey sprang with the agility of a young panther to the ground, and then reached up to lift Rachel out.

Slipping out of her waterproof, she stood a moment on the floor of the low, open porch. Evidently everything was new. Through the still dripping rain she perceived logs and fresh chips, and for a moment she almost fancied she could taste the piney odour of Seth Breeze's shop.

The dwelling was divided into two apartments, with a rude counter or table running along the side of each. From the savour of burned steak and bad coffee, it was evidently an eating-house. In a small room beyond children were playing about the hearth, in which a fire had been kindled. Carey asked permission for his wife to warm herself there. The moist vapour of wet clothing is in no case inspiring. In spite of herself, Rachel trembled and fell back in her chair, faint and colourless. The half-dressed children stood at a respectful distance; then they drew nearer. The mother, a tall, angular woman, with a face written all over with care and bitter disappointment, was quick to proffer aid.

'What shall I bring you? Would a glass of wine or brandy revive you? Passmore keeps a good article. I will ask him.'

'Thank you, I never drink wine. If you will bring me a cup of hot tea, perhaps.'

While the woman was gone for the tea, the children crept up to the hem of Rachel's gown; then gradually they rubbed their chubby cheeks against her knee, and one, bolder than the others, allowed her to clasp his hand. When Carey entered, a little girl of ten was curling the soft brown tresses over her finger.

'A quick way of making friends, that argues well for the future,' he said, in a playful tone.

'As far as children are concerned,' returned the young wife, beginning to feel the comforting influence of the fire.

'I am ready to admit that children are good judges,' laughed Carey, and so loud that the driver and Passmore came to see what provoked so much merriment.

'Them children!' exclaimed the former, 'are as good as a picter. Strange how the little ones take to some folks.'

The tall woman came in with a cup of tea on a Japan tray, and a piece of white bread delicately browned. Her manner to the children was gentle. She was afraid they had disturbed the stranger.

In the talk that followed, Rachel asked if the woman was not sometimes lonely, and if she did not long to see the old home.

'I used to feel home-sick, and cry every day; but since the baby died and was buried in the garden, it is different. I could never bear to think of leaving him behind me.'

There was a pathetic tenderness in the voice that rendered it difficult for the listener to keep back tears.

'It was after the minister at Truro left, and there was no one to pray or to sing. It was so unlike what we had been accustomed to, and almost broke my heart; but when the flowers came, it seemed the angels knew and dropped them purposely,' the woman said.

The driver was shouting on the porch; Carey came in to say that if Rachel did not feel quite strong enough they would stay over.

'You shall have the best we have,' said the woman.

'Not to-day; but I hope to see you again. We are to live in Truro,' was the reply.

'Be'n't you the minister that's cummin'?' asked the oldest boy of Carey. 'Father thinks it's a good spell to go to meetin'; but we like it, and he takes us sometimes.'

The driver was vociferating. As they took their places the sun came out. A scene of bewildering splendour flashed along the distant mountain-tops. A fleecy softness touched the clouds; the rain drops were so many glistening jewels. The faces of the travellers relaxed; exclamations rent the air, the driver snapped his whip, and the cumbersome vehicle rumbled out of the ranch yard, leaving Passmore with his wife and children commenting upon the new minister as a product not yet seen in Truro.

CHAPTER IV.

The moon hung her silver horn directly over the mountain, that formed a background to the new, quick growth of buildings that made the village of Truro. In the door of a shanty, perched on a plateau on one of the lower ridges, a young woman stood looking into the gathering twilight. Other shanties were ranged in line, or dropped, as it would seem by a mere temporary arrangement, on outlying ridges and waste places. There was an air of neatness, and the night breeze was full of life-giving energies. Still, what impressed the beholder was the idea of newness. The actual growth was a march on time. The unplaned boards were new, so was the shingled roof, and the casement over which a white curtain fluttered; even to the block of wood that served as a step to lift one to the door, all was new. The woman hesitated a moment, as if in the expectation of meeting some one; then she stepped over the block, and took a seat just outside the door. Her figure was lithe and graceful, and her cheeks rosy with health. Her grey eyes were calm and thoughtful; and still, as the stars came out, an anxious expression crept into their depths. All day her husband had been among his people; now it was night, and he did not come. Out in the town she could see the dancing lights, and she could still distinguish the outline of the church he had helped to build. All through the winter his congregation had been steadily growing larger, and his visits during the week were more and more abundant. She knew that he was doing a good work, and, knowing this, she endeavoured to be his helper in all womanly ways. Not the least of the lessons she had to learn was to be brave and patient. He must not know that she suffered through fear; and if it was not for him to know it, then she must not suffer. God was there, and His care was over her. To fear would be to distrust. No, she must not fear.

Suddenly, from the great central square came a low, deep guttural, that swelled gradu-

ally into an angry ferment, like the onward rush of a great sea.

The woman leaped to her feet and clasped her hands over her heart, as if to still its too hurried beating. Then she ran down the slope and listened. The surging wave of human voices sounded farther and farther away. The irregular tramping of feet showed that it was not the soldiery; neither were they in the line of her dwelling. A company of women came down the street, and halted as if for consultation, then turned and hastened after the retreating crowd. The church was not far distant. With a fleetness that surprised her, the woman slipped along the street, gliding around the corners, and through eager, questioning groups of men, women, and children. The side door was unfastened. It was Saturday night. Carey's practice was to arrange the books, and have everything in order for the Sabbath service. The books were scattered in confusion, the lamp burned dimly. Of course, Carey had been there, and he would come again.

Feeling her way along the aisles, she stationed herself at a window that overlooked the principal street. Men were passing and repassing. A new fear seized her. Several times the mob had arisen, and Carey had quelled them without serious disturbance. How would it be to-night? Or was it something else, and had he left the church in haste in order to go home? The latter seemed not improbable, and, alarmed at the bare thought of being out on such a night unattended, she resolved to watch her opportunity to leave the church, and reach home before the crowd would return.

Leaving the window, she walked slowly back to the communion-table, and crouched down behind it, and clasped her hands in a listening attitude. A star shot its rays through the upper sash of the long window, and glanced across the large, open Bible lying on the velvet-covered pulpit. With lightning speed memory went backward. It was the star she had promised to look at, and in looking to think of Kenneth, so far from her old home, and in a city where God's laws were hardly recognised. She crept up to the open book. She did not dream to read it; only to rest her hot brow against the page. The silvery brightness of the words won her eyes. The strength of the promise nerved her heart.

'The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long.'

It was rest and comfort. With bowed head the brightness passed over her and climbed up the opposite wall. How long she remained there she did not know. The commotion outside was sensibly less. There was now no fear; God would cover Carey with His hand, and He would care for her. The church was dark; only the bright ray climbing far up into the dome.

Again the swell of voices and steps more or less tumultuous. Starting up, she once more made her way to the window. They were coming nearer. She could distinguish two men closely guarded. And Carey was there; she could hear his voice.

'If these men have done wrong, as you say they have, there is a law, and we must abide by it.'

There was authority in the tone, and a firm, unyielding determination to maintain order. Instantly a shout rent the air, and then another, and another.

'Yes, boys, go home. We are a law-abiding people. We will be a law-abiding people. It is enough that we have them in custody. Let the law decide!'

It was not the minister this time; but the words were effective. Instantly the tread of many feet was heard along the pavement, and before the woman could recover herself sufficiently to reach the door, her husband was there. He was not alone; Trestrail was with him.

'How is this, Rachel? Did you get frightened and seek me here?' was asked tenderly.

'I waited, and I thought perhaps you might be here?' trying to speak bravely.

'And so I was, until they came for me. As yet we have a good deal of inflammable material. I trust it is the last time, however, for a demonstration of this kind,' continued the minister.

Trestrail was the stage-driver who had brought them to Truro. She had met him frequently since.

'Yes, Mis' Kew; I've been as good as my word. I promised I'd stand by the minister, and I have stood by him, and I will. Here's my hand on't; and let me say, what he's done to-night will do more good to the folks here than a dozen sermons. They ben't men to come to church; but he went to them. He was in just the thickest, and he talked to them. He was just as brave as any of 'em, and they saw it, and they couldn't say anything agin' it. It was right, and they giv' in, and for one, I don't think they'll try it agin.'

'I will take my wife home and return. It is possible some of the gang will be skulking around, and need care before morning. To-morrow will be the Sabbath,' the minister said to Trestrail.

'And for that reason you must go home and stay thar. I will see that no harm's done,' was the reply.

Leaving the church in order, the minister and his wife stepped into the street, not a little surprised as they came in contact with groups of still trembling women and children, to whom it was necessary to explain that the riot originated with the ranch men and cattle drivers.

'With drink to help 'em!' interrupted a broad-faced woman, whose brogue betrayed her nationality.

'The best way to secure quiet is to go home. To-morrow will be the Sabbath!' returned the minister, in a tone of encouragement.

'But how are we to sleep when we know

not but the evil may be coming to our own doors?' was asked in the same strong voice.

For answer the minister repeated the verse:—

'When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.'

The woman raised her gaunt face.

'It always happens when we're least expecting it. I know 'em; not a bit do they care for God's Day. I've seen a deal of trouble, and no help for it.'

The woman was evidently stirred by some haunting memory of bloodshed, and a fear that it might be repeated.

Once quieted, she moved on, however; but not until she had made the sign of the cross in the air.

The streets were now deserted, while only an occasional light could be seen at the windows. Not until the young wife reached home did she break down.

'It is so terrible!' was her exclamation. 'And all the time we thought the people were growing better, more tolerant in spirit, more inclined to preserve order, and more careful to maintain good works.'

'We must think so still!' was said encouragingly.

'But how can we when such scenes are continually taking place?'

'They are not as frequent, and not as violent; lawlessness is giving place to rule; order is growing out of disorder. God's Sabbath is having an influence that reaches out into the week. It is the day of small things; but you are not discouraged? Look up and tell me that you are only tired; not discouraged?' lifting the bowed head and looking into the misty eyes.

'No, no, Carey, I am not discouraged,' returned the young wife, making an effort to smile, 'only it seems like doing the work over again, when we want to go on.'

'Forgetful of God's will, and anxious to be the reapers,' smiled Carey. 'It is for us to scatter the seed; God will take care of the reaping.'

'I know He will, and I am sure as you are that He is with us in our work; but there are times when I see so much to be done!' was the reply.

'As God wills,' said the minister.

'In the trials to be suffered,
In this fellowship with care,
'Tis the inward, hidden struggle
That will prove the worst to bear.

'Tis the strife that no man pities,
'Tis the cry that no man hears,
'Tis the victory, undiscovered,
Save by secret sobs and tears.'

(To be continued.)

Go thy Way.

Jesus Christ, the pure and lowly,
Walking in the market-place,
Passing through the vast throng slowly,
With compassion on His face,
Touched the leper with His healing.
This was all He chose to say—
Deeds, not words, His strength revealing—
'Tell no man, but go thy way.'

Then another came, beseeching:
'Lord, my servant lieth ill;
Thy great power is so far-reaching,
Thy word alone can do Thy will.'
Now the crowd began to ponder,
Questioning: 'What will He say?'
Jesus checked their idle wonder
With 'Have faith,' and 'Go thy way.'

Onward then, dear Christian soldier,
This the charge He gives to thee;
Let each victory make you bolder,
As His glorious power you see.
Pray for faith from hour to hour;
Do thy duty day by day;
For this service He gives power;
Trust in God, and 'Go thy way.'

Annie E. Preston.

A Daily Portion.

OCTOBER 7.

'WE PRAY YOU IN CHRIST'S STEAD, BE YE RECONCILED UNTO GOD.'—2 Cor. v. 20.

This does not mean, 'Reconcile yourselves unto God.' The word is passive. Be reconciled—that is, embrace the offer of reconciliation. The reconciliation is effected by the death of Christ. God is now propitious. He can now be just, and yet justify the ungodly. All we have to do is not to refuse the offered love of God. Calvin remarks that this exhortation is not directed exclusively to the unconverted. The believer needs daily, and is allowed whenever he needs, to avail himself of the offer of peace with God through Jesus Christ. It is not the doctrine of the Scriptures that the merits of Christ avail only for the forgiveness of sins committed before conversion, while for post-baptismal sins, as they were called, there is no satisfaction but in the penances of the offender. Christ ever lives to make intercession for us, and for every shortcoming and renewed offence there is offered to the penitent believer renewed application of that blood which cleanses from all sin.—*C. Hodge.*

OCTOBER 8.

'HE HATH MADE HIM TO BE SIN FOR US.'—2 Cor. v. 21.

The Apostle says Christ was made sin for us—*i.e.*, in our stead, because the idea of substitution is involved in the very nature of the transaction. The victim was the substitute for the offender. It was put in his place. So

Christ was our substitute, or, was put in our place. This is the more apparent from the following clause, which teaches the design of this substitution. He was made sin, that we might be made righteous. He was condemned, that we might be justified. The very idea of substitution is, that what is done by one in the place of another, avails as though that other had done it himself. The victim was the substitute of the offerer, because its death took the place of his death. If both died there was no substitution. So, if Christ's being made sin does not secure our being made righteousness, He was not our substitute.—*C. Hodge.*

OCTOBER 9.

'THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD IN HIM.'—2 Cor. v. 21.

As the Apostle is here speaking of the sacrificial effect of Christ's death—that is, of the proximate effect of His being made sin for us, the word righteousness must be understood in its forensic sense. It expresses our relation to the law, not our inward moral state. It is that which justifies, or satisfies the demands of the law. Those who have this righteousness are righteous, just in the sight of the law, in the sense that the law or justice is satisfied as concerns them. Christ was treated as a sinner—*i.e.*, condemned, that we might be justified—*i.e.*, regarded as just before God. The Apostle uses the present sense, we become righteous, because this justification is continuous. We are introduced into a justified state. In Him—that is, in Christ. It is by virtue of our union with Christ, and only as we are in Him by faith, that we are righteous before God.—*C. Hodge.*

OCTOBER 10.

'FOR HE HATH MADE HIM TO BE SIN FOR US, WHO KNEW NO SIN; THAT WE MIGHT BE MADE THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD IN HIM.'—2 Cor. v. 21.

There is probably no passage in the Scriptures in which the doctrine of justification is more concisely or clearly stated than in this. Our sins were imputed to Christ, and His righteousness is imputed to us. He bore our sins; we are clothed in His righteousness. Imputation conveys neither pollution nor holiness. Christ's bearing our sins did not make Him morally a sinner, any more than the victim was morally defiled which bore the sins of the people; nor does Christ's righteousness become subjectively ours, it is not the moral quality of our souls. This is what is not meant. What is meant is equally plain. Our sins were the judicial ground of the sufferings of Christ, so that they were a satisfaction of justice; and His righteousness is the judicial ground of our acceptance with God, so that our pardon is an act of justice. It is a justification; or, a declaration that justice is satisfied. We are set free by no mere act of sovereignty, but by the judicial decision of the infinitely just.—*C. Hodge.*

OCTOBER 11.

'BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD, FOR HE HATH MADE HIM TO BE SIN, WHO KNEW NO SIN; THAT WE MIGHT BE MADE THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD IN HIM.'—2 Cor. v. 20, 21.

As we, considered in ourselves, are just as undeserving and hell-deserving as ever, this justification is to us an act of infinite grace. The special consideration, therefore, by which the Apostle enforces the exhortation, 'Be ye reconciled to God,' is, that God can be just in the justification of sinners. There is nothing in the perfection of His character, nothing in the immutability of His law, nothing in the interests of His moral government, that stands in the way of our pardon. A full, complete, infinitely meritorious satisfaction has been made for our sins, and therefore we may come to God with the assurance of being accepted. This is a ground of confidence which an enlightened conscience, burdened with a sense of sin, absolutely needs. It is not mere pardon, but justification alone, that gives us peace with God.—*C. Hodge.*

OCTOBER 12.

'WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.'—1 John iii. 2.

We shall so see Him, as to be in some measure assimilated and changed into His image. If, when Moses was with God on the mount, and had but some imperfect sight of His glory, Moses's face shined, how shall the saints glorified shine, being always in God's presence, and having some beams of His glory put upon them! We shall be like Him. One that is deformed may look on beauty and not be made beautiful; but the saints shall so see God, as that sight shall transform them into His likeness. When I awake, I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness. Not that the saints shall partake of God's essence; for as the iron in the fire is made fiery, yet remains iron still; so the saints, by beholding God's majesty, shall be made glorious creatures, but yet creatures still.—*T. Watson.*

OCTOBER 13.

'WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT: ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THY LORD.'—Matt. xxv. 21.

From this glorious manifestation of God's love will flow infinite joy into the souls of the blessed; therefore heaven is called entering into the joy of our Lord. The seeing of God, the loving of God, and being beloved of God, will cause a jubilation of spirit, and create such holy raptures of joy in the saints as is unspeakable and full of glory. Now the saints spend their years with sighing, they weep over their sins and afflictions; then their water shall be turned into wine, then the vessels of mercy shall be filled and run over with joy; then they shall have their palm-branches and harps in their hand in token of their triumphs and rejoicing.—*T. Watson.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

VI. THE COUNTRY OF CARNAL REASON.

EDUCATION IN THE COUNTRY—ITS SOVEREIGN—ITS CAPITAL OF INCREDULITY—CONVERSATION WITH MR SCEPTIC—THE INCARNATION—EVIDENCE OF MIRACLES—OF PROPHECY—JESUS NEITHER A DECEIVER NOR SELF-DELUDED—NEED OF A DIVINE SAVIOUR—OF PRAYER—SCEPTIC'S SUBMISSION TO JESUS CHRIST.

THE Country of Carnal Reason is the name of the kingdom which adjoins the Country of Evil Fruits. The people here are very shrewd, and wise in their own eyes. They talk a great deal about wisdom and knowledge, yet those who are qualified to judge say that they are destitute of true wisdom, and are utterly ignorant of El-Shaddai, the Just God and the Saviour. Education is not wholly neglected in the country, schools and colleges being provided in ample numbers in some of its provinces, while others are without these advantages. But where these are found in best condition the education imparted is entirely elementary. It deals only with the things of time and sense, and leaves the scholars without any instruction in the things that are unseen and eternal. The population is thus only half-educated, and their higher faculties are wholly undeveloped.

They are ruled over by a Prince whose name is Carnal Reason, who was once one of Immanuel's trusted servants, but who revolted from him to join the standard of Belial, by whom he was much honoured, and who gave him the name of 'Carnal' to be prefixed to his old name. He is in his own way a votary of science and learning, but is thoroughly prejudiced against all the higher branches, and keeps his subjects in utter ignorance of these. The Great Teacher, about whose schools and work of teaching we learned something in the Country of True Safety, does offer to instruct the citizens of this kingdom, but their Prince will not allow it, for he receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. Though he is shrewd enough in many things, and an acute observer of subjects within a certain limited range, he is quite unable to deal with those that are outside of these narrow bounds, so that it is the fact that his eye has not seen, nor his ear heard, neither have entered into his heart the things which God has prepared for them that love Him.* Indeed, so opposed is this Prince to the Great Spirit and His teaching, that he uses all his powers and faculties to resist Him, instead of to assist Him and maintain His truth, for which end they were given to him.

The capital of this country is the city of Incredulity, and here dwell many men of learning and science, and multitudes also of the working classes who don't trouble their heads much about either learning or science, but who are all contentedly settled in this city. The city and country are at present rapidly increasing in population and wealth. Taking up my quarters in one of the hotels, I found several guests, two of whom soon entered into an animated conversation. One of these had come in from the country, and was a near relative of Mr Unbelief, whom I had previously encountered, and who was, I found, one of the most prominent citizens in this town, holding an important office under his Prince, Carnal Reason. The other guest was a commercial traveller from the Country of Faith, who had come here on business.

He was an outspoken man, one of those who show their colours wherever they go. He

* 1 Cor. ii. 9, 14.

began the conversation by remarking that it was deeply to be regretted that the inhabitants of this country, while many of them seemed most intelligent in the ordinary business of life, should be so deplorably ignorant in spiritual things, and especially that they should deride those who claimed a place for faith as well as for reason in dealing with things unseen and eternal.

Mr Sceptic (for such was the name of Mr Unbelief's relative) at once took up the gage of discussion as frankly as it had been laid down, and said that for his part he reckoned faith to be suitable only for fools, females, and children, and that reason was the only guide for a manly intellect. He said he had knocked a good deal about the world, and had visited most of the ruined temples and sacred tombs and shrines of all nations and all creeds, and had come to the conclusion that they were all a bundle of superstitions.

Commercial—I must beg, sir, to differ from you, so far at least as regards the great historical events of the Christian Religion.

Sceptic—Well, to tell you the truth, I don't see that you have any grounds that will stand the light of day for the claims you make for Immanuel. You have reared a great superstructure without any proper foundation, and you will find it will go down before the veering breath of popular opinion like a house of cards.

Commercial—Do you not, then, consider the biographies of Immanuel written by the Evangelists to be worthy of credit?

Sceptic—As to the purely human portion of these biographies, I am not prepared to dispute them. Taking all things into consideration, I am inclined to admit that a person named Jesus of Nazareth lived in Judæa, was publicly condemned and executed in Jerusalem, in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, on account of the political and religious claims advanced by Him, or by others on His behalf. What I mean is that I consider the superhuman halo with which you have surrounded Him to be purely fictitious, the product of deeply excited affections and a devout imagination. The mass of miracles, for example, which are attributed to Him can hardly be swallowed by any one who is not already deeply biassed in His favour.

Commercial—I beg your pardon, sir. The Jews were not deeply biassed in His favour, but bitterly prejudiced against Him, yet, if the gospel narratives are true at all, they did not deny the miracles, but attributed them to the agency of Diabolus. And on the ungrounded supposition maintained by some that the narratives are not genuine or authentic, the fact has still to be accounted for that when they did come into circulation and notoriety in the Roman world, the opponents of these books, among all the charges they brought against them, never adduced the charge that the miracles, which Immanuel and His immediate followers claimed to have wrought, were mere fabrications. If these miracles had not been matter of common and public notoriety, supported by evidence which satisfied even the objectors, they would undoubtedly have openly denied their ever having taken place. Such a course would have been a triumphant overthrow of the Christian religion, and if it had been available, could most easily have been adopted, seeing the miracles claimed to have been wrought during his long ministry by St Paul were professedly performed not in the distant province of Judæa, but in many of the chief cities of the Roman Empire, and within the living memory of the generation in which even sceptics have been compelled to acknowledge that the epistles recording them were published. It would have been a very easy task for such opponents to adduce witnesses from cities which were in constant intercourse with Rome, such as Corinth and Ephesus, to prove that no such miracles had been publicly wrought among them as these servants of Immanuel claimed to have performed in writings which were then newly published under their names.

Sceptic—The process of taking evidence and securing affidavits might not be such an easy one for private individuals as you imagine.

Commercial—Well, the simple publication of the supposed spurious epistles or acts of these Apostles in the cities named, and many others, would, in the event of the facts being untrue, have raised such a clamour as to secure their being at once and for ever discredited.

Sceptic—You perhaps forget that the art of printing had not then been invented, and that the reading public was probably a very limited one.

Commercial—If manuscripts were few and costly, and the reading public limited, you must recollect that these cities were the leading centres of literature as well as art, and contained a large literary society. Besides, we know from universal testimony of friends and foes that these epistles were regularly read in the public assemblies of the followers of Immanuel in these towns, as well as throughout the whole Roman Empire, and even friends could not be made to receive, as among the foundations of their faith for eternity, facts which they knew to be utterly false. In this matter they could not be deceived, and it is impossible to suppose that they all conspired to deceive the world.

I.—Yes, I said, conspirators, whether political or literary, are always few and select. Besides, the honesty at least of these early Christians is attested by their sufferings, and in countless cases by their martyrdom in defence of the faith which they maintained and preached. Moreover, their enemies were numerous and active in all parts of the Roman Empire, and had a good knowledge of the contents of their books, and would soon have blown to the winds any claims to miraculous works which could so easily have been refuted.

Sceptic—Well, I acknowledge that I had

not thought so much of the miracles of St Paul, or the other Apostles, as of those of the Founder of Christianity. I thought Paul's Epistles were all about doctrine. Are you sure that there is any reference to miracles in them?

Commercial—Let us turn to his writings. (He here took out a pocket Bible which bore marks of diligent study). The Book of Acts, as you must be aware, is full of such miraculous performances, but in writing to the Church of Corinth the Apostle Paul says,* 'Truly the signs of an Apostle were wrought among you in all patience, in signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds,' and he adds that in this they were not inferior to other churches, implying that similar works had been wrought there. In another passage† he gives detailed instructions for the orderly supervision of the miraculous gift of speaking in strange tongues. To the Romans‡ he says that 'Christ had wrought by him, through mighty signs and wonders, to make the Gentiles obedient by word and deed.' In writing to the Galatians he asks them whether he that wrought miracles among them did this by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith.§

Sceptic—I must acknowledge that you have made good your point, so far as regards Paul's miracles. The silence of those among whom they were said to have been wrought fairly implies their consent. Your next step will be to say that the miracles of Christ may be established in the same manner. I acknowledge this too, with, however, this reservation, that Judæa being a more remote province of the Empire, and the interval of time between the crucifixion of Christ and the publication of the narratives of the Evangelists containing the account of His life and works being considerably greater than that between Paul's ministry and the date, when I must acknowledge his earlier epistles to have been published, the proof is not so conclusive.

Commercial—This I allow. But the same line of proof will give evidence that is sufficient for any candid mind, when we consider that there is no contradictory evidence to rebut it in any particular. I am exceedingly sorry that I am obliged to leave just now for a business appointment, but perhaps our friend, who joined in our conversation just now, may continue the discussion with you, and I earnestly pray that it may issue in your accepting this Jesus of Nazareth as a divine Saviour for the world, and for yourself in particular. Good evening.

I.—Well then, to take up the argument, if you admit that Paul exercised supernatural powers, but maintain that he may have been the original possessor and exerciser of these, would some at least among his Gentile converts not have exalted him to the place of honour held by his Master, unless they were convinced by good evidence, including the testimony of Paul himself, that these powers were derived from that Master?

Sceptic—Yes, I agree that having been compelled to concede the power of working miracles to the professed disciple, I am necessitated to concede the same to his Master, when this Apostle, along with all his other disciples, unite in attributing these to Him. But granting all this, granting that Immanuel did perform works beyond mere unaided human power, this merely places Him on a level with Paul, and the other Apostles of the New Testament, and with many of the prophets of the Old Testament, and no higher.

I.—True—all the great dispensations were introduced by miracles. They occurred at rare intervals in the History of Revelation, and appear in groups first to attest the Giving of the Moral and Ceremonial Law by Moses, next to attest the truth of the worship of Jehovah in its great contest with nature-worship, or Baal-worship, in the days of Elijah, then to attest the mission of the Messiah, and, finally, to testify to the completed Revelation of the Holy Spirit after His descent at Pentecost.

Sceptic—Exactly so. That just confirms my argument. Immanuel's miraculous powers place Him merely on a level with Moses, Elijah, or Paul, and his fellow Apostles, and give you no reason to claim for Him divine honours and a divine nature.

I.—In other words, you deny the great miracle and mystery of the Incarnation.

Sceptic—Yes, although I do not make a practice of publishing my doubts, or trying to make proselytes, I must frankly state that in my own opinion you would require to bring forward stronger proof for this crowning miracle than such as is generally adduced. While I admit that the silence of contemporary objectors must be held to prove the miracles of St Paul, and the most of the miracles of Immanuel, it does nothing to prove this miracle, of which you confess they were not witnesses.

I.—For my part, I admit that the two miracles of the Incarnation and Resurrection of our Lord are the very corner-stones of Christianity. I also admit that while the other miracles appeal to the ordinary laws of evidence, these appeal more directly to our faith. But I think I can show you that such faith is reasonable, and that to withhold your faith in them is unreasonable as well as most dangerous, for it is written, 'He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on Him.'‖

Sceptic—Well, sir, if you can convince me that belief in these two great miracles is reasonable, I willingly concede that it is not only dangerous, but culpable to withhold it.

I.—I am glad to hear you say so, for a considerable number who sympathise with your views maintain the most irrational position,

* 2 Cor. xii. 12.
† 1 Cor. xiv.
‡ Rom. xv. 19.
§ Gal. iii. 5.
‖ John iii. 36.

that no one is responsible for his belief, or can justly be blamed or punished by God for adhibiting or withholding it. You, however, are willing to examine the grounds of the Christian's belief, and to acknowledge that if these are valid, you are guilty of sin, and liable to just condemnation if you refuse to believe; for your unbelief in that case, if persisted in, must proceed from moral perverseness, from some opposition of heart to the God who you confess has a right to claim your fealty and faith. To show that faith in the Incarnation in the person of Jesus of Nazareth is reasonable there are several lines of argument.

For those who accept the Old Testament Scriptures there is the line of Prophecy and Type. The birth of a child out of the course of ordinary generation, who should be the Saviour of Mankind, was by no means an unlooked-for event among the Jews, who were the depositaries of the divine Revelation in ancient times. The Father of their race had a son born to him, out of the course of nature, when he was a hundred years old, and when Sarah his wife was long past the period of child-bearing, being only ten years younger than her husband. This child, named Isaac, was born in accordance with a divine promise, and was held forth as a type of another child of yet higher dignity and more remarkable birth, who should be born in the fulness of time, and in whom all families of the earth were to be blessed.* So the Lord gave King Ahaz a promise and a sign of the advent of the same expected Deliverer, saying, 'Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel, which is being interpreted, God with us.'† However unbelieving Jews may now interpret such a prophecy, it along with others led their fathers to expect that the birth of the Messiah would be of a remarkable character, and this expectation spread from them through many of the Gentile nations, whose literature gives evidence that they anticipated the extraordinary birth of an extraordinary person about the time of Christ's appearing, whose advent should greatly influence the destiny of the human race. You will require to be sure of your arguments before you assert that it is wholly unreasonable to believe in an event, however remarkable, which an entire nation, and that a cultured one, for ages expected to take place.

Sceptic—This argument ought to have more force with a Jew than with me, since I have not studied minutely the so-called history of the Old Testament.

I.—I commend these writings to your careful study. If you are an honest inquirer, you are bound to follow every line of proof presented to you, and then to form a candid judgment upon it.

Sceptic—Well, that is quite reasonable.

I.—But since you concede that Jesus Christ wrought miracles during His life, while you still withhold belief in His supernatural birth and His Resurrection, allow me to urge this point upon you, that according to your own acknowledgment His miracles prove that, like the other prophets and Apostles, this Jesus of Nazareth was a man approved of God in His generation, and entrusted with a divine mission.

Sceptic—Yes, I now grant that.

I.—You will, therefore, grant that His teaching and His claims have the divine approval. Now, by the testimony both of His friends and His foes, He claimed to be the Son of God. Do you acknowledge now that this great claim of His has the divine approval?

Sceptic—I see your position. I would like time to consider it in all its bearings before admitting it, for to admit it would prove me to have been wrong during all the years when I have used all my intellectual powers and influence to oppose His claim. Meanwhile, go on with your argument. Have you any other line of proof?

I.—Well, do you acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth to be a great moral Thinker and Teacher?

Sceptic—Most certainly. I have always done so, and am even prepared to go the length of allowing Him to be the greatest moral Teacher the world has produced. His Sermon on the Mount, which I have examined carefully, is an unmatched piece of ethical instruction. He was the holiest and best of men.

I.—You must, therefore, think Him utterly incapable of deceiving others. But He claims to be divine in many of His assertions—for example, when He said to the man born blind, whose vision He had restored, 'Dost thou believe on the Son of God?' and when, to his reply, 'Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?' He answered, 'Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee.' Can you suppose that He was deceiving, in a matter so momentous, that poor man on whom He had conferred such a priceless boon?‡

Sceptic—No, the supposition is untenable, and I would shrink now from entertaining it. But is it not possible, dear sir, that He was Himself deceived, and so must be classed as an impostor after all, although we may see our way to free Him from the guilt of knowingly teaching and acting a lie through His whole public life?

I.—I fear the shield of your charitable construction will not be broad enough to cover Him in the case you suppose. For you will observe that in all His teaching, and in His claim to be divine, as much as in other topics, He teaches with the most absolute authority, as if none could go wrong who obeyed and believed Him. Allow me to recall to you the form of His utterances: 'We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen;' 'He that cometh from heaven is above all:

* Gen. xvii. 1, 17-19. † Is. vii. 14.

‡ John ix. 35-37.

and what He hath seen and heard, that He testifieth. No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him.'* Nothing could be more decided, yet nothing could be further from the theories or the ravings of a self-deluded religious enthusiast than these and many other statements of His regarding His person. Do His discourses appear to you like those of a visionary?

Sceptic—No, I cannot say that they do.

I.—Have they not, on the contrary, convinced multitudes of the clearest intellects among the sons of men of their truth? Hard-headed, close logicians have tested them, and pronounced their arguments conclusive. Deep mental philosophers have examined His statements regarding the nature of God and man, and have been compelled to adopt it in spite of previous prejudice against it. No jury of the greatest medical authorities on mental disease would for a moment give in as their verdict that His discourses exhibit evidences of mental hallucination. If you pronounce Him to have been labouring under hallucination, you condemn the great majority of the thoughtful and intellectual men, and men of affairs who are accustomed to form judgments of others, by whom His teaching and claims have been calmly weighed, as being under the same hallucination. For even of those who have not yielded their minds to His teaching, and their hearts to His renewing influence, it is a small fraction who have ventured to pronounce Him a self-deceived enthusiast. In effect, you set up your own judgment, and that of a very small coterie who think with you, against that of the overwhelming mass of Christendom. I might, indeed, say that you arrogate to yourself and your friends a monopoly of mental sanity, and calmly declare the mass of the wise, the good, the great, the thoughtful men of Christendom to be fools, or themselves hallucinated, because they do not concur in your opinion that Christ Jesus was a self-deluded visionary? Is there not a tinge of presumption in this?

Sceptic—Well, to pass from this—for of course a man is bound to follow the truth even if he stands alone, although, as you say, the fact that he is one of a small minority ought to make him examine his position all the more strictly—did Jesus Himself teach in so many words that He was born of the Virgin Mary, and had no earthly father?

I.—He speaks of His birth in words that imply this. He decidedly disowns Joseph as His father,† while He constantly claims a divine Father. His Apostles taught His supernatural birth, both in narrative and in doctrine. Jesus' personal testimony would not have been accepted as valid regarding His own birth, although it was valid regarding His pre-existent state. Besides this, it was seemly for the Son to decline to draw aside the veil of secrecy which hid the conception of His human nature in His mother's womb. That veil God drew aside in His own time. I would also put this argument before you, and ask you to consider whether you can explain such a life as that of Jesus of Nazareth, upon the supposition that He was an ordinary man, born like others. If His birth and His nature were the same as those of others, whence comes it that His character and life stand alone in peerless majesty, as even you must confess? A life so supernatural and divine is the natural consequence of a birth supernatural and divine, otherwise you have to account for a result which has no adequate cause.

Sceptic—That is true. Among the millions of millions of human beings that have lived upon this Earth, I am convinced that none has lived like this Jesus, and I do not expect that any one will arise to do so in the time to come. If I deny the miracle of His birth, I see that I have still to account for the miracle of His wondrous life.

I.—I am glad to hear you say so. I cannot but think you are not very far from submitting to the sway of Immanuel. And let me now, my dear sir, ask you solemnly, on the understanding that you have some sense of need of a Saviour from sin, whether you could be satisfied if God had provided for you a Saviour who was simply human, or was, indeed, anything short of Divine? Could a mediator who was simply a man, or who was simply a creature, make a sufficient atonement for your guilt, or afford you any guarantee that he was able to deliver you from the thraldom of besetting sin?

Sceptic—Sometimes I have felt a deep longing in my breast for a Divine Redeemer, and ever since our conversation began I have been conscious of a deep desire springing within me, that I might yet find such a Saviour. If a human Saviour is more agreeable to my reason, I must confess that a Divine Saviour would agree far better with the terrible needs of my sinful nature. Indeed, even now, this sense of need is so growing upon me as almost to be overpowering. I would like to retire and think over our solemn conversation, so that I may be able to form a true judgment upon this momentous subject.

I.—It is most reasonable that you should do so. While it is dangerous to lose time by delay, that time is not lost which is devoted to deliberate and earnest search after the way of life. But let me say this, if even you, who know so little of the extent of your sinfulness, feel that your corruption and guilt are of such a character as to call for an atonement of infinite worth—if this alone would really satisfy your conscience—you may rest assured that nothing less can satisfy an infinitely holy and just God, for if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.‡ If, then, a propitiation of infinite

* John iii. 11, 31, 32; Matt. xi. 27.
† Luke ii. 48, 49.
‡ 1 John iii. 20.

value is necessary, God, who is a God of infinite mercy and love, would surely provide such a propitiation, if it is anywhere to be found. It cannot be furnished by any created being, and therefore God, out of His measureless pity toward a sinful and ruined world, has sent His own Son, His only-begotten and well-beloved, to become, by offering a sacrifice of Himself in man's nature, an ample propitiation for sin. Is this not just what you would expect from a God who is as loving as He is holy?

Sceptic—It is.

I.—Before we part for the night, let me entreat you, in your retirement this evening, not only to deliberate most carefully on the claims and character of Immanuel, but before doing so to engage in earnest and humble prayer that your understanding may be guided aright, and enlightened while you are exercising it. You will, no doubt, admit that your understanding has certain limits, and is also liable to mistakes. In similar matters you avail yourself of the direction of human teachers. In this spiritual and divine matter you must avail yourself of the assistance of a Divine Teacher, even of Him whose inspiration gifted you with understanding at the first. Jehovah, in the revelation He has given, has never stated that any one could understand it, or be in a position to exercise a reasonable faith in it without prayer and the teaching of The Comforter. He has quite a right to lay down His own conditions, and you have not the right to condemn the claims of Jesus of Nazareth to be His Son, until you have made an honest effort to comply with these conditions. Hitherto you have proudly refused to use the only means which He has appointed, as being sufficient to bring you to a full and saving acknowledgment of Jesus as the Lord.

Sceptic—I feel that I am unable to defend my conduct here, and that I had no right to judge of and condemn the claims of Immanuel, until I had used the appointed means to satisfy myself on their validity, and had found that these means had failed to alter my opinion. Are you sure that He appoints prayer as the means?*

I.—He certainly does so. He says that 'no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost.' He says: 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.' And with regard to obtaining the presence and help of His Holy Spirit, He has said He will unfailingly give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.†

Sceptic—I will now retire, and will at least try to pray, though it has long been an unwonted exercise.

I proposed that we might offer a few petitions together, to which he assented, and as I prayed, I knew from his deep-drawn breath at the close that to him it was no mere formal act of worship.

When he came down stairs in the morning, and we met in the breakfast-room, I observed at once that his whole countenance was changed. A deep calm seemed to have dispossessed the former restless and unhappy expression of his features, and when he met me his eye kindled with joy, and a bright smile lit up his face. On asking how he was, he said he had scarce slept all night, but that it was joy, overflowing joy, that had kept him awake. He said, that having bent his knees, he prayed earnestly to God (he had not been an atheist, though he had little or no faith in the Bible, or in the divinity of Jesus Christ), and resolved to pray on until either he was convinced of the divinity of Jesus Christ, or confirmed in his previous denial of it. While on his knees revolving the evidences which we had gone over together, and crying to God to show him what was the truth regarding them, and finding that as he dismissed each one from the bar of his judgment, he had to confess that some with greater and some with less force seemed to point to the divine birth and nature of Immanuel; ere he had quite closed his survey, he said, a sudden light came into his mind, he was overpowered with the conviction that Immanuel was divine, that all along he had, out of hatred to Him and His Father, been sinning against his reason as well as against his conscience in denying His divinity, and he cried out aloud in the fulness of his joy, 'My Lord and my God.' His joy had been so great that he could hardly restrain himself, and he feared he might have disturbed the other guests either by his ejaculations or by his movements, for he had checked himself when beginning to dance like a child on the floor, in the full joy of his heart.‡

Our friend of the previous evening now entered the room, and was deeply thankful to find how matters stood. Before breakfast, we joined together in worship, and sang these words—

'O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And spread its rapture all abroad.

'Now rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on that blissful centre rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.'

(To be continued.)

* The late Lord Jeffrey was found by a visitor sitting with a Tract in his hand, which a friend had sent him, and he said that he could not evade the reasonable appeal there made that an unbeliever was bound to pray before rejecting the truths of Christianity.

† 1 Cor. xii. 3; James i. 5: Luke xi. 13.

‡ The late learned Oriental scholar and divine, the Rev. Dr John Duncan of Edinburgh, says, 'When I was convinced that there was a God, I danced on the Brig o' Dee with delight.'

THE HISTORICAL PROOFS OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE CREDIBILITY OF THE EVANGELISTS.

BY GEORGE P. FISHER D.D., LL.D., YALE COLLEGE, CONNECTICUT.

(*Continued from page* 466.)

A PARTICULAR examination of the alleged miracles of the early age of the Church is precluded by the limits of the present article. The following points are specially worthy of attention:—

1. The miracles said to have been performed in the second and third centuries are far less marked and less numerous than those referred to in the two centuries that followed—a fact the reverse of that which we should expect if these narrations were founded in truth.

2. The same writers—as Origen, Tertullian, Eusebius, Augustine—who record contemporary miracles, imply, in other passages, that the age of miracles had gone by, and that their own times were in marked contrast, in this respect, with the era of the Apostles.

3. The miracles related by the Fathers are mostly exorcisms, the healing of the sick and visions—that is, occurrences where natural agencies are most easily mistaken for supernatural. Miracles, in which this error is impossible, lack sufficient attestation.

The true view on this subject appears to be that miraculous manifestations in the Church ceased gradually. No sharp line of demarcation can be drawn marking off the age of miracles from the subsequent period when the operation of the divine providence and Spirit was no longer palpably distinguished from the movements of natural law.

As we advance into the fourth century, called the Nicene age, we meet with a notable increase in the number of alleged miracles. Yet Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine, speak of the Apostolic age as distinguished from their own as having been a period marked by miracles. Notwithstanding the high merits of the authors of the Nicene era, they discover more and more the artificial rhetorical tone which had now come to infest literature. There was a habit of thought and style which tends to breed exaggeration. It was a period of decadence. Relic-worship, the invocation of martyrs and saints, and like superstitions, established themselves in the Church, and the alleged miracles were frequently associated with these customs. A spirit of credulity gained ground. Moreover, an examination of the miracles described by Augustine shows how little reason there was to assume a supernatural agency in these cases. For example, instances of healing are given which are now known to result not unfrequently from natural causes. Other supposed miracles of a more portentous character rest upon no testimony which is of any value. The evidence for most of the post-Apostolic miracles which the Fathers advert to melts away on examination.

The standing argument at the present day against the credibility of the evangelists is the precedent afforded by the biographers of 'the saints,' and of the incredible marvels which they mingle with authentic history. To some it is no matter of surprise that the Apostles should be utterly deceived in this branch of their testimony. Thus, Matthew Arnold boldly admits that if we had the original reports of eye-witnesses, we should not have a miracle less than we have now. Very different is the judgment of a great historical scholar, Niebuhr. He refers to the critical spirit in which he had come to the study of the New Testament histories, and to the imperfections which he supposed himself to find in them. He adds: 'Here, as in every historical subject, when I contemplated the immeasurable gulf between the narrative and the facts narrated, this disturbed me no further. He whose earthly life and sorrows were depicted had for me a perfectly real existence, and His whole history had the same reality, even if it were not related with literal exactness in any single point. Hence, also, the fundamental fact of miracles, which, according to my conviction, must be conceded, unless we adopt the not merely incomprehensible, but absurd, hypothesis that the Holiest was a deceiver, and His disciples either dupes or liars; and that deceivers had preached a holy religion, in which self-renunciation is everything, and in which there is nothing tending toward the erection of a priestly rule—nothing that can be acceptable to vicious inclinations. As regards a miracle in the strictest sense, it really only requires an unprejudiced and penetrating study of nature to see that those related are as far as possible from absurdity, and a comparison with legends, or the pretended miracles of other religions, to perceive by what a different spirit they are animated.'

'To see by what a different spirit they are animated'—it is just this which Renan fails to see in the legends of the saints. It is found impossible to dispute the fact that testimony substantially equivalent to the contents of the Gospels was given by the Apostles. The old fortification of unbelief, held up to a recent day, is abandoned. That the Apostles were wilful deceivers, if it be sometimes insinuated, is felt to be a weak position. What, then, shall be said? Why, answers Renan, they were like the followers of St Francis of Assisi—credulous, romantic enthusiasts. The frequency with which he reverts to the lives of St Francis indicates what is the real source and prop of his theory in his own mind. It is well to look at this parallel more narrowly.

We have two lives of St Francis by personal followers—one by Thomas de Celano, and another by the 'three companions.' Another life is from the pen of Bonaventura, who was five years old when the saint died. The moment one takes up these biographies he finds himself in an atmosphere different from that of nature and real life. Feeling dominates perception. Everything is suffused with emotion. We are in an atmosphere where neither discriminating judgment nor cool observation is to be looked for. Here is an example of the strain of eulogy in which these disciples, rapt in admiration, indulge: 'Oh, how beautiful, how splendid, how glorious He appeared, in innocence of life and in simplicity of language, in purity of heart, in delight in God, in fraternal love, in odorous obedience, in complaisant devotedness, in angelic aspect! Sweet in manners, placid in nature, affable in speech, most apt in exhortation, most faithful in trusts, prudent in counsel, efficient in action; gracious in all things, serene in mind, sweet in spirit, sober in temper, steadfast in contemplation, persevering in esteem, and in all things the same; swift to show favour, slow to anger,' &c., &c. This is only one of the outbursts of ecstatic admiration for 'the Morning Star,' the luminary 'more radiant than the sun,' in which these chroniclers break out. When we turn to the saint who is the object of all this fervour, we find in his character, to be sure, much to respect. There is 'sweetness and light,' but the light is by far the minor factor. The practice of asceticism rendered his bodily state at all times abnormal and unhealthy. To sleep on the ground with a log for a pillow, to deny himself the refreshment of sleep when it was most needed, to choose on principle the coarsest food, and to insist on its being cooked, if cooked at all, in a way that made it as unpalatable and indigestible as possible, to weep every day so copiously that his eyesight was nearly destroyed, and then, as always when he was ill, to take remedies with great reluctance, if he took them at all—these customs were not favourable to sanity of mental action any more than to soundness of body. They coexisted with attractive virtues. They sprang from pure motives. But they were none the less excesses of superstition. Persuaded on one occasion, when he was enfeebled by illness, to eat of a fowl, he demonstrated his penitence by causing himself to be led with a rope round his neck like a criminal, through the streets of Assisi, by one of his followers, who shouted all the time, 'Behold the glutton!'

The sort of miracles ascribed to St Francis, and the measure of credence which the stories of them deserve, may be understood from what is said of his miraculous dealing with the lower animals. On a journey, leaving his companions in the road, he stepped aside into the midst of a concourse of doves, crows, and other birds. They were not frightened at his approach. Whereupon he delivered to them a sermon, in which he addressed them as 'my brother birds,' and gave them wholesome counsel—supposing them able to comprehend it—respecting their duties to God. But we are assured they did comprehend it, and signified their approbation by stretching their necks, opening their mouths, and flapping their wings. Having received from the saint the benediction and permission to go, this winged congregation flew away. This is only one in a catalogue of wonders of the same kind. Fishes, as well as birds, listened to preaching, and waited for the discourse to conclude. We can readily believe Celano when he says that St Francis was a man of 'the utmost fervour,' and had a feeling 'of piety and gentleness towards irrational creatures.' He was probably one of those who have a remarkable power of dispelling the fear and winning the confidence of animals. Incidents where this natural power was exercised were magnified by the fancy of devotees into the tales a sample of which has been given. A like discount from other miraculous narratives resting on the same testimony would reduce the events which they relate to the dimensions of natural though, it may be, remarkable occurrences. It is needless to recount these alleged miracles. Travelling together, St Francis and his followers see in the road a purse apparently stuffed with coins. There was a temptation to pick it up. The rule of poverty was in peril. The saint warns his curious disciple that the devil is in the purse. Finally, the disciple, after prayer, is permitted to touch it, when out leaps a serpent, and instantly serpent and purse vanish! When the saint comes to die, one of his followers saw his soul, as it parted from the body, in appearance like an immense luminous star, shedding its radiance over many waters, borne upon a white cloud, and ascending straight to heaven.

The great miracle in connection with St Francis is that of the 'stigmata,' or the marks of the wounds of Christ, which the Saviour was thought in a vision to have imprinted upon his body. From the hour when a vision of the crucified Christ was vouchsafed him, as he thought, while he was in prayer before his image, 'his heart,' say the 'tres socii,' was wounded and melted at the recollection of the Lord's passion, so that he carried while he lived the wounds—stigmata—of the Lord Jesus in his heart. He sought in all ways to be literally conformed to the Lord as a sufferer. For example, remembering that the Virgin had no place where her Son could lay His head, he would take his food from the table where he was dining, carry it out, and eat it on the ground. It was his constant effort to bring upon himself the experiences of pain and sorrow which befell Christ. Especially did he concentrate his thoughts in intense and long-continued meditation on the crucifixion. There is a considerable number of other instances of *stigmata* found upon the body besides that of St Francis. The scien-

tific solution, which has high authority in its favour, is that the phenomenon in question is the result of the mental state acting by a physiological law upon the body. It is considered to be one effect of the mysterious interaction of mind and body, the products of which, when body and mind are in an abnormal condition, are exceptionally remarkable.

Before leaving our subject, let the reader reflect on that one trait of the Apostles by which they are distinguished from other witnesses to alleged miracles. It is their *truthfulness*. Men may be devout, they may be capable of exalted emotions, they may undertake works of self-sacrifice, and be revered for their saintly tempers, and yet they may lack this one sterling quality on which the worth of testimony depends. This defect may not be conscious. It may grow out of a habit of seeing things in a hazy atmosphere of feeling in which all things are refracted from the right line. But the Apostles, unlike many devotees of even Christian ages, were *truthful*. Without this habit of seeing and relating things as they actually occurred, their writings would never have exerted that pure influence which has flowed from them. Because they uttered 'words of truth and soberness,' they make those who sympathise with the spirit of their writings value truth above all things.

And there is one proof of the truth of the Apostles' testimony which can be appreciated by the unlearned. The character of Jesus as He is depicted in the Gospels is too unique to be the result of invention. It is the image of a perfection too transcendent to be devised by the wit of man. Yet it is perfectly self-consistent and obviously real in all its traits. In Him the natural and the supernatural, divine authority, and human feeling, the power which gives life to the dead, and the sympathy which expresses itself in tears, blend in complete accord. This portrait of Christ in the Gospels is evidently drawn from the life. It demonstrates the truth of the Gospel history.

THE HERMANNSBURG MISSION.

BY R. GRUNDEMANN, D.D., MOERZ, BELZIG, GERMANY.

LIKE Gossner's Mission, the Hermannsburg Mission also owes its origin to the faith of a single man. This was Louis Harms, pastor at Hermannsburg. The once very obscure little town of that name lies in one of the wildest and most infertile regions of Germany, the Luneberg heath. In it one may look far off over plains that have never yet been touched with a plough. They are thickly covered with heath, the flowers of which form in summer a ruddy sea, interrupted here and there with islands of juniper. Tillable land is found only where a stream passes through the heath, and in such spots lie, sheltered by old oaks, the scattered villages, whose inhabitants have adhered longer than others to the old patriarchal customs. Their ancestral fear of God had been but little shaken by the Rationalism which had long prevailed among their pastors. Only a spark was needed to kindle again among them the flame of an earnest faith-life. Such an event happened through the agency of Louis Harms, who, although he had received a Rationalistic training in the house of his father, the pastor at Hermannsburg, was converted to a new life in Christ at the university. After he had vainly tried to satisfy his thirst for knowledge with theology, philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, the ancient and modern languages, &c., the light of salvation came to him, while he was reading in the course of a night of study the prayer of the great High-Priest (John xvii.) He now again made theology his principal study, and by God's grace became an instrument through which rich streams of blessings have been made to flow over our fatherland and to be diffused afar among the heathen.

While still a candidate, he was an earnest missionary worker in connection with the North German Missionary Society. He eventually separated himself from this society, because, as he thought, it laid too little stress on the Lutheran confession, and he was not in accord with the methods it employed in conducting its missions. When, after the death of his father, in 1849, Louis Harms, at the earnest solicitation of the congregation, assumed the pastoral office at Hermannsburg, he devoted his energies unreservedly to the founding of a mission of his own. His confiding trust that God would afford him means for this purpose was most beautifully crowned. A farmer, a neighbour, gave his house and grounds for the establishment of the missionary seminary, and prepared himself then to go as a missionary to the heathen. Other missionary students were found among the farmer youths. It was no easy task to give them the necessary instruction. Theodore Harms, a brother of the pastor's, was employed as a teacher in the school. When the first twelve pupils were ready to be sent out, Louis Harms bought a missionary ship. He wished to send the messengers of the faith to the Gallas, in East Africa. The doors, however, were still closed there, and the mission was begun in Natal. After four years and since 1860, twelve missionaries have been sent out every two years. The number of stations has grown fast, and they have been extended to Zululand and the Bechuanas, in the Trans-

vaal Republic. The places in all this region accessible to the missionaries had been so far occupied in the second decade after the founding of the mission that other fields of work had to be sought out. One was found in Teluguland, in India, where were already present a few Lutheran missionaries, who had separated from the Leipzig Mission, on account of the caste question, and who now passed over into the service of the Hermannsburg Mission. At the suggestion of German Lutherans in the Australian colonies, a mission was also begun among the aborigines of South Australia, a work which, seeming hopeless, according to human views, demanded a particularly strong faith and imposed upon the missionaries extreme difficulty and privation. The station was broken up several times; but it was always renewed again, and pushed further into the inhospitable interior. The newest mission of the Hermannsburg Society is in New Zealand, in the southern part of the North Island, on the Wangami River. . . .

The founder of the mission was called from his earthly career, in which he had devoted all his force, to a degree rarely equalled by man in the service of his Lord, in 1865. His name will be enrolled not only in Germany, but far beyond its limits, in the roll of those who have accomplished great things for the Kingdom of God; and, with all this, Louis Harms, was, indeed, in a rare manner, an humble and simple child of God.

His successor is his brother, Theodore, who pursues the work with like devotion. The external organisation of the mission has been maintained till to-day in its peculiarities. There is no society spreading its branches over the land and seeking to collect means for the support of the missions through agents among them. Louis Harms made it his principle never to ask any man for money for the mission. He prayed all the more earnestly to the Lord for the needed means, and they were never wanting. When the other missionary societies had to contend with large deficits, Hermannsburg had generally a small surplus; but in the method of conducting his missions Harms, like Gossner, made a mistake. He wanted to send Christian colonies among the heathen, to form centres of light before which the darkness of heathenism would give way. These colonies were to have a socialistic constitution. A part of the brethren should obtain support by agriculture and industry, while the others preached to the heathen. The plan was too ideal. It proved impossible to carry it out, and the Hermannsburg stations have now become established, like those of the other societies', while the missionaries work without support from the colonists, in the accustomed way.

Theodore Harms separated himself from the *Landes Kirche* several years ago, on account of questions of Church policy. Only a part of his own congregations have followed him; but several other congregations have come over to the schism. The critical condition in which the mission has thus been placed seems to have so far brought it no harm and no station has as yet had to be given up on account of lack of means.

I close the account of this mission with the statistical statement of the last year: 90 missionaries, 2000 communicants (5000 baptised), and a year's income of £14,400.

'A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.'

[In our September number, p. 437, we gave a touching story, under this title, by Miss Anabel C. Andrews. The following story we have taken from the *British Workman* for August, one of the best of the illustrated penny monthlies. It strikingly illustrates its title, 'A Little Child shall Lead Them.'—*Editor Christian Treasury.*]

Two or three versions of the following remarkable incident have been received by us. Although they are alike in the main particulars, they vary somewhat in the details. An esteemed correspondent, however, who has personal knowledge of the party referred to, states that the following is the correct version:—

An infidel father was for some time laid aside by sickness. When visited by his sceptical companions, he was fond of displaying on his bed a board on which he had impiously chalked, 'GOD IS NOWHERE.' Just after one of these visits, his favourite child entered the room. He kissed her, and lifted her on to the bed. Instantly the eyes of the dear child fell on the board. She began spelling out the letters one by one, and then exclaimed, 'Why, papa, it is, "GOD IS NOW HERE"!' The child repeated these words several times with much animation. The astonished father was silent. The scoffer's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. The repeated words of his child went as arrows to his heart. The remembrance of his own childhood flashed in a moment before his vision, and he saw himself by his beloved but now departed mother's side, repeating to her the texts she had early taught him, and amongst them was 'THOU GOD SEEST ME.' It was the turning-point in the infidel's life. The Holy Spirit strove powerfully with him. Like the poor publican, he prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' The seeking sinner and the waiting Saviour met, and there was joy in heaven over the repentant and now believing father. Often has he, since then, testified, with tearful eyes and thankful heart, 'Ah, it was GOD in His rich mercy who sent *my dear child* on that memorable morning to lead me from the depths of infidelity to Himself.'

CHRISTIANITY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

AND what a history is that of the Sandwich Islands within the last sixty years. The

wonderful blessing which attended the labours of the missionaries of Christ in that distant part of the world seemed to be vouchsafed of God for the encouragement of the faith of the Church, and for the silencing of opposition in the early stages of the cause of missions; but there is danger that the lesson may be forgotten in the rush of events in these later days, and it would be well for the friends of missions to look up and read over the history. Within less than twenty-five years from the landing of the first missionaries, who found the people a nation of naked, debased savages, without intelligence or knowledge, the missionaries had acquired their language, reduced it to a system, committed it to writing, translated and printed the entire Bible, with numerous other books; founded a literature; established primary and normal schools, in which 42,000 scholars had been taught; assisted the natives to organise a constitutional government, which was acknowledged and respected by the governments of the Old World. All this, and much more, was the immediate result of the instructions of the Christian missionaries, who were sent to them from this country. Within the same period the gospel of Christ had been faithfully preached and taught; twenty-two churches had been organised, with 25,000 communicants honouring their profession; one church, that of Mr Coan at Hilo, in 1841, numbering 7163 members. The whole aspect and character of the people had been changed. For many years past these islands, besides sustaining their own religious institutions, have been sending missionaries to the more distant parts of the ocean world.

And what has been the pecuniary cost of all this to the Christian people of America? From the commencement of the mission in 1820, until it was given up as virtually completed, less money was expended by the American Board than is required now to build a first-class ship-of-war and keep it in commission for a single year.—*S. Irenaeus Prime, D.D.*

An Answered Prayer.

A mother o'er her infant bent,
And watched his fleeting breath,
Which feebly came and feebly went,
Soon to be hushed in death.
Oh! who can tell the yearning love
With which her heart was filled!—
The earnestness with which she prayed,
'Lord, save my darling child!'

The Gentle Shepherd heard her prayer,
And answered it in love;
He took her darling little one
To dwell with Him above.
He took him from a world of sin,
Saved him from life's alarms,
And placed him tenderly within
The Everlasting Arms.

G. A. T.

A Daily Portion.

OCTOBER 14.

'AND THERE SHALL IN NO WISE ENTER INTO IT ANY THING THAT DEFILETH.'—Rev. xxi. 27.

The devil cannot get his cloven foot into heaven; he cannot conjure up any storms of contention there. There shall be perfect union, there Calvin and Luther are agreed, there is no jarring string in the heavenly music, there is nothing to make any difference, no pride or envying there. Though one star may differ from another, one may have a greater degree of glory, yet every vessel shall be full. There shall the saints and angels sit as olive-plants round about their Father's table in love and unity. Then shall they join together in consort, then shall the loud anthems of praise be sung in the heavenly choir.—*T. Watson.*

OCTOBER 15.

'THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD.'—Heb. iv. 9.

Here we can have no rest, tossed and turned as a ball on racket. We are troubled on every side. How can a ship rest in a storm? But after death the saints get into their haven. Everything is quiet in the centre; God is, as the schoolmen say, the centre, where the soul doth sweetly acquiesce. A Christian, after his weary marches and battles, shall put off his bloody armour, and rest himself upon the bosom of Jesus, that bed of perfume. When death hath given the saints the wings of a dove, then shall they fly away to paradise, and be at rest.—*T. Watson.*

OCTOBER 16.

'A FAR MORE EXCEEDING AND ETERNAL WEIGHT OF GLORY.'—2 Cor. iv. 17.

Glory is such a manna as doth not breed worms. If the saints glory in heaven were but for a time, and they were in fear of losing it, it would eclipse and embitter the joys of heaven; but eternity is written upon their joys. The garland made of flowers of paradise fades not. I have read of a river which they call the day-river, in which time it runs with a full torrent, but at night it is dried up. Such are all earthly comforts, they run with a full stream all the day-time of life, but at the night of death they are dried up; but the saints glorified shall drink of the rivers of pleasure forever more. Eternity is the heaven of heavens. The joys of heaven as overflowing, so ever flowing.—*T. Watson.*

OCTOBER 17.

'NOW IS CHRIST RISEN FROM THE DEAD, AND BECOME THE FIRST-FRUITS OF THEM THAT SLEPT.'—1 Cor. xv. 20.

Christ is risen: therefore the bodies of the saints must rise. Christ did not rise from the dead as a private person, but as the public head of the Church; and the head being raised, the rest of the body shall not always lie in the grave. Christ's rising is a pledge of our resurrection—'Knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus.' Christ is called the first-fruits of them that sleep. As the first-fruits is a sure evidence that the harvest is coming on, so the resurrection of Christ is a sure evidence of the rising of our bodies out of the grave. Christ cannot be perfect as He is Christ mystical, unless His members be raised with Him.—*T. Watson.*

OCTOBER 18.

'THIS MORTAL MUST PUT ON IMMORTALITY.'—1 Cor. xv. 53.

The bodies of the saints at the resurrection shall be immortal—'This mortal must put on immortality.' Our bodies shall run parallel with eternity—'Neither can they die any more.' Heaven is a healthful climate; there is no bill of mortality there. If a physician could give you a receipt to keep you from dying, what sums of money would you give? At the resurrection Christ shall give the saints such a receipt—'There shall be no more death.'—*T. Watson.*

OCTOBER 19.

'REMEMBER ME, O LORD, WITH THE FAVOUR THAT THOU BEAREST UNTO THY PEOPLE.'—Ps. cvi. 4.

If thou prayest for thyself, make a wise choice—beg for spiritual blessings. So David prayeth—'Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that Thou bearest unto Thine own people.' Nothing less would content him than favourites' mercy. Other blessings are dispensed out of common pity to the generality of men; but these are mercies privilegiate, and given to favourites. Now, saith David, Of this mercy, Lord. No common blessing would serve his turn—'Look upon me, and be merciful to me, as Thou usest to do to those that love Thy name.' Surely that which God giveth to His people, that is a better mercy than that which God giveth to His enemies. Again, these are mercies that cost God dearer. They flow to you in the blood of His Son; yea, they are mercies that are better in themselves.—*T. Manton.*

OCTOBER 20.

'LET HIM THAT STANDETH TAKE HEED LEST HE FALL.'—1 Cor. x. 12.

There is a fear of caution, as well as a fear of diffidence and distrust; and there is a great deal of difference between weakening the security of the flesh and our confidence in Christ. None more apt to suspect themselves than they that are most sure in God, lest by improvidence and unwatchfulness they should yield to corruption. Christ had prayed that Peter's faith might not fail, yet together with the other Apostles He biddeth him watch. The fear of God is a preserving grace, and taken into the covenant—'I will put My fear into their hearts, and they shall not depart from Me.' This is a fear which will stand with faith and certainty; it is a fruit of the same Spirit, and doth not hinder assurance, but guard it; it is a fear that maketh us watchful against all occasions to sin and spiritual distempers, that we may not give offence to God: as an ingenuous man that hath an inheritance passed over to him by his friend in court is careful not to offend him.—*T. Manton.*

OCTOBER 21.

'WATCH AND PRAY, LEST YE ENTER INTO TEMPTATION.'—Luke xxii. 46.

This certainty of our standing in grace doth not exclude prayer—'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.' Perseverance is God's gift, and it must be sought in God's way; by Christ's intercession, to preserve the majesty of God, and by our prayers, that we may constantly profess our dependence upon God, and renew our acquaintance with Him; besides, by asking blessings in prayer, we are the more warned of our duty; it is a means to keep us gracious and holy. As those that converse often with kings had need to be decently clad and go neat in their apparel, so he that speaketh often to God is bound to be more holy, that he may be the more acceptable to Him.—*T. Manton.*

OCTOBER 22.

'THE LORD JESUS CHRIST BE WITH THY SPIRIT.'—2 Tim. iv. 22.

If you pray for others, pray for grace in the first place. That is an evidence of spiritual affection. Carnal men wish such things to others as they prize and affect themselves; so also do gracious men, and therefore their thoughts run more upon mercy, peace, and grace than wealth and honour and greatness. When a man sendeth a token to a friend, he would send the best of the kind. These are the best mercies. If you were to deal with God for your own souls, you can ask no better. You may ask temporal things, for God 'loveth the prosperity of his saints;' but these special blessings should have the preferment in your wishes and desires of good to them, and then you are most likely to speed. Our Lord Christ, in the 17th of John, commendeth the college of the Apostles to the Father; and what doth He ask for them?—dominion and worldly respect? Surely no; nothing but preservation from evil, and sanctification by the truth. These are the chiefest blessings we should look after as Christians.—*T. Manton.*

REVIVAL OF SPIRITUAL LIFE THE CHURCH'S DUTY.

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, LOCKERBIE.

THE Church has been kept in existence in the world for at least two objects—to propagate the truth and to preserve and to elevate its own spiritual life. Our Lord has set before us the first of these ends in the charge: 'Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations,' 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to the whole creation.' The second of these ends is implied in the figures our Lord employs in the Sermon on the Mount to represent His people: 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' 'Ye are the light of the world.' Salt preserves the food to which it is applied, and light scatters darkness, and by its appearance as the morning dawns cheers and revives the spirit. And He charges His people to continue to exercise this preserving and enlightening and reviving influence, when He says: 'Even so let your light shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

The Epistles abound in injunctions for us to aim at a higher state of things. We are to be transformed by the renewing of our minds. We are to cleanse ourselves from all defilement of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. We are to be no more children, but to grow up in all things into Him which is the head, even Christ. These passages are specimens of the teaching of Paul's Epistles in this matter. The Epistles of James, Peter, John, and Jude give it like prominence. Indeed, they are very much charges to aim at growth in grace. This is equally true with the Seven Epistles to the Churches in Lesser Asia. If they are anything, they are counsels to aim at revival. 'Be thou watchful and stablish the things that remain, which were ready to die,' words in the charge to the Angel of the Church at Sardis, are the key-note of much in these Epistles.

But are such counsels needed? Is not Christianity a living matter in the heart? Is not its tendency to growth? True. Faith is indeed life, and the life which faith begins is eternal life. Nevertheless, the facts of man's condition show that these counsels are all needed. The evil that more or less abides in our hearts so long as we are on this side the grave is ever ready, even after grace has come to renew and sanctify, to put forth its deadening influences, and to make us rest satisfied with present attainments in the divine life; and when men become satisfied with present attainments, danger is always near. Self-satisfaction soon develops into pride, and pride is fatal to progress. God resisteth the proud. The Seven Churches of Lesser Asia did not give heed to the warnings addressed to them in the Epistles, and they soon experienced the Divine resistance. They have long ago perished from off the page of history. And the history of the Church abounds in similar warnings of the danger of resting satisfied with what has been done in the past. All the reforming movements in the Church, that have been so blessed in their results, have really been the outcome of the principle that the individual Christian and the collective Church must ever aim at progress in the divine life, and strive to make greater exertions in the cause of Christ.

And it will be an evil day for our Churches when they cease to act upon this principle, and become satisfied with their present condition. If our Churches are to exist in a healthy state, they must always be striving after higher things. Their schemes must ever be extending the circle of their influence; and whatever fathers in the past may have done, and however worthy their works may be of our admiration, we must make what they have accomplished simply stepping-stones to something still nobler and better. There is no other way, if we are to be living members of Christ's Church. Life means growth and expansion; and when growth and expansion cease, death is not far off.

It may be said, If this be so, if the Church must always be devising new and better

things, and forgetting the things that are behind and pressing onwards, then it is not a pleasant society to be connected with. This is certainly true so far as the sluggish, the slothful, the niggard, and the miserly are concerned. But the sluggard, the slothful, the niggard, and the miser are mistaken, if they fancy their condition to be a useful or an honourable one. They are the very people depicted in the parable by the poor wretch that had only one talent and hid it in the ground, but whose end was the outer darkness.

One object the Church sets before it is to rouse the slothful, is to expand the sympathies of the niggard, and to direct them to Him who alone can give a new heart and a right spirit, and to bring both to the enjoyment that arises from the exercise of life and activity in the service of Christ. And it is a mistake to suppose that idleness and standing still are happiness. A professing Christian in such a condition is simply a prey for Satan, and is sure to go from bad to worse. Progress in divine things brings a happiness and pleasure that the idle and the sluggish know nothing about. New efforts lead to new attainments. And new attainments tone and elevate the mind. They fit it for higher things; and these higher things bring with them higher enjoyments.

As we seek to revive spiritual life within ourselves, we often take the most effective means to bring those around us into the same happy condition. They hear of what we are doing, and the tidings stir them to aim at the possession of the same blessing. And whether we succeed in reviving our neighbours or not, we are, when we seek to be revived ourselves, at least in the way of duty—we are at least in the lines our Master has pointed out to us to run in. And the end will be the Master's approval, that we have been good and faithful servants, and the Master's call to enter upon the higher life of the heavenly state.

LILY MELVILLE AND HER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER IX.

'Comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do.'—1 THESS. v. 11.

ONE hot dusty day, when there had been excursion trains to Westcliff, Ben had been kept on the trot, as he said, all day long, and came home in the evening footsore and weary. Having first seen to his good donkey, giving it something better than ordinary fare for supper, he entered the cottage tired and hungry, hardly able to think of how pleased his granny would be to find the little bag he carried for purse so much better filled than it often was. But hunger and weariness were both forgotten at the sight of a letter lying on the table—the one he had been looking for so long. He did not instantly tear it open, but handled it fondly, turning it over and over as if the very envelope were worth something, and almost enough for such as him. But, having opened it, how eagerly he devoured the contents, careful not to lose or mistake one word; and much more difficult he found it to make out than a printed book. When he had mastered it for himself, being ready to share the pleasure it gave him with his grandmother, he proposed reading it to her. He had not got far, however, when she stopped him, saying that she 'never could abide cant,' and he might keep it all to himself.

There were various things to account for the delay in the arrival of the letter. For one thing, although Benson had promised to write *soon*, she did not think her little friend would begin to look for it immediately; then she had been very busy with needlework on returning from the seaside; but the chief hindrance of all had been a severe illness which had attacked Mrs Melville, nursing whom had engrossed Benson's time. Although her nieces' pious maid was no favourite with that lady when in health, she was glad enough to avail herself of her services when ill; for no one else was so handy in a sick room. With her light, noiseless step, and low, distinct voice, and her experience in nursing, she was invaluable at such a time, and Mrs Melville was very exacting in her demands upon her attendance; not that the maid's kind offices were always received with the thanks they deserved; indeed, many times Benson had to keep herself down by recalling to mind the injunction: 'Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward' (1 Peter ii. 18).

Now, however, the lady was getting better, and the maid had a little time that she could call her own, she set about redeeming her promise to Ben Harding. Had she but known how greedily the little heart was hungering for her letter, assuredly she would have found time, amidst all her occupations, to write it sooner.

She told him how often her dear Miss Lily talked of Westcliff, which she should never forget, as a place where she had got much good, and to which, she believed, she had been sent to do a little good also; and how much pleasure it had given her to work the enclosed double book-marker for her donkey-boy, two texts fastened together by a ribbon—what difficulty she had had in fixing on texts, not

because there were few, certainly, but because there were so many, each seeming more precious than another. At last, as she could only have two, she had chosen these—on the one marker: 'Having loved His own, He loved them unto the end' (John xiii. 1); and on the other, 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved' (Matt. x. 22); for she thought we could meditate on what was expressed in the first without ever being able to exhaust it, and find in it the secret of putting in practice the second.

Benson rightly supposed little Ben must be missing very sorely the teaching of his friends, and she referred him to a text which had encouraged herself when in a like position, and ever since then she had thought Paul's meaning in that passage very plain (Phil. ii. 12, 13), 'Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out *your own* salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God [not I, Paul, or any other human teacher, but God over all, God always present, never absent]—it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.'

She asked Ben to tell her all about himself, what part of the green pastures of the Word he had been feeding in, and reminded him that the Holy Spirit alone could effectually teach the meaning of Scripture, and open the heart to receive its truths; and that God has promised to give 'the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him' (Luke xi. 13). An envelope stamped and directed was enclosed at Lily's suggestion, who correctly judged that the outside address of his reply would be the most formidable part of the undertaking to the unpractised little writer.

Ben was not long in sending his thanks for the letter and Lily's kind present; but he did not accomplish this without difficulty. Pen and ink he had from the writing lessons Miss Melville had given him; but where to get paper for his letter? He knew it would be in vain to ask Widow Turner for a penny to buy a sheet with; and he was now too honest to keep back part of his donkey hire even for a good end. (How ashamed he felt at the mere recollection of his former ways, and most of all when he thought of the deadness of his conscience which had seen no evil in them, and yet he had been freely pardoned! He abhorred himself and rejoiced in his Saviour Jesus, who saves His people *from* their *sins*.)

At last he hit upon the plan of cutting out a blank leaf from one of the copy-books Edith had left with him, and on this he wrote his first attempt at a letter. He told how the first Sunday after his friends left he had put on the suit of clothes they had kindly given him, and without asking his granny's leave had firmly told her he was going to church (she sneered at him for setting up to be better than other folks, but did not forbid him); and how he had there heard such a sermon on Is. xliii. 25—'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own name's sake; and will not remember thy sins.' Salvation is all of God: nothing in us sinners to induce God to save us. He does it for His own sake. Try as we might, we could never merit His favour; we must accept His grace as a free gift. He delighteth in mercy. Hating sin, He so loves sinners as to give His only begotten Son to die their death and set them free; and Christ's blood blots out our transgressions so completely that they are nowhere to be found, and even the remembrance of them is gone. 'I will not remember thy sins.' If God forgets them, there can be *no* condemnation to us who believe. And are we cast down by a feeling of our own shortcomings and unworthiness? Let it cheer us that God has some use for us or pleasure in us, since it is for His own sake that He saves us. And what a sure and certain salvation that is which does not depend on our own frames and feelings, but is a free pardon for God's own name's sake! And can we use any stronger plea in praying that He would purify and sanctify us wholly in body, soul, and spirit than the promise 'I will . . . for Mine own name's sake.' Ben could not write such an account of the sermon which had so impressed him as he should have wished, but he did his best. He wrote also of his meeting with the lady in the churchyard, who spoke in the same way and about the same things as his 'friends,' and that ever since then that article in the Creed, as he repeated it in church, had been the language of his heart: 'I believe in the communion of saints.'

He tried to express his sense of indebtedness to Benson and her young ladies, but was conscious that he failed to do so; and altogether he was far from satisfied with his production, which was a work of time and no small difficulty. But at least the writer's heart was in it, which is more than can be said of every letter that passes through the post; and it was welcomed in London, and read with much interest and lenient criticism.

But yet, when Lily saw the blotted and blurred, and in some parts almost illegible scrawl, she could not help desiring that she might be an epistle fairer and more easily read than that; that in her might be 'manifestly declared the finger of Christ, the writing of the Spirit of the living God; an epistle of Christ known and read of all men.'

CHAPTER X.

'Her heart can see, her heart can see!
Well may she sing so joyously!
For the King Himself in His tender grace
Hath shown her the brightness of His face. . . .
She can read His love, for on all her way
His hand is writing it every day.
"Bright cloud" indeed must that darkness be,
Where "Jesus only" the heart can see.'

Not until now had Mary Benson had an opportunity of trying to fulfil what she re-

garded as the dying request of her friend Ruth Hayward, namely, to seek out her sister Miriam. But one day, after Mrs Melville had recovered from her illness, she got leave from the young ladies, and with the address in her pocket, set out on her expedition of discovery. Having found, in a dingy court, the house which seemed to correspond with the direction, she climbed the stairs till she thought she had got to the highest storey; but after having knocked at several doors, and been answered that no such person lived there, she felt at a loss what to do, unwilling, as she was, to return without having accomplished her errand. An Irish girl who had answered her last knock, seeing her stand irresolute, suggested it might be one of the lodgers in the garret she was after, and pointed to another door, which Benson had not noticed before. Opening this, she found a stair leading still higher, which she mounted, and again knocked at one of two doors which presented themselves. 'Come in,' said a voice.

Benson entered, and in a bare, comfortless room, found an aged woman lying in bed.

'Does Mrs Shipton live here?' asked Benson.

'She lives in the other end,' answered the woman; 'but I doot ye'll no find her in. Can I gie her ony message frae ye?'

Benson recognised the dialect to be Scotch, with which she had become familiar through mingling with the other servants and neighbours when living in a family who spent several months in Scotland every season. She told the old woman she would rather call again, as she could not well explain in a message her object in calling.

But her kind disposition would not let her leave without a few words referring to the old woman herself. She accordingly asked in a sympathising voice whether she were suffering much?

'Nae mair than the Lord sees to be guid for me,' answered the bedridden woman; and added, 'Ye hae a pleasant voice; wad ye please to sit doun a wee? I canna see ye, for I'm quite blind.'

'Are you, indeed? You must feel lonely, lying here all by yourself.'

'No, I'm no alone. I hae the *best* o' company; my dear Saviour is near, and I can thank Him that I hae sae little to come atween me an' Him. When He was pleased to tak' awa' the sicht o' my bodily e'en, He made the e'e o' faith a' the clearer; an' we can never be saired o' lookin' at Him; can we, mem?'

'Never! He is the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely,' replied Benson, with fervour.

A smile lit up the withered face at these words, and the old woman put forth her wrinkled hand, which was cordially pressed by her visitor.

'That ae thing in common—the love o' the ae Lord—maks real frien's o' utter strangers; does na' it? Maybe ye wad be sae guid as read a bit o' the Word to me—the Word o' your God an' mine?'

Benson gladly consented, and asked if the old woman had any particular portion she would like to hear.

'I ken the feck o' the Psalms by heart, an' John's Gospel, an' a hantle o' the Epistles; but gin ye wad read aboot the Altogether Lovely in the Song of Solomon, I wad be obleeged till ye.'

While finding the place, Benson remarked that to one incapable of seeing to read, it must be an invaluable treasure to know so much of the Word.

'Aye, I'm gran'ly fed wi't. It's the food frae heaven, just as if the manna were rained roun' my tent here, as muckle as I can gather, an' aye fresh and fresh. There's nae ither book that can bide the readin' o'er an' o'er again, an' the meditatin' on, that the Bible can.'

After she had finished reading, Benson rose to go, saying she should feel it a privilege to be allowed to come and see her new friend occasionally. The privilege would be hers, the old woman said; and asked whether she spoke to a lady district visitor.

'Oh, I am no lady at all—only Mary Benson, a lady's-maid,' replied she, and said she had come up that stair in search of an old school companion; but she had no doubt she had been led by the Lord to the door of His suffering servant.

'An' I'm Elspet Macalister, or Widow Macalister, as they ca' me,' said the blind woman; 'an I'll be blythe to see ye whenever ye can find time to come.'

'You are far from your own home,' remarked Benson.

'Aye; ye ken that by my tongue. I'm a stranger in this great city, an' I desire a better country, even a heavenly; an' I'm just waitin' till the mansion's ready for me, and me for the mansion—waitin' the Lord's guid time. And guid care He taks o' me in the waitin' time. I hae a' thing that I need, an' far mair than I deserve.'

Benson saw the contented expression of face which accompanied these words, and could scarcely help wondering at it, as she glanced round the scantily furnished room. A large family Bible lay on the top of a humble chest of drawers, and an old-fashioned silver watch hung on the bedpost, which looked like relics of better days; but with the exception of these articles everything was of the meanest. On a small table, by the bedside, were placed a piece of dry bread and a cup, or rather basin, of cold tea. A large cat lay on the old woman's feet, purring loudly, and was the only sign of outward comfort to be seen.

'A kind neebor woman comes ilka mornin' an' maks my bed an' my breakfast, an' leaves me my dinner beside me, an' comes back at nicht to gie me my supper; an' your frien's wee lassie—that's little Susie Shipton—sits mony an hour besides me, puir wee thing.'

After a friendly good-bye, Benson returned home to tell her young ladies of her interview with the old blind Scotchwoman. They were much interested, and full of pity for her loneliness and apparent poverty. This maid could give them no information as to her means of support, for she had felt that too delicate a subject to broach with her new acquaintance.

Lily was eager to send her something nice immediately, and Edith announced her intention of going to see her with her maid very soon; which the latter was very glad to hear, for she hoped the aged Christian might take an interest in her dear young mistress, and be led to carry her in the arms of faith before the throne of grace, and she knew that the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much.

Edith was far from comfortable in her mind at this time; having no peace with God, she was vainly trying to attain it by doing good works. She neglected no opportunity of attending church, and made a point of attending daily service; she gave up reading novels, and even left some such books unfinished which she had begun; she joined a sewing-party for clothing the poor; and it was with a view to adding another to those meritorious performances that she proposed to visit Widow Macalister.

It was not love to Christ Jesus which moved her to do those things; for had she been perfectly honest with herself, she would have acknowledged that all the time she was thinking His commandments '*grievous;*' and, in short, she was closely fulfilling the Apostle's description of those who, 'going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God' (Rom. x. 3).

She was toiling, weary and heavy laden. Ah! she had come to the Commandments for rest, instead of coming to Him who had kept them for her, and borne the penalty of her breach of them; and in place of finding His yoke easy and His burden light, she found them galling and heavy, because she was carrying the burden of her sins as well, not having by faith laid them on the Lamb of God, who alone can take them away. She was working *for* life, instead of *from* life, ignorant that the spiritually dead are as incapable of working themselves into spiritual life, as the dead in their graves are of raising themselves again to their earthly life and occupations. 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh.' 'Ye must be born again' (John iii. 6, 7.)

This complete absorption in herself and her own concerns had taken from her her sweet amiability and desire to please others; hers was not at that time

'A heart at leisure from itself,'

to enter into the wants and wishes of those around her; and it was no wonder that her aunt, whose favourite Edith had always been, began to find her very disagreeable; for she now openly censured her worldly words and actions, and breathed, if not exactly in words, the Pharisaic utterance, 'Stand off, I am holier than thou;' and, altogether, she was an example of that religiousness which is sometimes erroneously described as genuine religion, and brings discredit on the Christian profession.

Benson told Miss Melville of the narrow, dirty, evil-smelling streets through which they had to pass, and the long stairs they had to climb in order to reach the old Scotchwoman's garret; but the more disagreeable the duty, the greater merit there seemed to Edith in the performance of it, and she fixed an early day for her first visit.

When Benson, whose voice the bedridden woman at once recognised (so few were her visitors, that she had no trouble in distinguishing them)—when Benson had told who had come to see her, Edith was thanked and welcomed with a smiling face, and asked to sit down. She immediately began to speak to Widow Macalister of her sufferings, using some ambiguous expression, as if they would earn her a high place in glory.

'Oh, dear leddy, my puir sufferin's can do naething to win glory! They're no worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed in us. Na; the only sufferin's worthy to be spoken o' in connection wi' it are the atoning sufferings of our precious Saviour Jesus Christ!'

'If we suffer with Him, we shall be also glorified with Him,' said Edith.

'Ay,' replied the old woman, 'if we can point to Him on the cross, and see ourselves in Him dying the cursed death our sins deserve—the Just for the unjust—bearing the wrath of God due to us, charging the sin of His people on Himself, as the priest did the sins of the people on the head of the sacrifice—Himself, the spotless Lamb of God; if we cordially accept Him as our substitute, knowing that God is just, and will not punish sin twice over,—then we have part in His sufferings, and shall share in His glory;—and so the glory itself is all of grace to us.'

Benson quoted a verse of the hymn:—

'My soul looks back to see
The burthen Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.'

'An' I mind me what an auld author says,' resumed the old woman—'They who, with a right view, see Him as pierced by their sins, that sight pierces them, and makes them mourn, and brings forth tears, and makes them say, Shall I ever be friends with that which killed my Lord? No; but I will ever kill it, and do it by applying His death. An' yet it aye seems to me,' she added, 'as gin the deeper our sorrow for sin, the greater our joy and peace in believin'. They gang weel thegither.'

Edith was painfully conscious that she possessed no joy and peace in believing; but she

had come to visit the widow as a good work, and not to be taught by her; so, to turn the conversation, she asked gently whether Mrs Macalister had been long unable to see to read or go to church.

'Aye, it's a gey while noo sin' I lost my eye-sicht. I doot I pairtly grat mysel' blind; but I'll no trouble you wi' my sair grief; an' it looks lang sin' I hae heard ony preachin' frae the poopit, but mony gran' sermons hae I been privileged to hear i' my day, an' it's a michty help till a body to mind upon the great truths putten intil better words than a body's ain. Me lyin' here, thinkin' back upon words I hae heard, just minds me o' oor ain beasts upon the hillsides lyin' doun and chewin' o'er again what they hae eaten afore. Aye, thae days are lang gane by, thae peacefu' Sabbaths when we wandered up the Glen to the Kirk. It was a lang gate, an' we had to start betimes, for we but to be roun' the Black Craig afore the first soun' o' the bell gin we wadna be o'er late. But we never wearied o' the road, for we kent we wad get a long rest, an' a gude feast o' the Word at the end o't. An' syne, comin' hame, twas an' threes wad forgather in the road an' crack o'er the sermon as we wandered down the Glen. Aye, an' they'll be doin' the like, nae doot, ilka Sabbath-day yet; an' me has nocht but the mindin' back upo' thae things, an' thankin' the Lord for them.'

'You were glad when they said to you, "Let us go into the house of the Lord"' (Ps. cxxii. 1), quoted Benson.

'I was that.

'"I joy'd when to the house of God,
Go up, they said to me."

But noo that I'm laid on my bed in a Lunnon garret, I mind me o' the words o' godly Mr Rutherford, when he was ta'en frae the wark he likit sae weel, an' was putten i' the prison for the Lord's sake: "Preachin' isna Christ," quoth he, "an' Anwoth isna heaven." Na, na; His presence maks a' richt. An', eh sirs, isna memory a gran' gift, an' maist o' a' a sanctified memory? An' dinna ye think that, gin we gie it to the Lord to keep, as weel as oursel's an' a' that we hae, He'll keep it pure an' pit oot o't a' frivolous nouchty things, an' store it wi' His truth an' our ain holy sorrows and joys? I mony times praise the Lord for my memory, an' pray Him to grant it to me as long as I'm here, gin it be His holy will; an' young folk wadna grudge the trouble o' learnin' aff lang bits o' the Bible, if they thocht o' what may be afore them. But I'll be wearyin' ye wi' my tongue. I forget mysel' when I get onybody to talk till. An' sin' the young leddy's been sae guid as come an' see me, maybe she'll be sae kind as be e'en to the blind an' read me a chapter.' Then turning more towards the room, 'Are ye there, Susie, my bairn?'

But the visitors hastened to explain that when they opened the door, they had seen a little girl sitting by the bedside with a Testament open on her lap, and a fine cockatoo perched on her head, but that she had fled at the sight of the strangers.

'Aye, puir wee thing, she wad be frichtened at ye; she's no used seein' the like o' you. Her mither's no at hame the day, an' the bairn will maist likely be waitin' on the landin' till she sees ye gang awa'. I was to bid her gie the leddy the buik.'

Benson remarked that it was a good thing for the child to have the widow to come to, as her mother seemed to be often out.

'An' she's fine company to me too; an' it's wonderfu' sae weel as she's learnt to read, wi' naebody but a blind woman to teach her. She kent little mair nor her letters when I took her in hand, an' noo she's a fell reader. I just mak her spell the words she disna ken, an' syne I can tell her them. An' she's nae trouble, the lassie, an' wad never weary her lane a' day as lang as she had that cockatoo. Her faither brocht it frae some foreign pairt the last time he was hame frae a voyage; but that's years sin' syne; an' it's mair to that lassie than mony a wean is till its mither. I'm sure she counts it something better nor a bird.'

After Edith had read some chapters of Mrs Macalister's choosing, which gave rise to some conversation on the subjects of them, she rose to go; and, when bidding the old woman good-bye, put into her hand a small packet, saying it was from her little sister Lily, who wished very much to send her something, and thought she might like these Scotch sweeties, which had been sent her from Scotland, as Mrs Macalister could keep them under her pillow, and take one when she felt inclined.

'The dear lammie!' exclaimed the old woman; 'sae mindfu' o' her. Gie her an' auld Scotchwoman's mony thanks, an' tell her there's naething I cud hae likit better;' and tears almost came into the blind eyes at the thought of the child's kindness. 'Blissin's on her, an' I'll no forget her nor you either, mem, whaur my mindin' o' ye may be some use. We're never the waur o' ane anither's prayers; are we, mem?'

They found Susie Shipton outside the door, as her old friend had surmised, and before she had time to escape, they contrived to win her heart by admiring her cockatoo, which raised and sank his lemon-coloured crest as he eyed his new admirers, talking to himself in his own language, while he formed his opinion of them.

Lily was all eagerness to hear an account of their visit; and Benson had many times to repeat almost every word that had fallen from the aged Christian, while Edith interested her very much in the little girl with the cockatoo. She could not describe her appearance minutely enough to satisfy Lily, who was rather disappointed to find she had nothing strikingly pretty about her, except a mass of rich brown hair; and when she heard of her scanty, ragged clothing, she privately resolved to ask Benson to help her to make a frock for her; and wondered whether it could be done without fitting on, because she would so much like it to be a complete surprise to Susie.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME NEW BOOKS.

'The Story of Naaman'* has called forth many a sermon and many a good book, and it is likely to do so for many a day. Naaman presents us with a picture of what man is in his natural state. The prophet's prescription is far too simple for him. Human instrumentality is excluded, and yet Naaman rests upon it. The words of Naaman's servants aptly describe the desire of the natural heart —'If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?' Hengstenberg justly says—'We here see the origin of the opposition of the natural man to the doctrine of the atonement. "Wash, and be clean," is as incomprehensible and offensive to the natural man in a spiritual aspect as it is here in a corporeal aspect.'

Mr Mackay's volume is an eloquent presentation of the evangelical lessons embedded in the story of Naaman, and is really a valuable addition to the literature of his theme. In reading it one is made to feel how much the narratives of the Old Testament are suggestive of truth fit for our time.

'Herein is Love'† is seventeen meditations on the love of God in Christ Jesus. Mr Brown is already favourably known by his 'Better than Gold.' 'Herein is Love' is written in the same devout and admiring strain of 'the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.' It will be welcome to a wide circle of readers.

Kilbrandon is a parish on the west of Scotland that the tourist passes in the steamboat on the way from the Crinan Canal to Oban. It is mainly made up of some half-dozen of islands that are not of any great size, but, as placed in the slate district, abound in scenery of wild and romantic beauty. In the beginning of the latter half of last century the parish minister was a Mr Stewart. He was not long ordained until he fell into feeble health, that unfitted him for preaching and the performance of the other active duties of the ministry, and his work had mainly to be done by a succession of assistants. One of these was a Mr Smith, afterwards well known as Dr Smith, of Campbelton. Mr Smith was a man of unusual gifts, and among other excellences he had what his contemporaries regarded as an unrivalled knowledge of the Gaelic language. Lady Glenorchy, amongst her many good works, was desirous to get Joseph Alleyne's 'Alarm to the Unconverted' translated into Gaelic. She found a translator in Mr Smith. His work was a success. According to a competent Gaelic scholar, 'it proved everything that could be desired.' Never has any work appeared to greater advantage in a language in which it was not originally written than Alleyne's 'Alarm' now did.

Mr Smith used his translation as it was produced as the materials for his Gaelic sermon on the Lord's Day. These sermons at once awakened attention. The interest spread to other parishes. It became a time of awakening and revival all over the district. Shortly after this revival the parish minister died, and the people naturally sought Mr Smith to be his successor. But the Presbytery of the bounds had resolved upon an act of intrusion. They had determined that the son of the former minister should be placed over the parish. It was the age of Moderatism, when the wishes of a Christian people were the last thing to be thought of. The people remonstrated. They sat up the whole night before the meeting of the Presbytery, engaged in prayer and in deliberation what to do. They appointed a deputation to plead their cause before the Presbytery, but all was of no avail, and the presentee was intruded upon the people. The great majority of the parish ceased to attend the parish church, but they did not forsake the assembling of themselves together. They held meetings on the Lord's Day and other days for prayer and praise and the reading of Holy Scripture, and of sermons by evangelical preachers. This state of matters continued for some time, when it happened that a Mr William King, a student of the Reformed Presbytery, who some time afterward—in 1792—was sent out as a missionary to North America, where he died in 1798, unexpectedly visited the island. He had been in delicate health, and had gone on a voyage round the west coast, with a view to his recovery. The vessel he was voyaging in was detained by stress of weather at Black Mill Bay, in the island of Luing, one of the islands in the parish of Kilbrandon. He went ashore, and soon got into conversation with some of the inhabitants, and learned the state of matters in their midst, and of their desire to obtain an evangelical ministry. The result was that an application was made to the Reformed Presbytery for a supply of gospel ordinances. The application was favourably received, and what now would be called a Home Mission station was formed. The congregation never was a large one, but it became fruitful in the following generation in supplying ministers to the Reformed Presbyterian Church, for it furnished no less than eight to its ministry—the Messrs M'Lachlan, four brothers; Rev. John Campbell, of Newton-Stewart and of Lorn; Rev. Dr Graham, of Liverpool; Rev. P. Carmichael, of Greenock; and Rev. John M'Dermid, of Glasgow.

This small volume‡ is a tribute to the

* The Story of Naaman. By A. B. Mackay, Montreal. Post 8vo, pp. 141. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1882.

† Herein is Love. By H. D. Brown. Post 8vo, pp. 168. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1882.

‡ In Memoriam of Rev. John M'Dermid, minister of Renwick Church, Glasgow, with Selections from his Writings. Edited by Rev. W. H. Goold, D.D., Edinburgh. Cr. 8vo, pp. 117. Glasgow: D. Bryce & Son. 1882.

memory of the last of these fathers. It is made of an outline of his history by Rev. John Inglis, the funeral sermons by Dr Binnie, of the Aberdeen Free College, and Dr Goold, of Edinburgh. It is altogether a graceful and becoming tribute to the memory of a servant of Christ in the gospel, whom those who had the happiness to know him will not readily forget.

Dr Goold's sermon is one which Mr M'Dermid had heard him preach twenty-five years ago, and which Mr M'Dermid had said to him that he often intended to ask him to deliver it to his people. It is a striking sermon, and with great beauty and power unfolds the teaching of its text. On reading its pages, it is impossible not to feel that a preacher who can produce such sermons would do a service to the Church by publishing more of them. Appended to the funeral sermons are a sermon by Mr M'Dermid on 'The Dignity of Business,' a selection from his 'Hours with Holy Scripture,' a series of short papers on the First Epistle of Peter, that first appeared in the *Reformed Presbyterian Magazine* in the years 1865 to 1869, and a sermon on 'National Religion.' All these republications are valuable, and will be prized by the many friends who mourn Mr M'Dermid's departure from them. It is easy to see from their pages that he was a man of deep-toned piety, who lived in daily communion with God, and who in this communion found the strength that enabled him to be the loving and faithful pastor, the thoughtful and instructive preacher, the kind friend and wise counsellor, the earnest and unwearied propagator of Christian truth, and the uncompromising enemy of evil that he was during the long period of the forty-seven years of his service as a Christian minister.

'Golden Thoughts from the Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas à Kempis,* is a selection from a book that for ages has been highly esteemed by the Church. It is still a precious memorial of the faith of the Church in pre-Reformation times, although it has not the Pauline character of the theology of Luther, and therefore not so fitted as some later books to tell the anxious inquirer where and how safety is to be found, or to cheer the saint by pointing out to him the perfection of the work of Christ in the room and stead of guilty men.

'The Shadow of a Shame'† is an effectively told story of the terrible consequences of a love of strong drink. Sad as is the story which Mr Lightfoot tells, it is one, parallels to which, alas! are to be found almost in every circle.

'Present-Day Tracts'‡ are the first of a new series issued by the Religious Tract Society. Five of them—by Principal Cairns, Rev. C. Row, Prebendary of St Paul's, Prof. Blaikie, of the Free College, Edinburgh—are before us, and they are to be speedily followed by others. These five are about the best things their authors have yet done—and this is saying a great deal—and they deserve to be read throughout the length and breadth of the land by our rising youth. Dr Cairns rises to a high degree of persuasive eloquence, and it is hard to see how the close reasoning of Prebendary Row can be met; while Dr Blaikie's good sense is scarcely less effective than the eloquence and reasoning of his two associates. If the succeeding tracts are of like merit, the whole will form one of the most important contributions to Christian apologetics our age has seen.

* Golden Thoughts from the Imitation of Christ. By Thomas à Kempis. Selected by T. M. Lindsay, D.D. 64mo, pp. 127. Glasgow: D. Bryce & Son. 1882.

† The Shadow of a Shame. A Temperance Prize Tale. By Thomas Lightfoot. 16mo, pp. 44. London: Temperance Press Association. 1882.

‡ Present-Day Tracts.—Christianity and Miracles at the Present Day; Christ the Central Evidence of Christianity. By Rev. Principal Cairns, D.D. The Historical Evidence of the Resurrection from the Dead; the Existence and Character of God. By Rev. C. Row, M.A., Prebendary of St Paul's. Christianity and the Life that now is. By Rev. Prof. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D., Free College, Edinburgh. Cr. 8vo, pp. 36 and 44, &c. London: Religious Tract Society. 1882.

Intelligence.

EVANGELICAL PROTESTANTISM IN JAPAN.—Protestant missionaries now in the empire, 136; single ladies, 40; missionary stations, 35; churches entirely self-supporting, 14; churches partially self-supporting, 58; baptised adults, 3408; scholars in Sabbath school, 3724; native pastors, 37; Bible women, 20; contributions for church purposes during two years, 8534 yen—*i.e.*, £1707; Bibles sold, 115,000.

BASEL EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—During sixty-five years, from July 1816 to January 1881, 1112 young have been received into the institution; 773 of these were natives of Germany and 203 of Switzerland. Of these 244 proved unfit for the service, 50 withdrew voluntarily, and 24 died while in the mission-house. 475 persons are still living who have been sent out from the Mission Institute as missionaries, pastors, teachers, &c.

THE BELGIAN MISSIONARY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—This small but vigorous evangelical Protestant Church reports 26 churches and stations regularly organised, more than 80 places of worship, 20 pastors and evangelists, 12 Bible readers and colporteurs, assisted by 84 members of the Church conse-

crating themselves to this work. The adult members number 3900; members under sixteen years of age, 2511. There are 45 Sabbath schools, with 164 monitors and 1759 scholars. The deficit of last year of 28,000 francs—*i.e.*, £1120—has been made up. The churches and stations have contributed last year to the central treasury 46,854 francs—*i.e.*, £1874. During the past year about 6300 meetings have been held. The gospel has been carried into 40 new localities, chiefly in the province of Namur. 162,229 tracts have been distributed.

EVANGELICAL CHURCHES IN SPAIN.—There are now 40 Evangelical churches in Spain; 6 of these are in Madrid. There are 21 missionary stations and 5 Protestant journals, one of which is weekly and illustrated.

THE POPULATION OF THE EARTH.—Drs Behm and Wagner have just issued a new edition of their collection of statistics. It contains the result of the recent census of nearly all the leading countries of the world. They give the population of Europe as 327,743,400; Asia, 795,591,000; Africa, 205,823,200; America, 100,415,400; Australia and Polynesia, 4,232,000; Polar Regions, 82,500—total, 1,433,887,500. Asia and Africa in a very minor degree are the seat of Christianity, and the population of the two is upwards of 1,000,000,000; while Europe and America, that may be regarded as more or less under Christian teaching, are about 428,000,000. Truly there remains yet very much land to be possessed; and of the countries professing Christianity, how defective is much of their teaching! On the other hand, the countries making the most rapid advances are those under Protestant rule. The United States in 1800 had a population of 5,305,925; they have now 50,442,026. Great Britain and Ireland had in 1800 about 16,000,000; they have now 35,246,562. The number of Roman Catholics in the United Kingdom in 1800 was about 6,000,000; to-day it is the same, while the Protestant element has increased nearly threefold—from 10,000,000 it has become nearly 30,000,000. In the United States Roman Catholicism has increased from about 2,000,000 to 6,000,000, a threefold increase; but Protestantism has risen from about 4,000,000 to 44,000,000, an elevenfold increase.

BRAZIL.—Brazil has an Atlantic seaboard of 3700 miles, and thousands of miles of interior communication by water through the Amazon and its tributaries. Thirty of these tributaries are larger than the Seine, eleven are as large as the Rhone, and six are almost as large as the Amazon itself at their junction with it. Its population of 10,000,000 comprises 4,000,000 Caucasian, mainly Portuguese, 4,000,000 mixed, and 2,000,000 African. The African has been, and in great part still is, in slavery. The decree of 1871, by which no one is born a slave, leaves them bondsmen till twenty-one years of age. Its people are Roman Catholics, and are described as social and hospitable, but ignorant, thriftless, and more truly irreligious than any other Papists. As yet only four of the twenty provinces of Brazil have been entered by the missionaries of the Northern Presbyterian Church of the United States. In these four provinces they have twenty-three churches, with 1084 communicants. The Southern Presbyterian Church has also a mission in Brazil.

THE BASEL MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN ASHANTI.—The Basel Mission in Ashanti and on the Gold Coast has now nine principal and forty-one out-stations. The churches number, including the children, nearly 5000 persons. Two missionaries, H. Buck and Huppenbauer, lately visited Kumassi, and gave an interesting account of their reception by the King and the people. They had painful evidence of the continued existence of human sacrifice. A young woman had been sacrificed just before their arrival. The missionaries had a friendly reception from the King, but he would not consent to their taking up their permanent abode in his town.

THE LAPPS.—*The Berlin Evangelisch Kirchlicher Anzeiger* gives some details of the Church life of these inhabitants of the most northern parts of Europe. Their churches are widely separate from each other. A single small church draws its people from a circle of sixty to eighty miles. The church often serves as a schoolhouse, or the schoolhouse is close by. The Lapps travel to church in sledges drawn by reindeer. They leave their *gamme*—*i.e.*, their houses—on the Friday, when they are fifty miles from the church, in order to be at the public worship on the Lord's-day. Their food, consisting of reindeer cheese, dried fish, and reindeer flesh and coffee; and coffee-pot, &c., they take with them. All is cooked and eaten in the schoolhouse, while the reindeer are tied close at hand. The service in the church is very simple, after the Lutheran manner. A hymn is sung, a portion of Scripture is read, prayer is offered up, and then the sermon is preached. About a hundred years ago the Lapps were still heathen. From 1714 to 1774, Danish missionaries preached the gospel among them, and in the Lappish language; but the Norwegians were opposed to this. They wished to root out the Lapp speech, and to put the Norwegian in its place. But the Lapps did not understand the Norwegian, and so remained heathen. At length, in 1837, books began to be printed in the Lapp language, and the Bible to be translated. They had waited long upon the gospel, but when they did receive it they did it in great numbers. They are remarkable for their zeal. A distance of fifty to sixty miles does not keep them from the church. Over streams and fiords, over mountains and glaciers, they travel to hear the sermon on the Lord's-day. The service in the church is a feast and a cordial, and the Lord's-day a day of quickening and joy in their existence, otherwise so poor in its joys.

IMMIGRANTS ARRIVED IN THE UNITED STATES.—In the month of May last there arrived in the Customs districts of Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Huron, Minnesota, New Orleans, New York, Passamaquoddy, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, 141,035 immigrants. Of this total number of immigrants there arrived from England and Wales, 13,404; Ireland, 19,747; Scotland, 3015; Austria, 4290; Belgium, 100; Denmark, 2700; France, 645; Germany, 41,747; Hungary, 646; Italy, 5141; Netherlands, 1947; Norway, 7161; Russia, 1986; Poland, 1138; Sweden, 19,372; Switzerland, 1849; Dominion of Canada, 10,622; China, 4861; and from all other countries, 664. The total number of immigrants arrived in the Customs districts named, from the principal foreign countries, for the eleven months ending May 31, 1882, was as follows:—England and Wales, 77,137; Ireland, 66,086; Scotland, 16,666; Austria, 17,897; Germany, 226,810; Norway, 23,386; Sweden, 52,964; Dominion of Canada, 84,559; China, 26,710; all other countries, 93,419. Total 685,634. During the same period, in 1881, the arrivals amounted to 563,151. These statistics show how much the United States is becoming a home for the surplus population of the world, and what difficulties the Christian Churches must have in maintaining their position in the presence of such an influx of foreign elements into their population. At the same time it is a new field at their own doors for the spread of the truth.

HEBREW TRANSLATIONS.—The *Jewish Chronicle* notes as an interesting fact in modern Jewish literature the large number of works recently translated into Hebrew. Specimens of all the great literatures in the world now exist in modern Hebrew. 'The last rendering of the New Testement by Professor Delitzsch of Leipsic, now in a third edition, is a model of Hebrew, and a marvel of accuracy.' The Koran too has been partly translated, but not yet finished. The Apocrypha has been done into Hebrew by Dr S. Frankel, and Josephus by Kalman Schulmann. The 'Inferno' of Dante has been translated by Dr Formiggini. It is not surprising that the 'Esther' of Racine should have been translated into Hebrew. Goethe's 'Faust' has been translated by M. Letteris with such success that it has been said that the version in parts excels the original! 'Hermann and Dorothea' has also been Hebraised. Lessing's 'Nathan der Weise' has naturally found a home in Hebrew. 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Othello,' and 'Paradise,' have been rendered into Hebrew by H. Salkinson. 'It is natural that a book like the "Pilgrim's Progress," written in so Biblical a style, should go easily into the original language of the Bible, and it is not therefore surprising that the Hebrew translation prepared in Palestine Place has reached a third edition. We believe that "Robinson Crusoe" now serves to delight the youth of Polish Jews in the only language that they read.'

'IF ANY, THEN ALL.'

BY CHARLES MANLY, D.D.

SOME years ago, while a pastor in Alabam and connected with a school for the educatio of young ladies, a deep religious interes manifested itself among the pupils, many o whom came of their own accord to my recita tion room, when opportunity was offered, t converse with me respecting their salvation Among others was Clara B——, in whom had felt specially interested.

After a few interviews with her, in which had endeavoured to teach her the gospel, sh one day came to my room, and, in answer t my question, 'Well, Clara, how is it with yo to-day?' replied, with a good deal of emphasi 'I think, Mr Manly, that God has pardone some of my sins.'

'You think, then, there are some that ar not pardoned,' said I.

'Yes, sir,' she answered; 'but I feel quit sure that God has pardoned *some* of m sins.'

Her expression was so artless, her ver tones of voice were so earnest and reverentia that my heart was deeply stirred in her b half; yet I felt that she was making a mi take that might prove fatal to her in thi critical period of her history. So, as gentl but as earnestly as possible, I said to he 'Not *some* of your sins, Clara; for, if God h forgiven any, then He has forgiven all.'

She quickly turned away, with a look disappointment and grief that smote my ver heart, and made me question, after her d parture, whether I ought not to have e plained to her more fully what was intende in the reply.

I saw her, however, no more that day, an could only commit her case to God, and pra to Him to teach her. The next morning, o approaching the school-building, the first pe son I saw was Clara, who came running t meet me, her face fairly radiant with joy, e claiming—

'Oh! Mr Manly, what you said to me ye terday is true, though at first I thought it w very hard and cruel in you to say it. I le your room mortified and almost despairin half ready to conclude that I would not co cern myself further about my salvation; b I could not rest; your words came to me aga and again, and the Lord led me to see th He would *abundantly* pardon, if I really b lieved. I have believed His word, and now know He has pardoned, not some only, b all of my sins. I thank you, from my hear for telling me of my error.'

All the time that I knew this young lad she gave gratifying evidence of hearty an cheerful piety, as one who knew that *all* h sins had been blotted out, and that she ha become a child in God's family. A mistak as to God's forgiveness might have been fatal one to her.

'Cumbered with Serving.'

BY MRS MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SHE was cumbered with serving;—the household, the board,
The meal to be mingled, the feast to be spread,—
So she could not sit still at the feet of the Lord,
Though her spirit was faint for the heavenly bread.

She was cumbered with serving; the quick tones grew sharp,
There were lines on her brow, there was grief in her eyes;
And no time could she spare for the sweet thrilling harp,
Or the hymn that should gently as incense arise.

She was cumbered with serving; she marvelled, indeed,
That any could rest while the work must be done—
The work that was pressing, since days with such speed
Fled on till the night and the fall of the sun.

She was cumbered with serving; the dear Lord was there,—
She could touch Him, could call Him, could bend at His knee;
Yet this was the whole of her querulous prayer—
'O Master, my sister, wilt bid her help me?'

Ah! Martha of Bethany, many there be
Who are cumbered, like thee, with earth's service this day;
And, fettered and weary and fretted like thee,
They go to the Master and bitterly pray.

And some of them, matrons, are tired of steps
All over the house from the morn till the eve;
And some of them, mothers, are pale to the lips
With the tasks they must do or the tasks they must leave.

And their comfort is, when the great tears well up,
And the soul with endeavour and longing is spent,
That the Lord has compassion, who sees their life's cup
So dark with the brewing of hot discontent.

And His 'Cumbered with serving,' although it reprove
And stir them with shame, hath a pitiful tone,
And they hear through its tender reproach the Chrits's love
That never lets slip from its clasping His own.

A Daily Portion.

OCTOBER 23.

'WE KNOW THAT WE HAVE PASSED FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE, BECAUSE WE LOVE THE BRETHREN.'—1 John iii. 14.

If you would stand acquitted at the day of judgment, get an entire love to the saints. Love is the truest touchstone of sincerity. To love grace for grace shows the Spirit of God to be in man. Doth conscience witness for you? (Are you perfumed with this sweet spice of love?) Do you delight most in those in whom the image of God shines? Do you reverence their graces? Do you bear with their infirmities? A blessed evidence that you shall be acquitted at the day of judgment —'We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren.'—*T. Watson.*

OCTOBER 24.

'THY LOVING-KINDNESS IS BETTER THAN LIFE.' —Ps. lxiii. 3.

Wealth and honour may become a burden; yea, life itself may become a burden, but not mercy, not grace, not peace of conscience; and therefore they are 'better than life,' than wealth, than honour. None ever complained of too much mercy, of too much love of God. These are blessings that swallow up other miseries; yea, the loss of other blessings. Grace with poverty, it is a preferment. Peace of conscience with outward troubles is a happy condition. If there be a flowing of spiritual comforts as there is an ebbing of outward comforts, we are not much wronged. Therefore first seek these blessings. — *T. Manton.*

OCTOBER 25.

'THAT THEY MIGHT SET THEIR HOPE IN GOD.'—Ps. lxxviii. 7.

If you would have much of this, call off your affections from other things, that they may be capable of much of it. The same eye cannot both look up to heaven and down to earth at the same time; the more your affections are trussed up and disentangled from the world, the more expedite and active will they be in this hope; the more sober they are, the less will they fill themselves with the coarse delights of earth, the more room will there be in them, and the more they shall be filled with this hope.—*Leighton.*

OCTOBER 26.

'MERCY UNTO YOU, AND PEACE, AND LOVE.'—Jude 2.

In the Old Testament *peace* was usually wished without any mention of *grace;* as Ps. cxxii. 8—'For my brethren and companions' sake I will say, Peace be within thee;' and Dan. vi. 25—'Peace be multiplied unto you.' But in the times of the gospel, *grace* being more fully delivered, that was also added and expressed in the forms of salutation. But yet in the times of the gospel there is some variety and difference. Sometimes you shall meet with a salutation merely civil, as James i. 1—'To the twelve tribes, greeting;' so Acts xv. 23, which was the usual salutation among the heathen; but most usually it is 'grace and peace' (Rom. i. 7); and in other places, 'grace, mercy, and peace,' as 2 John 3 and 1 Tim. i. 2; and here it differeth from them all, for it is 'mercy, peace, and love.' And Causaubon observeth that the Greek fathers, if they wrote to a carnal man, would wish him *grace*, but not *peace;* if to a godly man, they would wish him *grace* and *peace* too.—*T. Manton.*

OCTOBER 27.

'SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD, AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS; AND ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU.'—Matt. vi. 33.

Spiritual blessings are the best blessings that we can wish to ourselves and others. The Apostles in their salutations do not wish temporal felicity, but spiritual grace. God's people pray for one another out of the communion of the Spirit, and for themselves out of a principle of the divine nature; and therefore they do not seek wealth and honour for themselves or one another, but increase of God's favour and image. It is true nature is allowed to speak in prayer, but grace must be heard first. Our first and chiefest requests must be for mercy, peace, and love, and then 'other things shall be added to us.' The way to be heard in other things is first to beg for grace—'He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him length of days for ever.' Solomon sought wisdom, and together with it found riches and honour in great abundance.—*T. Manton.*

OCTOBER 28.

'HOPE TO THE END.'—1 Peter i. 13.

Or perfectly; and therefore the Christian seeks most earnestly, and yet waits most patiently. Indeed this hope is perfect in continuance; it is a hope unto the end, because it is perfect in its nature, although imperfect in degree; sometimes doubtings are intermixed with it in the Christian soul, yet this is their infirmity, as the Psalmist speaks, not the infirmity and insufficiency of the object of their hope.—*Leighton.*

OCTOBER 29.

'THE HYPOCRITE'S HOPE SHALL PERISH.'—Job viii. 13.

Worldly hopes are in their own nature imperfect; they do imply in their very being doubtfulness and wavering, because the things whereon they are built are inconstant and uncertain, and full of deceit and disappointments. How can that hope be immovable that is built upon moving sands or quagmire? That which is itself unfixed cannot give stability to any other thing resting on it; but because the truth and goodness of the immutable God are the foundation of spiritual hope, therefore it is assured, and like Mount Zion, that cannot be removed, and this is its perfection.—*Leighton.*

OCTOBER 30.

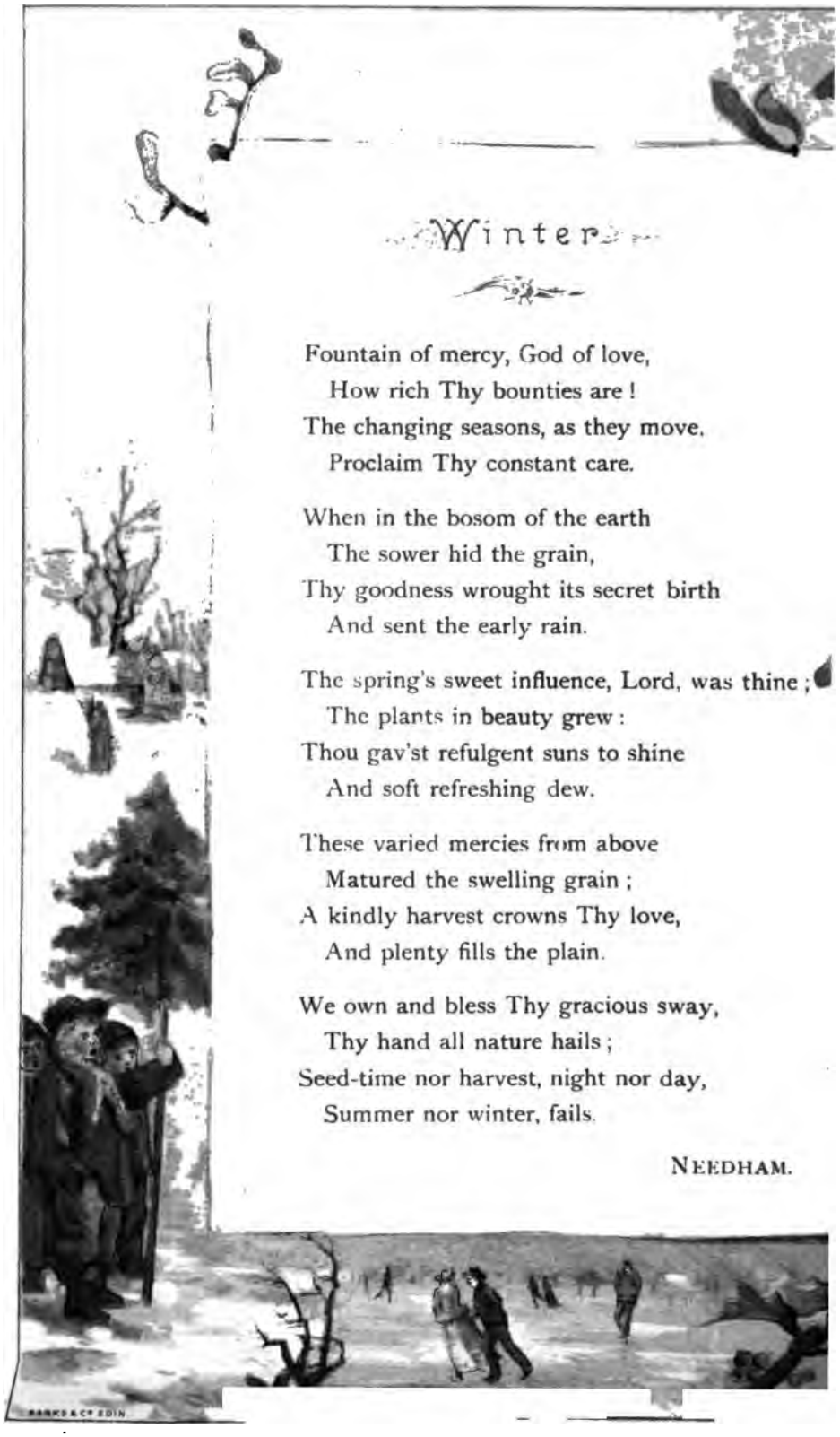
'HE IS ABLE ALSO TO SAVE THEM TO THE UTTERMOST THAT COME UNTO GOD BY HIM.'—Heb. vii. 25.

He is interceding with God, that the merit of His death may be applied to us; and what is that? Salvation 'to the uttermost,' or 'to the end.' The heirs of salvation need not fear miscarrying. Jesus Christ, who is the testator, who by will and testament made over the heritage to them, He also is the executor, He liveth for ever to see His own will executed; He died once to *make* the testament, and He liveth for ever to see it *made good.* Whenever we are in danger, He is entreating His Father for supports and assistances of grace.—*T. Manton.*

OCTOBER 31.

'BE NOT DRUNK WITH WINE, WHEREIN IS EXCESS; BUT BE YE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT.'—Eph. v. 18.

It is great folly in our spiritual warfare to charge ourselves superfluously. All fulness of one thing hinders the receiving and admittance of any other, especially of things so opposite as these fulnesses are. 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be ye filled with the Holy Ghost,' saith the Apostle—that is, a brutish fulness makes a man no man; this divine fulness makes him more than a man. It were happy to be so filled with this as that it might be called a kind of drunkenness, as it was with the Apostles (Acts ii.).—*Leighton.*



Winter.

Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness wrought its secret birth
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew:
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine
And soft refreshing dew.

These varied mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless Thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

NEEDHAM.

THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION—ITS CONDITIONS.

BY REV. ROBERT SMITH, A.M., CORSOCK, DALBEATTIE.

THE term revival, especially in its relation to the individual soul, where all revival has its proper birth, expresses in its general aspect the infusion of a higher degree of energy and intensity into the spiritual life which is common to all believers. Yet a mere increase of earnestness, faithfulness, and zeal does not exhaust the idea. This, indeed, is included, and it is necessary to the higher attainment; but more is involved. No man, however earnest and sincere in his profession, can be said to be revived in the New Testament sense of the word, unless he not only possesses salvation, but has an assured consciousness of his possession of it.

All men are spiritually alive who have, by repentance and faith, turned from sin to God; whose hearts have been renewed, whose sins have been forgiven, who are honestly striving to serve God, and who, even if they know it not, are on the way to heaven as their eternal home.

But it is one thing to be forgiven, and another to enjoy a blessed sense of forgiveness. It is one thing to render to God the obedience of a servant, and another to yield the free, loving, joyous obedience of an adopted son. It is one thing to be on the road to heaven, and another to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. In the one case a man possesses the reality of life; in the other, he has besides the knowledge and conscious experience of it.

These two forms of life do not, indeed, differ from each other in kind, but the difference between them is more than one of degree. There is an element in the one which is wanting in the other; and the absence of that element tends greatly to mar our own spiritual progress, as well as to hinder the diffusion of spiritual life through the community.

A deeper earnestness, a stronger trust in God, and greater devotedness to His service, might have been held as good and sufficient marks of revival in the Old Testament time. But that cannot be regarded as a revival of New Testament life which does not include a realised consciousness of our personal relation to God, of our personal consecration to His service, and of our personal interest in the future inheritance of the saints.

In aiming at this we seek nothing more than has been amply provided for under the gospel, and is intended to be possessed by all who enjoy its privileges. Even under the old dispensation we find examples of rare attainment—beyond, if we may so say, the opportunities of their time. Yet the ordinary platform of experience stood necessarily at a lower level. Christ had not yet been manifested in the flesh; the Spirit had not yet been given in His New Testament form and measure. What may be justly charged against us is, that whilst some in those ancient days outstripped the dispensation under which they lived, and anticipated the coming blessedness of the New, so many are now content to be without the enjoyment of that higher blessedness, and to frame their lives after the model of the past. Of the former, we may say that their bud burst into blossom before its season; of the latter, that their bud is not yet unfolded: the head of corn is still wrapped up within the sheath, even under the glorious sunshine of the gospel.

Yet Christ Himself said (John x. 10), 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' And in anticipation of His resurrection and glory, He used the pregnant words (John xiv. 19), 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' Paul tells us that we are no longer servants, but sons. 'God,' he says, 'hath sent forth His Son, that we might receive the adoption of sons' (Gal. iv. 5). And with this conscious relationship to God as our Father, witnessed to by the Spirit, he connects the ideas of love, joy, hope, filial obedience, and efficient service.

Such, then, being the nature of the revival to be aimed at, we come now to some of the

conditions that must be attended to in order to its attainment. The subject naturally divides itself into three branches: Personal revival, congregational revival, and revival within the general community.

These three are so closely connected and mutually dependent, that, in the order now stated, each may be said to be the proper root out of which the others grow. Ordinarily, at least, personal revival is the source, though confined to one or to a few, and one may term it the condition of congregational revival. And revival in the general community is usually preceded by revival in the congregation. Whatever be the causes of real or apparent exceptions which occur in actual experience, this, at least, must be regarded as the normal order in which the several stages of genuine and widely diffused revival succeed each other.

Each of the now mentioned spheres of revival has conditions more or less peculiar to itself. But there is one universal condition common to all alike—that is, a deep and settled persuasion that spiritual life, and the revival of it, are wholly dependent on the Holy Spirit, and on prayer as the appointed, and also the sure, means of obtaining His aid. Without the outpouring of the Spirit, the most strenuous efforts, the wisest methods of procedure, will utterly fail. The life of the individual believer and of the Church at large is a supernatural life. It originates in, and continues to be fed from, a heavenly source. Cut off from Divine communication, it speedily becomes enfeebled and dies. In the absence of the Spirit, a believing soul, or a company of believing souls, is like a ship becalmed. The motive power is gone. No adjustment of sails, or skilful management of the helm, will carry her forward on her course. The descent of the Spirit is, therefore, the most indispensable of all requirements. Could this truth be embedded in all our minds—could it be inwoven into the very texture of our thoughts, plans, aims, and efforts—and could our congregations, our families, and individual believers be brought to concentrate their hearts on the obtaining of this gift by prayer, we should not have long to complain of the want of revival. This truth, however, has to be supplemented by another—viz., that the gift of the Spirit is most surely to be obtained in answer to prayer, by all who truly seek it. The same cannot be said of all the things which we ask of God. Some things which we account as blessings, and may in their own nature possess this character, are not necessarily blessings in relation to our particular circumstances and wants. Hence God has promised them only under reserve, however long and earnestly we may make them the subject of prayer. He has pledged Himself only to bestow good things—things which are good not merely in the abstract, but in their relation to us. But the gift of the Spirit is always good, and can never be other than good. It occupies a position special to itself. It may be described in a true sense as the one want of the Church; not one blessing among many, but the central blessing, on which all other blessings, and even the faith which accepts Christ, ultimately depend. Its position is peculiar in another respect. No man can accept Christ in the room of another. But one may obtain the gift of the Spirit for another. Indeed, it may be a question whether the grace which precedes faith is not always due to the intercession of others, who are already believers. At that stage the man cannot pray in faith on his own behalf. As, therefore, the faith by which he receives Christ must be exclusively his own personal act, may not the faith which secures the gift of the Spirit, and the ability to believe, be specially, if not exclusively, the act of those who plead for his salvation?

A wide field of responsibility is here opened to our view, and this, taken in connection with the fact that the gift of the Spirit is indispensable, and, further, with the fact that the promise of the Spirit is not conditional on times and circumstances, but absolute to all who truly ask,—all this conclusively shows that we ought to give the foremost place to prayer for the Spirit, as the most essential condition of revival.

(To be continued.)

PRAY IN SECRET.—Five minutes for reflection and self-examination, ten for reading the Scriptures, and fifteen for prayer, daily, is about as little as most Christians can live upon. Many, it is true, have no special time or place for secret prayer, and therefore do not live. It can be spared as easily as the ever-recurring time for our regular meal, and every consideration, temporal and eternal, demands it. The preaching and the praying of Payson were pre-eminent for that unction which secret prayer alone can impart, and hence the peculiar power of the man. One of the richest prayers I ever enjoyed was by an eminent merchant, in the prime of life, and immersed in business. Nothing but faithfulness in private prayer kept his spirit in this frame. This he intimated in reply to a question on the subject.—*Presbyterian.*

KENNETH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER V.

WEEKS passed; the passionate outbreak, chronicled in the fresh young spring, was followed by a healthier moral atmosphere than Truro had before known. The elevating influences of Sabbath service began to be felt—the spirit of order to take the place of misrule. It was no longer respectable for human beings to fight like wild beasts; neither did men drink till they were crazed, and then murder each other. Cock-pits passed into disrepute. The sanctity of the Sabbath was seen in cleanlier habits, and when the bell rung out for worship, bronzed men, accustomed to the wild life of the plains, did not hesitate to crowd in at the open door.

'It's not the serment, though fur that matter the serment is good for folks as can 'preciate,' Jim Trestrail said to Mrs Kew; 'but you see the minister is a man as knows how to speak to a man when he's down and nobody to care for him and nothing. He don't set himself up for his book larnin', but comes right down to hard pan and owns up that he's a feller-sinner, saved by grace, and grace that's free as water. And all that a feller has to do is to reach out and take it.'

'Saved by grace,' repeated Mrs Kew. 'Is that your experience, my friend?'

'I don't mind sayin' it is, Mrs. I've been flung about a good bit, and I've done some things that I'm 'shamed of; but I'm glad I never got outside of God and them things. I tried to sometimes, and I jined in when the mess would be cussin' and swearin'; but when I cum to go to sleep I couldn't help sayin', "Now I lay me,"—just as I did when a little boy, and mother kind of bowed over my head, —"I pray the Lord my soul to keep." I knew she didn't want me to be bad, and I was bad and I drifted out here; and my wife, she's somethin' like mother, she's naturally good, and she couldn't bear to have me to drink and chew, and that sort of thing. Wal, to please her, I left minin' and took to stagin'. I knew what I wanted, but I didn't know jest how to git it, and mother was so fur off I couldn't ask her, and I was 'shamed to be talkin' about my feelin's, and thought mebbe 'twould cum to me in time. You hain't forgot the rain and the stoppin' at Passmore's? Wal, glad was no word for't when that woman told me "that ar young feller" was a minister goin' to Truro. It's then and thar I kalkalated on gettin' religion. I allowed I'd tell my wife, but the days went on, and I didn't speak out fur some reason, and then the children war so pleased with Sunday school, and they wanted me to go. 'Twa'n't no use stayin' at home; but I couldn't go back and be a boy agin, and so I made believe I'd so much to do I couldn't. 'Twas a pretty sight to see 'em kneelin' round the mother, and sayin', "Now I lay me," just as I used to do. Somehow I felt so black and covered with wrong, and they were so clean and never done any great harm.

'One night I thought I couldn't stand it any longer; I'd go to the minister and out with it. But I couldn't. I'd done so much that was bad, I was feared he'd have no confidence in me. And the devil, he said, "Jim Trestrail, it ain't no use fur an old sinner like you to try to get good; you can't. If you'd begun when you was little, you could; but it's too late."

'I just felt awful. 'Twas Saturday night, and I allowed I'd go to church once more, just to see and to hear him agin; then I'd give it all up and settle down that it couldn't ever be. An old sinner couldn't cum out white agin'; no use tryin'.

'It's plain to me, and still I'm kind of awk'ard repeatin', whar it says about your sins bein' washed as white as snow.'

There was a perceptible pause. Tears gathered in the speaker's eyes. He choked and could not go on. Rachel felt the mist gather in her own eyes. At the same time she repeated slowly—

'"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."'

'Yes, that's it. Wal, I do believe he never talked as he did that mornin'. I couldn't see how 'twas, but I meant to ask. God shouldn't have it to say agin' me that I didn't go to Him in my trouble. As soon as I got home I just down on my marrow-bones, and asked God to take me as I was and make me white as snow. I can't say I expected He would do it, but I was honest in askin'. I wanted to have my sins washed away, and it was done. I felt so light and everything was shinin', I thought somebody must have let down a great lamp from the top; but I couldn't see nothin', and I felt so clean inside—nothin' bad swayin' and heavin', an' leavin' me knowin' nothin'. And the minister, he cum along, and he sez in his lovin' way, "Trestrail, haven't you somethin' to be thankful fur?" And he held out his hand, and I clutched it. "That I have," sez I. "It's cum to me, God's Spirit, and I'm a clean man." "Let's pray," he sez; and he prayed to God just as easy as I talk to you. And since that, Mis' Kew, I've had no occasion to go back.'

Rachel had heard good news of Trestrail from her husband, but the honest sincerity of the man filled her with a gladness that brought tears to her eyes.

'Per'aps I should have been content without tellin' you,' Trestrail continued, after a moment's hesitation; 'but I've been tryin' to help by gittin' the men out, and I tell 'em what God has done for me He'll do for them, and more, if they will trust Him to do it.'

'I am glad you told me,' said Rachel, who had now found words. 'I have heard my husband say that you had influence with the men—quite as much, or more, than he had.'

'Not more'n the minister! No, Mistress. But I'm glad and proud to say it, Jim Trestrail has influence with the men at Passmore's ranche and the men at the mines, and when they can they will come to meetin'. And, Mis' Kew, I've been thinkin' a good deal about things lately, and thar's no denyin' thar's a sight of work to do before things can be brought round square. Thar's the children, a sight of 'em that has nobody to help 'em, and they go into saloons and that sort of places, and get no good and a good deal of evil. My wife tried it, but she couldn't somehow; and I thought as how if you knew how poor and miserable and homeless they were, you'd go round among 'em, and you'd know a way better'n we've tried yet ter help 'em. It seems to me they'll cum with you, Mis' Kew, and folks can't say nothin' agin' it.'

'I will go,' Rachel answered. 'We must help the children; it is what we are here for. We must save them from falling into the sins their fathers have known.'

'I knew you'd do it, Mis' Kew, and now I'll go home. I'm awk'ard in tellin', but I want to do things on the square, and I'm askin' God to help me and to give me a glib tongue, if it pleases Him.'

Long after her visitor went down the walk Rachel Kew stood in the door, looking into the world of work and sunshine. Change was written on everything—streets were bordered with trees; most of the shanties had given place to substantial dwellings; the church was crowned with a spire. Farther on a herd of cattle were drifting towards the plains, and behind them shone the white top of an emigrant's waggon. The field was enlarging; civilisation was rushing westward. On every hand there were golden opportunities, that must be met with hope and trust and energy.

The breeze rippled through the sweet pea-vines that clustered around the casement. The roses and the waxen lilies reminded her of the old home. The air was full of sweetness, while the song of gladness in her heart harmonised with the spirit of beauty abroad in the world. Gathering a handful of roses, she turned to enter the house, when she encountered a young girl who had been for a short time in her Sabbath-school class.

'We missed you, Rexy. I am glad to have you back again,' she said, with a warmth of feeling that brought tears to the girl's eyes.

'I thought I would come and tell you that I am going away. You was kind to me, and told me how to be good, but I can't. How can anybody be good when they have nothing and nobody to help 'em?'

'You have Jesus to help you, have you not?' Mrs Kew asked.

'But when them that's yer own don't care?' lifting her dark eyes with a searching glance into Rachel Kew's face.

'Have you a mother, Rexy?'

'We call her mother, but she ain't. She don't care what comes of me if I only keep out of sight, she says; and I thought, perhaps, you would know, Mis' Kew, where a girl can go who wants to be good and don't know how to begin. Mebbe I could be, if I knew how.'

There was such a look of humility in the old, young face, so much pathetic tenderness in the voice, the heart of the woman was touched with sympathy.

'Would your mother be willing to have you live with me, Rexy?'

'She says I'm big enough to earn my own livin'. I wish I could earn it here, Mis' Kew. I will try, oh, so hard?'

Quick thoughts flashed through Rachel's mind. Would it be right to give the girl encouragement before she had spoken to her husband about it? Then, again, would it be right to let her drift into whatever place the people would give her shelter? It would be right to give her help in her loneliness; besides, was not this case of neglect and destitution the very thing to which Trestrail had just called her attention? And she had promised to look after the needs of the children.

'Yes, Rexy, you shall stay with me, and we will be learners together,' she said at length.

For answer the girl dropped her head over her clasped hands and wept silently. It was the first step towards better things.

CHAPTER VI.

Notwithstanding the exhaustive efforts of Carey Kew and his wife to maintain religious rule and supremacy in the quickly-growing city of Truro, they found time to write long letters to Karl Lubeck and his good wife Christine.

'Their feet are touching the sunset. We must not have the appearance of forgetting them,' was said. And thus letters were written and distance forgotten in the sweet bond of sympathy that ever has, and must ever swell with rapture souls whose springs are fed from the same spiritual fountain. With the exception that Mrs French's house was occupied by strangers (Mrs French and Augusta Kew having gone to India, the latter to marry Hinckley), the social and spiritual status of Brentford was quite the same as when they left. Sometimes a letter was received from India that gave vivid pen-pictures of the work going on in that far-off field, of the study necessary to master the language, and the faith and patience to wait God's time.

Not so with regard to Kenneth Kline. The description of his work was but a transcript of their own, and frequently, as Zoe gave a graphic account of places visited and work attempted, Rachel would drop her head to the level of the young pastor's shoulder, and in her old serious way ask him if he had ever painted the like picture for Zoe.

'In all portions of the home field the main features of the work are alike,' was the reply, 'with this exception, that in the West we must finish the work as we go on. There is no aftermath.'

Through the influence of Jim Trestrail and others, who, like him, had been led to abandon the old sinful course, there were frequent invitations for the young pastor to preach in the neighbourhoods adjoining Truro. On these occasions his wife accompanied him. Several times they had been to Passmore's ranche, and at last the woman, who had not been homesick since the baby died and was buried in the garden, was gladdened by the knowledge that a pastor was coming to gather up a church and live with his people. The idea of Sabbath, 'such as it used to be,' filled her heart with delight.

In the opposite direction were the mines, or what had been, not extensively worked now, but still with several families and a good number of young people growing up without God in the world.

'If you can go to-morrow,' Jim Trestrail stopped to say to the pastor, 'I will see that a meetin' is app'inted. They're a good enough set, but mighty careless 'bout doin' things. No Sunday for them kind—fish, hunt, dance, and sing; anything to kill time.'

'Are you sure they want preaching?' asked the pastor.

'Thar's one woman sez she's waited for years, and prayed every day to God that He would send them a minister.'

'But I am to preach once merely, and at night in a schoolhouse,' the pastor returned.

'To my mind, when thar's one prayin' woman in a community, there's encouragement enough to organise a Sunday school, and by-and-by there'll be a minister,' was said confidently.

'You are right, my friend. One praying woman with God to aid her is enough to save a neighbourhood even more careless and indifferent than this of which we speak,' was the warm response.

The road lay through a sparsely-settled population, with low hills covered with wild grass and mountain sage; rocks towered up as landmarks, and again rocks bearing witness to the drill and the hammer; gulches down which the golden sands had overrun, and might, when another vein was reached, run again. As the clouds borne by the wind drift onward, so the rush after gain, luring the more adventurous to the belt of rock-ribbed hills, rich with stores of buried centuries.

'Everything has to be broken, even to the box of precious ointment,' Rachel said, bringing her gaze from the hills back to the face of her husband. 'Igneous causes have shaped the world for habitation. Does it not remind you of the fire that broke out in the Pyrenees Mountains? The glorious old forests were consumed. The terrible heat rent the rocks, and the gold and silver secreted there ran down the water-courses, and gave to the Spaniards immense riches.'

'I remember the story,' smiled the pastor. 'After all, it is the working out of the great plan begun when Adam and Eve left the garden—the discipline of life, the spirit to do, being quite as necessary as the spirit to receive. Rocks are broken for gold; hearts are broken in order that buried talent may be brought to light, and a bolder testimony and more positive service may be done for the Church and the world.

'In view of this needful discipline, this breaking up of natural forces before a harvest can be gathered, it seems strange that infidelity should everywhere abound. Nothing but the knowledge that man is by nature at enmity with God can reconcile the idea of such blind perversity, the rejection of the very principle that makes this life a success, and without which the future will be bleak and bare and barren, without one ray to light the gloom whose folds must darken with time,' was the response.

Rachel's eyes were noting the landscape—a sod-house scooped out of the hillside, with a flower garden on the top, and clustering vines curling over the few panes of glass.

'Somebody has said that a lady is a woman in a high state of civilisation. Whatever may be said of the definition, I feel sure there is a lady here,' smiled Rachel.

'I am not positive with reference to the way, and as your inferences are pleasing, we will stop and inquire.'

The pastor smiled. To tell the truth, the air of simple beauty about the place made him anxious to know the presiding spirit of such a home. The door had neither bolt nor bar; on the contrary, a single leather string hung out. The strangers did not find it necessary to pull this, however; for as soon as they alighted the door was opened by a tall, slender woman, with a babe in her arms. With a modest blush she invited them into the one room that answered for parlour, nursery, library, &c. With large dark eyes, dark waving hair, good complexion, and almost perfect features, the woman would have been termed handsome anywhere. But what rendered her charming in the eyes of her visitors was the serene self-possession and elegance of speech and action. A carpet in soft wood colours and small pattern covered the hard earth floor, and the stuccoed wall was white, giving an air of healthfulness to otherwise humble surroundings.

'We have not always been here,' was said in a calm, cheerful tone. 'My husband was unfortunate in business; then sickness fol-

lowed. I could not bear to see him cast down, and I said to him that I would remain here while he tried to regain his position.'

'You must miss old friends and old associations,' was said tenderly.

Tears gathered in the dark eyes.

'As God wills,' was said in the same calm voice.

With a pretty girlish movement, Rachel crossed the small room and kissed the woman on the lips.

'You have learned the sweet lesson of love and confidence in God. I was sure of it,' turning a smiling face to her husband.

There was now no barrier. Children of the same Father, heirs to the same inheritance, the joy and gladness of each heart was the same.

The babe woke with a little cry, and then nestled closer to his mother.

'My child has taught me many a lesson. What time I am afraid I cling closer to the Everlasting Arms. My heavenly Father can take better care of me than I can of my child, and this gives me peace.'

There had been a mistake; they were out of their way by a mile, must turn back, and take a road verging in another direction.

'The people are rough, I am told. There is one praying woman, however. I shall expect great things from your service there,' the woman said at parting.

'As you cannot be with us, you will remember us in prayer. It is one of the sweetest morsels in the Christian's daily food that God hears prayer, and the cry of His children meets His ear regardless of time and distance,' was the reply.

'God's hand was in it,' said Rachel, as they went back to where the road forked. 'At first I could not decide as to what made her so beautiful. It was the love and trust in her heart shining out through her features like an illumined vase of costly workmanship. How beautiful it is for a human soul to be anchored to the throne of God! What a privilege! and how faintly we appreciate it; and so many fail to realise it in the faintest degree.'

The fear of being late led to brisk driving. The country was rugged and seamed with gulches. The daylight was gone when they reached the schoolhouse. A good many people had collected; saddle-horses and strange-looking vehicles told that several of them had come from a distance. The men were walking about and smoking; some of the older women were knitting. The services began. The pastor and his wife were good singers. The melody of the grand old hymn touched their hearts; the pipes slipped into their pockets; the click of the knitting was no longer heard. The sermon that followed, aimed to show man's need and God's willingness to save even to the uttermost those who come unto Him. There were more prayers and more singing. The cold, hard faces softened; tears gathered and were wiped away.

'This is what we want to do; we wan live better lives,' said one of the very wo who had been knitting.

'That we do,' was the echo.

'We can't bear to see our children grov up without Sunday and Sunday school,' another.

'Do you wish this sufficiently to mal sacrifice for it?' asked the minister. 'W you like to have a place where you c gather on Sunday with your children your friends, in order to study God's W Would you like a Sunday school? and w will you do towards maintaining it?'

The voice was persuasive, the ma tender. The people felt that, however it with them, there was a man to love them to be interested in them.

'We will do all we kin,' answered a ro headed man, who seemed to be a leader.

'Say what you will, I'll stan' by you, ta as how he'll cum,' said another, nodding head in the direction of the minister.

'We wants one as knows what it is t poor,' said the woman who had thus far l the principal speaker.

'We are neither of us as poor as Christ when upon earth. He had not where to His head,' was the reply.

All this time Rachel was looking from dark face to another for the woman who years had been praying for a minister. could not quite make up her mind. Of co it was not the woman with the broad f and foreign accent; neither was it the sm wizened creature in a red dress and h black bonnet. Possibly she was not co But then she was to come; and a stran look of perplexity rested on the face of t minister's wife as the meeting was dismiss

Up to this time not a word of hospitali had been spoken. The minister himself w beginning to feel anxious about the nigh lodging, when the quick thud of hoofs stru his ear, and the next instant a young gi scarcely more than a child, rode her po directly to the door, and, without dismoun ing, asked in a clear, liquid voice, for Mr an Mrs Kew.

'This is the man as preached for us, if i him, Miss,' said a man as he pulled his pi from his pocket, and prepared for a smo going home.

'Certainly, I mean the preacher; moth couldn't come, and I've ridden Bess almo to death to get him to stay with us to-night

The voice was bright and cheery, and, Rachel said afterwards, a great burden w lifted from her heart. She knew now whe the woman was of whom they had hear and the thought of staying a night at h house was a pleasant one.

The girl turned in her saddle, and held o a small hand neatly gloved.

'You will excuse me if I do not get dow Mother did not get word in time, and s will be anxious until she sees me.'

'I am sorry to have made a ride at th

hour necessary for you; doubtless some one of these good people would have taken us home with them,' the minister said, curbing a smile.

'But we want you,' was the reply, with an earnestness quite captivating.

The road wound through a rocky defile, and seemed to be quite apart from the one by which they had come.

The moon was just rising over the highest crags, and the soft silvery light brought beauty out of deformity, and gave rise to countless aerial shapes and fairy shadowing.

'My mother's name is Severance. You will please to call me Belva,' said the young girl. 'This moonlight is charming. How very glad I am that you will have this to remember when you think of our ride.'

It was impossible to keep up anything like conversation with Belva cantering along the road, then wheeling round to fling back a word, to which Rachel would answer, and then away, herself and her pony, in the soft moonlight, looking to be one and the same animated intelligence.

A cloud crossed the moon, and almost simultaneously they came to a ridge from which they gazed into a basin that must once have been a lake.

A substantial dwelling could be seen, with outlying buildings and long, low sheds. The pony shot forward and was lost in the shadows. When the strong lumbering waggon came up Belva was standing on the steps. Behind her was her mother, a white-haired, dignified woman, slightly lame, and leaning on a cane. Two or three half-breeds were standing in the yard, and a dark-faced woman came from the rear of the house to look on.

'Mr and Mrs Kew, mother,' said Belva, advancing to meet the visitors and bring them into the house.

'I cannot call you strangers. I have heard of your work, and I am glad to welcome you to my own roof,' said the white-haired woman, in a way that brought tears to Rachel's eyes.

It reminded her of Christine Lubeck as she first saw her, and Belva's fresh young face was not unlike what Zoe Crownley's had been.

'You have had a wearisome day, and Nina's supper is waiting,' said Mrs Severance.

The meal was appetising, and conversation was easy and unimpeded.

Going back to the parlour, mention was made of losing their way and the beautiful woman they had met.

'That must have been Mrs Lowledge. Did you learn her name? A most charming woman and a thoroughly Christian character. Every one loves Leeta Lowledge.'

'It must be the same. I never saw a face that bore evidence of a purer spirit; and the child, it reminded me of one of Raphael's matchless pictures,' Rachel said with enthusiasm.

'The child! Did you hear that, Belva? Pray tell me, had the child dark eyes and hair like its mother?'

'The babe was sweetly sleeping in his mother's arms—a healthful face and fair,' was the reply.

'What a beautiful thing it is when love to God takes possession of a human soul!' said Mrs Severance. 'Leeta Lowledge was not always beautiful with the beauty one sees in her face now. She has known what it is to suffer and grow strong.'

'Does this account for the serene, quiet expression that makes her face so charming?' was asked.

'I think so—the dross all burned away; only the happy, trusting spirit shining through,' was the reply.

'It is the transfiguration,' said the minister. 'The elect of God are to be conformed to the image of His Son, and no veil will be thick enough to hide the shining of the face that has been on the mountain with our glorious Lord.'

'The calm, sweet spirit Christ gives His disciples contrasts strongly with the unrest and the anxiety of the worldling. When we can say that all our springs are in God, then this peace is ours. It may be storm or sunlight without; in the heart peace reigns, the peace of God, which passeth understanding,' continued Mrs Severance.

Belva drew the curtains aside. A silvery radiance filled the room, and Rachel commenced singing—

'I would be my Saviour's loving child,
With a heart set free from its passions wild,
Rejoicing in Him and His own sweet ways;
An echo of heaven's unceasing praise,
A mirror here of His light and love,
And a polished gem in His crown above.
Such would I be,
Thine, O Saviour! and one with Thee.'

Then the children of one Father bowed reverently before Him and separated for the night.

'What a beautiful day we have had!' Rachel said.

'Beautiful! Yes,' echoed her husband. '"For the Lord taketh pleasure in His people; He will beautify the meek with salvation."'

(To be continued.)

How to Pray in Secret.—The question often arises, as to whether we ought to kneel down in the presence of others, or pray mentally and literally in secret. Some feel that the former method savours of ostentation, and some that the opposite indicates a fear of man. It is evident that either mode is proper, and that the one is best that most effectually subserves the great end for which secret prayer was enjoined. Any Christian who succeeds in wresting an hour a day, or possibly half-an-hour, from the world, will experience the richness of those promises made in the Apocalypse 'to him that overcometh.'—*Presbyterian.*

WHEN IT RAINS, LET IT RAIN.

BY REV. S. IRENAEUS PRIME, D.D.

MY father was one of the rural clergy — a country pastor. It was his habit when he went from home to exchange pulpits with a distant brother, or to attend Synod, to take with him a few sermons. For them he had a pasteboard case, into which they would slide, and travel without being folded. On one side of this case he had written in a bold hand a Latin motto, of which I may write to you hereafter, and on the other side these words —'WHEN IT RAINS, LET IT RAIN.'

Long before I knew what they were intended to teach, I spelled them out, and wondered what difference it made whether he *let* it rain or not: it was not likely that it would rain more or less because he had a will about it. But as I grew older, and perhaps a little wiser, I began to see the meaning and the value of the motto, and to lay it up in my heart, and to practise it in my life. I soon found also that ministers have special need of the virtue it teaches in the matter of rainy Sundays. They make preparation for the pulpit with much care, labour, and hope. They have a special object, perhaps, in view, and are very anxious to see all their people in their places when they come with this message from the mouth of God. They rise on the Sabbath morning, and lo! the rain is descending, the floods are coming, and it is certain there will be more pews than people in church. What shall he do? The sermon is not for those who will turn out in the rain so much as it is for those who will certainly stay at home. He is tempted to fret at the weather. The discontented missionary to Nineveh, when there was too much sun, exclaimed, 'I do well to be angry,' and the country pastor is ready to be angry because it rains.

Then comes up the much-argued question —'Shall I preach my sermon prepared for to-day, rain or shine, people or no people, or shall I take an old one, or preach an offhand discourse, on the principle that anything will do for a rainy day?' The wise pastor has no invariable rule on the subject. Sometimes he does the one thing, and again he does the other, according to circumstances. And those of his people who go to church in all weathers say, 'Our minister preaches his best sermons on rainy Sundays.' They do not know the secret of it, which is that they who have the heart to brave a storm and go to the house of God are sure to find its word and ordinances sweet to their taste; yea, sweeter than the honeycomb. Like wine on the lees, well refined, it rejoices the heart.

When Dean Swift's congregation was so small as to include only the sexton and himself, he began the service, instead of 'Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth,' &c., by saying, 'Dearly beloved *Roger*, the Scripture,' &c. The Dean was not a very serious preacher, and with him this was a pleasantry. But many a preacher whose audience was nearly as few as his has preached with power and great effect, to the glory of God. The jailer was the only hearer when the gospel made him cry out, 'What shall I do?' The Great Teacher Himself was willing to teach one at a time. And the minister who dismisses all thought about numbers, and just goes onward preaching the Word to many or to few, trusting in God to make it effectual to accomplish that whereunto it is sent, will in the end do the best work for the Master.

My father faithfully acted upon this principle, and always let it rain without worrying himself about it. He never stopped for a storm. He said it was no part of his business to bring the people out when it rained, but he would do his whole duty in the pulpit, and they who heard and they who did not would have their respective accounts to render. This was the quiet conviction of a strong, brave man, who did not undertake to regulate the weather or to manage the affairs of the universe. He was content to do his duty, and he just did it.

The rule is as good for the people as it is for the pastor, and quite as good in all the affairs of this life of ours as it is on Sunday. How often even good people say—'I'm *so* sorry it rains to-day: I would rather have it rain all the week than on Sunday.' But that rain which shuts them in the house on the Sabbath, and deprives them of the means of grace in the sanctuary, would not hinder them from going to their daily business or to a kettledrum.

Nor is it the weather only that worries the souls of discontented people. They are never pleased with things as they are, and would like to have the ordering of events in their own hands. But if they had, they would then complain of having so much to do, they have no time for rest. And it is altogether likely if they had the management of the weather and everything else, they would not have it any more to their minds than it is now, when Infinite wisdom directs it for the greatest good of the greatest number. It is a fact that they who fret the most about the little troubles and vexations of every-day life are they who have the least faculty for making things go better. Real executive ability and force belong to persons of a calm, equable, and steady mind. Such people take things as they come: if it rains they let it, and, with umbrella and rubbers, go about the work that is to be done; if company comes unexpectedly to dinner, they give them the best they have, and with the sauce of cheerfulness make a

dinner of herbs more enjoyable than a stalled ox; if the china falls, they smile at the last remark as if they did not hear the awful crash; or when the market falls, and real estate and fancy stocks, and the price of corn, go rushing amain down, they possess their souls in patience, saying it will all come around right by-and-by: when it rains, let it rain.

This spirit of acquiescence in the divine will is in harmony with the use of all right means to produce such results as our judgment approves. But it also forbids impatience, grumbling, fretfulness, the sulks, despondency; and it requires us in all things, even in the smallest, to say with reverence and childlike submission, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'

VILLAGE BOYS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE city is commonly supposed to be full of temptations to evil, and boys in their teens to be peculiarly in peril. A lad between fifteen and twenty, whose home is in a quiet rural village where there is no excitement, and neither theatre nor drinking saloon allures with its gaudy attractions, is, according to the superficial observer, as safe as possible from the snares of vice. The circumstances about him favour his development into the best order of manhood. Why should he go astray? If he does, where is his excuse? And how does it happen that boys who have been trained in Christian households fall into wrong-doing as soon as they are left to themselves?

'C.'s mother can do nothing with him,' was remarked in our hearing the other day of a certain young fellow, whose bright eyes and pleasant face had been a passport to our favour. Then followed a catalogue of C.'s faults and defects of character, and the tale, confirmed by several witnesses, of his having been seen in liquor, and of his spending money too lavishly for his means. 'It is unaccountable,' said his critic, 'for his father was so strict with him. The boy was kept down while he lived. But his mother has always been too indulgent.'

It was not unaccountable to one listener at least. The old story—father pulling in one way and mother in another—had been repeated, when this poor lad had been growing up. 'Kept down!' How many parents forget that the keeping-down style of home government is tyranny. The meanest qualities are always fostered under despotism. The object of government in the family should be to teach self-control, willing obedience to law, because it is right to obey. And the one thing never lost sight of ought to be the individual responsibility of every child to God, its divine Father.

To return to our village boy and his compeers. There are few young people who enjoy incessant work, with no play. The dulness of many a country home drives its boys outdoors for the recreation which they crave. Mother is a model housekeeper. She cannot endure a speck of dust anywhere. Her parlour is never used as a gathering-place for the family. To save every penny she can has been the rule of her life. Therefore, in winter, everybody huddles in the sitting-room around one fire, and nobody is expected to go off with a private lamp to any room of his or her own. There is great frugality in the matter of light.

One by one, as the boys get old enough to hate the humdrum evenings which have no single thing about them to awaken interest or pleasure, they slip away. They meet others of their age; and, sitting in some hospitable grocery, or clustering at the station or the post office, they tell stories, joke, sing, do many innocent things and some not innocent, and form the habit of staying away from home in the evening. Very likely at some corner of the village street stands a little shop, unpretentious to city eyes, but with a certain baleful charm to wistful boys, who, venturing within its doors, feel a thrill of awe at their own daring.

Who that has ever watched a wary spider tightening his silken cords about an unhappy captive, does not know how deftly the saloon-keeper—spider he of civilisation—ties his cords about his victims. Once in that den as a visitor, the boy loses something of self-respect, and the downward path is easy.

Make home cheerful, good people in middle life—bright, winsome, and beautiful to your young sons and daughters. One way in which you can do this is by furnishing them with a liberal supply of good reading. The meagre provision made for the mind in houses where the provision for the body is generous is something which we can never understand. How can young or old thrive on a diet composed of the county paper once a-week, and the Sabbath-school library books brought home by Tom and Jenny? The fact is, they do not thrive. They starve, and leanness comes into their souls.

A good religious paper, an illustrated weekly of high character, and a monthly magazine (such as the *Christian Treasury*) should be taken in at every home where there is the thrift of the average householder. Be frugal elsewhere. Let the dress be plainer, and, if need be, cut off the rich desserts, the pastry and cake, which make so many people sufferers from the fiend of dyspepsia. But provide books and papers, and do not frown on wholesome merriment.

THE ARITHMETIC OF HEAVEN.

DANIEL WEBSTER had been attending divine service in the Park Street Church, Boston. It is a staunch, orthodox church, and at that time was not in high favour with the Unitarians. Coming away from church, he was met by a Unitarian gentleman, who said to him, 'So you have been to church, where they teach that three times one are one?' Mr Webster replied with that solemn voice of his, now more intensely solemn than usual—

'My friend, you and I do not understand the arithmetic of heaven.'

If any man less than Mr Webster had made this reply, it might be considered an evasion of the difficulty suggested. Mr Webster had been attending church, where the doctrine of the Trinity is taught, Three persons in one godhead, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Three in One. No human intellect can comprehend the mode of such existence. And some there are who reject the truth, because it does not seem to them reasonable that One should be Three, and Three should be One.

When Jesus Christ said, 'I and My Father are one,' He uttered a truth just as hard to believe, as when it is affirmed of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit that 'these three are one.' And the average mind may be slow to accept a truth that is so readily challenged, and so easily made to appear contradictory. But such a mind as Mr Webster's, far above the average, probably one of the greatest minds that God ever bestowed on a man, easily set the difficulty aside, by the simplest of all processes, laying it down as one of those statements which are perfectly intelligible in the light of eternity, however hard to be measured and grasped by the intellect in this stage of existence. If an ordinary man had thus silenced an objector, we would not claim it as very important, but considered as the solution which was satisfactory to such an intellect as that of Daniel Webster, it might be sufficient to deliver it from the criticism to which it is subjected by men who (except in their own estimation) do not approach the measure of the stature of such a giant. And the same is true in regard to many of the truths of our holy religion. It has been the aim of one set of critics to assail divine truth because of its being hard to be understood, and of another set to explain that which cannot be explained, so that men may believe it. Both these are spending their strength for naught. It is no objection to a statement that it is above our understanding. We do not say *yours*. You may be so much wiser and better than your neighbour, that you can see farther into a millstone than he can, owing to your sharper vision. But there are thousands of mysteries in nature, problems we do not try to explain, which nevertheless are real and precious. It is a truth that we are made of soul, body, and spir and so exist in a trinity that is incomprehe sible, but not incredible. It would be absu to deny it, because some one meeting us the street should say that we believe thr times one are one! The mystery of life itse without taking into the account the relatio of mind and matter, or of soul and body, one to be received with reverence and av for it is simply a fact, a truth, that neith science nor revelation has made intelligib We know it, but who can with knife or mic scope, or with the words of wisdom, expl the mode of human existence, the hidir place of the spirit in man, or the secret spri of thought? Who would wish to say tl the mode of man's existence is not equa with that of God beyond the reach of hum understanding? But it is right to say, and carries with it great meaning to say, that we cannot by searching find out ourselv much less can we hope to master the Infin and reckon by the arithmetic of heaven!

It was to suppress inquiries which can be answered this side of heaven that disciple was told that what he knew not n he would know hereafter. There is to be him and all of us a hereafter. Mr Webs *calculated* on it. To him the sciences heaven were a distinct and palpably evid reality. What they may be, he would venture to suggest. If the critic had press him further by asking if he supposed th could be any place in the universe, or a stage of existence, where and when th angles of a triangle would not be equal to t right angles, or three times two would ma seven, he would have answered, 'You and do not understand the arithmetic of heav let us be content to take the truth as it taught us in the Word of God, believing tl what we know not now, we will know he after.'

A great mind rests satisfied in that act faith. A little learning is said to be dangerous thing. Feeble intellects are m easily troubled with doubts than are th great minds that readily understand how below the infinite ranks the highest of finite; that there may be depths of knowle into which angels may desire to look and be able. This is coming to be the faith the age. We hear and read much of spirit of unbelief as a feature of the prese But there has been a great decline of t sentiment which reproached Daniel Webs for going to an orthodox church, as if he been guilty of something very foolish, a quite unworthy of so great a man. There not a gentleman in Boston who would another that question to-day. Indeed, would be hard to find among those who c themselves Christian, and still worship G in church, a man who does not admit the p sonality of the Three in One, referring t

solution of the sum to the arithmetic of heaven. The few who were either too great or too small to accept such a postponement of the question have wandered off into the darkness of atheism, softening the horror of the situation by calling it agnosticism. But the progress of time, of thought, of calm discussion, has wrought a gradual change in the mind of the age. Names remain, but they do not mean what they did when Mr Webster was in his prime. It is not now decent to deny that Jesus is the Son of God. An infidel is now regarded as a public enemy. Christianity is accepted as the religion of civilisation. Science has conspicuously failed in constructing the universe without a creator, and education confesses itself unable to teach in this world the arithmetic of heaven.—*New York Observer.*

A DECEITFUL BROOK.

In my walks, a few days ago, I observed by the roadside a sprightly brook, whose waters went babbling past. A stranger would hardly have suspected but that it was a genuine brook—a perennial stream. But a few days later, on my passing along the same road, no brook was to be seen. The channel along which it had flowed was dry. I was reminded of these words of Job —'My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the streams of brooks they pass away.'

The explanation of the matter was this. Just before I had first passed along the road there had been a copious rain, swelling all the streams, and causing some to flow where there had been none before. During the interval no rains had fallen, and all the waters that ran along this channel had flowed away. The stream was fed by no hidden spring. There was no living fountain in which it had its source, and hence its sudden suspension.

And so, thought I, is it with regard to the piety of many. In a time of spiritual refreshing they seem to have become religious. By all that appears, there is no essential difference between them and real Christians. But wait and see. After the lapse of a few weeks or months, lost again. Alas! all their goodness has proved as the moving cloud, and as the early dew, that goeth away. And why? Because it sprang from no living fountain. Its source was in themselves. Their life was not 'hid with Christ in God.' All other religion, however promising at its beginning, but that which has its source in Him, will ere long fail. It will no more survive than the branch severed from the vine or the trunk from the head. The only religion that will live and flourish at all seasons and in all weathers is that

'Whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.'

H. S.

A Daily Portion.

NOVEMBER 1.

'He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.'—John i. 11.

His palace was a stable, His courtiers beasts, His chair of state a manger, His royal robes a few rags. No bells ring; no bonfires proclaim His birth through the popular streets; no great ladies come to visit His mother. Instead of thundering in the clouds, He lies crying in the manger; for beating down His enemies He is glad to flee from their faces into Egypt. Where was then His glorious power, or how appeared His majesty? Yes, His coming was in great power; for if all the devils in hell could have hindered it, He had been stayed. Yea, for this He came, to dissolve the works of the devil. If our sins could [they would] have letted [*i.e.*, hindered] it; yea, they rather brought Him. It was not our merits but our sins that drew Him from heaven.—*T. Adams.*

NOVEMBER 2.

'He was in the world.'—John i. 10.

The tyranny of Herod, and that butcherly inquisition bloodied in the deaths of so many infant martyrs, could not cross it. The kings of the earth conspire and take counsel together, but neither their power nor policy could withstand it. Neither was the glory of Christ wanting, though it conveyed itself in a less public form. He had a famous harbinger to go before Him and to prepare His way—John the Baptist—than whom there rose not a greater among them that were born of women. His bonfire was in heaven, a star directing the wise men to Him. The bells that rung for joy were armies of angels—a 'heavenly host praising God.' His palace heaven, His regal throne man's conscience, His robes His own merits, richly adorning us; there was majesty in His humility. Thus came the Lord of life to the children of death. —*T. Adams.*

NOVEMBER 3.

'The power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.'—2 Pet. i. 16.

This concerns the matter manifested, wherein the Apostle intends the sum of the gospel and the full salvation that is given us by Christ, in whom are all the treasures of blessedness. Of this he makes two distinct parts. First, that Christ came in the flesh, suffered for our sins, and rose again for our justification. Secondly, the virtue and efficacy of this in our hearts, when we manifest the fruit of it

in our well living and well believing. He came to suffer for our offences, to deliver us from Satan, death, and hell, to reconcile us to God, to consecrate us holy temples to Himself, and to give us everlasting life. Now, when we feel these gracious effects wrought in us, killing lust, quickening goodness, conforming us to obedience, and confirming us in faithfulness; this is to be benefited by the power and coming of our Lord Jesus. He that is righteous came to sinners that He might make sinners righteous; He that was humble came to the proud, that of proud He might make them humble.—*T. Adams.*

NOVEMBER 4.

'THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST: IT IS THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION.'—Rom. i. 16.

The gospel is no weak thing, but comes in power; for Christ's coming hath yet a further latitude. He came once unto men, He comes still unto men; that was in the flesh, this is in the Spirit. The law, indeed, did more amaze the conscience, and was delivered with greater terror, that it made Moses himself quake and fear. (Now, if there was such thundering at the law-giving, what would have been at the law-breaking!) The law came with more terror, but the gospel comes with more power. For that could not turn his heart that bare it in his hand; but the gospel is able to change the man—'It is the power of God unto salvation.' The law may set before us our wretched estate by sin, but there leaves us desperate: it discovers our disease, prescribes no cure; it doth express sin, but cannot suppress sin. It is the glory and bleeding spectacle of Jesus crucified in the gospel that heals the soul.—*T. Adams.*

NOVEMBER 5.

'AS SORROWFUL, YET ALWAYS REJOICING.'—2 Cor. vi. 10.

This is one of the paradoxes of Christian experience. The believer has more true joy in sorrow than the world can ever afford. The sense of the love of God, assurance of His support, confidence in future blessedness, and the persuasion that his present light afflictions shall work out for him a far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory, mingle with his sorrows, and give the suffering child of God a peace which passes all understanding. He would not exchange his lot with that of the most prosperous of the children of this world.—*C. Hodge.*

NOVEMBER 6.

'YOUR FAITH SHOULD NOT STAND IN THE WISDOM OF MEN, BUT IN THE POWER OF GOD.'—1 Cor. ii. 5.

Let men come with oratory and the 'enticing words of man's wisdom,' those floods do but beat upon surd rocks; but if 'in the power of God,' this shall turn those rocks into soft and fleshy hearts. Let the naturalist, with all his eloquence, dissuade the covetous worldling from his greediness; alas ounce of gold weighs down all his re Offer to stay a furious man from angei arguments, he hath not the patience t them. Could the poet detain the lasc from his harlot, though he tell him th is a quicksand to swallow him alive? one smile from her is stronger with him all reason. But now come with the g and urge them with the heart-blood of Christ, shed to save their souls from he to satisfy for their sins. This is that po pleading which makes good men confes hearts to burn within them, and bad even an Agrippa—to say, 'Almost tho suadest me to be a Christian.'—*T. Ada*

NOVEMBER 7.

'BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOG WITH UNBELIEVERS: FOR WHAT FE SHIP HATH RIGHTEOUSNESS WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS? AND WHAT COMM HATH LIGHT WITH DARKNESS?'—2 vi. 14.

Light is the common scriptural emb knowledge, holiness, and blessedness. Christians are said to be the children of Paul was sent 'to turn men from darkn light. Darkness, on the other hand, emblem of error, sin, and misery. S kingdom is called the kingdom of dar and the wicked are the children of dark and the state of final perdition is ' darkness.' Nothing can be more incong than light and darkness, whether in the l or figurative meaning of the terms. attempt, therefore, of Christians to re Christians and retain their inward stat such, and yet to enter voluntarily into mate fellowship with the world, is as im sible as to combine light and darkness, ness and sin, happiness and misery.—*Hodge.*

NOVEMBER 8.

'GODLY SORROW WORKETH REPENTANCE SALVATION NOT TO BE REPENTED OF; THE SORROW OF THE WORLD WORK DEATH.'—2 Cor. vii. 10.

The effects of godly sorrow are saluta the effects of worldly sorrow (the sorrow worldly men) are evil. It is a great mist to suppose that the natural tendency of and sorrow is to good. They tend rathe excite rebellion against God and all evil ings. It is only when they are sanctifie *i.e.*, when they are experienced by the and are made by the Spirit of God to into exercise the resignation, patience, faith of the sufferer—that they bring fruit unto righteousness. The natural ment of holiness is happiness, and mi is the natural element of sin. They s severally in the relation both of cause effect. The more miserable you make man, the worse you make him. The wi are said to curse God while they gnaw tongues with pain, and they repent n their deeds.—*C. Hodge.*

THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION—ITS CONDITIONS.

BY REV. ROBERT SMITH, A.M., CORSOCK, DALBEATTIE.

(*Continued from page* 506.)

WE come now to the three branches of our theme. They mutually condition each other, and each of them has also conditions more special to itself.

I. PERSONAL REVIVAL. This is the root. It is a law of the kingdom, as old as the days of Abraham, that if a man would be a blessing to others, he must first be blessed himself. And the time, however long, which is employed in securing the personal blessing is time well spent. God occupied nearly two thousand years in preparing the blessing among Abraham's seed before it was ready for diffusion over the earth. No amount of external activity or effort can supply the lack of inward spiritual preparation, when we desire to be made a channel of blessing to others. The instrument must be first sharpened before it can be wielded with effect. And the time expended in the first of these operations is a great saving of time with reference to the last.

Among the many conditions of personal revival, two are the most important.

1. *Whole-heartedness in our consecration to God.* God will not accept a divided heart. One sin adhered to will shut out the blessing. The heart, in its upward aspirations, may be compared to a syphon. In that instrument the water will ascend to a great height above its natural level. But one condition to the ascent, so contrary, as it appears, to the nature of water, is, that the pipe always remain full. Let the air enter only by the smallest interstice, the whole mass of water falls back to its original level. It is even so in the spiritual life. Any conscious sin grieves the Spirit, and when He is withdrawn, our experiences fall at once to the level of nature. Among believers a more common cause is sin not distinctly conscious—some habit or practice not clearly condemned by the conscience, but, also, not clearly sanctioned by it. This ought to be searched into and set right. For 'if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things. If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.' We ought, also, not to be content with the mere absence of condemnation, but strive after a positive assurance that we are indeed wholly for God. This will be followed by a like assurance that He is wholly for us. And thus will the channel of life between us and the fountain of life be fully opened.

2. *Expectancy in prayer.* Our Lord has said, 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them' (Mark xi. 24). Of course both our desire and our faith must be regulated by the promises of the Word. Believing expectation is not a mechanical operation, by which we attempt to force ourselves, as it were, to believe. It must be rooted in the Word in its right interpretation and intended application. Light to understand and apply is therefore necessary on our part, as well as an act of trust to appropriate. This is one of the most difficult attainments in the Christian life. It is difficult for us to expect, even when we know that the thing we ask for is according to the will of God. It is still more so when we are in doubt. Yet God has not left us without help. He offers us His Spirit as our teacher and for our direction. He has given us His promises, which are as remarkable for their variety and fulness of detail in relation to our manifold conditions and wants as they are for their certainty.

In the use of these means it should be our aim to reach the faith of expectation; and however often we fail, we ought not to be satisfied without it. Something is wanting in our prayer if it lack this. It may be noted, however, that it is not necessary to a valid expectation that we be able reflectively to develop the grounds of it. Many processes of the human mind are done in secret. A

man may reach safe and sound conclusions whilst quite unable to state, at least with any clearness, the evidence on which they rest. The reasons may be present to his mind, caught up by a kind of inward sympathy, though he cannot define them. And the result is an impression, a conviction, a certainty, not a proof which he can set forth in words. All this finds special illustration in spiritual things. A man under the teaching of the Word and Spirit of God is led to desire, to long for, to expect the very thing which God is willing to grant, though he can give little further account of it. Sometimes, indeed, not only the reasons why a particular request should be granted, but the very nature, form, and manner of the blessing prayed for, are so veiled as to find no intelligent utterance. 'Likewise,' says the Apostle, 'the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered' (Rom. viii. 26). Yet such prayers are effectual. The deep feeling of want within the soul, which vainly strives to express itself in words, is understood by Him who planted it there. 'He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God' (ver. 27). The way, however, to obtain clearness both as to the things we ought to ask for, and also to expect, may be best learned from the words of our Lord Himself. 'If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you' (John xv. 7). Abiding fellowship with Him, and familiarity with His words, will be our best directory. They will secure conformity between our will and His in the prayer, and therefore between His will and ours in the answer.

II. Congregational Revival. Personal revival should issue in the revival of the congregation, and, without limiting its efforts in other directions, this is the first and greatest work to which it should apply itself. A revived congregation is a mighty power both in relation to its own members and to the general community. The Church—or the congregation, which is but a part of it—is an ordinance of God, appointed by Him to carry out His saving purposes among men. It is a spiritual organisation, and in the relation of its several parts to each other it possesses facilities for carrying out His intended work which no single individual and no mere voluntary association of individuals can sibly enjoy. When really alive, it has a m to speak, eyes, ears, hands, and feet in t several functions for mutual co-operation mutual support, and, if need be, for mu restraint. When dwelt in by the Spirit, a many-sided instrument in His hand for the edification of its own members an aggressive work in the world. With res to the first of these ends, it is describe the Apostle thus, 'From whom (*i.e.*, Ch the whole body fitly joined together and pacted by that which every joint suppl according to the effectual working of e part, maketh increase of the body unto edifying of itself in love' (Eph. iv. 16). I relation to the world and the world's version, it is described in the song (C vi. 10) as 'looking forth like the morning, as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrib an army with banners.' If we are read exclaim, 'Alas, our leanness! our leann so be it. But let us at least recognise G way of sanctifying His people and conver the world, and do so not in theory only, also in practice, directing our most stren efforts to the perfecting of that instru which He in His wisdom has designed fo accomplishment of these ends.

Of course no method of co-operation an the several branches of the Church univ should be discouraged; and no volun combination of their members for sp objects should be frowned upon. On the trary, these should be promoted, for they a recognition of the oneness which belon the whole body of Christ, and they ten foster a sense of that oneness, and to mal more effectual for the common end. Besi in the present state of the Church, there many most desirable and necessary th which, if not done in this way, could no accomplished at all.

But let us not, on these accounts, over or underestimate the importance of organised congregation, and the respo bility which lies on every member who life himself to seek the restoration revival of its life also.

There are here, however, several conditi which ought to be attended to.

1. The first is connected with the *ide fellowship*. Spiritual life calls for fellows Through the mysterious bond of sympa which unites heart to heart, and makes contents of both a common possession, i both deepened and expanded by means fellowship. A single live coal, howe

brightly it burns, dies out. Place several such coals together, and they are soon kindled into a large fire. We all know how quickening and reviving a Christian conference is. But the proper fellowship conference is the congregation. And we want it. There is some point in the sneer of the Plymouthists about the one-man ministry. We ought, indeed, according to New Testament rule, to have the pastor and teacher. But equally, according to New Testament example, we ought to have the exercise of spiritual gifts in the congregation. And for this, as a rule, we have made no provision either at the prayer-meeting or at any other ministration.

2. The second requirement has reference to *the connection which subsists between life and work.* As life is necessary to work, so work is necessary to health and life. So it is with reference to physical life; and, if possible, the tie between life and work is still stronger in spiritual things. 'Every manifestation of the Spirit is given to profit withal.' The gifts are various, and so also are the ministrations. But there is no spiritual man without a gift of some kind, and there ought to be no spiritual man without a ministration. And this is necessary to the continuance and increase of his life. Were this condition complied with, our congregations would soon exhibit a revived life that would astonish us all.

III. Revival within the General Community. Were personal and congregational revival sought and attained, this would follow almost as a necessary consequence. As to special conditions—

1. It would be desirable that *there should be some ministration specially adapted to the wants of the non-church going and lapsed,* either by the sacrifice of the second ordinary service, or otherwise, as might be most expedient. The minister should, of course, preside, and take the lead. But, in addition, other office-bearers and members qualified to speak might take a part. This would only be a return to the Apostolic model. 'If all prophesy, and there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all: and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth' (1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25).

2. Though all have not the gift of prophesying—*i.e.*, of expounding and setting forth—divine truth (not, however, as a doctrine, but as an experience), yet *no one need remain without something to do.* Let those members of the congregation who cannot speak charge themselves with the duty of bringing men to hear. Let each undertake the responsibility, not of inviting the godless to attend, but of bringing one man or one woman with him to the place of meeting. Let him or her make that person the special subject, not only of persuasion, but of prayer. Were the ministration made really suitable to the wants of such people, and were a hundred, or even fifty in each revived congregation to be engaged in this work, how speedily would an effectual inroad be made into the kingdom of darkness! And how greatly would the life of the congregation be quickened in this effort to impart life to others! If to be blessed is necessary in order to bless, the converse is true—to bless others is the surest way to be blessed ourselves.

Praises.

BY ELLEN A. HARLOW.

Happy little birdie,
Singing all day long,
Will you stop and tell me
Where you learned your song?

Did your parents teach you,
In your earliest days,
How to render vocal
Nature's silent lays?

Were the flowers singing
'Neath your shady bed?
Did you try to copy
What the rainbow said?

Does the dewy landscape,
Radiant in June,
Tell to you the story
Uttered in your tune?

Are the bright stars singing
Strains we do not hear?
Does their mystic chorus
Charm your listening ear?

Is all Nature's chorus,
As it sounds to you,
Rendered in your bird-song?
Do you sing it through,

O'er and o'er, for mortals,
Deaf with grief and sin,
Saying, 'Wake ye! wake ye!
God's sweet praise begin'?

Listen I, glad singer,
Mindful of His word,
'Whoso offereth praises
Glorifies the Lord.'

Make my life an anthem,
Grand and sweet in tone,
Faint but faithful echo,
Master, of Thine own.

Boston Watchman.

LILY MELVILLE AND HER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XI.

'Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.'—Rom. xii. 15.

MEANWHILE the summer had passed and autumn had come, when *nobody*, as Mrs Melville said, was to be found in town. She was heartily tired of Edith's new notions, and anxious to see her return to her former gay, pleasant manner; and thought that change of scene would be the best cure for her. She accordingly arranged to join a lively party who were going to Wales, and was pleased to find that Edith offered no objection to the place. The truth was, she was beginning to find her self-imposed duties rather irksome, and was glad to escape from some of them in that way.

She was not so much startled as she ought to have been at finding how little her heart had turned from the world which she was always denouncing; for, when a lady invited her to join some young friends in a visit to the Zoological Gardens one Sunday afternoon, and to stay for a little dance on the following evening, she felt how very much she should like to go, and wished so very much it was not wrong, even while she was writing her refusal, and taking high ground as her reason for it,—not caring to disguise her fancied superiority to persons who could indulge in such sinful frivolities.

She was not yet a new creature, and had not experienced 'the expulsive power of a new affection,' and was trying to banish with violence the objects of her former attachment, while she had nothing better than self to fill their place—and as she was dissatisfied with herself, her poor heart was deplorably void.

Mrs Melville had some compunction about leaving her little niece Lily alone; but the child really was not strong enough for the fatigue of mountain travelling, and she resolved to invite her niece, Florence Gardiner, a girl about Lily's own age, to be with her in Edith's absence. One of Mrs Melville's sisters had married a country curate, and had a large family, of whom this Florence was the plain one, which was a great disappointment to her aunt, whose goddaughter she was—for it afforded her no pleasure to have her with her in town, not being at all ornamental—and she was often at a loss as to how to show her any special attention. This invitation would thus serve two ends; and for occupation for Florence, she might join Lily in her lessons with her Swiss governess, a young lady who came for an hour or two every day to instruct the invalid in several branches. To Florence herself the prospect of this visit was not particularly bright; but when she saw it regarded by the household in general as a distinction and honour, she tried to see it in the same light, but got rather bewildered by the various delights and advantages which were held up to view. Her brother Alfred, who was just then enthusiastic in English history, envied her of her chance of seeing the Tower and Westminster Abbey; while Bob was eloquent on the splendid horses she would see every day when she went to drive in the Park. Her mamma impressed upon her the duty of acquiring a pure French accent from the Swiss governess; and her little sister Emily's imagination ran on the shops filled with toys and confectionery which Florence would be constantly seeing and entering.

Mr Gardiner was well pleased to be spared the expense of taking his little daughter to town himself, by having an opportunity of confiding her to the care of the national schoolmistress who was going to London to visit her friends; so under her wing Florence accomplished the journey in safety, after having been seen off at the station by the whole family from the parsonage.

Lily wished to receive her young visitor kindly, but not being much accustomed to make new acquaintances, she did not welcome her eagerly, or know how to make her feel at home. After a short trial of her London life, if Florence had had a confidante, she must have confessed that to her it was little better than a splendid imprisonment, for how could a short walk by the side of Lily's Bath chair compare with a walking expedition with her brothers, or a long botanical ramble with her elder sister? Indeed, at the vicarage, where liberty reigned, the life of the younger members was very much spent out of doors; and she found the French verbs doubly difficult to master, apart from the swing under the elm-trees in which she was accustomed to learn them; and the hard names in geography she could not remember without the old hobby-horse on which she generally rocked them into her memory. Then, when she went into the fine town drawing-room to practise, her attention was quite diverted from the piano to all the ornaments and nicknacks surrounding her; and ere long the very room became hateful to her; for, one day, when smelling a wax rose to see if it were real, she had the misfortune to pull down the curious flower-vase in which it was, shattering it to pieces in its fall. Great was her dismay, nor was it lessened when on telling Lily what had happened, she perceived how much she dreaded her aunt's certain displeasure. This was not her only breakage; and Lily with her quiet, methodical ways never felt secure from some catastrophe so long as Florence remained; and, in fact, her very presence, in all its uncontrolled movement and abounding life, was to the invalid girl something like a gust of wind on a writing-table, disturbing and scattering all one's nicely arranged papers and pamphlets. But it had, at least, the good effect

of opening Lily's eyes to the peculiar kind of selfishness which was hers, and which she had not hitherto been aware of. While working for others in one way or other, she had not perceived that, after all, she was often seeking her own, and that she could not well bear having her routine broken in upon. It mortified her to discover that the carrying out of her little works in her own way, and at her own time, was far more to her than the seeking to please and benefit this young girl, who might naturally expect it of her. Without a strong bond of love to unite them, girls of such different tastes could scarcely become congenial companions; but Lily felt that at least she must give up some of her time to amuse and entertain her visitor. Very glad she was when Mdlle. André proposed some days taking Florence a long walk in the parks, or to Hampstead Heath, after the lesson was over. Had it been a condition of these walks that nothing but French must be spoken, they would have lost for Florence much of their charm; but as the governess did not consider her a regular pupil, she rather took the opportunity of practising her own English, which was far from perfect; and a cleverer girl than Florence was would have learned many a French idiom from its wrong use in English by Mademoiselle.

Those rambles and occasional shopping expeditions with Benson were amongst the few pleasant memories that Florence carried away of her first visit to London. On one of the latter occasions Lily was of the party, in order to choose material for Susie's frock. Her own inclination was to buy a pretty delicate pink or green print, but her maid's better judgment overruled her to select something more serviceable, and at last a dingy alpaca was fixed upon and carried home. Making it up under Benson's direction and with her help was to Lily a labour of love; but anxious as she was to get it finished, she would often now lay it aside and try to enter into some game, or read some book that might amuse Florence, which more than anything else, she saw, impressed the girl with a belief in the reality of Lily's religion, and also attracted her affection.

When the frock was finished Benson was sent with it to the little girl. Having mounted the stairs to the garret, her ear caught the sounds of bitter sobbing and querulous scolding issuing from Mrs Shipton's room, and on being admitted, she found her little friend Susie crying as if her heart would break, and quite unable to look at Lily's kind gift. Mary Benson would never have recognised Miriam Hayward in the faded, listless, slatternly woman before her; and although she said Mary was little altered, she showed no gladness at seeing an old friend; in fact, she seemed utterly indifferent to everything and everybody except her youngest child Tim, a sickly, stunted boy, apparently three or four, but in reality six years old. She listened to the account of Ruth's last days with the greatest apathy, and gave no response to recollections of their early days at Woodcat. Her husband she had not seen for some years, and did not know whether he was alive or dead; she managed to get along, she said, and seemed too indifferent to complain.

Mary sat down on the floor beside Susie, and tried to soothe her and induce her to tell her the cause of her misery; but the only word intelligible amidst the gulping sobs was 'cockatoo.' From her mother's and Mrs Macalister's account, it appeared that on the day before, when Mrs Shipton had gone to take home needlework and get a fresh supply, she had left Tim at home with strict injunctions to Susie to take care of him, and see that he did not get downstairs, which seemed to be always the chief desire and aim of his life. He had amused himself for some time well enough with empty reels loaded in an inverted stool by way of waggon, while Susie was quite absorbed with her cockatoo, until this wonderful bird, having surpassed itself in some wonderfully human-like performance, its fond owner could not refrain from taking it in to Mrs Macalister's to make her a partaker of her admiration. While full of her subject, Susie all at once remembered that she had left the door open, and flew back to find the room empty. Tim must have gone downstairs, perhaps tumbled down! To rush after him was the work of the next minute, her cockatoo firmly perched on her shoulder, and on reaching the door of the house to shout into the court, 'Tim! Tim! where are you?' Just at that moment a troop of wild street boys were rushing past, and one of them expertly loosed the bird's claws and ran off with it, amidst shouts of triumphant laughter. Up went the thin arms over her head, and with a loud scream Susie stood rooted to the spot. A kindly old gentleman was coming out of another of the wretched houses, and heard the bitter cry; but it was so long till Susie could sufficiently control herself to make him understand what had happened, that all idea of pursuit was useless; no trace of the culprits was to be seen at the mouth of the court; and the only ray of consolation for poor Susie was that she had heard the yells of laughter mingled with yells of pain from such sharp pecks as cockatoos know so well how to give.

Her brother Tim was playing in the gutter close by, grinning with delight at his escape; and it was not without a struggle that his sister got him conveyed upstairs; nor was she disposed to be very gentle with him, regarding him, as she did, as the cause of her grievous loss. Many angry words did poor Susie pour forth in the bitterness of her heart; and no sympathy did she get from her mother when she returned, but only reproaches for her neglect of Tim, and reminders that if she had lost her pet, it was at any rate one mouth the less to feed.

Benson tried in vain to wipe away Susie's tears, but she at last persuaded her to go with

her to Mrs Macalister, who had been distressed to hear the child's continued cries. The child had found it impossible in the morning to steady her voice to read her usual chapter in the Bible, and now, when she again entered the room, the kind old woman received her with: 'My puir bairn, are ye aye greetin' yet for that bird?' (and to Benson) 'but what need we speak? It's as sair a heartbreak to her the noo as ony o' oor life-lang sorrows is to us; but bairns' grief disna last lang, that's ae comfort. Weesht, my lammie, an' dinna greet yer e'en oot; it'll be made up till ye some gate, never fear. An' tell the Lord aboot it. He likesna to see us gangin' bowed under our burdens, an' is aye ready to tak them aff oor puir backs an' let us gang upricht.'

While the old woman and Benson were enjoying some talk after the usual reading of the Scriptures, Susie's attention was caught by the sounds of footsteps and voices on the garret stair, and with a suppressed scream she ran out of the door, for she had recognised the chuckle of her own cockatoo. Benson, following her, found her weeping tears of joy over her recovered treasure, which she held clasped in her bosom, while a ragged boy of about twelve years of age was standing by and saying, 'And I hope you'll take better care of your bird another time, for it cost me something to get it back to you, I can tell you.' This was Bill, the eldest of the Shipton family, a sharp-looking boy, who had forsaken his dull, loveless home, and taken to a street life in preference.

Although as likely as the others to play the same trick in another quarter, yet, when he found some of his pals, as he called them, in possession of a cockatoo which he discovered to be his sister's, he had a fight for it with the bigger boys—for he was no coward—and now seemed rather proud of the black eye he had got in his sister's cause. Benson was filled with pity for the lost boy, who reminded her of Ben Harding, and the change that had been wrought in him, and she could but earnestly hope that some of the many agencies for reclaiming the city arabs might get hold of Bill, and be the means of turning him into a useful member of society.

Now that Susie's grief had been turned into joy, she was able to think of Lily's delightful gift, and to try on the nice frock, which fitted as well as need be; and no doubt her pleasure was enhanced by the idea that the cockatoo was pleased to see his mistress so grand, and thought his restoration a fitting occasion for her being better dressed than she had ever been before. The bringer of the gift knew it would have grieved her little mistress to think that all her loving work and laborious stitching had been, as it were, thrown away; so she was very glad to have to report a thankful reception at last on the part of the little girl. Even the listless mother seemed somewhat to appreciate the kindness; but she knew no better way of stilling Tim's querulous demands for a new dress for himself than by false promises of a far finer one for him to-morrow.

(To be continued.)

THE SABBATH'S CLAIM ON CHRISTIAN CONSCIENCES.

BY REV. HERVEY D. GANSE, OF ST LOUIS.*

BY nothing else does the cause of Sabbath observance suffer so much as by the denial which Christian men have made of the abiding authority of God's Sabbath law. The most offensive attacks upon the day of rest, of course, proceed from the haters of all religion. But the boldness of such men is greatly encouraged by the fact that religion itself, in the person of many of its most influential teachers, has loosed the bonds of conscience, and left the Sabbath with no rights.

Multitudes of Christians who were trained to revere the day avail themselves of this new-found licence; and, when the very keepers of the sacred enclosure break down its hedges, no wonder that the 'wild boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the beast of the field doth devour it.'

It is not rash to say that the arguments, whether ethical or exegetical, which have tended to this result are as false as they are specious, and admit of reply at every point. But what then? Reply maintains debate; and it is the fact of Christian debate about the present authority of Sabbath law that leaves inclination free to trample the day.

Is there no way of arresting this bad change? Is Sabbath obligation so cloudy a thing that when its outline is once confused it can never be restored? So far from that, it is hard to see how any good and reasonable man can look at the Sabbath institution in its own proper quality and relations, and yet doubt its abiding divine authority.

There are three obvious facts, unconfusable by any sophistry, which, when laid together and weighed by common sense and candour, establish the Sabbath's enduring claim on every Christian conscience.

I. The first fact is that *the Sabbath institution exists.* Throughout a very great part of the civilised world one day in seven—call it Sabbath, Lord's Day, Sunday, what you will—releases the bulk of the people from common toil, and gives them scope for some other human occupation. The usage is not limited to any class of religionists. Unbelievers,

* A paper read at the meeting of the Presbyterian Council, Philadelphia, 1880.

atheists, and even Jews, in spite of their special tradition, in large measure observe the concerted rest-day.

Nor is the usage popular only. The legislation of many of the wisest, freest, most industrious nations on earth guards that seventh day of rest with laws and penalties. If we except the Family and Civil Government, no other institution is so conspicuously distinctive of Christian civilisation as the weekly rest-day.

II. The second fact is this—*The existing Sabbath usage has some most valuable adaptations in it.* It is not a mere yoke fastened on reluctant necks; nor is it a great conventional whim. It is an intelligent usage by which men agree to serve themselves. Indeed, many of those who deny to it any divine origin are foremost in asserting its usefulness. They trace it to the quarterings of the moon, and develop it from among the superstitious rites of remote ages, on the Darwinian principle of the survival of the fittest. The rites have not been serviceable to the advancing generations, and have fallen away. But the rest-day has, and so it abides.

For the present we will not quarrel even with such a statement; for our argument at this point has nothing to do with the past. We are studying the institution as it exists among us.

What, then, does this surviving fit thing fit? More than I can at this time tell of, or significantly hint at. It fits a tired man's natural longing for change and rest. It fits the imperative needs of his body, whose tissues waste too fast under any form of unremitted labour. It fits his self-respect, by securing to him a frequent whole day of cleanly exemption from the grime of toil. It serves domestic order by allowing the homes even of the poorest to take on their Sunday aspect of quiet and tidiness. It meets the needs of domestic affection by permitting the father to gather around him, by daylight and in leisure, the whole family, which for the rest of the week he sees by snatches or not at all. It gives scope to the mind, by releasing it so often and so regularly from the thoughts of mere work, and suffering it, by observation of nature, by reading, hearing, and meditation, to acquaint itself with a world of truth, from which the perpetual labourer is shut out.

It invites to religious thought and duty, which, though they belong to the field and the workshop, and to every place where a good man can ever be, deserve a sphere of their own, as safe as possible from common distractions.

It is the indispensable condition of united worship by a whole community, and of all those advantages which such worship brings to personal character and public order. By making use of the Bible and of preaching, this public Sabbath worship has long been, and is, the special educator of Christian communities in religion and morality, and in all those matters, intellectual or æsthetic, abstract or practical, which stand related to them.

In particular, the weekly day of rest supplies a most necessary opportunity for the religious education of the young in the family, the Sunday school, and the church.

By the fact that the Bible and religious duty demand for their just exposition so many kinds of learning, the preaching Sabbath has set up the immense majority of those institutions to which Christendom owes both its higher learning and the whole spirit of popular education. If in America, in particular, the Sabbath could be abolished, the present munificent stream of educational endowments would shrink as a spring torrent does in summer. The facts that can be quoted against this statement are notorious by their singularity.

In thus nourishing religion and intelligence, the Sabbath is a chief nurse both of liberty and of the morality by which alone liberty is safe.

And it is the chief nurse of charity. By the contact which it effects of Christ's gospel with the hearts of intelligent and sympathetic assemblies, it maintains a widespread power of benevolence which is like a force of nature. It is like the sun gathering up the clouds from the face of a continent.

In all these ways the Sabbath fosters the widest human sympathy and sense of brotherhood. By community of faith and worship and active benevolence, it integrates neighbourhoods and nations and the race. 'The blue sky bends over all.' The spiritual day reaches as far as the natural one; and faith and love, being keener than eyesight, sweep over the partitions of nature, and the worshipping nation — the worshipping world is one.

Such an alliance and conference as this is both a sign and a means of good feeling between peoples near and remote. After these acts of Christian fellowship we would be sorry to see our sons and brothers fighting; and the men whom such a conference includes and represents are not without influence in their several nations. But without a Sabbath such an alliance would be as impossible as without men. It is the Sabbath with the gospel that long ago made the union which we are here tardily declaring; and it is the Sabbath, with its prayers for all the saints, that shall strengthen the bonds that bind us now.

And there are saints for whom we pray no longer. They have entered into rest—Guthrie, who was in Scotland; Tholuck, who was in Germany; Duff, who was in India; Bushnell, who was in Africa; Adams, who was in America. The pilgrims who shall visit the scenes of their several labours shall need to travel far. But the Sabbath dissolves the veil that hides the invisible glory, and they all are near. We look up toward the face of Christ,

and the great array of these heavenly worshippers shines down upon us. One heaven for our Christian dead makes one earth for the living; and the Sabbath is the open door between the two.

All this is a scanty recital; but the things which it recites are the best and dearest that are known to men. There is no excellent human interest so personal and private, so public and universal, that the Sabbath, wisely kept, does not greatly serve it. It would be as easy to make an inventory of what the Sunday daylight does in the world of matter and life, as an inventory of the blessings which Sunday rest, well used, brings to the world of men.

Add to all this the direct and peculiar bearing of Sabbath duty upon every man's personal relations to God in Christ, and thus upon his preparation for the life immortal, and all Christians, at least, will admit that the Sabbath institution as we have it is, by its known results, of incalculable value.

III. The third fact now is this — *That thirty-four centuries ago Moses, in giving laws to the men of his race, made recital of a brief and comprehensive code, said to have been proclaimed in the hearing of all the people by the voice of God Himself.* Nine-tenths of this code concerned those universal duties toward God and man which lie at the foundation of religion and society.

The tenth law, announced with special solemnity in the midst of the others, enjoined the keeping of a weekly day of rest and religion. It will not be questioned that, so far as this code of the 'Ten Words,' or the Decalogue, has been known among men, it is, save only in the matter of the Sabbath law, the world-accepted code of axiomatic morality.

The introduction of the Sabbath law into such a code is for two reasons very remarkable.

First, there is no proof nor probability that at that time the usage of a weekly rest-day had in any practical way attested the immense value that was in it. Though we insist, as many of us will, that the Sabbath was ordained from the very beginning, it was only in a settled society such as the Israelites were yet to form that the institution could have scope for its most beneficent work. It was for such an undeveloped usage, then, that a place was made in the midst of duties that are obvious and universal.

A second fact makes this selection the more remarkable. Moses was a voluminous legislator of religious rites and of civil and social laws. Sacrifices, feasts, purifications, tithings, marriage, inheritance, avenging of injuries, Sabbatical years and jubilees—these and such like things are elsewhere set forth by him with the solemnity and iteration which prove their sacred importance to his system. But into this God-given code of the Decalogue not one of them comes. Only the law which is to develop the undeveloped Sabbath.

Now, of the actual origin of that code, unbelief will take one view and belief another.

An unbeliever will deny the miracle of th audible voice of God, and will ascribe th code to Moses. But then he will give Mos credit for the wisdom and foresight which hi code evinces. This is what P. J. Proudho the French socialist, does in his remarkabl essay, 'La Célébration du Dimanche.' Wit analysis, very acute as far as it goes, he di cusses the indispensable social advantages the weekly rest-day, and loads with prai the Hebrew legislator who knew huma nature so well and planned for it so admi ably. It never occurred to this unbeliev that, because the particular one-seventh pa of time now used for a rest-day is not th very same one-seventh which Moses pr scribed, the credit of our modern usage w to be denied to Moses. He would ha thought it as manly to evade an inventor patent for a clock, by keeping the patente movement and canting the dial-plate. Mal Moses the inventor of the Hebrew Sabbat and no labourer in Christendom ought wake to his Sunday rest without blessing th name of Moses.

But Christians believe that it was the wi dom and the very voice of God which pu into the midst of the moral Decalogue, n the Passover, nor circumcision, nor the la of sacrifice, nor any other thing that bore national or local flavour, except only th Sabbath.

One fact, then, is plain beyond questio that God, in that age and for the Jew counted the weekly rest-day to be of speci importance.

But we have just been seeing that for o age and for us the weekly rest-day is special importance. In the light of the twin facts, the effort of any teacher or scho to sink the Sabbath where it stands in th Decalogue to the level of a Jewish ceremon deserves no respect at the hands of men wh can reason without prejudice.

If the usage of the weekly rest-day ha taken no more root in the world than th Day of Atonement or the Feast of Trumpet then, indeed, we would have been shut up t their conclusion, and could only have wo dered that the direct act of God had put th clay among the diamonds, and had given th perishable Sabbath its central setting am the lustre of imperishable duty.

But the Sabbath has not perished, n lessened, but grown.

It grew, though slowly, while Judais lasted. In its characteristic and indispensab human serviceableness, it has grown immense more since Judaism was abolished.

When, in the days of Nehemiah, it rallie and guarded the feeble national life; whe the father of the Maccabees made it th battle-cry with which the people rose triumph against their Syrian tyrant; whe in the time of Christ and after, it made th synagogue, with its Hebrew Scriptures, fir the school of the Apostles, and then th avenue of their access to Jews and Gentile

will any Christian refuse to believe that God from Sinai foresaw and meant that the Sabbath should do all this?

To-day it is not the synagogue, but the Church. It is not Jerusalem, or Antioch, or Corinth—it is Berlin, and London, and New York, and San Francisco, and Melbourne. It is the frontier village and the miner's camp. It is the mission-station among the heathen abroad and the mission-school among the heathen at home. And the weekly rest-day gives scope for all. Did not God from Sinai foresee this too? Had He eyesight for Palestine and fifteen centuries, and blindness for the rest?

Sometimes a painter, while yet unknown to fame, will work out his masterpiece, and write his name upon a corner of the canvas, and wait. By-and-by men find his work, and find him in it.

God is no candidate for men's applause. Yet He often curiously works in secret, the 'substance, being yet unperfect'; which He afterwards brings out into daylight. And there is daylight now on that strange and rigid law set like a keystone in the arch of the Decalogue. Upon that very arch, with its keystone in it, the Christian ages have built up worship and piety, civil and domestic order, wealth and knowledge, character and power. It is Christianity's Arch of Triumph —the visible monument of Christ's work on earth. With every generation it rises higher and higher, dilating like a fabric in the sunset sky. Overtopping its splendour stands the cross, and through the arched portal which still pierces it believing men—a long procession — walk into heaven. On all its front blazes one name—one triune name—Jehovah.

We quote the Bible often to sustain the Sabbath. I summon the Sabbath to prove the Bible. If any one doubts the being of a God of law and of loving foresight for men, and doubts His gift of a revelation, let him compare that scene before Sinai, when the rude horde of Egyptian freedmen received anew among their fundamental laws the law of the weekly rest-day, with the outcome of that special law in the present condition of our race.

A just deduction of the Sabbath of Christendom from its remote beginning in the command of God ought to convince an atheist.

That any Christian reasoner should so obscure the essential identity of the Sabbath institution through all these ages as to unmake this natural argument from the divine foresight, is both a blunder and a crime.

But how could there be foreseen identity of the institution, without an equal identity of law? God is not fickle. God's moral law is God's moral choice of what men shall do in their fixed human relations. That choice, when once declared in regard to relations which are universal, binds men in those relations in every land and to the end of time.

If the Sabbath had been made by God for certain men because they were Jews, only Jews would be put under obligation by Sabbath law. But in so far as the Sabbath was made for Jews because they were men, all men that know of the Sabbath law are bound by it.

Christ gave us that argument when He said 'the Sabbath was made for man'—for the Jew man, if any one dwarfs his meaning to that measure; but even then for the humanness that was in the Jew. And since we are as human as he, and the Sabbath fits us, to that extent God made it for us.

To that exact extent, therefore—viz., of the universal human fitness of keeping a weekly rest-day—it is futile to say that the Apostles have abrogated Sabbath law. What would such a saying mean? That the Apostles conceived the whole Sabbath usage to be unwholesome and effete, and so wished and advised that men would have done with it? Assume such an Apostolic intent, and it failed. And yet, if that really was the Apostles' intent, it ought not to fail, for we all believe in their inspired authority. Let any good man, then, set out to carry such a supposed Apostolic intention into effect. Here is the Holy convocation in Church and Sabbath school—a plain inheritance from the Hebrew Sabbath. Let us abolish that. Here is the Sabbath silence on the humming wheels of Birmingham and Lowell, upon the unyoked ox in the Sabbath pasture, upon the labourer and his book in his Sabbath home. Let us change all that. Let us make up an imposing committee from among those Sabbath-breaking corporations which have the true Apostolic idea, and go to the tender-hearted masters who perpetuate the Hebrew superstition, and teach them better. We can say—'If you find it profitable to work a man and his children seven days in the week, and, being able to force him to it, still suffer any notion about a Sabbath to restrain you, you are a traitor to Christian principle and Apostolic law. That old restriction is done away with by the death of Christ. He was said, indeed, "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." But this Sabbath law of obligatory rest for men-servants and maid-servants is one of those ancient prisons, and we masters are the prisoners who have been bound in it. Now that we have our gospel freedom, let us use it, and bind our servants tight. We can run our engines when we will, and those little engines of brain and nerves—we can run them too.'

Did the Apostles mean that?

The human right of weekly rest had been twice given by God Himself. First, in the constitution of humanity, bodily and spiritual; second, in express law. And those men of God no more took it within their province to annul that right than to pronounce adultery to be purity or murder love. No more was it any part of their province or official

function to teach, according to the imagination of some, that, while a certain fitness of the Sabbath usage may still endure, God's law for the usage is withdrawn. God's law, I repeat it, is God's known choice of acts to be done. God never can choose that wrong be done; God never can cease to choose that right be done. The right being once proclaimed and abiding, it would be no part of Godhead, nor even of true manhood, to abandon it to its fate. It is true, indeed, that the less clearly the immediate subjects of His legislation can understand their duty, the more stringently may God see fit to enjoin it. The Israelites just out of Egypt might need to have their Sabbath distinguished by special formalities, and guarded with fearful and imminent penalties. And if, after ages of their experience, the working of the weekly rest-day has been so illustrated that the Christian races cannot but recognise its excellence, that clear discovery may make less necessary the striking forms and the impending penalties. But it does not unmake God's choice. It only gives it a human following. The greatest absurdity ever taught in Christian morals has, I think, been taught on this subject, and to this effect—That men's consent that a rest-day is necessary under Christ's law of love sets aside for them the divine prescription under which the rest-day began; so that in proportion as men's interest in what God has appointed increases, God's own interest in it diminishes, until, when men learn that they cannot do without it, God ceases to care whether they keep it at all!

Let us understand that God has set up law, not on a perch, but on a throne. The bosom of God is her seat.

These, then, are the three facts which, in proof of Sabbath obligation, stand forth together like the base, the shaft, and the capital of an immovable column. The Sabbath institution exists. It is of indispensable importance to men, society, and the race. The unchangeable God once pronounced for it in intelligible law—

'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.'

It is as easy for a candid man to distinguish between that part of this whole law which is of perpetual authority, and that which is local and temporary, as to distinguish between a stream and its banks. The banks are local, for they remain behind; the stream flows on.

Where our western rivers run through low, wide bottoms, it is common to build up an embankment against the stream to hold it t its course. The awful ceremonial sanctity c the seventh day was the embankment b which God held together the stream of Sat bath duty, while it skirted for fifty genera tions the broad morass of ignorance an paganism. But Christianity is a table-lanc and that once reached, the stream was sur to have banks of its own. But by that tim the formalistic Jews were persuaded that th very essence of the stream lay in the embanl ment. All along upon top of it they ha heaped up their slavish traditions; and i that shape they were bent upon carrying up and down, like a Chinese wall, all ov the Christian highlands. It was this tha the Apostles by God's Spirit forbade, an the two-storied embankment of ceremon that once was right, and superstition tha never was, came to its end. But the Goc directed stream! That found an openin through the hills — a deserted sepulchi marked the place—and it still flows on; nc now a canal betwixt straight and rigid wall but a river, and free—free to flow, not free t stop. Shame on the Christian men wh would stop it! With God's Word and God Spirit in it, it is the nearest earthly symb of the river of the water of life. Its fountai is in the throne of God. Its waters, com pared with other streams, are clear as crysta and on either side of it is the tree of lif whose leaves are for the healing of th nations.

Yet Christian men make it serve their us like a common river. They cover it wit barges of traffic and gaiety. They crowd with the piers of their thundering bridge They dam it with causeways and turn it int sluices to drive their mills and water the pleasure-gardens. And over many a tire labourer, who would sit down on its margi to bathe his brow and drink, they lift th lash of capital, more cruel often than that slavery, and force him away.

Do they dream that there shall be n reckoning? Shall some paltering argumen about ancient ceremony unmake the lastin reality of things? Is rest a ceremony? worship a ceremony? Is a poor man's da with his family, and his own soul, and wit God, a ceremony? If the cries of th labourers whose hire is kept back by frau are entered into the ears of the Lord Hosts, shall He be deaf to the cry of tha increasing generation of men who, within th sound of church bells, are, for the sake dividends, degraded below the possibility piety by endless work?

I shall be told that this argument is to general. Show us, they say, chapter an verse for our several Sabbath duties to ou selves, our families, our servants, our clerk our neighbours, and the world, and we wi honour the law. If that demand be vali selfishness has won the day and Christianit is dead.

Duties that are narrow and specific can b

mapped out. If the question be, how ought a good man to treat a neighbour who has fallen among thieves, our Lord's sweet parable will furnish a detailed reply; and yet in no such detail that the acts of the Good Samaritan may not need to be greatly varied.

But as the field of duty grows wider, detail in the law becomes impossible, and principle takes its place. Chapter and verse cannot be given for a thousandth part of a mother's particular duties toward her child, or of a good citizen's duty toward his towns-people and his country. It is the glory of Christianity that it displaces the schedule performances of other systems with the responsible life of love—love working not above law, but under it; love expanding law to God's great meaning, and after the spirit of Christ. The New Testament thus succeeds upon the Old as the perfumed air in the house of Simon the Pharisee succeeded upon the alabaster box in which the ointment of spikenard had been kept. The fragrance did not say, 'Give me fixed wires to run on, and I'll fill the room.' That is not the way of fragrance; nor is it the way of love.

The Sabbath is, on its face, appointed of God in the interest of rest and religion. That fixes its principle. This principle, once conserved in rigid law, has, under Christ, expanded into the largest compact of piety and benevolence known on earth. While the day dominated the duty, the usage was Jewish and confined. When the mere day, by the direction of inspired Apostles, fell back to a level with other days, then the indispensable duty chose, under a risen Redeemer, its own day, and dominated it; and Sabbath duty and privilege became thenceforth the heritage of the world—of all ages and occupations—of all races and generations. The Sabbath, under Christ, is a universal partnership for the advancement of piety toward God, and of every interest of men that can flourish in the light of God's countenance.

Will you put in a book a set of rules for serving all these interests? No book would contain them. And if it did, would rules make a Sabbath for Christians? Christians must mean to make it. They must see its scope and do their best with it. The first of Christian duties is to discover duty. And thus it comes to pass that a man's treatment of the Sabbath's claims exactly gauges his moral intelligence and character. He brings the Sabbath to his bar, and challenges its right to be. He mistakes; it is the Sabbath that is sifting him. He stands in the light of Sinai, and of the world's history and needs, and says, 'I see no reason why I should limit my Sunday work or Sunday pleasure, or the work that others do for me.'

He has graded his moral intelligence. Human need in himself and others is more than he knows of. Christ's living scheme of pity and grace is larger than he can see. He has graded his benevolence. He has no brotherly compassion for the men that are low down and are struggling upward. He has graded his conscience, and has proved it to be callous to the plainest appeals of experience and of God.

True Sabbath-keeping is chiefly a delight; but it is also a discipline. It crosses at many points natural inclination and convenience. And herein it most exalts us. It was from heaven that the Son of God responded to the need of men; and, coming, he died for the world in its remotest generations. The most Christlike common thing on earth is the spirit of intelligent and self-denying Sabbath-keeping, by which a man, not in the interest of himself only, nor of his children, nor even of his country, but with large apprehension of that leverage of long ages by which God has been lifting up a ruined world toward heaven, and so with tender sympathy for strangers of other races, and for generations not yet born, gives to God's Day of holy rest the most that one man can—the whole influence of his hearty duty and his pure example.

FAILURE IN PRAYER.—It is easy to discover the secret of much failure in prayer. We have seen what seemed to be a promising work of God's Spirit in the Church suddenly arrested by the incoming of some occasion of bitterness. Somebody has been aggrieved, and cannot overlook the offence. The spirit of prayer is chilled. Answers cease. The Spirit goes His way. Secretly cherished grudges operate in the same way. They explain the comfortless, powerless lives of many professed Christians, and the spiritual deadness of many churches. One or two unforgiving spirits in a church can hinder the prayers of many saints.—*H. M. Grout, D.D.*

THEY POUR DOWN RAIN ACCORDING TO THE VAPOUR THEREOF (Job xxxvi. 27).—Mr C. Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, in a recent letter to the *Times*, strikingly illustrates this text:—'What may be done with the spectroscope in the matter of weather is, for the present at least, confined almost entirely to the question of rain—as, Will it rain, or will it not; and, if it will, heavily or lightly? The manner in which the spectroscope accomplishes this useful part, is by its capacity for showing whether there is more or less than the usual quantity of watery vapour permeating the otherwise dry gases in the upper parts of the atmosphere, this watery vapour not being by any means the visible clouds themselves, but the invisible water-gas out of which they have to be formed, and by means of which, when over-abundant, they obtain their privilege for enacting rainfall. So that never were wiser words uttered, and more terse philosophy, than those which are to be found in the ancient Book of Job, wherein, of the wondrously "balanced clouds" high up in mid-air, it is said, "They pour down rain according to the vapour thereof."'

A Daily Portion.

NOVEMBER 9.

'THE PREACHING OF THE CROSS UNTO US WHICH ARE SAVED IS THE POWER OF GOD.'—1 Cor. i. 18.

If there be no feeling of that power, there are no sparks of salvation yet kindled. Peter's sermon took little effect till he came to this point, 'God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ'; 'When they heard this, they were pricked in their hearts: What shall we do?' Paul and Silas might have given the jailor good words, fair entreaties, and—the most valid argument of all—monies; yet all this could not keep them from the dungeon. But when the power of God had shaken the foundations of the prison, and Paul began to preach Jesus, then he was baptised, rejoiced, and believed in God with all his house.—*T. Adams.*

NOVEMBER 10.

'AS HAVING NOTHING, AND YET POSSESSING ALL THINGS.'—2 Cor. vi. 10.

'As having nothing'—*i.e.*, of earthly treasure—'yet possessing all things,' in the sense in which, in 1 Cor. iii 21, he tells the Corinthians, 'All things are yours.' The real property in anything vests in him for whose benefit it is held and used. And as all things, whether the world, or life or death, or things present or things to come, are held and disposed by God for the benefit of His people, for their present good and future glory, they are the real proprietors of all things. Being joint heirs with Christ, they possess all things.—*C. Hodge.*

NOVEMBER 11.

'GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.'—John iii. 16.

By what proof or evidence are we convinced that God loved the world? And how great was this love? The answer is—God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son. This is the demonstration of the love in its reality, and the measure of the love in its greatness. And if God so loved the world as to make a sacrifice of infinite value, the love is such that it passeth the knowledge.—*J. W. Alexander.*

NOVEMBER 12.

'TO YOU IS THE WORD OF THIS SALVATION SENT.'—Acts xiii. 26.

The great atoning action was not to be concealed, but to be published to all nations for the obedience of faith. There is no restriction. To whom, do I hear you ask, is this offer tendered? To the world, I answer; to all who hear the 'word of the truth of the gospel.' To you who have come hither this morning, to every one of you, from the hoary despiser to the babe who only begins to comprehend the Word. By whom may it be accepted? By sinners. 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' If the greatest offender of all the sons of men were to rise revealed as such in this assembly, I am authorised to address him as included in this invitation of abounding grace.—*J. W. Alexander.*

NOVEMBER 13.

'WHO MIND EARTHLY THINGS.'—Phil. iii. 19.

The pencil of inspiration, by one rapid sweep, often depicts a whole class of human souls. In the present instance the view given of ungodly men, in a single fearful aspect, is important enough to be severed from its most interesting context, and made the object of our profound consideration. It is the portrait of all unrenewed persons, however widely they may differ in other respects. They mind earthly things. The word is peculiar in its force; they set their minds upon earthly things, think of them, think much of them; yea, constantly and supremely. Earthly things, and not heavenly, fill their minds and occupy their regard and affections. And this charge, which to careless, unenlightened souls may seem quite a trifling one, is so grave in Paul's estimation that it moves him to tears, and he weeps while he writes.—*J. W. Alexander.*

NOVEMBER 14.

'BEGINNING AT JERUSALEM.'—Luke xxiv. 47.

This gospel was preached first at Jerusalem, and made known to those who crucified the Lord of glory. 'Therefore,' cried Peter to the pentecostal multitude, 'let all the house of Israel (the very nation which had committed this sin of sins) know assuredly that God hath made this same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.' The Apostle's declaration and all subsequent preaching have held forth the same gospel, or good news of God's love in giving His only-begotten Son. By this alone have perishing souls, in all ages of the dispensation of grace, obtained eternal life; and the proffer is now to you. To you, my hearer, however hardened in your sins, and however destitute of all right feelings, this way of immediate escape is held out. The fountain which burst forth from the rock smitten at Golgotha continues to follow the march of our desert pilgrimage; and the terms are, as of old, 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'—*J. W. Alexander.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

VII.—THE WONDERFUL BRIDGE.

R SCEPTIC CHANGES HIS HOME AND HIS NAME—MUTILATED BIBLES OF THIS COUNTRY—THE GREAT GULF—THE WONDERFUL VIADUCT—TWO OTHER BRIDGES—THEIR PIERS—FATE OF THEIR PASSENGERS—OUR SAFE ARRIVAL.

R SCEPTIC said he had made up his mind to leave the Country of Carnal Reason, as he could no longer render homage to its Prince, or adopt its usages, and that if I did not intend to leave till the afternoon or next morning, he would be happy to travel in my company. Being an unarried man, he said his preparations for the urney would occupy no great time, and that would instruct his man of business to see the sale or removal of his effects after he id left. He also said that he would leave s old name behind him along with his old sidence, and adopt one to describe his fealty Immanuel and his faith in Him. The name hich he chose was Believer. He soon proved mself a most intelligent and serviceable avelling companion.

After we had fairly started on our road, he ve me much information about the country hich had long been his own. Prince Carnal eason, its liege lord, had associated with him the government a colleague, whose name as Bodily Sense. This Prince Sense was not early so astute a ruler as the other, yet, by ie decree of Diabolus, the larger portion of ie country was under his jurisdiction. His ubjects were by no means so intelligent as ose of his brother monarch. Heavy and oddish were they in mind, as their lord was. lany of them were sharp enough at their ade; but in general education they were idly deficient. In his territory there were o universities, and but few schools. Their houghts seldom rose higher than their day's ork and their day's food, and the main staple f their conversation was, What shall we eat, nd what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed? while the subjects of Carnal Reason are fond of speculating and arguing about things distant, future, and unseen.

I asked my companion why, if they were fond of discussing things unseen and future, they did not study carefully the Holy Scriptures, which dealt so much about these very things. He replied, that the Scriptures, while appealing to enlightened Reason, appealed also to Faith, and of Faith the people were totally ignorant. So far as they knew anything of her by hearsay, they were hostile to her and her claims. Prince Carnal Reason had issued severe edicts against any of the inhabitants harbouring her in their homes, as this Faith, who sometimes travelled through his land, was a Princess with a kingdom of her own, and was thoroughly opposed to his government.

My companion said, however, that copies of El-Shaddai's Scriptures were to be found in all their public libraries (of which they had not a few, well-stocked with the literature of all nations), and might also be purchased in the book-shops; but there was very little demand for them. A few of Immanuel's former subjects did not like to be without a copy in their house, but, strange to say, these copies varied so much that no two were the same. In some copies the account of the creation was awanting, in others the books of Moses; many of the Old Testament prophecies were amissing in some copies, from others the miracles were cut out; some wanted the Gospel of John, others were mutilated in the Epistles.

We had the company of a young student, a nephew of my fellow-traveller, and he asked him to show me his copy of the Bible, which he had got from the Printing Press of the

University. It was certainly a sad specimen, and would have been amusing if it had been less sad. It appeared to have been little read, and one could hardly wonder at it, as to have perused it much would have been reading under difficulties indeed. One or two whole books were omitted; occasionally chapters and half chapters were cut out, and numerous verses and clauses were deleted. Fortunately, it was contained in a neat little case, for no ordinary binding would have held together the scattered fragments of what had once been a book.

To my query why they did not print at least continuously the portions they considered authentic, he said that to some extent they did so, but that the authorities of the university were so constantly re-editing and abridging the Volume that the publishers could not keep pace with them; therefore the cases were now furnished with a small pair of scissors for cutting out each passage or book as it was condemned, as well as with a small bottle of indelible ink for rendering illegible clauses and sentences that were considered objectionable. I said that as the book was confessedly ancient, and there might have been small mistakes of transcribers in ancient times, or printers in modern times, I could understand an occasional and reverent revising of the text in accordance with the most ancient, or the best-accredited manuscripts, as these were brought in Divine Providence to light, but that such corrections must, from the circumstances of the case, be very few, or, where more numerous, must be of very trifling importance, as it was known that great care had always been taken in copying the book.

Yes, he said, that would indeed be the case if you take ancient copies as your only standard; but our authorities have another standard—viz., each man's personal judgment of what ought to be in a book that comes to us with the signature of El-Shaddai.

Well, I said, not to discuss this question at present, which is one of the gravest import, I would just draw your attention to the strange fact that your Bible is becoming a very small one; its pages don't nearly fill up this case of yours, which itself was made to contain only an abridged and expurgated copy of the Scriptures.

His features assumed a somewhat anxious and rueful look, and he said, 'Yes, that is true, and it sometimes alarms me. If I only knew what would be left at the end, it would be a relief to my mind.' The words, I said, that close the last book of Scripture, while they guard its pages, surely guard also the Volume of which it is the conclusion, 'If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part from the Tree of Life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.'*

Now, out of this land there were many roads that seemed to lead towards the kingdom of Immanuel, but none of these were finished. The only road that really leads out of this Country of Sense and Carnal Reason is that called 'Belief-of-the-Truth.' We got upon this Highway, and found that it was well laid out and built. It was, indeed, a very ancient road, having existed from the times of the patriarch Abraham, who journeyed along it.† But since his days it has from time to time been enlarged and fortified.

Here the young student bade us farewell, and returned to pursue his studies, while we addressed ourselves to pursue our journey. As we parted, we expressed a hope that we might ere long have the happiness of meeting him in the Country of Faith, and to this hope we added a silent prayer that the Great Teacher would open his understanding to understand and believe the Scriptures, and that he might be led to rely, not upon what one or another of his favourite teachers or authors might announce as his most recent opinion, but upon the Word of the living God, not one jot or tittle of which should fall to the ground.

After journeying for several days upon this highroad, and lodging by night in the quiet resting-places and peaceable habitations which Prince Immanuel had erected for the use and protection of travellers towards His country,‡ we came in view of a broad and deep river, which hurled its foaming waters between the two kingdoms of Carnal Reason and Faith. We heard also the thunders of a mighty cataract, and saw a cloud of spray and steam rising from the seething caldron, and concealing the opposite shore from our sight. Although we knew that no swimmer could stem that torrent, and that no boat could ply across such a ferry, filled with wild whirlpools, we felt confident that He who had laid out the road must have built some bridge to carry pilgrims over the yawning chasm. We felt sure of this, not only from the character of the Prince, whose subjects we both now were, but also from the fact that multitudes had gone before us along this highway, and had safely landed on the other side, where they now had their home. And so it proved to be. For when we drew nearer the river's bank, we saw the pier of a great iron bridge, which was suspended from it, and ran right over the abyss, until it was lost to sight in the clouds of spray that hung day and night over the cataract.

An attentive and intelligent officer dwelt in a small house at the near end of the Bridge, who met travellers with a kindly welcome. When he encountered any who hesitated, through timidity, to risk their lives, as it might seem to them, upon this structure, of which only the one supporting pier was visible to the eye of sense or reason, it was his duty, and not less his delight, to explain to them

* Rev. xxii. 19.

† Gen. xv. 6.

‡ Is. xxxii. 18.

the nature and stability of the structure, and to use all kindly arguments to induce them to cross over. 'This bridge,' said he, addressing us, 'was reared by El-Shaddai Himself. The foundation which He built on this bank of the country of Reason is the human nature of Immanuel, while that on the further bank is His other nature, eternal and divine. These two are united in the mystery of His Person, in a manner which cannot be understood or discerned by the natural eye; for you will observe that the thick mist which hangs over the gulf separating the Creator from the creature is too dense for mortal vision to penetrate. The Viaduct, however, is absolutely secure, and you may cross over without any fear. There are chains of curious workmanship, and strongly-wrought links stretching from pier to pier, and suspending in mid-air this beautiful span, but these chains are at too great an elevation for the unaided eye to perceive them. In crossing it, you must exercise trust in its divine builder and maker. Immanuel has said, "I am the Way; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."'

Now, as we talked with this officer, a small crowd of persons began to gather round. Some of these we perceived, from their dress and their earnest haste, to be emigrants from the land of Carnal Reason. Others seemed to be tourists, wandering about for pleasure, or from being interested in science, and these asked the official many questions about the Bridge, apparently rather from curiosity than with any settled intention of crossing it. Still, here they were at the one terminus of the Viaduct, and they could not but be slightly moved as they read the letters that adorned the archway, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,'* or as they listened to the earnest appeals of Immanuel's faithful servant, in whose eye occasionally the tear-drop might be seen to glisten, as he urged them to cross over, and told them that he that believed on Him should not be confounded. But Belial also had always one or more of his servants posted here, to use every effort to dissuade any who might seem almost persuaded to believe.

A very plausible savant ran out to our group from his house, which was hard by, and told us that he had there an observatory, which he courteously invited us to inspect. He said he would allow us to see through his telescope, which was a powerful instrument, wrought in the best workshops of Carnal Reason, and that, looking through it, we might assure ourselves that there was no pier whatever on the other side; and that he could demonstrate from his own observations, and deductions from carefully constructed tables, that the Viaduct must really be broken off in the middle of the mist, and must there launch all its passengers down into the abyss, since it was certain that of those who crossed over none returned, although some, as he himself had done, ventured on a certain length, and then prudently made all haste to retrace their steps.

Not a few of the members of our little group followed the Professor to his observatory, and Mr Trustful, for such was the name of the officer in charge, said that he feared none of them might return to essay the Bridge. He said he would convoy us part of the way over, but that he was instructed not to leave his post for any length of time, or to accompany any passengers entirely across the Bridge. After we had passed into the region of the misty cloud we would be under the surveillance of other officials higher than he, who would see that no mishap befell us.

As we walked along this wonderful Way, we asked our conductor whether any attempts had been made to build other bridges leading into the kingdom of El-Shaddai. He replied, 'Yes; not a few such attempts have been made, but they have all proved signal failures. This Way, named the *Mediator*, is the only way of access into that kingdom. Of these other bridges, the most considerable are two, which may be seen from either parapet of the way we are walking on. If you turn to your left, you will see a portion at least of the great territory of Superstition. The natives of that kingdom, disdaining this Way, have spent their labour for generations in trying vainly to span the chasm by a bridge, which was planned by Prince Beelzebub, on purpose to destroy those who sought to escape from his power. For you may well believe he had no desire to see his own authority lessened. You can see the structure in the distance pretty distinctly.'

Mr Believer—It is clearly visible, and I see a number of imposing arches that reach out to what appears a large island in this great river, and even recommence on the other side, when they are lost to view in the mist from the cataract.

Conductor—Exactly. The first of these arches is *Antiquity*. Its architecture, if not so ornate as that of some of the others, is venerable and picturesque even from its age, and it attracts many. Yet, if they examined the two Piers of this Viaduct, they would find that they far excel that pier in antiquity, for this Bridge was planned and partly built in eternity, or ever the earth was. The next arch which you see is *Apostolic Succession*. Its carving is ornate. It is adorned with statues of bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries, beginning with the Apostles. The upper niches have been but newly filled. There are one or two blanks, and a few figures of boys are, strange to say, among the mitred dignities. Still, they pass muster without being much noticed. The next arch is *Church Authority*. It also is richly carved. At the base is St Peter holding the keys; the carved façades represent the various great councils of the Romish Church, with medallions of tortures, burnings at the stake, and

* Acts xvi. 31.

wholesale massacres of the subjects of Immanuel. If you use this glass you will see the Waldensian massacres, the holocausts at Smithfield, St Bartholomew, and the Italian and Spanish Inquisitions. The next arch is *Virgin-Worship.* On it the central piece is a beautifully carved figure of the Madonna. It was copied from the image of a heathen goddess. Her head is surrounded by a divine halo. The next arch is *Saintly Intercession.* It is all covered over with likenesses of saints, human and angelic. Then the large island is reached, which is filled with churches, chapels, spires, and altars of various degrees of architectural merit. Here quite a large population is settled, and for long those who reached this point thought they were fairly across the great River. Really, the deepest and broadest part lies on the other side of the island. Accordingly, they are now trying to carry the bridge over that chasm, where they will find no foundation for the piers of their arches at all. The new one, built on the bank, is called *Papal Infallibility.* The girders run out from that over the yawning gulf, and, alas! precipitate the foolish passengers into it, their cries being lost in the roar of the waters, and their sad fate hid from those behind them by the veil of mist, where is the end of this Bridge, that never will be finished.

Believer—Well, it is very sad that intelligent men should be so deluded as to go over that bridge, and meet such an awful doom. Do none of them turn back and cross over by this Viaduct?

Conductor—Yes, not a few of them turn and make use of our Bridge. Of these, some openly acknowledge their error, and throw into the river their rosaries, crucifixes, and other paraphernalia. Others among them are not so courageous, but they come timidly creeping along after nightfall, afraid of being recognised by any of their friends. By Immanuel's orders the gate is kept open all night, so that none may be kept back who may wish to make use of the Viaduct. If they are afraid to destroy their relics and images, we may be sure they place small reliance on them in the Land of Faith.

Believer—Let us turn to the other side, where I see the second bridge you just now spoke of, and which I know more about, as many of my friends, I fear, have perished through venturing on it, and I was nearly doing so myself.

Conductor—This bridge you speak of is very popular just now; but, alas, is no more trustworthy than the other. You see its five great piers and arches. The first is called *Good Works.* It rests on that rock, called the Rock of Law, and seems to a superficial observer stoutly built; but Immanuel has Himself inspected it more than once, and condemned it as insufficient. Its materials are far from sound, and the workmanship is full of flaws, so that even beneath the gales and floods that have already fallen on it large portions of it have been torn down, while under the far more terrible storm wh Immanuel has predicted as sure to occur the end of the world, the whole building has assured us will be swept away.

The second arch is named *Human Wisd* It is a pet work of Prince Carnal Reas having been designed by himself. It is b on a sandbank, which is, unfortunately quicksand, and constantly shifting. Your Prince's engineers are always at work, try to repair the ill-fated pier, whose foundatio always giving way. You can see them at it; now, superintending their gangs of skil labourers. The works are periodically visi by scientific professors, who are constar analysing the sand, and measuring the f of the currents, and directing the pract engineers to alter the site of the foundat every six months, according to some new covery they think they have made. result is that it is in such a shaky state t any one except these professors themsel might well tremble to cross over it.

The third arch is called *Good Intenti* The bed of the river there is so soft tha will not bear any weight of superstructur all. You will observe that the shaft of pier is quite unfinished. It is, indeed, alw sinking, and leaving a dangerous chasm the bridge itself. This hole is tempora repaired with loose planks, a store of wh is kept ready for use; and so a most insec roadway is maintained to connect pier N with Nos. 4 and 5. These, strange to say, floating piers, and have no foundation wh ever. You would not detect this except a close inspection, or by catechising builders. The first of these two piers named '*No Faith.*' Finding no bottom this place, Prince Carnal Reason devised bright idea of floating large barges here, building the brickwork upon these. portion of the river where he placed ther in a sort of backwater, where they rem moderately stationary in good weather; when the water rises a little, they shift th ground, and endanger the whole structu The second floating bridge is called '*No Fe* Its floating foundation tosses up and do not far from the margin of the great wh pool. Even now it is only a most fool-ha traveller who would venture on the trembl and swaying viaduct, which every few we gives way, and plunges its human frei into the dark waters. How they expect it stand at all in the last great flood, no man guess. They say they do not believe in such flood, and have no fear of it. A little p this hazardous pier the bridge enters the m and there the few passengers who have esca the numerous risks up to that point are for ever to our sight. We can scarce doubtful as to their fate. God be thank some take warning by the alarms caused the manifest insecurity of their viaduct, return ere it is too late.

We took farewell of our conductor, tha ing him for the important information he h

communicated to us, and soon entered into the veil of mist. And we feared as we entered into the cloud. The viaduct, however, stood firm under our feet, and we heard a voice from heaven out of the cloud, sounding clear above all the thunders of the surging waters beneath us, and we thought it came even from the Throne of El-Shaddai; and the words we heard were, 'This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'*

So calm were we now, that we kneeled down to rest and muse on the wonders that were over our heads and under our feet, and to pray to Him whose voice we heard, but whose shape we could not see. Then, rising and pursuing our way, we were presently met by one of the officers who have charge of the further end of the Bridge, even that where its second Pier is built in the Land of Faith. This new conductor's speech was attractive and plain, but his utterances were sometimes hard to understand. He had once been custodier of the other Pier, whose whole history he knew well, for he said he had not only dwelt near it and seen it, but had examined it closely, tested it by the hand, and in every way. We asked him if the Pier which he now guarded was ancient. He said, 'Yes, beyond all computation. "In the beginning was the Word. The same was in the beginning with God."'† He also gave us much instruction concerning the character of this Mediator (for so, as I have said, was the Viaduct called) and the nature of each of the Piers, and he said that those who so trusted in it as to pass over it were landed in a country where (although still on earth) they were the possessors of eternal life; while those who contemned it, and tried to gain the land of life by the other bridges, should never see life, but the wrath of God abode upon them‡

This officer told us we were now free to take up our abode in this land, which was called the Country of Faith, and that we would find both pleasure and profit in the society of its inhabitants. That night we lodged with him, as it was toward evening.

He informed us that the country was ruled by a Princess, whose name was Faith. She had two sisters, whose names were Hope and Love, who had also, under Immanuel's seal, kingdoms of their own, but who not unfrequently visited their sister in her palace. The Princess Faith, who was of Royal rank in her own right, had for her consort a noble Prince, Heavenly Wisdom. Strange to say, he was the twin-brother of Prince Carnal Reason. Born and educated together in Immanuel's Land, Prince Heavenly Wisdom remained true to his allegiance when his brother revolted to Diabolus, being tempted by the large bribe of a crown and kingdom. Immanuel brought up at His own Court the brother who remained loyal to Him and destined him for high station and honour; and learning that he had fallen in love with the young Princess Faith, who was also being educated as a ward in His Palace, He readily gave His consent to their union. Thus Heavenly Wisdom (for Immanuel gave him this Christian name), besides his own large possessions, became, as Prince Consort, joint-ruler with his bride over the realm of Faith.

(*To be continued.*)

* Matt. xvii. 5. † John i. 1, 2. ‡ John iii. 36.

The Lullaby.

'Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep!'
A mother is singing her baby to sleep,
But the tiny fingers tipped with pearl
Round one another vexatiously twirl,
And feet so cunning, so rosy and quick,
Are tossing the crib-quilt with punch and kick,
And wide-awake eyes, just as blue as the sky,
Are saying to mamma, 'I'll sleep by-and-by!
And you can't hurry me one wee bit,
Though trying your sweetest you patiently sit
And sing by the hour beside me!'

'Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep!'
'Hurry up, darling! Do go to sleep!
Maybe you'll find in the Land of Dreams
Little Bo-Peep by the shady streams
Waiting for you, with her to go
After her lambies as white as snow,
Hunting through meadow and glen and dell
To find the dear creatures all safe and well
Out where the lovely harebells grow,
Bleating and feeding to and fro,
A-swingin' their tails behind 'em!'

Lower and lower the shadow dips
Over the forehead, the cheek, the lips;
Lovelit eyes are closed at last,
Lullaby, hushaby song is past,
Baby has gone to the Land of Dreams,
Hunting Bo-Peep by the shady streams.
Mother, unwearied, her vigil keeps,
Dreaming awake, while her baby sleeps—
Dreams what the future perchance may bring
To her winsome darling and leave no sting,
No waking grief behind them.

. . . . . .

Silently, tenderly enter there.
God has answered a mother's prayer;
Baby, our baby, to-day has gone
Into a country to us unknown;
There to find by the shady streams
Which border the city where no one dreams,
Gifts as costly, as rich and rare,
As ever were dreamed in a mother's prayer!
O Jesus, who sang her last, sweet lullaby,
Jesus, the little ones' friend, be nigh
To comfort us, left behind her!

Fannie E. Townsley.

A Portion for the Aged.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

BY REV. RICHARD CECIL, A.M.

THE direct cause of a Christian's spiritual life is union with Christ. All attention to the mere circumstantials of religion has a tendency to draw the soul away from this union. Few men except ministers are called, by the nature of their station, to enter much into these circumstantials: such, for instance, as the evidences of the truth of religion. Ministers feel this deadening effect of any considerable or continued attention to externals; much more must private Christians. The head may be strengthened till the heart is starved. Some private Christians, however, may be called on, by the nature of those circles in which they move, to be qualified to meet and refute the objections which may be urged against religion. Such men, as well as ministers, while they are furnishing themselves for this purpose, must acquiesce in the work which God appoints for them, with prayer and watchfulness. If they cannot always live and abide close to the ark, and the pot of manna, and the cherubim, and the mercy-seat; yet they are drawing the water and gathering the wood necessary for the service of the camp. But let their hearts still turn toward the place where the Glory resideth.

THE Christian's fellowship with God is rather a habit than a rapture. He is a pilgrim, who has the habit of looking forward to the light before him; he has the habit of not looking back; he has the habit of walking steadily in the way, whatever be the weather, and whatever the road. These are his habits; and the Lord of the way is his guide, protector, friend, and felicity.

As the Christian's exigencies arise, he has a spiritual habit of turning to God, and saying, with the Church, '"Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where thou makest thy flocks to rest at noon?" I have tried to find rest elsewhere. I have fled to shelters which held out great promise of repose, but I have now long since learned to turn unto Thee. "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest thy flocks to rest at noon?"'

THE Christian will look back throughout eternity, with interest and delight, on the steps and means of his conversion. 'My father told me this! My mother told me that! Such an event was sanctified to me! In such a place, God visited my soul!' These recollections will never grow dull and wearisome.

THE history of a man's own life is, to himself, the most interesting history in the world, next to that of the Scriptures. Every man is an original and solitary character. None can either understand or feel the book of his own life like himself. The lives of other men are

to him dry and vapid when set beside his own. He enters very little into the spirit of the Old Testament, who does not see God calling on him to turn over the pages of this history, when He says to the Jew, 'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years.' He sees God teaching the Jew to look at the records of his deliverance from the Red Sea, of the manna showered down on him from heaven, and of the Amalekites put to flight before him. There are such grand events in the life and experience of every Christian. It may be well for him to review them often. I have, in some cases, vowed before God to appropriate yearly remembrances of some of the signal turns of my life. Having made the vow, I hold it as obligatory; but I would advise others to greater circumspection, as they may bring a galling yoke on themselves, which God designed not to put on them.

TRUE grace is a growing principle. The Christian grows in discernment: a child may play with a serpent, but the man gets as far from it as he can; a child may taste poison, but the man will not suffer a speck of poison near him. He grows in humility: the blade shoots up boldly, and the young ear keeps erect with confidence; but the full corn in the ear inclines itself toward the earth, not because it is feebler, but because it is matured. He grows in strength: the new wine ferments and frets; but the old wine acquires a body and a firmness.

TENDERNESS of conscience is always to be distinguished from scrupulousness. The conscience cannot be kept too sensitive and tender; but scrupulousness arises from bodily or mental infirmity, and discovers itself in a multitude of ridiculous, and superstitious, and painful feelings.

EVERY man will have his own criterion in forming his judgment of others. I depend very much on the effect of affliction. I consider how a man comes out of the furnace: gold will lie for a month in the furnace without losing a grain. And, while under trial, a child has a habit of turning to his father; he is not like a penitent, who has been whipped into this state; it is natural to him. It is dark, and the child has no whither to run but to his father.

DEFILEMENT is inseparable from the world. A man can nowhere rest his foot on it without sinking. A strong principle of assimilation combines the world and the heart together. There are, especially, certain occasions when the current hurries a man away, and he has lost the religious government of himself. When the pilot finds, on making the port of Messina, that the ship will not obey the helm, he knows that she is got within the influence of that attraction which will bury her in the whirlpool. We are to avoid the danger, rather than to oppose it. This is a great doctrine of Scripture. An active force against the world is not so much inculcated as a retreating, declining spirit. 'Keep thyself unspotted from the world.'

KENNETH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE herders were up early. Rachel had stood in her door as herds of cattle were driven along the outskirts of the town; but the supple half-breeds, with their red sashes, wide sombreros, and well-coiled lassos, were something that belonged almost exclusively to the plains.

'We were sorry to disturb you,' Mrs Severance said, as her visitors made their appearance. 'At this season the cattle have to be driven a good distance from home, in order to find sufficient pasture.'

'Do you not stand in fear of wandering bands of Indians?' was asked.

'Formerly there was more or less danger, but since the country is settling up, the red men have gone further and further away.'

At this instant Belva dashed up on her pony. There was a fresh colour in her cheeks, and her eyes were dancing.

'I have had a charming ride, and I am hungry as a bear,' flinging herself out of the saddle, and advancing to meet her mother and her guests.

The sun hung like a golden ball over the distant mountains, lances of light struck through the shelving banks of chaparral, and covered the green turf at the bottom of the basin with a net-work of silver bars.

'Are you accustomed to morning rides?' Rachel asked Belva, as Mrs Severance led the way to the breakfast room.

'I seldom leave the neighbourhood of the house, unless on some very special occasion. This morning I had a particular errand,' smiling over to her mother.

'Shall I explain?'

'If you please,' was the reply, in the same humorous manner.

'Belva has persuaded me to go with you as far as Mrs Lowledge's. It will be a new road, and give you a broader view of the country than you would otherwise have.'

'We are sure to enjoy it,' cried Rachel. 'But the miners; did you promise to see them again?' to her husband.

'I did not promise to see them this morning. I promised, if the outlook was favourable, to present their interests and their needs to the Board. Mrs Severance has yet to tell us what she thinks of the movement,' was the reply.

The latter explained that she had longed for a minister to settle among them; that she had waited, and prayed, and hoped, and now she felt that the time was come, that as Christians they must rise up and possess the land. 'It is a great work, and calls for sacrifice; but the strength of the Lord God is ours, and His voice sounds down to us, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."'

The voice and the words carried encouragement to the hearts of the listeners. Would the time come when this great, noble country would be inhabited by a people who knew God and honoured Him, a people who loved His service and respected His ordinances? In that moment the work and anxiety they had known was as nothing. It was His to lead the way and to appoint the work, and He had honoured them by giving them to lay the beams and the foundation-stones, and to found a Bethel and make there an altar. And God had blessed them by the way, as He blessed Jacob.

After breakfast Mrs Severance went to the kitchen to give directions, leaving Belva to exhibit the treasures they had gathered in the mountains—specimens of the different ores, with nuggets of gold and silver.

'My father and brothers understand geology, and I have learned a little,' she said, naively.

Cases of stuffed birds, with exquisite plumage and position that resembled life—owls, eagles, and wild geese, bringing thoughts of the forest and the mountain tops; with animals, the bear, antelope, and deer, 'Enough to furnish a museum,' Rachel said.

'Belva's brothers insist that she is old enough to learn something else now, so that it is probable that we shall not long remain.' It was Mrs Severance, who had now come back, and was standing by the side of Mr Kew.

'You see I am the youngest,' said Belva, with an arch look; 'and mother and I are agreed that a home here is preferable to a home in the cities. I like breathing-room, and the mountains are so full of strength, and the rocks are castles. It is glorious! Don't you think this great Western world glorious, Mr Kew?'

'You are treating me to a new page. What I considered glorious yesterday, I find tame to-day,' was said, smilingly.

'I think Mr Kew would like one of our storms, mother,' returned the young girl. 'I am sure they have no such storms in Truro as we have, although it is so near. God must love the mountains, for He manifests His power here. I never see a storm without thinking of Moses, "And the Lord said, Behold, there is a place by Me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock. And it shall come to pass, while My glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with My hand while I pass by."'

'With my husband and our boys gone from us so much of the time, there is one Book that we study more than any other,' observed Mrs Severance, thus giving the key to Belva's thought.

'Such associations seem but natural to one accustomed to Bible study,' returned Mr Kew. 'Some of the most graphic descriptions are of storm and cloud and darkness. "He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under His feet. And He rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea, He did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness His secret place; His pavilions round about Him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." Did we seek merely to cultivate a pure taste, the Bible is the book to study.'

Nina thrust her head in to say that the horses were ready.

'And this reminds us that we have a long journey before us.'

'If it were not so late in the week, I think I could persuade you to stay with us a day. As it is, your people must not be disappointed,' remarked Mrs Severance.

'But you are to go with us,' said Rachel, a little fearful that Mrs Severance had changed her mind.

'Oh, yes. Belva sent word; Mrs Lowledge will expect us.'

It was arranged that Mrs Severance was to go in the waggon with Mr Kew; Mrs Kew and Belva on horseback.

When the horses came up, Belva insisted upon Mrs Kew's taking Bess.

'You will find her the most intelligent animal. I used to ride Silvertop. It will be a change. I am so accustomed to Bess.'

The road was not as barren; low, level plateaus of arable land were seen, with belts of forest and occasional dwellings.

'Every year brings its thousands,' observed Mrs Severance. 'The first thing necessary is to organise churches and plant schoolhouses. Many a shipwreck has been made because there was no house for the stranger on his first Sabbath to worship in.'

'I quite believe you, and I rejoice to think that the time is coming when Sabbath influence will be felt, and the Sabbath itself honoured as a day set apart for closer intimacy with Him through whom we have access to the Father,' responded Mr Kew.

'One of the obstacles in the way, and a very great hindrance to the spread of the gospel, is due to the fact that Christian people coming from the older, more settled portions of the country, content themselves with a life at variance with the profession they have made; seldom acting as leaders, and not unfrequently hiding their light entirely. It is difficult to comprehend how this can be; and, sad as it is, teaches us the necessity of watchfulness,' Mrs Severance returned.

'It is difficult to comprehend how one who has tasted of the cup of salvation can turn from it. As for myself, I see no half-way house. I can see consistency in an infidel, and I feel compassion. I can see consistency in the full maintenance of a religious life. But as to a middle course between the two, I cannot see it. As a minister, I am led to go to my closet many times every day for wisdom to meet such cases.'

There was a sad tenderness in the voice, that touched Mrs Severance.

She was almost sorry that she had led the conversation in that line. There was so much to elevate in the majestic beauty of His work scattered around them, and upheld by His hand.

Besides, there were those who kept their lamp burning.

Mrs Lowledge was one.

Rachel now came alongside of the waggon. Her face was bright and smiling.

'Did you ever see anything as grand?' pointing away to the distant mountain-tops.

A moment later Belva came galloping up to say that a storm was brewing.

'Whenever the cloud caps the mountain in that fashion, a quick storm follows.'

'Then we shall see the very spectacle you desired us to see,' exclaimed Rachel.

'I do not think it will reach us, and still it may,' returned Belva, wheeling around and speaking to her mother in a low, earnest voice.

'Belva thinks we will do well to rest here. She has been with her father and brothers so much, that I am quite ready to yield to her in this matter,' Mrs Severance said, after a pause.

Meantime the scene changed perceptibly—masses of cloud swung together, while the blackness gathered in the form of a cone, leaving the lower edges illumined, as if lighted from within.

This was followed by a low, long, guttural sound, as though the elements were remonstrating, and the next instant the play of artillery and the crash of cannon, as if the battlements of heaven were invaded.

Light grey clouds veiled the sun; birds shrieked, and flew in dizzy circles; herds of cattle and horses were seen scudding over the plains; then the lightning leaping from crag to crag, with the bellowing thunder crashing, reverberating, deafening; the wind sweeping the clouds in battalions forward and backward, and at length, by a flank movement, dashing big drops into the upturned faces of the travellers; then twisting, recoiling, and coming down in a shower—but so far away, and with the sun fully shining, as to have the appearance of a jewelled curtain.

All this within the space of fifteen minutes, with no other disturbance than the thunder, the light cloud passing over the scene, and the one dash of quivering rain-drops.

'Just to let us know that it was real,' said Belva, wiping the drop from her peachy cheek.

The splendour of a new thought shone in Mr Kew's face.

He looked as one who recognised the voice of God in the thunder, and the lightning as the breath of His nostrils.

Bess was pressed close to the side of the waggon, with Mrs Kew still sitting in the saddle.

Mrs Severance was the first to speak.

'Nature does not repeat. I have witnessed many a storm, but never one where the movement was so marked and contradictory.'

'It is something to see, but it is grander to be in it. I have been in one once or twice,' Belva said, giving herself a little shake and sinking back into the saddle.

'Were you not afraid?' Rachel asked.

'There was a strange awe, not unmixed with confidence. I felt He would cover me with His hand, as He said to Moses.'

Whether it was that the main features of the road differed little from that already passed over, or the majesty of the storm rendered them speechless, there was but little said during the remainder of their ride, Mrs Kew and Belva going forward to announce their coming.

Mrs Lowledge was standing in the door, with Belva and Mrs Kew near her, when the waggon came up. Some one was taking the saddle-horses away. Mr Kew had noticed but one house on his first visit; now he saw there were several. He had thought of Mrs Lowledge as isolated. It was pleasant to realise that she had neighbours.

The ladies met with a burst of friendly enthusiasm.

'I was afraid I would never see you if I did not come now; besides, I wanted you to know Mr and Mrs Kew,' Mrs Severance said.

A glow of satisfaction rested on the face of Mrs Lowledge as she pressed the hands of her new friends and then led them into the house. Baby Paul was sitting on the floor, vigorously shaking a bright coral rattle. In an instant Belva threw her bonnet aside and had him in her arms.

'Precious has a naughty mamma, a very naughty mamma, or she would have brought him to see us before this,' laughing and chatting without looking up.

'Paul has not yet learned to walk, and riding has not come into his experience,' softly laughed Mrs Lowledge.

'Is it possible?' cried Belva, taking the baby over to Rachel. 'Isn't he a beauty?'

'Of course he is,' was the laughing reply.

Mr Kew gave an account of the storm that had overtaken them.

'Whether it was the electric fluid in the atmosphere, or the wonderful display in the heavens, I felt lifted up and beyond myself, and ready, in a certain sense, for better work than I had ever accomplished.'

'I think that is the effect upon all minds who acknowledge God — a display of His power set over against His tenderness, the majesty and grandeur side by side with His mercy and His loving-kindness. I can but feel that I love Him with more of the sweet, pure love of a child, after gazing upon such exhibitions of His power,' answered Mrs Lowledge.

'You have been on the mountains; you know what a grand thing it is,' said Belva, turning from the smiling face of Paul.

'Often in travelling we were met by fierce storms, but no harm came to us,' was said in that strong, calm voice that had led Rachel to question where and how she obtained it. The next words were the key. 'I used to wish to set one of these storms to music. Only God, with His finger over the key-board, touching a note here and there. A flute-voice answers us in the lull and quiet, but we do not feel the power of the instrument until we hear the thunder of the diapason, the rush of mighty harmonies, the wonderful strains of melody awakening in our hearts reverence and a holy fear.'

After dinner the friends stood on the short, crisp grass before the door, and talked of the mines, and the need of a minister to teach the people the things of God.

'It is not much that I have done; still, I have always felt that I was a home missionary,' Mrs Lowledge said. 'What I can do I will do, whether here or elsewhere. I have neighbours, and there is no church for them to go to.'

'Better than anything else has been the appointment of man to the work of saving man,' Mrs Severance observed.

'I do not think the Board will hesitate. I trust not. Many of the churches they have helped are now self-supporting. May God hasten the day when more will be,' was the reply.

'"This country for Christ," must be our motto and our prayer,' added Mrs Severance.

It was still a long way to Truro. Each felt that there must not be a moment's further delay. Long after the good-bye was said, Mrs Severance, Belva, and Mrs Lowledge stood gazing out after the waggon, as it lumbered heavily along the road.

'What a beautiful thing it is to love God, and to be honoured with a post in His service,' remarked Mrs Lowledge. 'It gives beauty and blessedness to this life, and adds the hope of a home in heaven, purer, brighter, and better than our fondest imaginings. Wherever I am, whatever I do, I say, "Blessed Jesus, Thou hast forgiven my sins, and Thou art guiding me by Thy Spirit." And thus peace is mine through Christ.'

Belva mounted Bess, and took Paul up before her.

'He shall not have to say that he has not had a ride,' setting off in a brisk canter and making the circuit of the grounds several times, thus leaving the mothers to talk of the most natural thing in the world to talk of, after such a visit—namely, the minister and his wife.

'I am told that he is doing a good work in Truro, and his wife is thoughtful of the poor. She has taken one neglected little girl into her house, and she is trying to found a Home for such as manifest a desire to lead a different life. Then Trestrail, you remember him?' to Mrs Lowledge; 'Trestrail is a new man. This visit of Mr Kew to the miners is all owing to his influence.'

Mrs Lowledge was sitting with her hands clasped over her knees, and a far-away look in her dark eyes. At length she repeated slowly—

'"One soweth and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestoweth no labour; other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours."' Then turning her face, while a sweet, happy expression passed over it, 'Some one has said, "It is only the last stroke of the axe which fells the tree; a dozen woodsmen may have given repeated blows, but only the last one that brings it down." So, in soul-saving, many influences contribute.'

Bess was standing before the door. Belva slid down and laid the babe, cooing and smiling, in his mother's lap.

'He takes to the saddle right well. If I send Bess over some day, you will come,' was said, pleadingly.

'You must not send Bess. First of all, I must hear from Mr Lowledge,' smiling back her reply.

Mrs Severance rose to her feet.

'It will be hard driving, or a late hour when we reach home,' she said to Belva.

'We have a moon, mother, and Bess is in her best humour,' said the young girl, laughing, and caressing Paul at the same time.

There was no delay, however. It was not a ride to be enjoyed after dark.

(*To be continued.*)

My Mother.

I grudge thee not thy glory, yet I weep,
For wast thou not my dearest earthly friend
In Jesus thou didst sweetly fall asleep,
To thy hard life He gave a pleasant end.
And I am glad, and hope to see thee yet
Where angels and the perfect spirits dwell;
So, if I mourn, I do not rashly fret;
Thy Saviour took thee: it is therefore well.
I miss thee, mother, and in solitude I weep
And pray that when I die I may in Jesus sleep.

Thy life was full of toil and anxious care,
And late and early thou wast on the wing;
While from thy closet many a fervent prayer
Went straight to God, like arrow from the string.
Thy children loved thy warm, devoted heart,
And trusted in thy energy and skill;
For household management was thy own art,
And seldom did thy busy hands lie still.
Before thy faith and force stupendous mountains fell,
And filial love did thee to noble deeds impel.

And yet, amid thy bustle and thy strife,
A hearty laugh or pleasant psalm would rise;
And thy true speech was full of pith and life,
While church affairs had thy deep sympathies.
But, best of all, the Bible was thy food,
And fellowship with Jesus thy sweet rest;
Thy heart rose higher than mere earthly good;
A child of God was thy most welcome guest.
His house, His Word, His day, were holy ground to thee,
And now thou worshippest in glory reverently.

Straight was thy carriage, handsome was thy frame,
But thou hadst little foolish vanity;
Yet there were failings, which I need not name,
Though some were linked to gentle charity;
They pained us seldom, since they yoked with truth,
And zeal is lovely, though she is too keen.
All knew thy drift; hypocrisy, forsooth,
Slunk from thy eye, and wished he had not been.
Transparent was thy nature, like a beam of light,
Nor lies nor paltry baseness could endure thy sight.

But lengthened sickness chastened thee for God,
And weaned thee from a scene of pain and war;
The Saviour came, and daily took thy load,
And suffered thought to wander near and far:
To Texas' plains, where roams an ardent son,
Or unto him who lives upon the sea;
Or to sweet Nancy, to the graveyard gone,
Or thy two babes in heaven's felicity;
Or, haply, unto him whose loved helpmeet thou hadst been,
Through joys and sorrows which these years have seen.

But death at last approached with noiseless tread,
And summoned thee to battle on the verge;
Thy weeping children crowded round the bed,
While angels watched thee from the strife emerge;
To each and all thou gav'st a counsel wise,
As God Himself directed thee to speak:
'Be sure, my children, that you seek the skies,
And to your father aye be kind and meek.
My prayer for you has been that grace might here be given,
And I will wait to see you when I go to heaven.'

I pity him who never knew the love
That glows within a pious mother's breast;
Or him who, knowing it, can faithless prove,
And smite the hand by which he is caressed.
'Tis able mothers that the nation needs
To win her stubborn youth to wisdom's feet;
For home misrule much of our vices breeds;
But where true mothers are home life is sweet.
I grudge thee not thy glory, yet I drop a tear,
Thy image will be with me while I labour here.

W. A.

A Daily Portion.

NOVEMBER 15.

'WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH.'—John iii. 16.

Gospel faith is the cordial believing of this message. Some of you, let me joyfully think, have already believed, do now believe. Your language is, 'This is my beloved, and this is my friend. He found me fainting in the wilderness. He lifted my head. He spake words of comfort to me. He strengthened me with strength in my soul. And all this He did by pouring a flood of light on His own person and work, by making this great object stand forth prominent and luminous—that is, by working in me faith.'—*J. W. Alexander.*

NOVEMBER 16.

'AS MOSES LIFTED UP THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS, EVEN SO MUST THE SON OF MAN BE LIFTED UP: THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE ETERNAL LIFE.'—John iii. 14, 15.

There are some whose language is, 'Nothing is more mysterious to me than the saving character of faith. I believe these truths; and yet I find no relief for my burden.' To such a one I must, in all respect and love, speak a word of contradiction. No, you do not believe the gospel. Or, at any rate, since there are degrees in faith, you believe but faintly. You have been looking too long and too much at self, and too little at the Saviour. If you believed that God so loved the world, you would see and know that even for you there is room in the bosom of infinite Compassion. If you believed that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and by specification, the chief of sinners, you would see salvation brought home to your own heart.—*J. W. Alexander.*

NOVEMBER 17.

'DOST THOU BELIEVE ON THE SON OF GOD?'—John ix. 35.

If you believe that grace is abounding, free, present, made over by gift to just such as you, in all your hardness and all your guilt, and that the very first saving act is that of acquiescence in this gratuity, you would gaze with wonder and gratitude on the pierced hands and feet and the opened side, and would exclaim with Thomas, My Lord and my God! If you believed, you would turn away from the study of your wretched self, and being all absorbed in another object, resplendent, soul-entrancing and divine, would joyfully cry, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in this.' And it is just because you still refuse to let go your hold of something within you; because you doubt the capacity of Christ's love to embrace you as you are; in a word, because you do not believe, that you persist perishing with a condemned world.—*J. Alexander.*

NOVEMBER 18.

'YE WILL NOT COME TO ME, THAT YE MI HAVE LIFE.'—John v. 40.

The difficulty does not lie in any wan atoning love or gracious provision. The sa fice has been made; it is infinitely pleasin God; it is accepted; it can never be repea it can never be added to; it stands be the universe in immutable, consummate gl Nor does the difficulty lie in the natur faith, as though it were complicated, r terious, or unintelligible; it is one of the simplest actings of the human soul. Bu lies in this, that you do not apprehend spiritual manner the precious, the e blessed truth to be believed.—*J. W. A ander.*

NOVEMBER 19.

'AND HE SAID, LORD, I BELIEVE. AND WORSHIPPED HIM.'—John ix. 38.

You see God under a false aspect, as a h exacting Lawgiver and a relentless Ju You look on Christ as coming to you w some legal conditions to be fulfilled in y before He can be yours. And justly consci that such conditions are wanting in you, stay away from the fountain of life, and for ever stay away, till the light of God da on your erring mind. Now, my sorrow friend and hearer, now you have arrived what is perhaps a critical point in your histo Will you flee to Jesus Christ to-day? W you perish, or will you believe? Whatever your determination, note it when you home; 'This day I have chosen Christ;' 'This day I have rejected Him.' For it noted in heaven.—*J. W. Alexander.*

NOVEMBER 20.

'THESE WORDS WHICH I COMMAND THEE TI DAY, SHALL BE IN THINE HEART: A THOU SHALT TEACH THEM DILIGENT UNTO THY CHILDREN.'—Deut. vi. 6, 7.

He who is godly is both a diamond and loadstone: a diamond, for the sparkling his grace; and a loadstone, for his attracti virtue in drawing others to the love of Go precepts; a good man benefits others mo than himself. You that are parents, dischar your duty; though you cannot impart gra to your children, yet you may impart kno ledge. Let your children know the comman ments of God. Ye shall teach them yo children. You are careful to leave yo children a portion; leave the oracles of heav with them; instruct them in the law of Go If God spake all these words, you may w speak them over again to your children.—*Watson.*

MAN DIETH . . . . AND WHERE IS HE?

BY REV. J. H. THOMSON, HIGHTAE, LOCKERBIE.

'Man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?'—JOB xiv. 10.

THESE words occur in the speech with which Job closes the first series of speeches in the controversy he and his friends carried on. Job turns to contemplate the common lot of man, and in language of great beauty he describes the shortness of human life. In a succession of imagery he sets forth our frailty and our feebleness. The flower and the shadow, so fleeting in nature, are each emblems of man. The tree is cut down, but there is hope that it may sprout up again, and yet be a giant of the forest; but 'man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' These words, so beautiful, so true, and so instructive, are the words of our text. They contain—

I. AN AFFIRMATION. This affirmation is made up of three separate statements.

1. '*Man dieth.*' The tree cut down to the ground may sprout again, but 'man dieth'—words that tell us—

First, Of the universality of death. It is not some man, or some men, but it is 'man' as a race that 'dieth;' and all human experience teaches that death is the universal heritage of our race. The beggar dies; but not less does the prince. The eloquent orator, the wise statesman, the skilful general, the revered Christian minister, much as they may be looked up to, and much as their counsel and guidance may be needed by their fellow-men, stand exposed to death, and sooner or later are carried to the silent grave. Full of life and of hope as man in his prime seems to be, and wonderful as the vigour of some men is, yet the words of the text describe the lot of all: 'man dieth.' The word here rendered man, *geber*, is quite different from that so rendered in the latter clause, *adam*. It signifies strength, vigour, power, energy, and is doubtless used rather than the other to tell us that no amount of strength, no gigantic stature, no bodily vigour, can stand out in effective resistance when death comes: 'Man, even strong man, dieth.'

Second, The absolute certainty of death overtaking us. There is no 'may be' in the sentence. There is no loophole, no secret passage by which some may escape when it comes to destroy; but as if a lot certain to come upon all the race of man, it is said, 'Man dieth.' How, or where, or when we shall die is hid from us. It may be among strangers, without a friend to minister to us or to cheer us as we pass away; or it may be surrounded by the comforts of home, with loving hands to smooth our pillow, or to close our eyes ere fixed in the cold embrace of death, and our bodies may be laid in a quiet churchyard, to moulder away into their kindred dust; or it may be far away from the land that gave us birth, on the wild waste of the waters of the ocean, and the caverns of the deep may receive our mortal remains into their keeping until the morning of the resurrection. But all these things are hidden from us. It only remains certain that we are included in the words, 'man dieth.' This certainty arises from the divine decision—'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' This decision is founded on justice. Man is a transgressor of the divine law, and death is the wages of sin; and as all have sinned, or have come into the world biassed to sin, all men die. Death is, indeed, a serious matter; but so is sin. Sin is an offence against God—the God that made us, the source of all our blessings, and a God of infinite excellence. The heinousness of such an offence it is impossible to exaggerate, for it is committed against a Being who has infinite claims upon our love and obedience. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that, as guilty of sin, it should be said, 'Man dieth.'

Thirdly, The nearness of death to us. It is

not angels, not creatures whom we have never seen, but it is man, our fellow-man, that dieth. It is we ourselves that die. We bring frail bodies into the world. The seeds of death are in them from the first moment of their existence; and life is very much of a fight all our days to keep death at arm's-length from us, until we are overcome and laid low in the grave. A great part of our race dies in infancy. In thirty years the larger part of the generation that begun them disappears, and the age of seventy or eighty or more years is reached only by one or two persons in a parish. The companions of our schooldays, how few of them survive! Every year sees one or more of them cut down, and by-and-by we shall follow. How soon, we cannot tell; but at the furthest the time is near when our condition will be exactly described in the words of the text, 'Man dieth.'

2. *And wasteth away*—Words that tell us of the gradual approach of death to all of us. Wasting is a gradual process. First, a small speck appears, and it spreads and spreads until the substance on which it has lighted is useless for all the purposes for which it was designed, and it becomes a mass of decaying or decayed matter. It is just so with man's life. It is a course that is ever drawing him nearer and nearer to death. If he pass in safety through the diseases that waylay children, and attain to the full vigour of manhood, it is not long until he begins to get enfeebled, and the wasting of age sapping and mining his strength commences. Our life is like the lighted candle. Every moment that it burns shortens its existence, and hastens the time when its expiring wick will die in the socket. It is like a ship drawn within the influence of a whirlpool. Once within its circle of influence, it cannot escape, but ever gets nearer and nearer the centre, until it is carried down into the fatal vortex of the waters and destroyed. Each day that we come here to the house of God, we are a Sabbath nearer our term, the term when we shall hear our last sermon, and leave the sanctuary on earth to enter it no more for ever.

3. *Yea, man giveth up the ghost.* These six words in our English version represent only two in the Hebrew, but few as they are, they are wonderfully expressive. They tell us of man's utter powerlessness to stay the approach of death. The word *adam*, here rendered man, in contrast with that employed in the beginning of the verse, signifies man as dust. Whatever dust can do to stay the progress of our great enemy, man can do. And what can dust do? indeed, what man can here do is simply nothing, for no human power can stay or keep away death when our time to fall before it has come. In the presence of death 'man giveth up.' Medical aid may do much to alleviate suffering, kind friends by their loving care may soothe the last hours, but, nevertheless, the destroyer irresistibly advances. The life of the dying man may be precious in a high degree. The happiness of others may depend on his existence, on his counsel and advice, on his labours for their support. He may be in the apparent noontide of his days, and in the midst of a career of large and varied usefulness. But these ties are all unavailing to bind him to the life that now is, or to prevent the words of our text exactly describing his powerlessness at the approach of death—'yea, man giveth up the ghost.'

II. A QUESTION. *Where is he?*

1. *This question assumes that he is away from where he was.* And such is, indeed, the case in death. At its approach the voice, however powerful, however captivating it may have been, becomes silent, and the countenance, the light and the joy of every company into which it came, changes and ceases for ever to be the object of attraction. The spirit that gave life and elasticity, and what seemed to be the power of untiring labour to the body, is gone, and the body soon reveals what has taken place. However much we may have loved or admired them when living, we soon feel that when death comes we must, like Abraham, bury our dead out of our sight in the grave, to return to the dust whence it came. And in a few years this dust becomes undistinguishable from that around it, so that we may ask of it, as of the living being that once animated it, 'Where is he?'

We are apt, in our vanity, to fancy that our place in life will not be easily supplied. But there is truth in the reply of the first Napoleon, however unfeeling and heartless they show the speaker to have been, when told of the death of a distinguished general and of the great loss it would be to the army, 'No man is necessary.' Others soon learn to do our work, and we are speedily forgotten. We have seen in our own time great statesmen, great orators, students of science, soldiers, and theologians taken away by death. As we read the eloquent eulogies on them in the public prints, it might seem as if they would never be forgotten, and that men would talk of them for ever. But ere long

their places are filled up, and the eulogised as well as the eulogisers are alike forgotten, and we come to feel the force of the words of inspiration, 'As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.' 'The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun.'

2. *The question assumes that they are still in existence* — 'Where is he?' As if somewhere else than where the questioner is, as if the spirit were not annihilated in death, it is asked, 'Where is he?' And the body is not all that forms man. It is not even that which mainly distinguishes man. There is something else that is greater than the body, and where is this something else? Where is he? Reason teaches us that there must be another state of existence. The changes that man has already gone through, the unlikelihood that our living powers shall be destroyed, the consideration that we are under moral government, the fact that there is much that is incomprehensible in this government if all ends with this life, and the fitness of our living powers for another life—all these things teach us that there must be another state of existence for the soul. And Holy Scripture proceeds upon the principle that the soul lives, that men may kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; and of this soul still in existence the question is asked, 'Where is he?'

3. The question assumes that *the state of the soul in another state of being has some correspondence with its previous character* — 'Where is he?' 'Where is she?' that was so marked for unassuming piety, for Christian benevolence, for love for what was true and good, for desires and efforts to advance Christ's cause in the sphere in which he or she moved? Into misery? No, it cannot be. As they were here, so in some respects they must be hereafter. But this matter is not left to the assumptions or the deductions of reason. Holy Scripture assures us of a state of happiness for the righteous after death. The general principle it goes upon is that laid down by the Apostle when he says: 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.' And these words of the Apostle are simply an echo of the direct teaching of our Lord Himself. Wherever He, the resurrection and the life, the bringer of life and immortality to light, speaks of the future for His redeemed people, He asserts or goes upon the principle that as we are here, so we shall be hereafter. If we have been made the pure in heart in this life, we shall in the world to come see God, to enjoy Him as we cannot now. If by faith we come into His kingdom, we enter upon a course that presupposes an eternity to develop the virtues that God implants in the hearts of those that believe in Him. If we rightly employ the talents God has given us while in this life, we shall at last be called to the higher things presented in the words, 'Enter thou into the joy of the Lord.' 'When the Son of Man,' He tells us, 'shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels, then shall He reward every man according to his work.' We are warranted, therefore, in saying that the tastes, the likings, the occupations of earth, will be to a large extent those of heaven. When a man dies, and we ask, 'Where is he?' the best answer is contained in another, 'What was his life? Was it a life of faith in God? Was it a life of holiness? Was it a life of doing good to others? Was it a life sustained by prayer and meditation upon the divine word? Was it a life in which the fruits of the Spirit were seen? Was it a life of which the King shall yet say, 'I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me?' Then there will be no doubt whither the deceased has gone: he or she is in heaven with the Lord.

In this man that dieth and wasteth away we have a description of ourselves. It is we ourselves that are frail, dying creatures, whose bodies must yet be carried to the grave. It is we, and others like ourselves, that are spoken of in the words, 'Death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.' In theory, we all own the truth of these statements, but our practice is often altogether different. In truth, we too often live and act as if all men were mortal but ourselves. We bewail the departure of others, while practically we put away from ourselves the thought that we may be the next to follow.

Let us beware of such folly as that of banishing from our minds the inevitable, and let us daily ask ourselves, 'Are we prepared for the change that is so near to all of us?' Faith in Christ Jesus, the believing acceptance of Him as our righteousness before God, is the one and only way by which we are in becoming preparation for death. Faith in Him removes from us the curse resting on us as transgressors; for in faith in Him we rest in Him as our surety who died for our sins, and thus purchased heaven for all that believe in Him. Without this faith we are unprepared for death, for we are transgressors who have not accepted the provision infinite love has made for our deliverance, and are the cursed whom He shall yet charge to depart from His presence. Let it fare otherwise with all of us. Let us look to Jesus as our surety, who, by His obedience and death in our stead, has become eternal life to His redeemed people.

Let us be grateful to God for the gospel that has so given us an answer to the question, Where is he? Where is she? regarding friends that have fallen asleep in Jesus. What a cheerless prospect the future had been without the gospel! How miserable and comfortless bereaved ones had been without Christ Jesus to tell of them that are asleep in Him, of the resurrection morn, when He shall change their vile bodies and fashion them like unto His own, and of the life eternal in the Father's many-mansioned house that He has secured for them.

Let us live while we are on this side the grave a life of faith, a life of holiness, a life of keeping the commandments, a life of love to God and to our fellow-men, so that those we leave behind us will have no doubt how to answer the question, Where is he? Where is she? They may doubtless mourn your departure; but if such a life be yours, their mourning will be tempered by the joy that the memories of the past will give them, memories that will assure them that in death your bodies have fallen asleep in Jesus, in certain hope of a blessed resurrection, while the spirit has gone to join the spirits of the just made perfect.

LILY MELVILLE AND HER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XII.

'In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be!
O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be Thine alone,
And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth be Thine own!'

AND what of Edith meanwhile? Lily and Benson, though they did not talk much of her, both earnestly longed to see her ceasing from her own dead works, and sitting at the feet of Jesus, and were disappointed when her letters contained nothing to indicate the happy change.

Edith herself, in new scenes and circumstances, felt a degree of freedom from the oppressive duties self-imposed, and began to think it a mistake to be so earnest about leading a life different from what her tastes inclined her to; and she felt sure she was *as good* as any of the travelling party to which she belonged, and even better. She had great enjoyment of the fine scenery in Wales, and felt a peculiar satisfaction when she found her thoughts rising from Nature up to Nature's God; and yet, in the midst of all, a consciousness would come over her at times that there was something not set right—some needful thing that she did not possess, and which it was her duty to seek and secure. Did she really desire it? she would ask herself, and answer yes, but not just yet, there is no pressing haste—time enough by-and-by; and then her anxious thoughts would be lulled to rest by finding herself regarded by her companions as the serious one of the company, and referred to on religious matters.

Happily she was roused from rocking herself to sleep in such dangerous by-paths by some remarks in one of her mamma's regular letters, always so full of tender love for her children and watchful interest for their eternal welfare. Mrs Melville had been expressing the pleasure it gave her to find her daughter longing so eagerly for her and her papa's return home—counting the months and days till they might be expected in England—all her reading, working, sketching, music, &c., being begun and finished with a view to give pleasure to, and meet the approval of, her dear parents on their return—the one event towards which everything in her daily life seemed to point, and which regulated her hopes and plans for the future. Her mamma then went on to ask, with anxious solicitude, whether her dear child thought as often of the coming of her Saviour?—if she were sure of having oil in her vessel with her lamp, like the wise virgins, so that she could keep it trimmed and be ready to go forth with joy to meet the Bridegroom whenever He should come?—if she were one of those who were *watching* for His coming, looking for and hasting unto that blessed hope and glorious appearing of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ?—if she were living her daily life in Him, and by Him, and unto Him, so that she might expect the crown of righteousness which

shall be given to all them that *love* His appearing? Was she sure of having accepted the gift of eternal life? and was she clothed in the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness, not presuming to go into the feast trusting in her own robe of good intentions, earnest endeavours, and hopes for the future? Did the prospect of Christ's return give her even as much—instead of much greater—joy as the expected return of her parents?

Mrs Melville also affectionately warned her against delay, for, to those unprepared for His coming, Christ spoke of it as that of a thief in the night—unannounced by any messenger—overtaking the sinner in the dark—robbing him of all that on which his heart was set, and leaving him a prey to shame and destruction—without home or shelter—having no time to flee from the wrath of God, and no refuge to flee to; while to His watching ones His appearing would be as the return of the heart's Beloved, bringing with Him all joy, and honour, and glory, and an eternal home of blessedness.

'The work and the watching will be very sweet
Even in an earthly home,
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come.'

On the evening of the Sunday after Edith had received this letter, which touched her more than she cared to acknowledge even to herself, she went for a walk with another young lady—her most intimate friend in the party—along the top of the Cliffs; and, sitting on a grassy knoll facing the sea in the west, they watched the glowing sunset, in that silence which the stillness of the evening hour is so apt to beget; and then they lingered, talking of many things—of the beauty of this world, and of the kind of sadness which yet a view of it often seems to awaken, and what the cause of this might be. Was it that '*passing away*' was written on all we see with these bodily eyes?—or was it a consciousness that man's sin—*our* sin—had brought a curse upon the ground (Gen. iii. 17), upon the fair world which God had made, and on which He had looked day by day of the creation, and behold it was very good? (but again was that curse removed after the flood, when God said—'I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake')—or could it be caused by our sympathy with the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain until now? (Rom. viii. 22). And they questioned too: Did these beauties of nature belong to the *all things* in Rev. iv. 11.—'For Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created'? and, if so, was it through our pleasure in them as being His, that the Lord has His pleasure in them, or in what other way do they minister to His pleasure?

Long they sat engaged with such communings before they thought of returning to their friends. At length they rose to retrace their steps, and had not gone very far when a dark cloud in the sky, threatening a thunderstorm, arrested *their attention, and* they feared it would overtake them before they could possibly reach the hotel. A short time before they noticed the cloud, they had passed a humble schoolhouse, from which had issued the sounds of psalm-singing, and Edith now proposed they should turn back and take shelter there, and hear the Welsh language for a little in the Methodist meeting, to which proposal her companion agreed.

But the regular Welsh service was over, and a brother from England was addressing the meeting in his own tongue. He had apparently taken for his chief text 1 John i. 7, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' and was speaking of the Just and Holy God, before whom none could appear without the cleansing of that blood. He must have His law perfectly obeyed; and what is our best obedience beside perfection? *Love* is the fulfilling of the law; therefore our dead works, done out of fear and dread to propitiate an angry God, are themselves impure, and need to be purged away. And what of a broken law? Could a perfect obedience from henceforth, supposing that possible, avail to atone for a broken law in the past? *One* only could make satisfaction to God, One who owed nothing on His own account, and He did it in His obedience unto death, even the death of the cross. Christ Jesus kept the law, and bore the penalty of our breach of it. God is satisfied with the sacrifice of Himself which Christ offered. Are you? or are you offending God by presumptuously offering something of your own along with the finished, the perfect, the all-sufficient work of Christ? Your very righteousness are as filthy rags—are you thrusting them in the face of God as equal to, or adding to, the merits of your Saviour?

Edith's eyes were opened, and she found she had fallen from the high pedestal on which she had fancied herself standing, and she felt as if prostrate on the ground, wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. The good works in which she had trusted and boasted—what were they but rags, filthy rags? And she had been wrapping herself in them as a fair robe and comfortable covering, and feeling as if suitably arrayed in a wedding garment for appearing before the King—before Him who cannot look upon iniquity! And now she felt as if the very slightest contact with these filthy rags must have defiled her; they were loathsome in her eyes; but they were a part of herself. Yes, *she* was as an unclean thing, and she abhorred herself—'Behold, I am vile!' and her heart-cry was: 'Oh, to be cleansed!'

What was that the voice of the preacher was saying? that Jesus *touched* the loathsome leper and made him clean—'They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.' 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance' (Luke v. 32). 'His blood cleanseth from all sin.' Even from the sin of self-righteousness?—'from all sin.' From one long sin against God?

as her life now appeared to her to have been—'from *all* sin.' And He says, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool' (Is. i. 18.) Paul says (1 Tim. i. 15), 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief'—the chief of self-righteous sinners. God gave His only begotten Son, 'that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Oh, what forgiving mercy! what abounding love! Hot tears of shame and contrition were coursing down her cheeks, and it seemed to her as if she were at the feet of Jesus, and He was graciously permitting her to wash them with those tears, and whispering to her—'Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.' Stripped of all she had trusted in, she now felt her nakedness, and crouched in humiliation and penitence; but the voice was repeating, 'I counsel thee to buy of Me white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear'; and she felt as if Jesus took His own mantle and cast it over her—His mantle of forgiving love, His own robe of righteousness—making her all fair to look upon. The melted penitent believed His words, and, embracing the feet of her Saviour, heard Him say to *her* soul, 'Go in peace'; and with quivering lips and broken voice, the utterance of a broken and contrite heart, she joined in singing, or rather sobbing, in mingled penitence and joy the hymn with which the meeting closed—'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,' &c.

The thunder had been loud, the lightning vivid. Edith had heard and seen neither. Now the rain was pouring in torrents; she scarcely perceived it as she walked, or rather sped homeward as on wings—her companion wondering, and only half understanding what had come to her friend; that she was a new creature—the new life had begun, never to end—she had accepted the gift of God—'eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

There was joy in London in the hearts of Lily Melville and her maid, and there was joy in India in the hearts of Edith's parents, when they heard of this new birth, as 'there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'

For many days this new-born child of God went on her way bearing about with her, as it were, a conscious treasure. It seemed to her that a jewel of priceless value had been committed to her care, and that she was to carry it about in a transparent casket, ready to be exhibited on all fitting occasions; and the fact of her being entrusted with the possession of such a gem, and honoured to exhibit it to others—(and often she herself appeared to be the casket containing it)—impressed her with the necessity of keeping the jewel-box pure and clear, so as not to dim the view of the precious gem; and of walking warily and circumspectly worthy of her high vocation, '*sincere* and without offence' (Phil. i. 10).

She had, too, a strangely happy feeling of her own nothingness—almost as if she had ceased to be, and her life were safely hid away with Christ in God; the burden of life, with its heavy responsibilities, changed into the wings of faith, with its boundless possibilities; and while she was distinctly conscious that the life which she now lived was that not of herself, but of Christ living in her, and that she was *kept* by God through faith unto salvation, yet there was ever present to her mind the double connection, 'Ye in Me,' 'I in you.' She was safe in Christ, but Christ was to be manifested in her—'That the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body' (2 Cor. iv. 10), 'in our mortal flesh' (v. 11); and if thus closely united, then what manner of person ought she to be, in all holy conversation and godliness?

And in her secret heart she made continual melody, the substance of her song being—'My Beloved is mine, and I am His;' and she could enter intimately into that verse of good George Herbert—

> 'My joy, my life, my crown!
> My heart was meaning all the day,
> Somewhat it fain would say:
> And still it runneth, mutt'ring up and down
> With only this, my joy, my life, my crown!'

Mrs Melville could not but notice the change in her niece, and remarked to her friends that Edith looked like *another being*; thus unwittingly recognising the almighty transforming power of grace by which 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature' (2 Cor. v. 17).

One of the first visits Edith desired to pay after her return to London was to her maid's friend, the old Scotchwoman. Accordingly, on an early day, Benson was called to accompany her young mistress to Mrs Macalister's garret, where she was welcomed with tearful joy, the old woman pouring forth praise out of the abundance of her heart to Him who has all hearts in His hand, and is able to save even those who delude themselves with the idea that they are able to save themselves.

Edith felt herself blushing in the presence of the blind woman at the recollection of the self-righteous, patronising spirit in which she had visited her before; while now she would gladly have sat at the feet of the aged Christian, or rather with her at the feet of Jesus, both together learning of Him.

The old widow said it was long since she had heard any singing—might she ask the young lady kindly to sing a psalm or hymn. Edith readily complied, bidding Benson join, and when they had sung several of those they could remember, Edith remarked, 'You were singing too, I think, Mrs Macalister, when we knocked at your door.'

'Ou na, my dear, my singin' days is dune; but whiles my bit thochts rin into rhyme, an' sin' I canna see to write them doon, I maun e'en croon them till an auld Kirk tune to mysel'—an' to Him wha listens to the feeblest lilt frae a heart Himsel' has broken an' bound

up.' At their request she repeated the verses she had just been '*crooning*:'—

'Oh, wae's me for my cauldrife heart!
How canst Thou, Lord, it langer dree?
Thou wiltna quench the smokin' flax;
Then mak it lowe wi' love to Thee.

'My saul aft cleaves unto the dust—
Can shame an' folly greater be?
Come, Lord, in Thy strong arms o' love,
An' lift my laggin' saul to Thee.

'My sins are a' clean blotted out,
Since Thy dear bluid was shed for me,
But ilka day I fyle my feet,
An' aye maun hae them washed by Thee.

'My Saviour kens my cauldrife heart
Far better than it's kenned by me;
Kens a'—an' yet fu' weel me lo'es;
Lord Jesus, draw me nearer Thee.

'An' mak me liker day by day
To what Thy love wad hae me be;
Oh, lo'e me oot o' my ain sel'
An' lo'e me into bein' *like Thee!*'

If every word was not intelligible to the Scotchwoman's hearers, they at least comprehended the drift of the self-abasing, Christ-trusting song, and were glad to think of the lonely widow having such a resource in her solitude. Edith was reminded of a verse in a book lately a favourite of hers—

'Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts;
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy
If it flow from childlike hearts.'
(*Christian Year.*)

Many weighty words of counsel and experience did the aged Christian give utterance to; but the young convert had not all the advantage on her side; for the old woman felt it to be 'like a blink o' sunshine on a winter's day to meet wi' ane upon whase saul had newly fallen, an' was shinin' bricht an' warm, the licht o' the Lord's countenance.'

She commended her to Him who gives grace for grace—suited to every time of need; the grace of patience and quiet waiting was what she herself needed now—but the grace of boldly confessing Christ before men might be what the young lady would most require in the first instance, and she prayed that at all times she might be clothed with the grace of humility, the bond of perfectness.

They bade one another good-bye as sincere friends, looking forward to many more such interviews.

(*To be continued.*)

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TIMES OF PERSECUTION IN MADEIRA.

I WENT out to Madeira in the autumn of 1844 with my relative Miss D., being then quite a young girl. The state of matters in the island when we arrived was sad indeed. Dr Kalley, the Christian physician, whose labours had had such remarkable results in leading so many of the Maderenses to a knowledge of the truth, was a prisoner out on bail. Twenty-six of those who had been led to read the Scriptures and renounce the authority of the Pope through his instrumentality were in prison awaiting their trial. Dr Kalley himself had been in prison for six months previously, without trial, and had never been convicted of any crime. He had, however, to avoid the necessity of leaving the island, undertaken to hold no more meetings among the Portuguese; but he still continued to comfort the afflicted, counsel the imprisoned, aid the persecuted, attend the sick, and tell of Jesus and His love.

After a short trial of a boarding-house, Miss D. ventured on what was thought quite a bold experiment for a young lady. She took a house for herself, her establishment consisting of her own maid Isabella, whom she had taken out with her, and a young Portuguese named Manoel Pyor, who, for a wonder, turned out a faithful and honest servant. The garden of our house was separated from the neighbouring gardens by no more formidable obstacle than a lavado or streamlet, which I could easily jump over, and I was soon as much at home in them as in our own. In a corner of the next garden I came upon a boy weeping bitterly. I did not think much of this at first, but soon afterwards I again found him in the garden, crying as if his heart would break. I related this to my aunt, who told me that he was the son of a woman named Maria Joaquina Alves, who was then lying in prison under sentence of death; and that the English lady who lived next to us had taken the boy into her service, thinking it would be a sort of protection to him. His mother was a woman of remarkable natural ability, and earnest Christian character, who had drawn upon herself the wrath of the priesthood, not only by her own holy walk and conversation, but by her endeavours to make her neighbours partakers of the blessings which she herself had received. She had been kept in prison for sixteen months, and every means had been tried to induce her to renounce the truths which she had learned out of the Holy Scriptures. Although she had been torn from her family of seven children, one of them an infant, and had been confined for so long in a loathsome jail, she had been strengthened to hold fast her faith; and at length her persecutors, despairing of making any impression on her, and enraged at her steadfastness, had her brought to trial on the charges of apostasy, heresy, and blasphemy. The last charge only was pressed. It consisted in denying that the sacramental wafer 'was the

real body, the real blood, the human body, and the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

The sentence of death which was passed on her for this offence was never carried out. The Court of Appeal in Lisbon, after a delay of nine months, holding that there had been an error in the conduct of the case, commuted the sentence into one of imprisonment. Many people believed that the publicity which this matter had attained, and the severe animadversions of the foreign press had more to do with the commutation than any error of process, real or pretended. Miss D. took the opportunity of explaining to me a good deal about the anti-scriptural and soul-destroying errors of the Church of Rome, and about the persecutions to which those persons were exposed who renounced her authority and teaching for that of the Word of God. The incident of the weeping boy, and the thought of his mother in daily expectation of a violent death, gave a vividness to my aunt's statements, and made an impression on my mind which has never been effaced.

The Rev. W. H. Hewitson, of the Free Church of Scotland, came out to Madeira in February 1845, to carry on the work amongst the Portuguese, which Dr Kalley had been obliged in a great measure to relinquish. Miss D. was a humble and sincere follower of the Divine Master, and soon became known to Dr Kalley and Mr Hewitson as one who was willing to do and suffer much for His cause and people. Two peasants who, with their wives, had embraced the truth as it is in Jesus, desired that their infant children should be baptised into His holy name by Mr Hewitson. The utmost secrecy required to be observed, and Miss D., though quite aware of the risk which she ran, agreed to have the ordinance administered in her house. It was necessary to secure the absence of our Portuguese servant Manoel, and an errand was devised which would keep him out for a considerable time. The parents arrived at Miss D.'s house with their children, who were baptised by Mr Hewitson according to the simple ritual of the Scottish Presbyterians. It was the first Protestant baptism of a native of Madeira, and was a deeply interesting occasion to all who were privileged to be present.

At this time Mr Hewitson lived with the Rev. Jas. Julius Wood, the minister of the Scottish Church in Madeira, and he saw and conversed with those who came to inquire as to the way of life in Mr Wood's house. But after a time, while still continuing to reside with Mr Wood, he hired a house on the Mount Road, just opposite Dr Kalley's, for the purpose of holding his meetings. One day he came into Miss D.'s house, as if for a call, but she soon saw that he was much agitated, and inquired the reason. He told her that when he rode up to his house for the purpose of holding a meeting as usual, he found it surrounded by police officials. He rode quietly past, and came into our house, and he conjectured that they must have been unacquainted with his person, and hoped to know him by his entering the house. Mr Hewitson's distress was caused by anxiety for the poor people who were in the house waiting for him, for he feared that when he did not arrive they would begin to disperse, and on coming out of the house would just walk into the hands of the police. Miss D. offered to go down to Dr Kalley's house, and communicate the state of matters to him, and see what he would advise. When Miss D. explained the situation to him, he and Henriquos de Mattos, afterwards the honoured pastor to the flock of Madeira exiles, got on the roof of Dr Kalley's house and made signals to the people in Mr Hewitson's house to remain quiet, and not to venture out. After some hours, finding Mr Hewitson did not make his appearance, the police went away; Mr Hewitson quietly returned to his own residence, and the people dispersed under cover of the darkness.

Mr Hewitson was now very anxious to dispense the Sacrament of the Supper to his flock; and as the authorities did not seem to have found out anything about the baptism of the children, he applied to Miss D. for permission to do so in her house. It was a very serious matter for a young lady, alone in a foreign land, away from all her friends, to run the risk of bringing herself into collision with the authorities, and rendering herself liable to imprisonment, legally or illegally. The supineness of Lord Aberdeen's Government when Dr Kalley was imprisoned, and the notoriously anti-evangelical tendencies of the British Consul in Madeira were direct encouragements to the authorities to proceed to extremities. However, *love* to the Saviour who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me,' and *faith* in His promise 'to' make all things work together for good to those who love Him, were again sufficient to enable Miss D. to overcome her natural fears, and agree to Mr Hewitson's proposal. Everything was done to ensure secrecy. How Manoel was to be disposed of was a difficult question. The former device of sending him a message would not suffice for so long a time as would be required in this instance.

In this emergency our maid Isabella made a suggestion which was found to answer perfectly. The Misses Rutherford, who did so much for the cause of the gospel in Madeira, had also a faithful maid, who was a great friend of Isabella's. Although she was herself very anxious to be present and take part in the solemn service, with great self-denial she proposed that she should go in the evening and take tea with Miss Rutherford's maid Clarke; that she should take Manoel with her as escort, and should tell him that Miss D. had agreed to spare him, and that he might remain during the evening with Miss Rutherford's Portuguese servants, and then escort her home again.

The appointed evening arrived, Sabbath

the 23d of March 1845, and the people, men and women, old and young, rich and poor, to the number of forty, assembled by degrees in the long dining-room of our house, the table of which was spread with a white cloth. Mr Hewitson, who had already acquired a marvellous command of the Portuguese language, proceeded to dispense the sacrament. We, of course, did not understand what he said, but we were deeply interested in observing the earnest and eager looks of the people as they drank in the words of life from his lips; and who, by coming forward and taking part in this ordinance, were testifying that they did not count their lives dear to them in comparison with the gospel of the grace of God. Mr Hewitson's heart was full. He chose for his subject the Prodigal Son, and he discoursed on the wonderful theme of a salvation which was free to all, but which could not be earned by prayers or penances. Filled with his subject, he forgot the inexorable march of time. Miss D. became seriously uneasy, as the time was approaching when Isabella had been told she might return with Manoel.

When the service was concluded, the people departed by ones and twos, in the same manner as they had arrived, and Miss D. hurriedly removed from the room all traces of the recent event, which she did not accomplish a minute too soon. Among those who professed their faith in Christ on this occasion by partaking of His ordinance was a Senor Arsenio da Silva. He was a man of a goodly presence, a wealthy native of Madeira, who had been delivered from the bondage of Rome, and brought into the glorious liberty of the sons of God through the teaching of Dr Kalley. His wife, however, and his daughter, who was married to one of the judges, remained firm in their adherence to their own faith; and when next year he had to flee for his life, he had the additional sorrow of leaving them behind him, and he never saw them again. He had so commended himself to Mr Hewitson by his Christian walk and conversation, and by his eminent natural gifts, that he afterwards proposed to him to take the spiritual oversight of the exiles in their new home. He had been ordained to the eldership before leaving Madeira, and after ministering to his exiled countrymen for several years, he witnessed a good confession on his death-bed.

But let us return to our own experiences. Miss D. and I during the remainder of our stay in Madeira heard constantly from our friends, Dr Kalley and Mr Hewitson, of the progress of the work in Madeira, of the numbers who came to inquire as to the way of life, and who embraced Christ as all their salvation and all their desire. But the time soon came for our leaving the island, and very sorry I was to go away. Although a town-bred child, I was always passionately fond of flowers, and had previously only had the very scantiest opportunities of gratifying my predilection. During the six months which I had spent in Madeira I had revelled in its floral wealth. The gardens, with their profusion of myrtles, heliotropes, and fuchsias, acacias, daturas, mimosas, &c., had been a continual delight to me. Besides, there were the lovely ferns, and the new and beautiful wild flowers which I found everywhere. But my greatest pleasure of all was in my rides. Every day I rode upon our own pony, sometimes accompanying my aunt and a party of friends, sometimes with Manoel only, who ran behind my pony, occasionally helping himself along by holding on to the pony's tail, as is the custom of the borroqueros, or grooms in Madeira.

When the day of our departure at length came, it was arranged that I was to ride my beloved pony for the last time down to the shore, and Miss D. and Isabella were to be conveyed in palanquins. Mr Hewitson arrived just before we started, and to my intense indignation he insisted that Miss D. and he should ride down together to the place of embarkation, and that I should go in the palanquin. My aunt was sorry for my disappointment, and made an attempt to carry out our original programme, but Mr Hewitson was so resolved, that she could not refuse to ride with him, without absolute rudeness. So we proceeded to the shore, my grief and vexation hidden by the curtains of the palanquin. I bade a last farewell to my poor pony, and handed him over to Manoel, who was to take him to his new owner, the last service he could render to Miss D., who, he often declared, was the best mistress he had ever had.

With the usual amount of shouting, yelling, and swearing, the boat in which we were made its way alongside the *Royal Tar*, the steamer which was to convey us home, and Mr Hewitson accompanied us on deck. He led Miss D. to a seat, and told her with much emotion how thankful he was to see her safe on board a British ship, with the British flag flying at the mast-head. He explained to her that the fact of the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper having been dispensed in her house had become known to the authorities, through the indiscretion of one of the converts, and that he had reason to know that there had been a warrant signed for Miss D.'s arrest a fortnight ago. There had been considerable hesitation, however, about putting it in force, some doubts being entertained as to whether the long-suffering of the British Foreign Office would be extended to the imprisonment of a young lady, as it had been to the imprisonment of Dr Kalley. He had insisted on her riding down openly to the shore with him, as any appearance of timidity on her part would have been the most likely thing to have given courage and confidence to the police officials who had followed us all the way. Mr Hewitson said to Miss D. that the distress and anxiety which he had suffered all the time (but which he had so

heroically concealed from us) were only equalled by his unfeigned thankfulness at seeing her in safety. After a few quiet words of earnest prayer and thanksgiving, he bade us farewell, and returned to the shore in the boat which had brought us to the ship.

Thus, in the good providence of God, our personal connection with the revival in Madeira ended more safely and happily than was the case with many others. The remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit which had been vouchsafed, and the singular success which had attended the teachings of Dr Kalley and Mr Hewitson, soon excited to the utmost the wrath of the priesthood. In the end of 1845 Mr Hewitson was served with an interdict forbidding him to hold religious meetings with Portuguese subjects. Many of the poor people themselves were punished by the authorities with fines and imprisonment, and many were cruelly beaten, robbed, and otherwise maltreated by their bigoted neighbours, and were refused all redress at the hands of the law. God by His grace enabled them to bear all this with patience and resignation; and there was hardly an instance of any of them, even temporarily, denying the Lord who bought them. Mr Hewitson, being in some measure restrained by the interdict, devoted himself chiefly, and as secretly as possible, to the instruction of a class of catechists, in order to fit them for the office of the eldership, and for taking the oversight of his flock, if either his delicate health or the force of persecution should remove him from their midst.

By the spring of 1846 things were so threatening, that, as Mr Hewitson in common with all the foreign residents, had to leave Funchal during the summer heat, the Colonial Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, who had sent him out, advised him to remove from the island altogether for a few months, in hopes of matters cooling down sufficiently to allow of the work being again carried forward. It was, however, a vain hope. The priests, finding that the number of those who were throwing off their yoke was constantly increasing, and growing impatient of proceeding against them with even a semblance of law and order, raised an infuriated mob to put an end at once to a state of matters so offensive to them.

In the month of August 1846, there was a meeting of the Calvinistas, as they were called, in Miss Rutherford's house, where Senor da Silva read to them a pastoral letter from Mr Hewitson. The mob surrounded the house, headed by a canon of the cathedral, and accompanied by several priests, and Senor da Silva, and one or two others who came out, were at once assaulted, knocked down, and beaten, and with difficulty escaped with their lives. The others remained in a remote corner of the house, and, with the Misses Rutherford, suffered many hours of painful *anxiety*. At last, about midnight, the mob, *who had* in the meantime been plied with liquor by the priests, made a furious attac upon the house, broke open the door, an rushed in, penetrating to the room where th invalid Miss Rutherford lay in bed, whic she was unable to leave; and with flashin lights, shouts, and oaths, demanded the poc people, who had incurred their vengeanc They soon discovered them, beat them, thre them over the banisters, and otherwise il treated them. The authorities, who, althoug repeatedly applied to, had refrained fro interference all the day and half of the nigh now appeared on the scene, arrested two the rioters, and dispersed the rest. Dr an Mrs Kalley, having become aware that thei lives were in the most imminent danger, ha left their own house, and hidden themselve in the houses of friends; and the next da after disguising themselves, separately, an with great difficulty, escaped to a ship in th bay. Dr Kalley's house was wrecked by th mob, and his library and effects burned.

Similar outbreaks of cruel fanaticism too place in other parts of the island. One ma was murdered outright, and many received i juries from which they never recovered. Th sole hope of the converts now lay in effectin their escape from the island, at whatever cos They had to leave their homes, their propert their relations and friends, thankful to escap with their lives. In different ships, and a different times, eight hundred of the Made enses sailed away to Trinidad, or some othe of the West Indian Islands. Here they wer ministered to in holy things by Senor da Silv who had made a very narrow escape fro Madeira, and could not even say farewell t his wife, from whom he was parting for ever

In the beginning of 1847 Mr Hewitson saile to the West Indies, to visit his beloved, thoug scattered and exiled, flock. He found, wit the deepest thankfulness, that they were sti witnessing a good confession, and adornin the doctrine of their God and Saviour in a things. Ultimately there was an arrange ment made whereby the scattered exiles wer gathered together in a *location*, which wa secured for them in Illinois, one of the Unite States. Here after the death of Arsenio d Silva, one of their number formerly men tioned, Henriquos de Mattos, became the pastor. He had been educated at the Ne College, Edinburgh, and was ordained to th ministry by the Free Church of Scotland.

That events such as are here related cou have taken place in the middle of the nin teenth century is a circumstance well fitted arrest our attention, and to convince us th the Church of Rome is really unchanged sin the days of St Bartholomew and the fires Smithfield. Giant Pope has no longer t power to molest the pilgrims of the King this country, or indeed in many countr where he was once omnipotent. But wh we see how he acts in places where he st possesses dominion, as in Madeira and Spain (as exemplified in the case of the Ma moros), it must be plain that it is only fr

want of power, and not from want of will, that he is not now, as of yore, 'drunk with the blood of the saints, the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.' Let us all, therefore, earnestly pray that the time may soon come when Babylon the Great shall fall, when God shall judge the great whore who sits on the seven hills, and shall avenge the blood of His saints at her hand.

[This reasoning, although correct, is really not needed. The Syllabus issued by the late Pope expressly claims the right to use the civil power in putting down all who differ from the Church of Rome.—*Editor of Christian Treasury.*]

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS IN PRAYER.

THE first is faith; 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' Or, as in the New Version, 'believe that ye have received them.' This is like the promise in Isaiah, 'It shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer.' God anticipates all true prayer, and beforehand sets in motion the agencies which accomplish the good desired. But here we must discriminate between faith and presumption. Faith is belief grounded in evidence or promise. Presumption is belief without foundation. One could not believe that 'God is, and is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him,' without some good room for so believing. All true faith must have some solid ground to rest upon. The early disciples had such ground on which to rest their belief that in answer to prayer God would work miracles. They had special revelation and promise of such answers. We have not. It would be presumption, and not faith, in us to expect them. But of other things, particularly of such spiritual blessings as pardon, helping grace, needed wisdom, the sustaining and purifying spirit, we have distinct promise. Therefore, when we pray for these, we believe that we have received them; that they are already assured to us. Nor is this all. Our petitions are not limited to such things. We may pray for any and everything which seems to us to be good. And we are to do it in faith. But here our faith is that God will do that which is best. He will give or withhold as His own wisdom and perfect goodness may determine. And of this, if we have any faith in Him, we are glad. It is a part of our happiness that we know He will deny foolish and sinful requests.

The other condition is that we must cherish and exercise a spirit of forgiveness. This, indeed, may be regarded as closely related to faith, if it is not included in it. If faith be real, it brings us close to God; we desire the things He desires; we catch the spirit of Christ His Son; we learn to be meek, patient, long-suffering, not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but ready to forgive. The disciples had more than once exhibited a spirit opposite to all this, being ready to call down fire from heaven on their enemies. They had seen the fig-tree wither away under their Master's curse, and were in danger of arrogating to themselves the right to act not only in a judicial but vindictive spirit. Then, in all their work, they would have frequent occasion for the exercise of forgiveness when it would be extremely difficult to do it. Hardly anything is ordinarily so difficult. How much there is of its opposite in most hearts. It is astonishing to observe how many professing Christians not only indulge but cherish hardness toward fellow-Christians. They can hardly speak kindly to those who have done them fancied wrong, or of them. Or they say, 'I forgive, but I cannot forget.' Continually some old grudge is showing itself anew. Now, for such, and for all indeed, these words of our Saviour are startling.—*H. M. Grout, D.D., in New York Observer.*

Come! I will give you Rest.

'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, . . . rest unto your souls.'—MATT. xi. 28, 29.

Come! I will give you rest,
Rest from your every care;
Come as you are, oppressed
With weakness and despair.

Come! I will give you rest,
Rest from the ceaseless strife;
Rest from the fear of death,
Rest from the din of life.

Come! I will rest impart,
Rest after toil and pain,
Rest to each trembling heart
Burdened with sin and shame.

Come! ye with guilt oppressed,
Great though your burden be;
Come! I will give you rest,
Rest built on pardon free.

Come! whosoever will,
No one will I deny;
Come! I will give to all
Rest which shall satisfy.

Come! I will give you rest,
Rest in contentment sweet;
Come! as a welcome guest,
Rest at your Saviour's feet.

Come! I will give you rest,
Rest from the weight of woe,
Rest from the weary quest
For happiness below.

Come! I will give you rest,
Where earthly conflicts cease;
Rest on a Saviour's breast,
Rest in the paths of peace.

Come! I will give you rest,
Rest in a Father's love,
Rest in the mansions blest,
Rest in your home above.—*G. A. T.*

A Daily Portion.

NOVEMBER 21.

'THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD WITH ALL THINE HEART, AND WITH ALL THY SOUL, AND WITH ALL THY MIGHT.'—Deut. vi. 5.

The duty called for is love, yea, the strength of love, with all thine heart; God will loose none of our love. Love is the soul of religion, and that which goes to the right constituting a Christian. Love is the queen of the graces; it shines and sparkles in God's eye, as the precious stones did on the breastplate of Aaron. Love is a holy fire kindled in the affections, whereby a Christian is carried out strongly after God as the supreme good.—*T. Watson.*

NOVEMBER 22.

'THIS GOD IS OUR GOD.'—Ps. xlviii. 14.

How may we come to know this covenant-union, that God is our God? By having His graces planted in us. King's children are known by their costly jewels. It is not having common gifts which shows we belong to God; many have the gifts of God without God; but it is grace gives us a true, genuine title to God. In particular, faith is the grace of union; by this we may spell out our interest in God. Faith doth not, as the mariner, cast its anchor downwards, but upwards; it trusts in the mercy and blood of God, and, trusting in God, engageth Him to be our God; other graces make us like God, faith makes us one with him.—*T. Watson.*

NOVEMBER 23.

'MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS.'—Song ii. 16.

We may know God is ours, and we have an interest in Him, by His having an interest in us. My beloved is mine, and I am His. When God saith to the soul, Thou art mine; the soul answers, Lord, I am Thine: all I have is at Thy service; my head shall be Thine, to study for Thee; my tongue shall be Thine, to praise Thee. If God be our God by way of donation, we are His by way of dedication: we live to Him, and are more His than we are our own. And thus we may come to know that God is our God.—*T. Watson.*

NOVEMBER 24.

'THIS GOD IS OUR GOD FOR EVER AND EVER.'—Ps. xlviii. 14.

Whatever worldly comforts we have are but for a season; we must part with all. As Paul's friends did accompany him to the ship, and there left him, so all our earthly comforts will but go with us to the grave, and there leave us. You cannot say you have health, and shall have it for ever; you have a child, and shall have it for ever. But if God be your God, you shall have Him for ever; This God is our God for ever and ever. If God be our God, He will be a God to us as long as He is a God. You have taken away my gods, saith Micah. But it cannot be said so to a believer, that his God is taken away; he may lose all things else, but cannot lose his God. God is ours from everlasting election, and to everlasting in glory.—*T. Watson.*

NOVEMBER 25.

'THE LORD WILL GIVE GRACE AND GLORY.'—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

God is a sufficient good. He who hath God hath enough. If a man be thirsty, bring him to the ocean, and he is satisfied; in God there is enough to fill the heaven-born soul: He gives grace and glory. There is in God not only a sufficiency, but a redundancy; He is not only full as a vessel, but as a spring. Other things can no more fill the soul, than a mariner's breath can fill the sails of a ship; but in God is a cornucopia, an infinite fulness; He hath enough to fill the angels, therefore enough to fill us. The heart is a triangle, which only the Trinity can fill.—*T. Watson.*

NOVEMBER 26.

'I WILL ABUNDANTLY BLESS HER PROVISION.'—Ps. cxxxii. 15.

God sanctifies all our comforts, and turns them into blessings. Health is blessed, estate is blessed; He gives with the venison a blessing. I will abundantly bless her provision. He gives us that life we have as an earnest of more. He gives the little meal in the barrel, as an earnest of the royal feast in paradise. He sanctifies all our crosses: they shall not be destructive punishments, but medicines; they shall corrode and eat out the venom of sin, they shall polish and refine our grace. The more the diamond is cut, it sparkles the more. God's stretching the strings of His viol, is to make the music better.—*T. Watson.*

NOVEMBER 27.

'THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT.'—2 Cor. i. 3.

In the chief good there must be not only fulness but variety; where variety is wanting, we are apt to nauseate; to feed only on honey would breed loathing; but in God is all variety of fulness. He is a universal good, commensurate to all our wants; He is a good in which are all goods; a Son, a portion, a horn of salvation; He is called the God of all comfort. There is a complication of all beauties and delights in Him: health hath not the comfort of beauty, nor beauty of riches, nor riches of wisdom; but God is the God of all comfort.—*T. Watson.*

'HE THAT PLANTED THE EAR, SHALL HE NOT HEAR?'

(Ps. xciv. 9.)

A FIVE-MINUTE SERMON TO CHILDREN.

BY REV. JAMES HASTIE, ST ANDREW'S CHURCH, LINDSAY, ONTARIO, CANADA.

IF you ask a child the question, Where is your ear? up goes its hand to the side of its head, to that thick fleshy thing just below its hair, and it says, 'There.' But that is only part of the ear; inside the head there is another part, which is not seen. Both are wonderfully made, and both are needful to hearing, but that part which you cannot see is the more important of the two. For suppose you should lose your outside ear, suppose it were cut off or frozen off, you could still hear, though you could not distinguish sounds afar off quite so well.

But suppose your inside ear were destroyed, you could hear nothing, even though your outer ear remained all right.

So that part of the ear which you do not see is more important than the part you do see. Now, notice how these two parts are adapted to each other, and how perfect every part is.

When some noise is made abroad, your outer ear catches the sound, and sends it down a tube or canal into the head. Before it goes far in, however, it is stopped by a thin, fine membrane called the drum—so called because it is so much like the pelt or head of the drum which bandsmen have.

When a sound strikes upon the ear's drum, as the mallet does upon the drum's pelt, this little membrane quivers or vibrates. This vibration is then sent on still further into the head by means of four little bones curiously connected, the one passing the vibration on to the next bone, and that one to the next, till the last of these bones gets it. It then sends the sound or vibration forward to a curious little place holding a small quantity of fluid, and this fluid then sends the sound on to the brain, which receives the news and delivers it up to the mind, and the mind, on receiving it, passes opinion upon it, and says, that sound was a fire-cracker going off, and that other was a plate falling, and that other a baby crying, and that other your teacher calling you, or your mother, &c.

But even all this machinery could not enable you to hear if there were nothing besides the outer part to catch sound, and the tube to convey the sound inside, and the drum, and the four little bones beyond it, and the little sack of water close by the brain. What more than this is wanted?

If you suddenly plunge an empty bottle into water, no water runs into it, for the space inside is already occupied with air. The air must come out before the water can go in. But for this to take place there must be a passage out of the bottle as well as a passage into it.

As with water passing into a bottle, so with sound passing into the ear.

There must be a passage coming out from the ear as well as a passage leading into it. And, wonderful to say, He who made the ear has provided a double passage. Besides the one running in from the outside, there is another coming from the inner ear, far out of sight, which terminates in the back part of the mouth, and is provided with a valve which opens or shuts, as may be needed for the warm air to pass along it.

In this way a draught is made, so to say, to carry the sound along to the brain, where your mind, sitting in its office there, receives it, and makes such use of it as it thinks fit.

Now what a wonderful contrivance this little instrument is, the ear.

Think how many different sounds it can receive and distinguish.

If a hundred people should repeat aloud the alphabet, each speaking in his own natural way, no two would utter exactly the same tone, yet the same pair of ears could attend to these hundred different speakers, and distinguish each from all the others.

Between four and five hundred different tones the ear is able to distinguish, it is said.

Surely, then, He who made such a wonderful instrument must be a being of wonderful skill and wisdom, and therefore God.

I leave you to think out for yourselves how every kind of animal, and fish, and bird are provided with ears of that size and shape best suited to their needs. How the elephant, for instance, has great, long flaps completely covering the entrance, so as to keep insects and dust and sand out of the head in those warm countries where the elephant lives. How fish, too, have no opening at all, because it is necessary to keep water and dirt from getting into the head, yet they are so made that sound can pass through the bones of the head, and they hear as well as you do.

Now, says the text, there is One who hears as no one else possibly can. And does not this prove that God is a living, personal, and intelligent being? It is not the ear itself that really hears, but the mind. This is proved by the fact that a dead person hears nothing, though his ears are still there in good condition. And why does he not hear now as before? Just because the mind is gone, and without the mind the ear can hear nothing.

But God hears not only all sounds made throughout the universe, but hears also all your thoughts, all your wishes, all your feelings and motives, which are perhaps never put into words or actions. Therefore He is proved to be a living, personal, and intelligent being. Surely this ought to be enough to stop all swearing in the world, all evil speaking, all evil thinking, and planning, and feeling, because close by there is One listening to it all, and who, by-and-by, will bring it all up against you.

Now I am going to give you three things to hear and remember. They are called the A B C of the gospel. The first verse begins with the letter A, the second with the letter B, the third with C. For this reason, as well as because they are so simple and so easily learned, they are called the A B C of the gospel.

'All have sinned' (Rom. iii. 23).

'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved' (Acts xvi. 31).

'Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (Matt. xi. 28).

LUTHER AS A STUDENT IN ERFURT, AND HIS GOING OVER TO THE MONASTERY, 1501–1505.

BY JULIUS KOESTLIN, PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE-WITTEMBERG.

AMONG the German High Schools the High School at Erfurt, which already had a hundred year's successful reputation behind it, held a high place, whilst, at the same time, it was recommended to the young Mansfeld scholar by its situation. It had, Luther at a later period says, such a renown and such a reputation that all others, when compared with it, were looked upon as small schools. His parents were now able to supply him with the means for study in such a place. 'My dear father,' he relates, 'took delight in keeping me there, and by his own hard toil and sweat, helped that I came thither.' In himself a burning thirst after learning had arisen, and he hoped, as Melanchthon says, to be able to satisfy it at the fountains of all knowledge. He began with a complete course of the sciences, which were regarded as the foundation of all the others, and formed an introduction to the others, namely, the philosophical, as these at that time were regarded. He was especially required to study the laws and forms of thinking and of knowing, the rules of language, of which Latin was at the foundation, or grammar and rhetoric, along with the highest problems and fundamental truths of existence, and also a species of a general natural science and of knowledge of the heavens or astronomy. A complete study of these branches was not merely required for the learned theologian, but was frequently the first requisite for law or medicine.

When Luther came from Eisenach to Erfurt there was as yet nothing about him to draw the attention of others, and so lead to some contemporary record about him. But the very distinguished teachers at whose feet he there sat, and the general character of the intellectual nourishment which he received from them, are well enough known. He there, too, entered among a circle of older and younger men, teachers and fellow-students, who, at a later period, as his friends or opponents, were in a position to give favourable or unfavourable testimony regarding his life and exertions at that period.

Jodocus Trutvetter, from Eisenach, was the first master in philosophy at that time in the Erfurt High School. Three years after Luther's arrival he became Doctor of Theology and teacher of the theological faculty. Next to him came the illustrious and beloved Arnoldi of Usingen, as teacher of the philosophical departments. It was upon these men, and especially the first, that Luther sought to form himself.

The philosophy which then reigned in Erfurt, and which had in Trutvetter an able representative, was the later scholastic. It

has been usual with the conception of the scholastic, or the theological and philosophical scholastic science of the Middle Ages, to unite the idea of a method of thinking and teaching which indeed occupied itself with the highest questions of knowledge and of existence, but dared to form for itself no independent path, or to depart from the traditional, especially in what was connected, or was supposed to be connected, with the religious belief; and submitted itself to the dogmatic teaching of the Church and the authority of the revered old Church teachers, and employed its own understanding and acuteness in a dry formalism, and in unfruitful, subtle, controversial points. This representation does not sufficiently honour the great mental labours of distinguished minds of that time in studying the Church doctrine which had grown up with their own innermost life and that of their fellow-Christians, and at the same time in pursuing those general questions of the old philosophy that was even to them very defectively known, especially that of Aristotle. At best, this conception is most suitable for the later times of the scholastic philosophy. We need not enter upon the discussions of the schoolmen in regard to realism and nominalism. It is enough to state that the so-called nominalist direction in study had now become the ruling one. But the later nominalists had to a large extent forsaken the questions that sprang out of their opposition to realism in favour of what in our time is called formal logic in its widest range. In this study, scholastic acuteness with its subtilities, its fine distinctions, its nice questions, its sophistical conclusions, reached its highest point.

Trutvetter had also specially devoted himself to this logic. He trained up his students in it, for whom at that period a series of manuals had just been published. In comparison with other teachers, he had cautiously kept from the bye-paths in which they had strayed, and shown no inclination to the disputes and polemics in which their acuteness so frequently sought pleasure. His colleague, Usingen, was of the same order of mind as himself. Trutvetter was also well read in the older and newer literature, especially that of the schoolmen. Indeed, he had directed attention to some of the most distinguished as well as some of the obscurest authors among the schoolmen, and he took pleasure in quoting from them. It is easy to see how he acted in the professor's chair, and made quotations from these schoolmen to his students.

At the same time, at the Erfurt High School, and especially with its philosophical faculty, the study of classic Latin and Greek antiquity had vigorously begun—the study with which a new science started into existence, and, indeed, a new time dawned for our intellectual education. We have already referred to the movements and influences of humanism at the schools which Luther attended *in Magdeburg* and Eisenach. Luther was now at one of the most famous of the nurseries of this 'good noble art and science' in Germany, indeed, at the place where the richest blossoms were coming forth. Erfurt could boast that for the first time within Germany, in one of its learned workshops, Greek had been printed with Greek letters—namely, in the printing of a grammar in the year in which Luther came to the university. The poets of the ancients especially awakened among the academic youth enthusiasm and emulation. For scientific expression and learned intercourse men then used the smooth and elegant Latin language as they had learned to know it from the old models; but of much more importance was the free movement of thought to which these models introduced them, and the new world of contemplation which they opened up.

While these young students of antiquity despised the barbaric Latin and the insipidity of the traditional monkish and scholastic education, at the same time there arose among them an opposition to the contents of the scholastic teaching, to the Church dogmas, and, above all, to the religious thought of Christendom. History shows how diverse were the paths the humanists severally followed, and in various ways we shall afterwards meet them, especially on the course pursued by our Reformer. In the story of these humanists we shall see significance won for the Reformation.

In many of the humanists a sincere moral religious tendency had united itself with the desire after free intellectual education, and had allowed itself to be drawn into efforts after a reformation of the Church. When, then, the fire of the Reformation contest blazed up, they partly followed Luther and the other religious leaders associated with him, and partly recoiling in fear of the far-reaching consequences, and, above all, anxious only for their own scientific possessions, they exhorted to prudent measures, and devoted themselves to the service of the Muses. Others broke with the Christian faith, and not less with the principles of Christian morality. They fell into a new kind of heathenism, some giving themselves up to sensual pleasures and coarse immoralities, while others gave themselves more to refined artistic and esthetic enjoyments. Both of these classes did not take up arms against the Church, but accommodated themselves more and more to its outer forms, and saw in its teaching, its regulations, and its discipline something indispensable for the great multitude. In Italy, in Rome, and in the Papal chair this heathenism shamelessly manifested itself in open day. On the other hand, the most illustrious professors of the new science, and this even among the Germans, when they took the field against the barbarism of the monks and the clergy, still wished, for themselves and their scholars, faithfully to abide within the pale of the mother Church. And even in Erfurt the relations between the Renaissance,

the representatives of the philosophy and theology of the schoolmen, were peaceful, unconstrained, and friendly. They supplied to Trutvetter introductory recommendations and laudatory verses for his dry writings; he again aimed at a more refined mode of speech.

The clever young students of the classics in Erfurt formed themselves into a union of young men. They were not lacking in the happy youthful enjoyment of society, poetry, and wine; but they kept always within the bounds of correctness. Various persons that we shall have afterwards to mention in the history of Luther belonged to this circle, such as John Jaeger, who became known under the name of Crotus Rubianus, the friend of Ulrich Hutten, and Burkhard, better known as George Spalatin, afterwards the trustworthy fellow-labourer of our Reformer. Both had already been three years at the University when Luther came thither. Three years after Luther there appeared Eoban Hess, the most talented and the most amiable among the young humanists and poets of Germany.

Thus were created the scientific means which Luther found existing in the philosophic faculty in Erfurt. Other ways of mental education also here opened themselves up to him. He threw himself upon philosophy in all its extent, and he specially made himself at home in the intricate and thorny paths of its logic, whilst he, as far as possible, sought to enjoy the newly-awakened science of antiquity.

Ovid, Virgil, and Cicero were his special study, and, further, as was then usual with the scholars of humanism, the poetic Latin productions of the new masters. His aim was less to master the classic languages, or to form himself upon them, as to become acquainted with their fruitful proverbs of human wisdom, their images taken from human life, and the history of their peoples. He learned clearly and energetically to express in classical Latin thoughts full of significance and power, although he was quite conscious how much his language lacked the elegance, the delicacy, and grace of the recent Latinists—matters, indeed, that he had not striven to attain. He also enjoyed personal friendly intercourse with the members of the young humanist circle. Crotus, at a later period, remembered how they both once at Erfurt, in confidential intercourse with each other, studied the noble arts. But the numerous letters and poems possessed by posterity, which the aspiring Erfurt humanists have left behind them, nowhere mention him.

As a 'learned philosopher' and as a 'musician' had he then, as Crotus remembered, made himself a name among his companions; but as a poet, the favourite title of the young humanists, had he not heard of him. Many — and, indeed, Melanchthon, Luther's friend and fellow-labourer — regretted that he had not been pervaded by the moulding spirit of these noble arts and sciences; thereby his rough nature and ways would have been softened. But for the decision and energy, regardless of consequences, needful for the contest he had afterwards to carry on, there was there little to gain. These intellectual riches and enjoyments, valued and delighted in, would have held him back not merely from such contests, but also from attaining the profound acquaintance that he came to possess of the highest moral and religious questions, and of the often painful inner struggles connected with them. In regard to the merit of humanism, which Luther as a Reformer warmly recognised, we must not further forget how much it separated itself from the life of the German people and from fellowship with them, and helped to form a dividing wall of intellectual aristocracy, and caused great abilities, that awkwardly moved in their mother tongue, skilfully to express themselves in foreign but learned and artistic forms. Luther, whilst he did not further open himself to these influences of humanism, remained a German.

Philosophy, therefore, held him fast, and left him only little time for anything else. Here he eagerly studied the highest questions of human knowledge. To these questions the later scholastic always pointed, however much its labours were still clothed in bad forms of expression. At the same time, these forms, by the discipline which they brought for his natural acuteness and understanding, exercised upon him their attractive powers. He loved disputation. Contests for prizes were then highly esteemed, and were everywhere being introduced into the universities. Afterwards, when the contents of the Biblical Word of life disclosed themselves to his inner understanding, and he recognised therein the subject matter of pure theological science, he lamented the time and the labour he had spent upon these studies, and, indeed, spoke of them with regret.

The words of Crotus have told us of the social life which he then led with friends. Music, in which, as a scholar singing hymns up and down the country, he had showed himself skilled, he further studied and joyfully practised in his social circle. He had not a powerful voice, but it was clear and could be heard at a great distance. In addition to singing, he now learned to play upon the lute, and without the aid of a master. To this object he devoted the time when he was compelled to keep the house on account of the wound he received in one of his legs.

In these philosophic studies he advanced so quickly that in his third session he was able to arrive at the first academic grade in the faculty of philosophy—viz., that of bachelor. This, according to the universal practice of the universities, preceded that of master of arts, a degree which now corresponds in Germany with that of doctor of philosophy. The examination which Luther stood (November 29, 1502), according to the regulations, ranged over the most important departments of philosophy; but it cannot have been a very

formidable thing to him. The preparation, however, for the degree of Master of Arts required severe study. He obtained the degree in the beginning of 1505. Then he might experience in himself what he at a later period, referring to his old reputation at Erfurt, thus describes:—'What a great majesty and honour was it when the degree was conferred upon the masters, and men bore the torches for them and honoured them! I held that no temporal worldly joy was to be compared with it.' Melanchthon, who may have had the report from several of Luther's university companions, tells that the talent of the young man was then admired by the whole High School.

According to the will of his father and the advice of his relations, he was now to be educated for the law. In this calling, they thought, he would best turn his gifts to profitable use, and be able to do something notable before the world. In the faculty of law the Erfurt High School possessed one of the most esteemed scientific great men of that period in Henning Goede, who was then in vigorous old age. Luther now began to hear lectures on law. His father also procured for him valuable books, especially a 'Corpus Juris.'

But an entirely different turn in his career was preparing itself in his inner religious life.

Luther had, as we have already heard, often noticed at a later period the influences by which from his childhood, under home discipline, under the occurrences of school and Church instruction, his character had been moulded. The thought that he must become pious and satisfy all the stern demands of God; that he must make good all the defects of his life and reconcile himself with heaven; that an angry Judge was there enthroned and threatened him with condemnation, was what he could not get free of amidst all his scientific labours and all the enjoyments of his student life. Inner voices of such a nature must, in a man of so sensitive and tender a conscience, become more earnest and loud, as, ripening into youth and manhood, he became more conscious of his accountability before God. The religious exercises to which Luther had been accustomed from childhood he faithfully practised when a student. He was not merely accustomed to begin the day with prayer, but by going to church—*i.e.*, to be at mass. But new and gladdening light upon the way to God and to happiness never came to him by these courses. The town of Erfurt had an earnest and powerful preacher of the name of Sebastian Weinmann, who sharply censured the universal vices and disclosed the corruptions of Church life, and whom the students loved to hear; but for the inner needs of his soul he had nothing to offer Luther. It was an event for him, however, when he for the first time fell in with a Latin Bible in the University library. Although he was twenty years of age, he had never before seen a Bible. He first marked *that it contained* much more than had been read aloud and expounded in the churches. With eagerness he read in the Old Testament the story of Samuel and of his mother Hannah, which then came before him. But as yet he knew to draw nothing further out of the Book that was useful to him.

It was not notable transgressions or youthful excesses that made Luther anxious as he thought of the wrath of God. The zealous Catholics and men in Erfurt, afterwards hostile to the Reformer, who knew him there as a student, have never testified or pointed out anything of the kind. A saying of Luther's, that one of his fellow-students and nearest friends has handed down to us, distinctly points out how he judged his moral life. Luther, this friend records, was at that period in the constant habit of saying at handwashing, 'The longer we wash, the less clean we become.' He doubtless thought of the many small shortcomings in doing, speaking, and thinking which, in spite of human foresight, every day brings with it; and small as these might appear to others, they were in his conviction sins against the holy law of God. Other anxious questions rose up in his troubled spirit, and his acute and penetrating mind, instead of being able to solve them, led him into deeper trouble. Was it, then, the special will of God that he was yet to be pure in heart and life, and thereby become happy? Did it not stand in the will and counsel of God, upon whom all things depend and are beforehand appointed, that the way to hell or the way to heaven was unchangeably fixed for him? And did it not show to him the vanity of his past exertions, that this very destiny was hanging over him? He thus fell into the danger of being perplexed about the character of God. The statements of the Bible regarding the fear in which men must serve God became unbearable and hateful to him. An attack of despair might come over him, and he be tempted to blaspheme. This at a later period he himself called the severest temptation he had to experience when a young man.

The state of his health may have contributed to bring about or increase this condition of mind. We hear of a sickness at the time when he became a bachelor of arts, which awakened in him thoughts of death. A friend, whom later tradition made an old priest, then said to him, 'Do not be alarmed; you will yet be a great man'—words that made a deep impression upon him. A sudden accident at this period, that exposed him to the danger of death, very much alarmed him. At Easter he had set out to visit his parents, and had gone three miles from Erfurt, when he fell, and his sword, which, according to the practice of students, he wore on his side, cut the leading artery in his leg. Whilst a friend who accompanied him ran for a physician, and so left him alone, Luther, lying on his back, pressed the wound together, but the leg began to swell. In the fear of death he called out, 'Mary, help me!' He would, he

says at a later period, then have died resting upon Mary, when the wound broke out afresh. The following night his fears renewed themselves, and he again called upon the Virgin. It was when he was recovering that he resumed playing upon the lute.

Some months afterwards, when he was become Master of Arts, he was stirred to the very depths of his soul by the sudden death of a friend, who is not further known to us. This friend seems to have been stabbed or suddenly killed by some accident.

It may have been when it so stormed in his innermost soul, and melancholy was too powerful over him, that the thought arose within him, should he not at last seek his salvation in the monkish holiness recommended by the Church, entirely renounce the world, and annihilate all the successes hitherto obtained by him. The young Master of Arts, as he himself at a later period said, was at that time wont to go drearily about through life.

While he was in this condition he was suddenly and quickly hurried into a violent decision.

In the close of June 1505, when several church festivals met together, he was paying a visit to his friends in Mansfeld, and possibly to receive some encouragement and cheering up for himself. He was returning on the 2d of July—the festival of the visitation of Mary—and he had come near Erfurt, and was at the village of Stollernheim, in the present territory of Weimar, when a terrible thunderstorm broke over him. A vivid flash of lightning darted down before him. In terror he fell upon the ground, and cried out, 'Help me, beloved Saint Anna! I shall become a monk.' In the days immediately following, when he was again in peace at Erfurt, he repented of uttering these words. Many counselled him to give up the idea of taking the step he had vowed. But he was conscious that he had made a vow, and to have found an answer to his prayer. Hence he found himself proof against the attacks of irresolution and fear. He did not think it necessary first to get the consent of his father. According to his own conviction and that of the Church, his father's protest could not bind him; and so he tore himself free from the circle in which he had hitherto lived. On July 16 he for the last time invited his best friends to come to him, that he might take his departure from them. They tried to hold him back, but he replied, 'You will never see me again.' The next day—the day of the holy Alexius—his companions with tears accompanied him to the gates of the Augustinian convent in the town that was, as he thought, to receive him for ever.

There are special sayings of Luther himself, according to which we may picture out this remarkable occurrence. Tradition first gave to that unknown friend whose death so alarmed him the name of Alexius, and has further added that he was struck dead at his side by a flash of lightning in the storm.

Of his vow to be a monk, Luther, in hi later period, said that it was forced from hi —that it was wrung from him through fe of death. At the same time, he did not dou that God wrung it from him. And so h afterwards also said — 'I thought that should never again go out of the convent; had entirely renounced the world until i seemed God's time.'

Memories.

The summer days gone by;
The golden hours;
The cloudless azure sky;
The fragrant flowers;

The gentle zephyr breeze;
The shadows drawn—
Drawn by the leafy trees
Upon the lawn;

The happy butterfly
Kissing each flower,
Its hues drawn from the sky—
A winged flower;

The little bird that trilled
His lay above,
Whose every note seemed filled
With thoughts of love;

The softly murmured vow;
The glances coy;
The bird upon the bough
Carolling joy;

The homage nature paid
With joyous smile,
As through her paths we strayed
A little while;

The happy, happy hours;
Alas, so few!
The first forewarning showers;
The sky's dark hue;

The bursting of the storm;
The piercing cry;
The lovely, lifeless form—
The agony!

The dull, the dark despair;
The utter woe—
All that in life seemed fair
Crushed at one blow!

Braving the lonely part
Through dragging years;
The weary, broken heart,
Too dead for tears.

. . . . . .

Sad fragments of the past
In memory's dream,
How strangely ye contrast
With youth's bright dream!

'Tis well our mortal sight
Perceiveth not
Whether the dark or light
Shall be our lot!

G. A. T.

KENNETH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Rachel Kew reached home, she went through the small sitting-room into her own room and back again, before she met any one to welcome her. Then Barbara came from the kitchen, excited and happy.

'Indade, Mis', I am glad ye came. Shure, and such times we've had, and Rexy busy as a bee; and whist with her book always before her. Only this I gathered, that some folks was in trouble, shure, and wanted the minister, and he wasn't here, and Rexy flies out without sayin' a word, and this same she's after doin' now, and that's the reason she's not here to receive yer.'

'She went out, you say, Barbara?' Rachel asked, not quite comprehending just what it all meant.

'She went out, yes; and she's out now. Something about the children. And to think, shure, such a chit of a girl should be gathering 'em in. And the man Trestrail be's helpin' her, I think.'

Rachel was busy putting aside her things, and did not make any reply, save that it would not be long before her husband would be in, and he would be hungry, and Rexy would doubtless be there before the night came.

Barbara went back to her work, wondering a little that her mistress was not more distressed and questioning; while the latter was thinking if Trestrail was in it, of course it was all right.

Thus far Rexy had shown herself both intelligent and amiable, with a quick perception of all that was right to be done and said. It was pleasant to be at home again, and, standing before the fire, she looked over the small room and thought she had never seen it look as well; some new arrangement of colour that gave a pleasing effect, with fresh flowers in the vases, showing a thoughtful care quite beyond Barbara's usual habit.

There was a quick step on the walk, and the opening of a door, and the next a pair of small arms were around her neck, and a rosy face pressed close to hers.

'I am so glad you are come. Trestrail stopped to tell me, and I ran all the way. I am so glad.'

'And I am glad to be at home. Glad to see you, Rexy; but where have you been, to be running in this way?'

'Let me bring a chair, for it is a long story,' Rexy said, as she drew an easy-chair to the fire-place, and then seated herself on a low seat by the side of it.

'It was something that I did not think to do, but God helped me, I think. It was this: Some sickness got into an emigrant's train, and two mothers died, leaving little children. The men were sick and couldn't care for them, and then the fathers died, and there was nobody. It was the day you left. Trestrail came here. He knew you were gone; but he said I knew what it was to be homeless and have no mother, and I must try and do what I could.

'I did not think that I could do anything, but I went up to my room and asked Jesus to help me to do for others as you had done by me. Then I went with him. It was a sad sight, and the little ones clung to me and cried, and begged me to take them where they could see mamma.'

There was a pause, and the violet eyes were closed.

Then she spoke quite slowly—

'Poor little things! I knew how it was when my mother died. One woman kept me a spell, then another took me, and at last I got to live with a woman who did not care. I looked into the faces of the children, and the words Jesus said comforted me:—

'"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

'But how could they learn of Jesus unless they were taught? and first they must be cared for and fed.'

While Rexy was talking, Mr Kew came in, and not until he took a seat on the other side of the fire-place did she go on. Then she continued—

'You know Mrs Frazer, the Scotchwoman who comes to church? Trestrail made bold to ask her, and she said yes, she would take them, if I would go over every day to see to them. Of course, how could I help it, since you have been doing so much for me; and that's where I've been, and to-day Mrs Frazer told me that in the older cities there are houses expressly for homeless children, and I wondered how it would be here, and if you would think it best'—hesitating and looking into the fire.

'To establish a home for destitute children? Is that it, Rexy?' Rachel asked.

'Something like that I was thinking of. A place where they can be taught as you have taught me. And if there can be such a place, then I can be in it.'

'Do you want to leave us, Rexy?'

'It is the only way I can pay you for what you have done for me. It comes to me so often; and at night when I wake I am thinking where I would have been if God had not put it into your heart to take me into your home and teach me how to find Jesus. And as I have been taught, so must I teach others.'

Before there was any reply, Barbara thrust her head into the room, as a gentle reminder

that the bell had rung for supper, and she was sure the minister must be starving.

'Not quite that, Barbara, but sufficiently hungry to do justice to your good things,' was the laughing reply.

While seated at the table, Mr Kew related many incidents connected with the Sabbath school he had organised, and the work he had commenced.

'There is one subject, however, that I fear they will stumble over,' he said, reaching his empty cup over to Rexy.

'What is that?' asked his wife.

'We had the evidence of our senses with regard to the use of tobacco. Strong drink is, no doubt, an associate evil,' was the reply.

'Does this question come into our Sabbath-school work?' Rexy asked.

'Sabbath schools are training schools for time and for eternity. Therefore for a Sabbath school to ignore the greatest source of sin in the community, is just as absurd as it would be for an army to ignore the implements of warfare, or for an hospital to ignore the necessity of amputation!' was the reply.

'I spoke to one of our biggest boys about drinking, and he replied that it was no harm—his father used to drink, and his mother said it was good, she knew it was; and had it been wrong, they would have known it,' returned Rexy.

'This of itself is proof positive with regard to the early bent or inclination. When will parents learn the necessity of teaching aright the young spirits committed to their care?' observed Mr Kew. 'By reason of this very neglect, the Sabbath school must exert a healthful influence in this direction.'

Trestrail entered with a little blustering manner. He was delighted to see the minister and his wife, and, listening to their remarks, he had much to say of the work that had come to them so unlooked for; especially did he make mention of one whom they had hoped was a saved man, and still one for whom they feared, if temptation should overtake him.

'I must say, I see things different now. Them that He's got hold of, He won't let slip. The soul that's washed, He won't let go back into the mire!'

The words had the force of a question, and the bronzed, bearded face betrayed unusual interest.

'The soul that trusts Him, He will not abandon. There must be first a turning away,' was the prompt reply.

'I thought so. And this Jacobs won't do, I am sure of it, Mr Kew.'

Rexy proposed that they should go and see the children.

'I trust that they are in bed at this time, and sweetly sleeping,' laughed Rachel.

'In that case we can visit Mrs Frazer,' replied Rexy.

'I had no right to, but I promised Jacobs you'd come and see him as soon as you got home. He's mightily cast down, and thinks, perhaps, you'll leave him to himself,' spoke Trestrail.

'It is not the one who has never fallen, but to him who overcometh. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son!"' answered Mr Kew.

In half-an-hour Barbara was taking the dishes back to the kitchen, wondering how it was that they were all to go out again. So much perplexed and wanting sympathy, perhaps, she was obliged to call over to her neighbour, and, hanging on the gate, they discussed the propriety of running after poor people in the country, and how 'Rexy was that foolish as to take children when their folks had died, she didn't know of what disease, and the next she'd be coming down herself,' was said with force.

'I never did believe in changing as that girl has done; she's no more'n like what she was than nothing at all; and the mistress is as fond of her as she would be of her own,' was the reply.

'It's not for the loikes of us to say, but it's my mind there's many a minister, as calls himself, that's desaved!' Barbara was going on.

Mrs Kew came to the door and looked out.

'Shure, Mis', and I was after steppin' over a bit to inquire for the b'y that's sick, and to tell 'um what they'd be glad to know, that yer had come.'

'And, Barbara, you will stay quite close to the house to-night. I am going out for a little. If anybody calls, say to them that we will be back presently.'

'It's that same I'll be doin', Mis'. Thin, there's the catechism for Sunday, I can be studyin' that when yer out,' returned Barbara.

With the many good traits that Barbara possessed, it is to be feared that truth was not written in the vocabulary of her virtues. Even while she spoke of the catechism, she was thinking of the bite and a sup with her friend, as soon as her mistress would be fairly out of the way.

Jacobs lived beyond the church; the moon was shining bright and clear above the steeple.

'One could hardly believe so much has been done, and it's good work, and nothing can be said agin it,' Trestrail said, as he stood in the moonlight and looked up at the glittering spire. 'What we want in this country is more meetin'-houses, more schoolhouses. I want to see more in my day!' dropping his voice abruptly.

'More faith in God,' exclaimed Mr Kew. 'We are oftentimes too much in a hurry; we want results immediately. It is God's work, and not ours; we are workers. If a man stands connected by a band of living faith with God, he is doing His work, and occupies the highest position a man can occupy in the world. God is the motive power—we wait on His will.'

Mr Jacobs was at home, and so was his wife. The latter received Mrs Kew and Rexy

with a little embarrassment, while her husband said to the minister—

'I am glad to see you; come in. It just happened so; I don't think Trestrail knew,' throwing a warm glance in the direction of his friend; 'this is Mary's birthday, and it isn't much of a present I could give her, so I gave her this,' reaching over to his wife for a paper she was still holding in her hand.

'Shall I read it aloud?' asked the minister.

'If Mary don't mind.'

'I want you all to know!' came brightly.

Mr Kew drew a card from the envelope, and read aloud—

'I hereby promise, by the help of God, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, including wine, beer, and cider, as a beverage, from the use of tobacco in any form, and from all profanity.'

'That's what I did more'n a year ago, and the minnit I done it I felt more like a man than I ever did afore; so will you, Jacobs, and here's my hand on't. I say this is a birthday present that any wife can be proud of.'

Trestrail was on his feet; the good news overpowered him. It was not alone the abandonment of strong drink, but with it tobacco and profanity.

The minister knelt in prayer; such a gift called for a thank-offering. 'God helping,' of course his dependence was upon God to break the fetters of habit and set him free.

'It seems that God is nearer to us. The world is being filled with His glory,' Rexy said, as they went home.

For the first time, letters from Kenneth and from India lay unopened on the table. Both the minister and his wife were thinking how many more of their people could be brought to follow the example of Trestrail and Jacobs.

(To be continued.)

Intelligence.

Mr Francis Murphy in Edinburgh.—Mr Murphy began his work in Edinburgh in the first week of last month. Large audiences have attended his meetings. Indeed, so large has been the attendance that overflow meetings have often been required. The pledge he asks is—'I, the undersigned, do pledge my word and honour, God helping me, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that I will by all honourable means encourage others to abstain.' At his introductory meeting, Mr Murphy gave an account of his past life. His cabin home was in County Wexford, where he was born on 24th April 1836. It was in that little cottage that he first sipped intoxicating liquor; it was there the seeds of intemperance were first sown which in course of time made him a wreck thousands of miles away from his country and his mother. He went to America at the age of sixteen, and going to a hotel with his companions, drank for a week, until he was left without money and without friends. Enlisting in 1861, he passed through the American war, and followed the fortunes of his adopted country, until the last link of slavery was shattered, and four and a-half millions of God's oppressed race lifted their foreheads to the stars free men. After that he became proprietor of a hotel in the city of Portland. His wife said, 'Don't you sell drink,' to which he replied, 'I am going to sell it only to customers;' that he thought a very good argument. 'I am not going to drink any,' he said; 'but others will,' replied his wife, and continued that she would rather beg her bread in the streets than that he should do so. But being a headstrong Irishman, he had his way. But a sorrow came to him such as he might say never came to man. He could not tell them all, but the plummet of their wildest fancies could not fathom the depth of his sorrow. He stood in the city of Portland on the 29th September a wreck—he had lost all—everything that he had made for years. He had not much wealth, but he had had a nice home, a lovely family of seven children, and as good a wife as ever God gave to man, and a man who had all that was not a poor man. He drank, and drank, and drank, and did not want to live—drank until taken to the institution yonder; he was ashamed to speak of it, but the world knew all. He had become the slave of drink, and was scourged to its dungeon. There he remained for some time, one of seventy-five victims like himself. One day he was persuaded to go and listen to a sea captain, who used to address them. His lips quivered when he asked him, and his eyes shone with pity—they sang, 'There's life in a look,' and there was life in his look that day. His first words were, 'God's mercy endureth for ever,' and when he spoke of their homes and children, and never said a word about their being drunkards, he felt as if his heart would break. He afterwards kneeled with the good man, and his own son Edward, who was carrying on the movement in England, where 150,000 pledges had been taken, and prayed for mercy, and that God might give him a clean heart and a right spirit. He had told them a part of his sad, sad story, and as he told them it his own cheeks tingled with shame. Oh, he beseeched them, for their own sakes, for their soul's sake, to stop this habit of taking intoxicating drink. It would not hurt them to save some poor man like him, would it? It might have made but little difference if Francis Murphy had gone down and been never more heard of; but he had seven children—it would have made a great deal of difference to his daughter, who was now sitting in that gallery—if her father had gone down, and a great difference to his sons if he had gone down; but he was a free man that night—free from

the coil of this black serpent, which had wound itself around his body, and brought its own tongue close to his heart, yes, and burst it to the centre. He thought he felt the cold-blooded creature wreathing down his very sides; but, blessed be God, through Christ divine, the poisoned arrow had been plucked out, and the heart had been healed, and the hands had been unloosed, and he was a child of God that night, and stood forth against this Goliath of drink its uncompromising foe. Yes, its uncompromising foe; and he hoped, with God's blessing, to attend the funeral of this ungodly giant. The prophecies of Knox, like a divine anthem swelling through the hearts of the children of Scotland, made all things possible to the bravest, and noblest, and grandest race that God ever gave to the world, while they that night in this ancient capital, the modern Athens of the civilised world, would they dare to turn their backs on that name and flee from the field of conflict? Would they dare to do it? No. There were many men who would stand and face the accursed power of this fearful Nero until his golden coronets had been taken from his blistered brow, and his heart of stone was crumpled back to the granite rock from which poisoned blood had been run, dealt out with flowers, and poetry, and song. Ah! the black heart and infernal poison would yet be buried, God helping them, never to have a resurrection. Come and join the pledge!

THE WALDENSES.—The Synod of the Waldensian Church met, September 4, at Torre Pelice. The mission work was reported to be:—41 regularly constituted churches, 36 stations or churches in course of formation, 152 places where occasional services are held, 38 ordained ministers, 18 evangelists, 51 teachers, 13 colporteurs, 3421 communicants, 503 candidates for admission, 492 admitted during the year 1881-82, 1860 pupils in day-schools, 392 pupils in night-schools, and 1973 pupils in Sabbath schools. Total amount collected and expended during the year, exclusive of the contributions of the Italian churches themselves, 225,569 lire, or £8845.

AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONS IN PERSIA.—When the mission was transferred to the Presbyterian Board in 1872, Oroomiah was the only station, though out-stations were scattered among the mountains. There are now 4 stations—Oroomiah, Teheran, Tabriz, and Hamadan—with 81 out-stations. In 1872 there were 4 ordained missionaries and 1 physician; now there are 9 ordained men and 3 physicians. Ten years ago there were 12 ordained native preachers and 37 licentiates; there are now 24 ordained ministers, 35 licentiates, and altogether 90 native helpers. The number of communicants in ten years has risen from 713 to 1597, having thus more than doubled. The number of pupils has increased from 865 to 2255. There has been a great advance in respect to buildings and all the material interests of the mission, particularly at Oroomiah. Although the aggregate number of female missionaries in the various fields of the Board has increased in greater ratio than that of males, the reverse is true in Persia. Against five men in 1872 and ten women, there are now twelve men and eighteen women, the former having more than doubled, the latter having increased only 80 per cent. With respect to three of these stations, the work of this decade has been foundation work, the working of new ground. With these positions now occupied, and the foundations laid, may we not hope that the ratio of growth in the next decade will be much larger than in the past? Just at present restrictions are placed upon mission work among Mohammedans, and quite recently persons have been arrested for attending Protestant worship.—*New York Foreign Missionary.*

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN PERSIA.—The Church Missionary Society has a mission in the centre of Persia, in Julfa, a suburb of the ancient capital of that country, Ispahan; but one station is not sufficient for the purpose of giving the Word of God to Persia. We should have at least three stations for that purpose. Bagdad and Bushire have been proposed as the two new stations of the mission to the Shiah Mohammedans of Persia. Bagdad, though it lies beyond the Persian frontier, in Turkey, is the centre to which the Shiites, not only of Persia but of the whole world, resort on pilgrimage, as there are situated in its immediate neighbourhood three of the great places of pilgrimage of the Shiites—Kerbela, Cazimain, and Samara—besides the Holy City of Nagef. In itself it is a splendid sphere for mission work. It contains a population of 35,000 Jews, for whom the Hebrew language is necessary; 5000 Christians, sunk in the superstition of the Roman Catholic and the Eastern Churches, and the language used by the majority of these in religious services is Syriac; and about 100,000 Muslims, partly Shiites, who speak Persian; and Sunnis, whose language is Arabic. There are two agents of the Ispahan Mission at present engaged in mission at Bagdad, and they have a large Bible depot, and are surrounded by a little band of praying Christians, earnestly expecting the arrival of an English missionary.—*Rev. R. Bruce, in Church Missionary Intelligencer.*

PRESBYTERIANISM IN THE UNITED STATES.—The two largest Presbyterian churches in the United States have published their annual statistics. The membership shows a gain of 10,727, the largest increase for several years, and the increase in contributions exceeds that of the preceding year by £100,000. The Northern Presbyterian Church reports 23 synods, 180 presbyteries, 599 students for the ministry, 301 licentiates, 5145 ministers, 18,854 ruling elders, 5744 churches, 592,128 communicants, 654,051 in attendance at Sabbath schools, and 9,249,397 dollars—*i.e.*, £1,849,880—of contributions. The Southern Presbyterian

Church reports 13 synods, 66 presbyteries, 160 students for the ministry, 40 licentiates, 1081 ministers, 2010 churches, 6083 ruling elders, 123,806 communicants, 75,883 in Sabbath school and Bible classes, and 1,130,133 dollars—*i.e.*, £226,027—of contributions. The Reformed Church in America has also published its annual statistics. It reports 545 ministers, 509 churches, 80,167 communicants, 84,511 Sabbath-school scholars, and 1,102,616 dollars—*i.e.*, £220,524—of contributions.

THE REVISED OLD TESTAMENT.—The Rev. Dr Douglas, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, and one of the revisers of the Old Testament version, has an interesting note in the *Free Church Record* on the Revision of the English Version of the Scriptures. He says, 'The second revision of the Old Testament may not unreasonably be calculated to come to an end early next year; but then a final examination of the whole work may be thought not less desirable than in the case of the New Testament, inasmuch as the work will have spread over a longer period, the field of labour having been larger, and a greater number of deaths having occurred in the course of the work. The *New York Observer* states that the American Bible Revision Committee began its regular monthly meetings in the close of September. The committee is at present engaged in the final revision of the Psalms.

FOREIGN MISSION WORK.—The *New York Observer* estimates that the number of schools at present connected with the various foreign missions exceeds 12,000. The Bible has been translated into 236 languages and dialects, while its circulation during the past 80 years has reached an aggregate of 148,000,000 copies.

ITALIAN CENSUS. — The recent Italian census reveals some sad statistics as to the defective education in Italy. As the home of the Pope, and as a country swarming with priests and monks and nuns, the census shows how little Romanism when left to itself, away from the life of Protestantism, does for the education of a people. Since 1871—*i.e.*, a period in which Romish influence has been rapidly lessening—there has been a marked increase in the education of the people. In Turin 14 per cent. of the people could not read nor write, but in 1871 it was 25 per cent.; in Venice 35, and in 1871 38 per cent.; in Ravenna 66, and in 1871 78 per cent. Of 100 bridal couples, 59 in Rome could neither read nor write, in Naples 61, in Palermo 65, in Catania 79, in Syracuse 81, in Alessandria 29, and in Turin as low as 16.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Within the limits of this little volume,* Miss Macleod, a daughter of the late Dr Norman Macleod, has given a graceful sketch of the life and work of the Florentine patriot and reformer, Savonarolo. Dr M'Crie may be said to have led the way in modern times, in his 'Reformation in Italy,' to a correct appreciation of the character of Savonarolo. Since his day the theme has attracted such writers as Mrs Beecher Stowe and George Eliot. Savonarolo's own countrymen also have gone largely into the study of his life. Indeed, we have now almost a larger number of biographies of Savonarolo than of almost any other distinguished man of his century. And there was much that was interesting about him, and worthy of remembrance, although his history is a warning of the danger that the Christian minister incurs when he takes too prominent a part in politics, and leaves the proclamation of the gospel of Christ for the discussion of political affairs.

'The Water-Cress Boy'† is a pleasantly told story illustrating the good a text of Scripture produced upon the mind of a disconsolate artist. It is a welcome addition to our books for young people.

'Memorials of the Bass Rock'‡ is another of Mr Gemmell's little books that, in short compass, contains much good matter. Mr Macgregor tells the story of the men of whom the world was not worthy, who suffered in the Bass. Though this story has been often told, he has yet contrived to make his version of it interesting and instructive.

Dr Andrew Thomson§ died more than fifty years ago, but the memory of his zeal, energy, and eloquence as a Christian minister still lives in Scotland. Miss Jean Watson, in this somewhat slender volume, makes it very plain that he was a man of many gifts, whose memory well deserves to be perpetuated. Her book is one of great interest, that we could willingly have had several times larger, for assuredly what she gives of Dr Thomson's writings shows that she might have told us more of him, and yet not have wearied her readers. Mr Cousins' personal reminiscences of Dr Andrew Thomson, at the close of the volume, are one of its most valuable chapters.

The Anchor Series‖ is a new series of

* Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarolo. By Annie C. Macleod. 16mo, pp. 123. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1882.

† The Water-Cress Boy. By Jean L. Watson. 16mo, pp. 51. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1882.

‡ Memorials of the Bass Rock. By Robert Macgregor. 16mo, pp. 136. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

§ Life of Andrew Thomson, D.D., Minister of St George's Parish, Edinburgh. Cr. 8vo, pp. 120. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1882.

‖ The Anchor Series—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Post 8vo, pp. 446. The Basket of Flowers, &c. Pp. 328. Lucy Clare and Babes in a Basket. Pp. 214. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1882.

eighteenpenny volumes for the young, published by Mr James Gemmell, Edinburgh. It opens by a well-printed edition of the world-renowned 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of Mrs Beecher Stowe. The second volume contains a touching and deeply interesting story entitled 'The Basket of Flowers,' from the French, edited by Dr G. T. Bedell of Philadelphia, and Mrs Sherwood's 'History of Susan Grey.' The third volume also contains two stories, 'Lucy Clare,' by Mrs Sherwood, and a romantic but pleasing and instructive narrative, 'The Babes in the Basket.' All the three volumes will be favourites with young people, and will be a welcome addition to the literature for a Christian family.

HARRY'S EVENING PRAYER.

(*Continued from pages* 191 *and* 287.)

'Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.'

When we next look in upon Harry, we shall not find him sitting upon his mother's knee, having his last good-night talk. He is in bed now, and has been there several days, quite ill with the measles. Poor Harry! His sickness was a great disappointment to him. He had been expecting to make a visit at Aunt Ellen's about this time, but now the doctor said he must not think of taking such a journey for several weeks to come. His mother found him crying, when she came into the room, after going down stairs to make him a cooling drink.

'O mamma! mamma!' he said, 'why did I have to be sick now? I don't *want* to give up my visit. Why can't it be different?'

Mother kissed and tried to quiet her sobbing little boy.

'Don't you remember,' she said, 'whose will it is that you should be sick? You say every night, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." You know your Father who is in heaven has some good reason for disappointing you, because He wants you to be happy a great deal more than even I do. Jesus would have let you make this visit if it had been best for you. He knows how hard it is to suffer. You know He had to say the prayer in the garden just before He was crucified, "Not My will, but Thine be done."'

'Well, mamma, I'll try to bear it,' Harry said, after lying still for a minute or two. 'It's awfully hard to give up the visit, and to feel so sick and tired all the time, but if Jesus wants me to do it, I'll try to please Him.'

Mamma looked very lovingly at her boy, and then she drew her chair beside him, and read to him some delightful stories from his last library-book. Before they were quite through, papa came in and sat on the bed, and *told* him such wonderful stories of the days *when* he was a little boy, that Harry began to *feel* after a while that even having the measles *was not* such a dreadful thing after all.

A Daily Portion.

NOVEMBER 28.

'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.'—Ps. lv. 22.

If God be our God, let us improve our interest in Him, cast all our burdens upon Him; the burden of our fears, wants, sins. Cast thy burden upon the Lord. Wicked men, who are a burden to God, have no right to cast their burden upon Him; but such as have God for their God, are called upon to cast their burden upon Him. Where should the child ease all its cares, but in the bosom of its parent? Let all thy wants lie upon me. So God seems to say to His children, Let all thy wants lie upon Me. Christian, what doth trouble thee? thou hast a God to pardon thy sins, to supply thy wants; therefore roll your burden on the Lord, casting all your care on Him. Whence are Christians so disquieted in their minds? They are taking care, when they should be casting care.—*T. Watson.*

NOVEMBER 29.

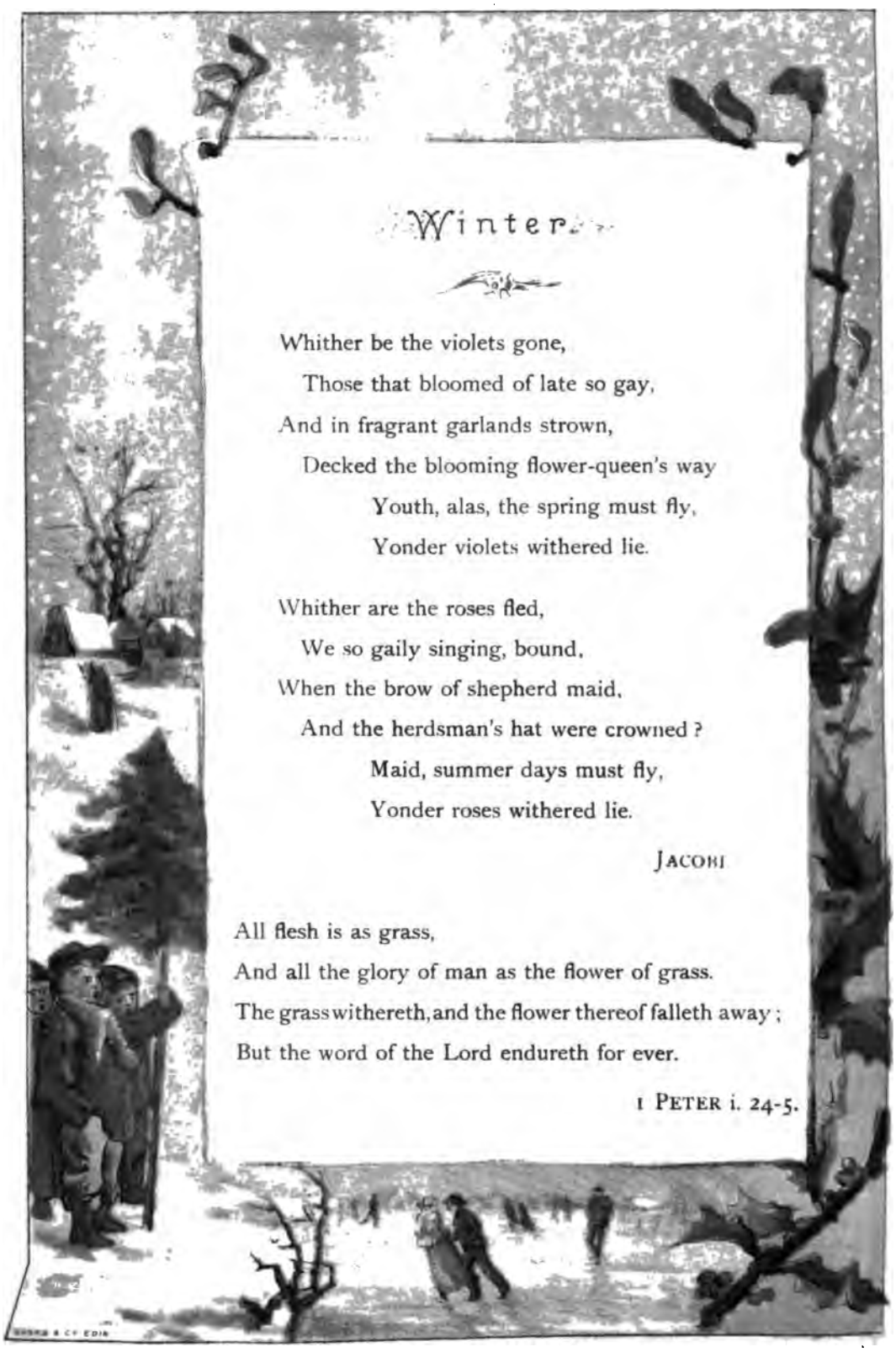
'The eternal God is thy refuge.'—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

In the chief good there must be eternity. God is a treasure that can neither be drawn low nor drawn dry. Though the angels are still spending on Him, He can never be spent: He abides for ever. Eternity is a flower of His crown. Now, if God be our God, here is enough to let in full contentment into our souls. What though we want torchlight, if we have the sun? what if God deny us the flower, if He hath given us the jewel? How should this rock a Christian's heart quiet! If we say God is our God, and we are not content, we have cause to question our interest in Him.—*T. Watson.*

NOVEMBER 30.

'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.'—Ps. xlii. 11.

What greater cordial can you have than union with Deity? When Jesus Christ was ready to ascend, He could not leave a richer consolation with His disciples than this, 'Tell them I go to My God and their God.' Who should rejoice if not they, who have an infinite, all-sufficient, eternal God to be their portion, who are as rich as heaven can make them? What though I want health? I have God, who is the health of my countenance, and my God. What though I am low in the world? if I have not the earth, I have Him that made it. The philosopher comforted himself with this, though he had no music or vine-trees, yet here are the household-gods with me. So, though we have not the vine or fig-tree, yet we have God with us. I cannot be poor, saith St. Bernard, as long as God is rich, for His riches are mine.—*T. Watson.*



Winter.

Whither be the violets gone,
Those that bloomed of late so gay,
And in fragrant garlands strown,
Decked the blooming flower-queen's way
Youth, alas, the spring must fly,
Yonder violets withered lie.

Whither are the roses fled,
We so gaily singing, bound,
When the brow of shepherd maid,
And the herdsman's hat were crowned?
Maid, summer days must fly,
Yonder roses withered lie.

JACOBI

All flesh is as grass,
And all the glory of man as the flower of grass.
The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away;
But the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

1 PETER i. 24-5.

LUTHER IN THE CONVENT AT ERFURT, UP TO 1508.

BY JULIUS KOESTLIN,
PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE-WITTEMBERG.

LUTHER'S decision for the life of a monk was suddenly carried into effect; but it had come from his inmost heart, and the choice of the convent into which he went had been well thought over. The Augustine monks, to whom Luther announced his accession, at that period belonged to the most highly esteemed order in Germany. In the fifteenth century the depraved lives of the monks, their idleness, their hypocrisy, and coarse and degrading immorality were justly complained of, and scoffed at. But, notwithstanding, there were many who still thought, when they, according to their vows, renounced a married life and the possession of property, and submitted their wills to the commands of the Superior, and to the rules of their order, that they would thereby sincerely serve God, and rise up to a special state of holiness and of merit. At all events, the external discipline of the order was universally observed. In the German convents of this order, for a long time back, there had arisen a large number, who, while free from the neglect and corruption common elsewhere, pressed for a stern observance of the old rules, that professed to have come from the saintly Augustine. They formed a union among themselves, over which a so-called vicar of the order, a general-vicar for Germany, was placed. The Erfurt Convent was in this union. The Augustine monks especially stood in high favour with the upper and educated classes of the city population. They were diligent in preaching and in the discharge of pastoral duties, as well as in the maintenance of theological study in their midst. Arnoldi, the teacher of Luther, belonged to the Erfurt Convent. Moreover, the monks, since the order possessed no property, but had to live, with all its members, upon alms, spread themselves over both the city and the country to collect gifts in money, bread, cheese, and the other means of living.

According to the universal rule of the order, the petition of any one announcing himself as seeking for admission was not immediately granted. He must wait until it be seen whether he was in earnest. And when admitted, the so-called novice had to pass through at least a year of probation. Up to this stage it was still possible for him to retrace his steps.

Luther now thought of laying his resolution before his parents. The brethren in the convent reminded him that a man must be willing to leave father and mother for the sake of Christ and of His cross, and that no man who puts his hand to the plough and looks back is fit for the kingdom of God. When he wrote to his father, telling him what he had done, his father, in the consciousness of his paternal rights, was wild with anger at his son. 'My father,' Luther at a later period relates, 'was mad against me, took it very ill, and would not consent in any way. He answered me in writing, and addressed me Du [thou, *i.e.*, the pronoun of familiarity], formerly he called me Ihr [you, *i.e.*, the pronoun of respect], because I was Master of Arts, and withdrew from me all his favour.' At that time his father lost two sons by the plague. It had also broken out in the town of Erfurt with such violence that, about the time of harvest, large numbers of the students, along with their teachers, fled elsewhere. Luther's father even received a report that his son had been seized by it. His friends now urged him that he should offer his most loved object to God, by allowing the son who still remained to him to enter upon the state consecrated to God. His father at last allowed himself to be persuaded; but he yielded, as Luther expresses it, with an unwilling mournful will.

With festive hymns, prayers, and other usages, the new-comer was received among the novices. He was also clothed in the dress of the order. It consisted of a white woollen shirt, and over it a cowl and a capoch of black

cloth. The shirt was bound in by a black leathern girdle. At undressing and dressing, Latin words were sung over him, that the Lord would take away the old man out of him, and give him the new man, created after God. Over the cowl he received a so-called scapular—viz., a small piece of cloth over the shoulders, breast, and back, and reaching down even to the feet. This was to signify that he took upon him the yoke of the Lord, who said, 'My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.' Thereupon he was handed over to a master, whose duty it was to introduce the novices into the practices of monastical holiness, inspect their daily conduct, and watch over their souls.

Above all, their own wills must be subdued. They must learn to perform, without opposition, all requirements laid upon them, and this so much the more readily the more they were opposed to their own mind. An inclination to pride must be overcome by the performance of the humblest services. Friends of Luther tell us that at first he had to perform the humblest daily labours in sweeping and cleaning, and that it had been a special pleasure to the zealous brethren when he, the former proud young Master of Arts, had to go through the town with his wallet on his back, by the side of a monk more practised in the art of begging. The University, however, interested itself in him as one of their members, and secured for him some alleviation. But from Luther's own lips we hear not even a complaint of such burdens and vexations. He did not allow himself to be repelled by any service. He rather desired special services, that he might thereby merit the favour of God. When he became a Reformer, he still gratefully thought of his novitiate master, or 'Pädagogen.' He was a fine old man, and without doubt a sincere Christian, even under the deservedly reprobated cowl. With prescribed prayer and other services of divine worship, every day, for the novices, was fully and constantly filled. For the day as well as the night, seven to eight prayer hours or horæ were appointed. At these hours the brethren who were not yet priests had to use the 'Lord's Prayer' with the 'Hail Mary' twenty-five times, whilst larger forms of prayer were reserved to the priests. Luther was also introduced to certain theological studies, and two learned fathers of the convent were appointed for his guidance. Lastly, the most important matter for him was that a Bible—*the Latin* translation universally used by the *church*—was put into his hands. At this very time, in these Augustine convents, a new edition of their statutes, drawn up by Staupitz, came into force. This new form of the statutes made a duty of earnest reading, devotional hearing, and zealous learning of the Holy Scripture. But Luther lacked teachers To understand the Scriptures was still a very serious matter to him. But he read the Bible with true hunger, and suffered it not to go from him.

After the year of probation followed the solemn reception into the order. Here Luther vowed 'until death' to live according to the rules of the holy Father Augustine, and to give obedience to Almighty God, the Virgin Mary, and the prior of the convent. The dress of the order was anew put upon him after it had been blessed by holy water and incense. The prior received his vows, and besprinkled him with holy water, while Luther threw himself upon the ground in the form of a cross. At the close of the action, the brethren of the order congratulated him that he was now as an innocent child that had newly come from baptism. He then received a room of his own, with table, bed, and chair. It looked out upon the cloister-surrounded court of the convent. It existed up till a few years ago, when it was destroyed by fire, March 7, 1872.

By a vow that could not be broken, Luther had thus bound himself to the condition in which he strove to win heaven.

The means by which he hoped to gain heaven were abundantly afforded him in his convent. If he sought the favour of Mary and the other saints to intercede for him before God and the judgment-seat of Christ, he found in his order an ardent veneration of the Holy Virgin, and full directions for her service. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, first daringly raised to be a dogma of the church in our time by Pius IX. was zealously contended for by the Augustinians, and was firmly held by Luther even after the beginning of his Reformation contest. John von Paltz, one of his two theological teachers in the convent, largely wrote in her honour, whose spiritual children all Christians were. Under her mantle, Luther says he was then compelled to creep to the Lord Christ. Out of the multitude of other saints Luther choose a number to be his constant helpers in need. We specially notice among them the holy Anna, the holy George, and also the Apostle Thomas. From Thomas, who once so suffered from his feeble faith and faint-heartedness, he hoped to have peculi-

sympathy. We have already mentioned the prescribed rules, whose observance filled up a great part of the day. He persisted in learning and reciting every word. Afterwards, he affirmed, that he read the horæ as magpies, jackdaws, or parrots chatter.

If he were desirous of penitentially getting from the sins which so long had troubled, and daily fell anew upon, his conscience, then the ecclesiastical machinery of penitence was ready for him at all times. Every brother of the order, individually, must, at least once a week, make confession before his confessor. All sins must be minutely confessed, if he hoped to obtain forgiveness for them. Luther took pains to bring before his father-confessor all the sins which he had committed from his youth; and this, to such a degree, that it was too much for his confessor. Through a complete inner contrition, answering to the endless burden of sin, the penitent made himself worthy of the forgiveness which the priest adjudged to him in absolution. According to the prevailing doctrine, what was lacking in the complete contrition was supplied by the sacrament of absolution. But the punishments, which God suspended over the guilty, were not to be removed by this absolution or forgiveness. They must much more be atoned for by performances of his own laid upon him by the priest, such as by prayers, alms, fastings, and other chastisements. Hell was threatened to the man who had not been forgiven, as well as to him who had not made full satisfaction, at least the anguish and pain of purgatory. This was, and continued to be, the church doctrine of [Roman] Catholicism.

Thus Luther was now summoned and instructed methodically to practise the painful self-examination which had already oppressed him before entrance into monachism, and at once to use all the means of salvation that here were afforded him. But the more he inquired into his life and into his heart, so much the more did he find transgressions of the perfect will of God, and so much the more did a heavier and heavier burden press upon his conscience. These offences were not so much what might have been expected in a strong man, such as motions of a fleshly desire, which goaded him all the more because of the constraint of the monastery; as wrath, hatred, envy towards his brothers and relations, a hostile mind, boasting, and a temper (as was the case with him at a later period) that easily kindled into a passion. Motions, words of this nature, and actions that flowed from them, were to his conscience deadly sins, even although they seemed to the priest hearing his confession too small to be accounted of. In addition to these offences, there was a multitude of small transgressions against the rules of the church and of the convent with regard to the external regulations and forms of divine worship, which the church, however insignificant they must seem to us, was wont to make weighty sins. The consequence was that there arose in his mind a state of constant restlessness, in which he sought after sins, even where there was none to be found. And what he at an earlier period had asserted, while at the hand-washing, that man with all his washing would be always the more and more impure, he had now in reality to experience in himself. When he was called to be contrite, he felt, indeed, pain and fear in abundance, but still never in such a way that he could say that the evil was thereby made good before God. Absolution was again and again pronounced over him; but who gave him the certainty that he had entirely fulfilled its conditions, and might truly comfort himself that he had done so? Penances he willingly took upon him; and he did more in prayers, fastings, and night-watchings than the rules of the convent demanded, or his confessor laid upon him. His body, by the rigour of his childhood, was prepared for these austerities, and for a continuance of them. Nevertheless, he suffered much injury from them; indeed, Luther, at a later period, could testify that he by such practices had harassed and tortured himself much more than all his enemies and persecutors had done by theirs.

(To be continued.)

The Way.

BY MRS ANNIE A. PRESTON.

In passing through a lonely walk,
If you would pleasure find,
Take note of all the fragrant flowers
With which the path is lined.

Look after every singing bird,
Rest 'neath each shady tree,
And you will be surprised to find
How short the way will be.

So, walking down the path of life,
If you would joy bestow,
Look out and find what good you can
In every one you know.

Make every song a song of love,
Meet each friend with a smile,
And tho' you may have been a league,
You'll think it's but a mile.

Boston Watchman.

KENNETH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was late in November, the grass-plat before the window was brown and crisp; the few hardy blossoms stood straight and stiff in their brown stalks, and threw defiance into the cool, chilly atmosphere that swept over them. Dead leaves rustled on the walk, and grey clouds scud in threatening phalanx through the heavens.

Seated by the cheerful grate in her small parlour, Rachel Kew was stitching on a child's dress for her next-door neighbour. She heard the study door shut an hour ago, and she knew the heart of the pastor was with his people. A song of gladness steals into her heart, good is being done in His name, and His glory is made to appear through the instrumentality of preaching. With the winter coming on, doubtless many would come in from the plains, and it would be harder and more difficult to preserve Sabbath order. In view of this, new processes must be invented and new influences brought to bear upon them. Thus far, and since Rexy came to them, the pastor has devoted more and more attention to the children, preaching them a short sermon each Sabbath as an introduction to the longer and more elaborate one for the grown people. 'The children like it. It makes them feel like coming to church,' Rexy says. Thinking of Rexy, the pastor's wife folds her work, and, leaving her seat by the fire, goes over to the window. Snowflakes are in the air, they fall upon the casement; they are a foretaste of the coming winter.

In the street a slim girl is passing. It is not Rexy; but she is reminded of Rexy. The latter shows an astonishing change. She cannot but be thankful; and still there are others just as needy, and doubtless with minds that would open to the light just as rapidly. A deep missionary spirit was developing in Rexy's life. Already she had the beginning of what she hoped would be an industrial school. The children at Mrs Frazer's were being taught, and others were coming in. Mrs Frazer confessed to a growing interest in this direction, and others of the church were willing to contribute money and means for the maintenance of the work. Of course it would go on, it must go on. Thus thinking and planning, she did not hear Barbara open the door. The latter had to speak twice.

'A visitor, please, Mis' Kew, and I brought her right in.'

The woman turned from the window to meet the eager expression of one whom she had with her husband visited a few weeks previously.

'I have come to say how glad I am, and shall always be, for the little book you gave me. I never could see how God could forgive and blot out, and no more remember,' said the visitor, pausing to repress her emotion.

'He does it for the sake of Christ. It is the cleansing value of the shed blood,' responded Mrs Kew.

'And it was shed for me,' said the woman, 'for me, who had never learned it before.'

'Whoever is in Christ is a new creature. Henceforth it is a new life, with new hopes, new ambitions, new desires. The springs of being are full of new emotions, new feelings. It is sin that drags down. Righteousness exalts an individual as well as a people,' was the reply.

'God has been good to me, and I feel this newness. In my home I want things different; I want my children to go to Sunday school, and the keeping of the Sabbath-day is new to us.'

The woman spoke in a low, fragmentary way. Evidently she had come for instruction, as well as to make known the great change that had taken place in her heart since the reading of the little book.

'The blessedness of our religion is that it enters into our home life. Our every-day's enjoyment is the outgrowth of this love to God in the heart. In thinking of Him, the discomforts of the day are forgotten, order takes the place of misrule, the children are taught and led to love Jesus, and to ask His guidance in all the affairs of life. The yearning cry of a woman's heart is always for something that God alone can give,' said Mrs Kew, almost as much carried away as the woman before her, over the change brought about through the mercy of a divine Christ.

'I knew this. My husband was not a man to go to church, and to care for such things, and we've been flung 'round a good deal, and a good deal lonesome and home-sick; and sometimes I'd smart up and go to meeting and hear things, and how God dealt with others, and going home it was drearier than ever, and then I would try to think there was nothing at all in it; and at night many's the time I woke up crying. I did not believe there was no God, but if there was, I felt that He had forgotten me, and I did not want to be forgotten.'

'God does not forget. He reaches out His hand after us. He draws us by all the loving influences of His Spirit. It is we who forget; we stray away into the paths of sin, and will not listen to the call, "Come unto Me!"' replied Mrs Kew.

Before the woman left, she asked for more of the little books. She had neighbours who knew nothing of this great love.

'To talk with your neighbours, and to bring them to church, and to Sunday school is a

simple way of doing good, and oftentimes brings about greater results than are realised through more conspicuous avenues of labour. "It is the little foxes that spoil the vines," and it is the little words that touch the heart, and eventually blossom out in the fulness of Christian life and living,' said Mrs Kew, as she gave the books into the woman's hand.

Long after the visitor went down the street, the pastor's wife was still standing at the window.

The streets were full of busy people, and still they were coming, seeking in this western El Dorado both pleasure and profit. And there was the church: material growth must not get the ascendency, educational privileges must be secured, and the Bible must be taught, in order to perpetuate the peace and prosperity of the inhabitants.

To effect this, the children must be led to seek after the highest good. Thoughts of the children reminded her of the question Rexy had asked with regard to organisations. In the school she had two classes, 'Busy Bees' and 'Careful Builders.'

Sitting down to her desk, Mrs Kew wrote out a few questions suitable for Rexy's pupils, namely: 'How many books are contained in the Old Testament? How many in the New? Since what important event has the New Testament been written? Where was Christ born? Who was king at that time? Where was the Child taken that Herod might not destroy His life? By whom was Christ baptised? In what river? Mention some of the miracles? What constitutes a miracle? How many Apostles were there? Can you call them by name? What is the difference between an apostle and a disciple?'

A skirmish of snowflakes was in the air, but the wind was sensibly less. It was possible, in going to Mrs Frazer's, that she would meet with her husband by the way; and if so, they could visit the school together, an event she knew would please Rexy. He was not to be found, however, and with a shadow of disappointment on her face, she knocked at Mrs Frazer's door. The latter was opened by a small lad, who asked with a little, lisping voice if she would go to the schoolroom, or the parlour?

'To the schoolroom, if you please,' was the reply.

Mrs Kew had been there before, and had helped in the arrangement of the rooms as well as the classes. Still, she was astonished to find several young girls almost as tall as Rexy, busily at work with their needles.

'I could not refuse to teach them the little that I have learned. They cannot learn much at home, and they are tidy and well-behaved,' Rexy said, timidly.

'You were right, I think,' returned Mrs Kew, by way of encouragement.

It was the day for the 'Careful Builders.' The 'Busy Bees' were out for a walk, and Mrs Frazer had gone with them. The Bible questions Mrs Kew had written out were asked and answered. Then the visitor was asked to give an outline lesson, and after that she spoke to them of influences, small, but accumulative, rounding up and moulding characters for good, if good influences were at work; and otherwise, if acted upon by evil influences, blackening and staining what should have been bright and good. To illustrate, she spoke of the snow-flakes—so delicate to the touch that a baby's finger would destroy them; and still strong enough, in their accumulated force, to destroy armed men, and effectually stop the commerce of the nation.

'We read last week about the coral workers. Mrs Frazer gave us some coral and told us how it was formed,' said a bright-eyed boy.

'And the islands in the ocean,' said another.

'That is the reason we chose the name Careful Builders,' said a third. 'Teacher showed us how one thought, added to another, builds up, and if our thoughts are good, we build up good and beautiful characters. I thought it a very nice lesson, and I am trying.'

On the walls were a few good pictures, illustrative of Bible themes, with mottoes prettily framed. 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' 'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy,' 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

These Rexy had worked and arranged, in order that the eyes of the children might at all times have something to rest upon that would act as a reminder.

Going home, Rexy said humbly—

'I sometimes think that I am learning more than the children who come to be taught. They ask me questions that I cannot answer without study; and again their questions lead me to think, and I better comprehend the subjects with which we have to do.'

'An experience known to all who attempt to teach others. Life is reciprocal. If we are always giving out, we should be always drinking in. God so loves us that He would make all things channels to us, and messengers of His love, and of His wisdom,' was the reply.

'Mrs Frazer read to us a pretty lesson of a gardener surrounded by different growths of fruit and flowers; and then she spoke of the different gifts. When she finished, I felt stronger, for now it seemed clear to me that God had given me some particular work to do, and that He would expect of me, and nothing more,' Rexy continued.

'Christian life is not all of the same spiritual colour. God's spiritual gifts are wide in their diversity, and they are productive of moral loveliness, more precious than the infinite variety of beauty with which He has adorned the earth and the sky. To the Christian worker He gives grace to achieve; to the thinker He gives grace to meditate; to the teacher, grace to teach; to every believing soul, grace to live for His glory, to labour for the well-being of men, and at last, a home in heaven,' Mrs Kew remarked.

When they reached home, Barbara met them with the announcement that the minister had company—and they were to stay to supper.

CHAPTER X.

The north winds, sweeping over the hills and through the valleys, followed by dashes of sleet and snow, drove the herds to the corral, and left the men to congregate in gambling dens and drinking places; or otherwise, with more leisure to become lax in morals, and all the more ready to yield to temptation. From motives of prudence, as well as from love of society, isolated settlers joined themselves to more populated neighbourhoods, not unfrequently visiting the cities, and making it an occasion to unbend from the hard, stern life that had been theirs on the plains.

To meet the wants and needs of this floating population, called for wisdom on the part of those whose aim it was to lay foundations, and to build up national as well as individual character.

Truro was swarming with people—in the streets, in the hotels, in the boarding-houses. More than once had Carey Kew gone to his study burdened with the question, 'What can I do? What plan can I devise in order to bring these men and women within the hearing of gospel truth?' And as often had he risen from his knees with his eyes brimming with tears, but all the stronger in purpose to do good work, and rolling as a sweet morsel under his tongue the happy thought, 'For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure.'

Scratch, scratch went the pen, while the coal cracked and spluttered, and shot up into a ruddy flame. So much absorbed was the pastor, that Barbara's harsh voice failed to reach him. Then, in a louder tone—

'Plase, sur, the ladies is out, and a gintleman would see yer.'

'Did he give you his name, Barbara?'

'Not his name at all, shure; only this bit of stiff paper,' presenting a card.

'Very well, Barbara, I will be down. No; just show the gentleman up. I will see him here.'

'As yer plase, and I must say there's no accounting for the orders one gits in this house. Only last week missis said to me niver to show a body into that room, and to-day the minister himself says quite to the contrary,' Barbara whispered to herself as she went back to the kitchen.

The visitor was a tall, spare man, with a willowy figure, long rather than square face, framed in with side whiskers and a neatly clipped beard. His forehead was broad and high, and his eyes large, dark, luminous, and with a certain influence that drew people to him, and made them listen to what he had to say.

'You did not expect me so early,' said th visitor, after the first words of welcome. 'A soon as I received Menser's letter, I started I thought it possible the snow would com down, and in that case the journey would b tedious.'

'You did well to come,' returned the pasto 'A little concerted effort in the right directio will, I think, turn the tide of popular opinio and will enable us to sow seed that will bu and blossom and produce a harvest, if no now, at least in the future.'

'What is your plan?'

'I can hardly say that I have a plan; an still it is, in one sense, a plan. Whereve people assemble to spend their evenings, ther to have more or less of Christian discourse not a sermon, as laid down in homilies, but talk, with an idea to be clinched as a nail i a sure place; then singing and brief prayers Get the people to pray,' answered the pastor.

'Song is very effective service,' said th visitor. 'I have felt only thankful since entered the ministry that I could sing.'

'You were by far the best musician in th class. What concerts we used to have, wit you and Bunsen to lead!'

'Yes, I remember. And, Kew,' lookin with beaming eyes into the face of his friend 'if you think I can sing, I will begin to-night.

'A bright idea!' springing to his feet 'But first let me tell my wife.'

'Shure and it's the word given me, plase "the ladies is out." It was that same yester day and the day beyont, for that matter, Barbara said in answer to the question asked

The pastor had not given it a thought; h remembered now that his wife and Rexy ha been out more frequently than usual of late Of course it was not for him to know; if i had been, they would have told him.

With this sage conclusion the pastor set ou with his friend, Mr Arles, the new minister a Passmore's Ranche.

The wind blew a hurricane, sending th sharp sleet into their faces, and causing the more than once to turn their backs to its fur But few pedestrians were in the streets, an these hurried into sheltered places, and whe the windows betrayed good cheer. Saloo looked inviting, and were seemingly well fille Entering one, apparently the poorest, as th judged from the exterior, they were surpris to find a long, rather handsome room, with cheerful fire, tables, pictures, easy-chai everything with an eye to please; and wi the most obsequious proprietor. Men we standing, and men were sitting at tables wi drink and cards and piles of yellow go The bronze of the plains was still on th faces, and their dress, changed as befitting t town, was worn with a leather belt, with brace of pistols and a dirk for ornament.

As the strangers entered, sharp eyes n them, and were met frankly in return, a then turned away, each apparently satisf with the other. Others entered; each fi was a study—some desperate, and oth

clouded with misfortune. Men at the tables changed places. Still the wind raged, and the circle around the fire enlarged. Some one proposed a story to kill time. The lot fell upon a miner, whose prematurely old face was suggestive of the life of excitement he had known. After the story, which had the effect to draw one or two from the table, a song was called for. The lot fell upon Mr Arles.

'I am afraid I shall disappoint you,' was the tone that touched them pleasantly. 'In my young days I did sing a little; but my singing was mostly old tunes, such as I had heard my mother sing; they would not be likely to please you.'

'I say, stranger, them's the songs I want to hear; I'll be blamed if I could help playing soft to-day. It's the weather, Appworth says, and mebbe it is.'

'You will bear with me, then, if my singing is a little behind time. I will do the best I can,' said Mr Arles, striking into a low, deep refrain; not unlike a skilful player on the instrument, running his fingers over the chords to see if they were in tune. Then gliding into words known to them, he felt sure, he sung with exceeding tenderness—

'Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

'Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain—
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

'Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love:
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh, ye dying sinners, why—
Why will ye forever die?'

The man with the brace of pistols in his belt stood leaning against the wall, the muscles of his face relaxed. He put up his hand to wipe away the tears.

'I say, stranger, that song makes me think of home. A little more, and I'd cried outright.'

'The words ain't much show; but the moosic sets a feller on his feet agin. Say, stranger, we'll toss up fur another, an' count on me for drinks when yer through,' said a miner.

Another song followed, and still another, the music bright and cheerful, lifting the hearts of the listeners into the purer atmosphere of sacred song, and recalling the far-behind, happy childhood that each had known.

The singer did not look to the occupants of the tables; but he felt that the men had placed themselves in an attitude to listen. Turning to his friend, he said—

'We have time but for one more. If you will join me we will sing—

'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.'

As the last verse was reached, the men with one accord rose to their feet. Every head was uncovered, and voices long accustomed to ribald jests and blasphemies joined in the glad refrain—

'Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.'

'I dunno what ails my eyes; the firelight is kind of strong. Reckon I better move off a spell,' said one, as he fumbled his hat in his hands, and finally turned away.

'It makes me think of Vermont,' ventured the man with the pistols. 'For a minnit I jest thought I was in the old, square church, with mother prayin' and singin'. Whatever power it is, mother believed it; and she used to say she knew I'd come to see things as she did. Strange, what a mixed-up mess we are. Jest now I'd give anythin' to be a boy agin', and sit in that old church with mother.'

'Is your mother still living?' asked Carey Kew, extending a hand to the speaker. 'We have a church in Truro, and we will do all we can to make you feel at home there.'

'I am much obleeged; but, as I was sayin', we are a mixed-up mess. I'm kind of down in the mouth to-night, and nowdays I ain't much for goin' to church. And mother—no, sir, mother ain't livin',' burying his face in his hat, and walking away to the opposite corner of the room.

'Preachers, both of ye!' said the proprietor, coming forward. 'I might have known it when ye came in, but I didn't. Mostly, ministers and such keep clear of us; don't know as I'm sorry to have ye come in, seein's how things has turned.'

'We are preachers, yes; but why should we not come in? Your sign reads, "Everybody Welcome,"' was the reply.

'That's a fact!' laughing good-humouredly. 'We don't say preachers shan't come. It's the preachers themselves as is down on us.'

'We are not down on you, and you have enjoyed our singing,' said Mr Arles. 'I am out at Passmore's; but my friend preaches in the "Pickston Street Church." I venture to say you will like him,' smiling over to the proprietor in a friendly, easy fashion.

'Pickston! Why, that's where my woman goes, and the children go to Sunday school. Must be "Parson Kew;" and Mis' Kew, she's Harry's teacher. Wish I'd known it, I'd had 'em in to hear you,' coming nearer, and shaking hands with them in a most cordial way.

'Come agin, gentlemen, come agin. Glad to know ye ain't above singin', jest like one of us. A little choice about words, mebbe; but the singin's lively.'

Once in the street, Mr Arles grasped his old college chum by the hand.

'When God has a work for a man to do, He will open the way. If men will not come to church to hear the gospel, the church must be carried to them. After all, it makes but little difference how the water of salvation is carried. A large pitcher or a small one; only have it pure.'

The wind was not blowing at such a fearful rate, but black, sullen clouds pressed closely overhead, and a grey curtain folded them in. Two ladies, closely wrapped, came down the steps of a clumsy-looking building, and sped away into the grey, black distance. At first sight Mr Kew started, and his steps quickened. Feeling that they were pursued, the women flew, their cloaks flapping around them like wings, and their arms swinging.

Mr Arles was full of new plans.

'If only Menser had staid. But Trestrail is one to count on, and we must bring every available person into the work.'

Some one had just entered. Barbara was still at the door as Mr Kew and his friend came up the steps. Pushing open the parlour door, the gentlemen encountered Mrs Kew and Rexy, with bright eyes and flaming cheeks, and each with barely voice enough to speak.

'We were dreadfully frightened, and walked fast. I thought I should drop before I could reach the corner,' Rachel said.

'What was the danger?' was asked, hurriedly.

'I presume there was no real danger, but Rexy saw two men come out of a saloon.'

'And two men saw two ladies come out of a singular-looking building, and hastened their steps a little,' a merry laugh floating over the room.

'I see! It was you, Carey and Mr Arles. How stupid! But Rexy ——'

Rexy had run away to her own room, without stopping to explain that she had been to a prayer-meeting, for the benefit of certain women who were busy through the day.

Later, at the supper-table, the service of song was mentioned, and the plan of preaching the gospel by singing freely discussed and commented upon.

(*To be continued.*)

HAPPINESS IN HEAVEN.

THE simple circumstance of my being in heaven would not make me happy. I might be miserable even there, were I lacking as regards three things. First, I must have exercised godly sorrow for my sins. I am a sinner. I have broken the law of God times without number, and I ought to repent. There is no requirement more reasonable than that which calls me to repentance. And were I to be admitted to heaven without repentance, I know that I could never be happy there. Were God to make no mention of my sins, and to treat me as though I had not sinned, I should not be happy; I could never forget that I had sinned, and God could never forget it, and I could never feel satisfied that I had sinned against such a God, so holy, so great, and so good, and had not repented. The abiding consciousness of these things would render me more wretched than I ever was in this world. It is no arbitrary requirement that God lays upon me, when He calls me to repentance. My own happiness demands it, not less than His honour.

A second essential thing is, that I cordially trust in the atonement that has been made for my sins. God's way of saving sinners is through the obedience of His Son unto the death of the cross. This was the way that justice required, and it was not 'possible' that there should be salvation in any other way. And it is a reasonable requirement, that I should cordially accept of it, and trust in Christ alone as my Saviour. And, were God to admit me to heaven without having complied with this condition, I could not be happy. I should feel that I had no right to be there, and that I was out of place. I should always feel that I had failed to do an essential thing that I ought to have done, and so I should never feel at home in heaven. I should never feel cordial towards God, nor towards the Lord Jesus Christ; nor could I ever heartily join in that new song, which only the redeemed can learn. Heaven would not, and could not be heaven to me.

And a third thing, essential to my happiness in heaven, is holiness. I must be perfectly holy. The beauty of the Lord my God must be upon me. Were I to be admitted there with my present but partially sanctified heart, or with the least stain of moral pollution upon me, I should be disqualified for that holy abode, and I should be a miserable creature; I would shrink from all approach to God, and all the holy inhabitants of the blessed world. I would want to hide myself from Him, whose name is holy, as did our first parents, when they had sinned. I would feel a thousand times more out of place in heaven, than would a person, clad in filthy rags, introduced to a well-furnished parlour where he should find himself in the company of refined and becomingly attired ladies and gentlemen. That I may be happy in heaven I must be made meet for its society; I must be arrayed in that fine linen, cleaned white which is the righteousness of the saints. I must have washed my robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb. I must be holy, as the Lord my God is holy.

With these three qualifications—repentance, a cordial trust in the great atonement, and a pure heart—I shall be unspeakably happy in heaven; but without them, I should have no fitness for that holy place, and I would be miserable were I to be admitted there.—*H. in New York Observer.*

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS ALFRED MACLEOD, ABERDEEN.

IT was a pitiful sight, to be sure; the three children standing around the bare table, appealing to the pale, sad faced mother for the food which she had not to give them. Even the baby, too young to speak, looked up from her lap in the same heartbreaking way, seeming to say, 'Give me, oh, why don't you give me food?' The old terrier dog, the friend and playfellow of the children, looked on, knowing that something was wrong; but Dash was an excellent forager for himself, and had not felt the pangs of hunger.

It had come at last, what the mother had so long dreaded; purse and cupboard were alike empty. It was the old story. A young couple beginning life with high hopes. A year or two of happiness, and then the arch-enemy drink getting hold of the man. Hugh Wilson was a clever fellow, and would have done well in the world but for this failing. But gradually and surely he sunk under its debasing influence, till, having lost his employment and the respect of his friends, he quite ceased to struggle against it, and gave himself up to its indulgence whenever he had the means.

His poor wife struggled bravely to keep him right, but when he came home on the day when he was dismissed from the office, she felt that now *she* must try to support the little family. She sub-let her little parlour, and thus gained a few shillings weekly. Then she took in sewing, and soon was very hopeful of making ends meet. But before long fever broke out in the street where they lived, and the little Wilsons were soon 'down' with it. The lodger fled, fearful of infection, and the sewing had to be given up also.

The husband, sober now from necessity, tried hard to get a situation, but found that it is no easy matter for a man who has lost his character to get employment of any kind. And one cold winter day, when he returned after a vain search, he felt the first symptoms of the fever on himself. What should he do now? He well knew that the little money his wife had got by selling, one by one, nearly everything of value which she possessed must be nearly done, and that she would have enough to do without being handicapped with a fever-stricken man; so he went quietly off to the hospital and obtained admittance there, leaving a note for his poor wife, saying that if he should be spared to come out again, he was determined to begin a new life.

Poor Mrs Wilson, who, in spite of all, still loved him most tenderly, felt it very hard that she could not nurse him herself. But the thought of the little ones, now convalescent, helped her, and she once more turned her thoughts to work. She cleaned her rooms thoroughly, to remove all danger of infection. Then out went the board at the window announcing 'Lodgings;' and she went hopefully back to the shop for which she had sewed before, and asked again for work.

'Oh, no, Mrs Wilson, your place is filled. There is no work for you. Besides, the fever, you know—it would be highly dangerous.'

Then, with a heavy heart, she went from shop to shop. But 'trade was dull,' 'In a month or two, perhaps.' Alas for the poor children! they could not wait for a month or two.

Once or twice persons in want of lodgings, attracted by the board, had come and looked at the parlour, but though neat and clean, the room looked bare and cheerless enough, robbed of all the little comforts which had been the young wife's pride, and had gone to buy food for her little ones. And so she was told that it would not suit,' and hope seemed to die out in her heart again.

And now, on this cold afternoon, the full bitterness of her poverty came home to her. No food; what was she to do? Never had she complained to any one of her husband's failing. Nay, so faithfully had she concealed it, that few even of her neighbours suspected it; and in order to screen him more effectually, she had secluded herself and her family so much as not to be on terms of intimacy, and therefore not in favour with any of them. So she could not ask help from any of them, nor indeed from any human being.

But once more, and with greater earnestness and faith, she would ask God to help her. Calling the children around her, she said, 'My dears, there is no food in the house, and I have no money to buy any. We must all kneel down and ask God to send us help. He says, "Ask, and ye shall receive."' And then the mother knelt on the floor, with Willy and Arthur on one side and little Mary on the other, and in simple and earnest words she prayed for bread for her children. A new hope shone in her face as she rose from her knees. 'Now, dear children,' she said, 'try to have patience; I am sure the Lord will hear us.'

'Oh, yes, we will, mother,' said Willy the eldest; 'and I don't think I feel so hungry now,' added the dear little fellow, manfully trying to cheer his mother.

The children sat quietly down in a corner, and played with their few broken toys. The youngest soon fell asleep, and Mrs Wilson began to mend some of their clothes with a lighter heart than she had known for some time. But there was a nervous energy in the way her needle flew which showed that she was far from being calm. Suddenly, she was

startled by a tap at the door. Could it be a lodger come at last? Hastily opening the door, she was disappointed, for it was only an old woman who, in Mrs Wilson's 'better days,' had been in the habit of washing for her, and assisting at house-cleaning occasionally.

She was a decent, quiet old body, with a kind heart, and though nearly a year had passed since she had been last employed by Mrs Wilson, she sometimes looked in to inquire for the 'bairns;' and she had a shrewd guess how matters stood in the little family, though never presuming to hint that she suspected anything.

'Oh, Mrs Wilson,' she said, 'I canna come in. I'm jist hurryin' up to Mrs Clark's tae see if it's Monday or Tuesday I'm tae wash there next week; so I havena time. But I've been oot twa days helpin' the servants in the kitchen at Mrs Murray's. Ye ken her eldest dochter was marriet yesterday. An' Mrs Murray, ye see she's aye sae kind, she's gi'en me hame sic a lot o' scraps, I couldna use the hauf o' them, so I've jist brocht along a basketfu'. Mebbe ye can use them for the dowg. I canna wait for the basket the noo; I'll ca' in for't some day sune.'

And before Mrs Wilson could get a word in, the kind old soul was out of hearing, leaving the basket standing.

'Scraps,' did she call them? The basket was opened, and revealed to the astonished eyes of the children a quantity of bread, some bits of beef, a good bit of ham, and some remnants of cold chicken and pastry. Was ever a feast so welcome? Was there ever such a feast before?

'Let us thank God, who has heard our prayer,' said the mother with tears of joy.

Need I describe the joy of the family as they sat down to the meal so unexpectedly provided? And the 'dowg' got his share too. No food before or since ever tasted so sweetly, Cheered and strengthened by so direct an answer to her prayer, once more Mrs Wilson plucked up courage to seek work in the city, and at length she was successful. One thing led to another, and she was enabled to keep her little ones from ever again feeling the pangs of hunger.

When her husband left the hospital, she found that he had been in earnest when he promised amendment. The long illness led him to consider seriously the sin of his former life, and to cast himself on God's mercy for forgiveness. His wife told him the story of the answered prayer, and it confirmed him in his desire to serve the Lord in his life. He soon got employment through the influence of one of the doctors in the hospital, who had become interested in him; and, by God's grace, he never relapsed into his old habits.

You may suppose that the old body who had brought the 'scraps for the dowg,' and with such delicacy had helped them in their need, was never forgotten by any of the family, but was always looked upon as a *faithful* friend.

HARRY'S EVENING PRAYER.

(*Continued from page* 564.)

'Give us this day our daily bread.'

'I wish I could wear my best suit every day,' said Harry one Sabbath evening in a rather discontented voice, as he was getting ready for bed. 'My play-clothes are *so* shabby. Willie's mother don't darn *his* clothes hardly *ever*. Oh, dear! I wish we were rich, too.'

'What would you do with your money, besides buying clothes, if you were rich?' replied his mother, while she went to the closet to get the every-day suit out for to-morrow.

'Oh! I'd build a house as big as the palace of Queen Victoria, and I'd fill several rooms full of the most beautiful toys I could find, and you should have a room *full* of dresses, just like a queen's, and one room I'd pile up with gold and silver, and I'd have millions of picture-books, and I'd send *lots* of money to the missionaries ——' Here Harry stopped to take breath.

'I am afraid you would need a place larger than the Queen's palace,' said his mother laughing.

'Oh! then I'd build another,' Harry began again,' and fill that full, and ——'

'You remind me, my dear boy,' his mother said, taking him on her knee, 'of last Sunday's lesson about the covetous man who wanted to pull down his barns and build greater ones to store away his crops in. Didn't you pray to-night, "Give us this day our *daily* bread"?'

'Yes; but, mamma,' replied Harry, 'you couldn't be *very* happy if you had only bread every day, any more than I, could you?'

'Some people have been very happy for a long time with only bread and water,' said his mother. 'Jesus meant to teach us, when He gave us that prayer, that we don't need anything to make us really happy but the simplest, plainest food and clothing and houses, and He wants us to be satisfied with a little if we can't have a great deal of money. We shall all be rich one of these days, darling, if we are loving children of our Father in heaven. The Bible says, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Wouldn't it be better to be poor here, if it is God's will, and rich in heaven!'

Harry did not know just what answer to make to this question then, but after his mother left him, as he lay awake listening to her sweet voice singing his father's hymn, 'Jerusalem the Golden,' he prayed that whether he was rich or poor, he might be sure at last to reach the Golden City.

LITTLE SINS.—It is as much treason to coin a penny as a twenty-shilling piece; because the royal authority is as much violated in the one as in the other. The authority of God is as truly despised in the breach of the least commandments, as some are called, as in the breach of the greatest, as others are called.

The Other Side.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

N this side of the silence, that seals our darling's lips,
And on the brightness of her eyes has pressed its long eclipse,—
On this side there is sorrow, there are hours that slowly wane;
And in the home and in the heart the longing throbs to pain.

On this side of the silence, God help us all to bear
Our added weight of daily toil, our growing sense of care;—
On this side, when the loosened hands their heavy burdens drop,
Needs must others take the load, since God's work may not stop.

But ah! beyond this stillness, that like a bolted door
Shuts out the palace halls her feet have gained—our own before—
Upon that mystic other side, whence none return this way,
What waves of music break upon the shores of endless day!

Upon that side what faces sweet have thronged upon her ken;
What songs have rapt her in their tide, undreamed by mortal men;—
Upon the other side of pain, the other side of strife,
What knowledge hath she learned of Him who is the Lord of life!

This side, the deeper loneliness; the other, fuller bliss!
Here, day by day, some precious one from thinning ranks to miss
The other side, the richer powers, the love unshamed by sin;—
Thank God, He gave our darling grace that perfect rest to win!

A Daily Portion.

DECEMBER 1.

'I ASCEND UNTO MY FATHER, AND YOUR FATHER; AND TO MY GOD, AND YOUR GOD.'—John xx. 17.

Let the saints rejoice in this covenant-union! To say God is ours, is more than to say heaven is ours; heaven would not be heaven without God. All the stars cannot make day without the sun. All the angels, those morning stars, cannot make heaven without Christ, the Sun of Righteousness. And as to have God for our God is matter of rejoicing in life; so especially it will be at our death. Let a Christian think thus, I am going to my God. A child is glad when he is going home to his father. This was Christ's comfort when He was leaving the world. And this is a believer's death-bed cordial, I am going to my God; I shall change my place, but not my kindred; I go to my God and my Father.—*T. Watson.*

DECEMBER 2.

'THOU ART MY GOD, AND I WILL PRAISE THEE: THOU ART MY GOD, AND I WILL EXALT THEE.'—Ps. cxviii. 28.

If God be our God, then let us break forth into doxology and praise. O infinite, astonishing mercy, that God should take dust and ashes into so near a bond of love as to be our God! As Micah said, What have I more? So, what hath God more? What richer jewel hath He to bestow upon us than Himself? What hath He more? That God should put off most of the world with riches and honour, and that He should pass over Himself to us by a deed of gift, to be our God, and by virtue of this settle a kingdom upon us, is astonishing indeed.—*T. Watson.*

DECEMBER 3.

'BE GLAD IN THE LORD, AND REJOICE, YE RIGHTEOUS: AND SHOUT FOR JOY, ALL YE THAT ARE UPRIGHT IN HEART.'—Ps. xxxii. 11.

Oh, let us praise Him with the best instrument, our heart; and let this instrument be screwed up to the highest peg; let us praise Him with our whole heart. See how David riseth by degrees: Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, and shout for joy. Be glad, there is thankfulness; rejoice, there is cheerfulness; shout, there is triumph. Praise is called incense, because it is so sweet a sacrifice. Let the saints be choirists in God's praises. The deepest springs yield the sweetest water; the more deeply sensible we are of God's covenant-love to us, the sweeter praises we should yield. We should begin here to eternise God's name, and do that work on earth which we shall be always doing in heaven, While I live, will I praise the Lord.—*T. Watson.*

DECEMBER 4.

'WHAT HAVE I TO DO ANY MORE WITH IDOLS?'—Hosea xiv. 8.

Let us carry ourselves as those who have God to be their God; that is, when we walk

so that others may see there is something of God in us. Live holily; what have we to do with sin? Is it not this, that if it doth not break, yet will weaken the interest? What have I to do any more with idols? So should a Christian say, God is my God; what have I to do any more with sin, with lust, pride, malice? Bid me commit sin! as well bid me drink poison; shall I forfeit my interest in God? Let me rather die than willingly offend Him who is the crown of my joy, the God of my salvation.—*T. Watson.*

DECEMBER 5.

'YE KNOW THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.'—2 Cor. viii. 9.

The fact referred to, including the highest mystery of the gospel—viz., the incarnation of the Son of God, or the manifestation of God in the flesh, and the love therein manifested—is assumed to be known and acknowledged by all who called themselves Christians. Ye know, says Paul, as all Christians must know, the grace—*i.e.*, the unmerited, spontaneous love—of our Lord Jesus Christ. A combination of the most endearing and exalted appellations. Our Lord—*i.e.*, the supreme and absolute Lord whom we acknowledge to be our rightful sovereign and possessor, and who is ours, belongs to us, in so far as the care, protection, and support of His almighty power are by His love pledged to us. Jesus Christ—He who is our Lord is our Saviour and the Christ, God's anointed. invested by Him with supreme dominion. What belongs of right to the Word in virtue of His divinity, is constantly represented as given to the God-Man. —*C. Hodge.*

DECEMBER 6.

'FOR YE KNOW THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, THAT, THOUGH HE WAS RICH, YET FOR YOUR SAKES HE BECAME POOR, THAT YE THROUGH HIS POVERTY MIGHT BE RICH.'—2 Cor. viii. 9.

Believers are made rich in the possession of that glory which Christ laid aside, or concealed. They are made partakers of the divine nature—that is, of the divine holiness, exaltation, and blessedness. This is divine, not only because of its source, as coming from God, but because of its nature. So that our Lord says, 'The glory which Thou gavest Me, I have given them.' Hence believers are said to be glorified with Christ, and to reign with Him. The price of this exaltation and everlasting blessedness of His people was His own poverty. It is by His poverty that we are made rich. Unless He had submitted to all the humiliation of His incarnation and death, we should forever have remained poor, destitute of all holiness, happiness, and glory. It should be observed that moral duties, such as almsgiving, are in the New Testament enforced not so much on moral grounds as on *grounds peculiarly* Christian. No man can enter into the meaning of this verse, or feel its power, without being thereby made willing to sacrifice himself for others. And the Apostle teaches here what St John also teaches, that it is vain for any man to profess or to imagine that he loves Christ, if he does not love the brethren, and is not liberal in relieving their wants.—*C. Hodge.*

DECEMBER 7.

'BLESSED IS THE MAN TO WHOM THE LORD WILL NOT IMPUTE SIN.'—Rom. iv. 8.

And this is the way to know our blessedness: forgiveness of sin precedes the inheritance, and both this and that are received only by the sanctified through faith in Christ, 'That they may receive forgiveness of sin, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith which is in Me.' The alteration of our frame is more discernible to us than that of our relative states; the new dispositions discover what relation we stand in to God. This is a certain truth, he that doth not find the draught of God's image in him hath no reason to conclude he hath any saving interest in the propitiatory sacrifice of the Redeemer. As the blood and water were not separated in the effusion upon the cross, neither are they in their application to the soul; water to renew us, and blood to justify us. The 'washing of regeneration' evidenceth our being justified by grace; the Apostle infers the one from the other.—*Charnock.*

DECEMBER 8.

'BEHOLD THE MAN.'—John xix. 5.

Let our meditations follow Him, from His agony in the garden, all the way of His passion, by the track of His blood, till we find Him dead on the cross. Behold the scourge fetching blood from His sides, the thorns harrowing His sacred head, His life-blood issuing out by the wounds of the nails. And as if all that were too little, a soldier opening His side with a spear after His death, and broaching out blood and water. 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.' Sorrow is a thing of that nature, it calls for beholding, and humanity cannot choose but yield an ocular pity. Every good eye will turn itself, and look upon them that are in distress. Those two merciless men that went by the wounded man, though they helped him not, yet before they passed they looked upon him as he lay. Our Saviour being advanced on the chariot of His cross, unless we purposely turn away our eyes, we must needs be eye-witnesses of His sorrow. Look upon Jesus, the founder and finisher of our faith; think of the torments He suffered, of the mercies He proffered, of the sacrifice He offered. And, then, as there was never grief like His grief, so there was never love like His love. When the Jews beheld Christ weeping for Lazarus, they said, 'Behold how He loved him!' When we see Christ bleeding, weeping streams of blood for us, we may well say, Behold how He loved us!—*T. Adams.*

THE TWO EMPIRES OF IMMANUEL AND DIABOLUS;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR VARIOUS COUNTRIES, CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS.

BY REV. KENNETH MOODY-STUART, M.A., MOFFAT.

VIII.—COUNTRY OF FAITH AND COUNTRY OF HOPE OF GLORY.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF THE COUNTRY—ITS STRANGE SIGHTS—POWER OF SEEING THE INVISIBLE—RUGGED PASS—MR HOPELESS AND THE PRINCESS HOPE OF GLORY—MEMORY—VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH—FAREWELL WORDS OF SOME WHO PASSED THROUGH—THE VALLEY BRIGHTENED BY IMMANUEL'S PRESENCE.

MY friend and I resolved to sojourn during the winter in this country, which is under the beneficent rule of the Princess Faith and her consort Prince Heavenly Wisdom. In this way we became acquainted with the inhabitants, and learned much that both interested and profited us. The country we found well supplied with schools, colleges, and universities. We found that even in the elementary schools some of the higher knowledge of things unseen and eternal was imparted, so that the children knew more of these subjects than all the courtiers and professors in the court or colleges of Prince Carnal Reason.

Here the atmosphere is so clear both by day and night that the inhabitants can see much of what is being transacted in the heavens above them. This they cannot do with the naked eye, but they use a particular kind of telescope, which brings near the most distant objects. With this glass they can view events that have taken place in the past, and those that shall yet take place in the distant future, as well as those that are happening even now in the unseen World. Going into one of their universities, we found the Professor lecturing on the Creation. After discoursing learnedly on the light thrown on this by the discoveries of geology and the testimony of the rocks, he said, 'But now, gentlemen, we must go further back than this, into a time of which the Book of Nature, with all its stony sculptured pages, can tell us nothing. We must use the glass of faith, cast in our beloved Princess's Royal Laboratory. Through it we behold the worlds framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.'*

Leaving this class-room, and entering that of Jurisprudence, we heard the Professor, who had been showing in his last lecture that all true principles of law in this world were based upon the laws of El-Shaddai, that civil government was instituted by Him for the good of men and their being conformed to His image, say, 'If you now use this glass you will see that we must all at last appear before the Judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. You will see those who, by patient continuance in well-doing, have sought for glory, honour, and immortality, receive eternal life, while those who have obeyed unrighteousness receive indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish.'

In this Country of Faith were to be seen many strange sights, the half or even the tenth part of which I have not space to tell of. Here were men who walked upon water, and others who had walked through fire. Here we met a man who had been born blind, and who recovered his vision through faith in the healing touch of Immanuel; a man who had been a cripple from his mother's womb, but was now active and strong; dumb men to whom had been restored the faculty of speech by means of their faith, and men and women who had suffered from every manner of disease, who through faith had been restored to health. Yea, here we were shown a tomb hewn in the rock from which a dead man had been raised. The subjects of this Princess, also, are re-

* Heb. xi. 3.

nowned for their personal strength. We were assured on the highest authority that if they put forth all their strength they could pull up large trees by the roots, and could even remove mountains and cast them into the sea.*

Among other sights, we here saw a great ladder, whose foot stood on the earth, and whose top reached to heaven. This wonderful ladder could only be seen by those who used the glass of faith, not being visible to the naked eye. But those who used this powerful glass not only saw the ladder distinctly, but saw angels of God continually ascending and descending upon it. To many persons this may seem a traveller's tale, but it is nevertheless quite true.† Indeed, this land is filled with heavenly visitants, who continually come and go by means of this ladder, and bear in their hands many blessings from the world of light above. Although they have been seldom permitted to hold conversation with the inhabitants of the country, still there have been many well-authenticated instances in which these bright and holy beings have communicated to them much knowledge and instruction. While their lips are usually sealed, their services are highly prized by this people, for though far their superiors in knowledge and power, yet are they all sent forth by El-Shaddai to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation.‡ Through their agency, to a large extent, Immanuel directs the machinery of His providential government, and also assigns to them offices in the administration of His grace, so that while the inhabitants never worship them, they place grateful confidence in their watchful care, knowing that their Prince has given to these angels charge over them to keep them in all their ways. Yea, they told us that they were assured that their little children were carefully protected by these heavenly guardians, who always behold the face of their Father which is in heaven.§

In addition to enjoying the society of these bright angels, the Lord of Angels vouchsafes to grace the land with His own presence. Strangers from lands not owning Him allegiance are not able to behold Him, but the subjects of the Princess Faith, through the wonderful penetration of their vision, which, indeed, amounts to their being gifted with a new sense, have the privilege of constantly beholding their supreme Lord, to whom their Princess also renders lowly homage. One of the noblemen of the country told us that he foresaw the Lord always before his face, and that He was on his right hand, that he should not be moved.‖ This may appear a hallucination to a stranger, but it is a matter of daily experience to the whole people of this land. They have no more doubt about His presence, than they have of the presence of those who are nearest to them. Yea, they say, He is nearer to them, and also dearer to them, than any other. So constantly is He with them, that it may be said that they dwell in Him, and He dwells in them, for by faith they receive His Spirit into their hearts, so that He dwells in their bodies as if these were His Temple, and holds constant intercourse with their spirits.

The realm over which the Princess Hope of Glory reigns adjoins that of her sister.

A rugged and desolate stretch of mountains lies between the two kingdoms, and the roads or passes from the one country to the other, though much frequented, are very toilsome, and occupy a long time, and give much room for the exercise of patience in traversing. I inquired of the inhabitants if these roads could not be improved. They said they feared not, for the Country of Hope of Glory lies at a much higher elevation than the Country of Faith, and that the passes leading from the one to the other would always be more or less rough to the feet, and trying to the endurance of those who travel on them. The lower part of the rough valley we entered on leaving the one country for the other was called Tribulation, because of its rough and rocky character. That leads up to a long, desolate, stony tract of table-land, requiring much patience to travel through it. At the end of this there is a tough piece of climbing to be done, with a good many difficulties of various kinds to overcome, which fortify the entrants with experience which is useful to them, not only in the Kingdom of Grace, but in the Kingdom of Glory. The last steep ascent ushers the immigrant into the Kingdom of the Princess Hope. Along each route leading to her frontier the Princess has appointed approved Guides, who are thoroughly conversant with the road, to render not only direction but assistance to all who require their help.

The Princess herself has one of her palaces close to the end of the very road we travelled by, and delights personally to welcome those who are entering her dominion. Indeed, they are not seldom so worn out and discouraged because of the way as to stand in great need of her kindly cheer and timely succour.

As we surmounted the last summit, and descended a grassy slope of brightest emerald, that felt soft as velvet to our tired feet, our ears were regaled by the varied notes of feathered songsters, singing on the branches on either hand and overhead, as our path led under some umbrageous tree, and also by the tinkling of half-a-score of rills that hurried along to join some brimming river. Surrounded by this scene of mountain and sylvan beauty, we descried a group a little ahead, on reaching which we found that we were in the presence of the Princess herself. She was engaged in conversation with an unhappy-looking traveller whom she had encountered on the road.

The wayfarer was all trembling, apparently from the effect of an interview which he had

* Matt. xvii. 20; Luke xvii. 6.
† Gen. xxviii. 12; John i. 51.
‡ Heb. i. 14. § Ps. xci. 11. ‖ Acts ii. 25.

had with a very severe man, who formed the third of the group. This man, whose name was Memory, seemed nearly as old as the traveller, and evidently had long known him, though their mutual acquaintance had not served to make them good friends. Mr Memory carried an open note-book in his hand, and had a writer's ink-horn by his side, and with indelible ink he deftly inscribed in his book every utterance of the poor traveller. He had also a wallet full of documents slung round his shoulder. These, he said to us, he had selected almost at random from whole cases full, which were carefully preserved in his office, locked up in thief-proof and fire-proof safes, and which contained a full and accurate record of this emigrant's life, which, he said, he would bring out and force him to read through in due time, until both his ears should tingle. Meanwhile, having heard that he had left Diabolus' Kingdom, he had set out in pursuit of him, and had overtaken him at last on the road, and forced him to listen to the extracts which he had brought along with him. He said these contained mere samples of the misdeeds, sins, and crimes which this poor man had committed in his past life, and glancing at one or two of the entries, we were not surprised that the poor victim stood pale and trembling, more especially as when challenged by Mr Memory as to whether he could deny any of the charges, his mute lips and averted eyes were a tacit confession of their truth.

Instinctively we shrunk back from him, but, to our astonishment, the Princess, though her bright, pure eye, the window of a pure heart, told even a stranger that she would shrink from all moral pollution, had, ere we came up, advanced to him, and taken his trembling hand in hers. As we drew near, we heard him say, 'I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face, for my iniquities are increased over my head, and my trespass is grown up unto the heavens.'* To which she replied, 'God is not ashamed to be called thy God, and thou, as one of His people, wilt not be ashamed when thou art washed, and cleansed, and purified.'† Then she took a book out of her hand-bag, containing the words of El-Shaddai, and she read to him, 'I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.'‡

Hopeless—Is it possible that God can forgive and forget sins, which I can neither forget nor forgive myself the commission of?

Princess—It is His own word, and it is His will, that through comfort of the Scriptures thou shouldst have hope. Memory can give thee no hope, but I can. He recalls thy sorrowful and evil past, and is commissioned to do so, but I am commissioned to open up to thee a bright and happy future.

Hopeless—Alas! how can I believe that this is possible?

Princess—Memory can only show thee the evil of thy heart, and the evil of thy life, the power of Satan, and the bitterness and deceitfulness of sin. But I can show thee the power of grace, the love of God for sinners, the possibility of getting a new heart, and becoming a new creature, and can even give thee a blessed certainty of eternal glory.

Hopeless—Would to God that such a happy state could ever be mine! But, no, it never can be.

Princess—My good friend, such happiness will assuredly be thine if thou wilt just become one of my obedient subjects, and be ruled by my words. And, as she spoke, her tones were bright and cheerful, as well as mixed with sympathy. But she said, thou must learn to read and study this book even day and night. For every hour thou spendest in reading over the records of this Mr Memory, spend ten times that in reading the records I give thee about the future.

Thou must, first of all, learn to hope in the mercy of God, which is great beyond all thy comprehension. Here is a simple distich for thee to learn and repeat, that will suit thee—

> 'My sins in bigness do arise
> As mountains great and tall,
> But mercy, like a mighty sea,
> Covers these mountains all.
>
> 'This is a sea that's bottomless,
> A sea without a shore;
> For where sin hath abounded much,
> Mercy abounds much more.'

Next, thou must learn to hope in the promises in which this mercy is conveyed to such as thee.§ Especially must thou learn to cherish the hope of the gospel, and hold it as for thy life. Thou must hope for good to be enjoyed in this world, and for greater good laid up for thee in heaven. This hope will remove thy tremors, and give thee firmness of step and steadfastness of heart, instead of that faintness which now afflicts thee. Thou must freely indulge the hope of being openly acknowledged and acquitted by Immanuel at last, when thou art seen clothed with His righteousness; thou must have sure hope of a joyful resurrection, hope of seeing Immanuel as He is, and of being changed into His bright and holy image; thou must cherish the hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, hath promised before the world began, and hath now manifested to us. In a word, thou must have hope in God, in His character, power, and grace; hope in Jesus Christ His Son, in His person, life, death, intercession; hope in the Holy Ghost, in His power to enlighten, and renew, and sanctify thy nature and character.‖ All this thou wilt find unfolded in this book. Thou must rest for a season here, where thou mayest be quiet from fear of evil, and soon thou wilt be as happy and active in all good service as any of my subjects.

* Ezra ix. 6. † Heb. xi. 16; Joel ii. 26.
‡ Jer. xxxi. 34.

§ Acts xxvi. 6; Col. i. 5.
‖ Ps. xlii. 11; 1 Tim. i. 1; Rom. xv. 13.

The Princess beckoned us to draw nearer, and when we did so she saluted us, and most graciously asked us to lodge in her own royal residence for a little, an invitation which we gratefully complied with. As she assigned an apartment to poor Mr Hopeless, who already began to look a little brighter, she presented him with a copy of El-Shaddai's words, printed clearly, but of such a size that he might carry it always on his person, and on the fly-leaf she wrote, 'Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God;' and also—

'My comfort, and my heart's delight,
Thy testimonies be;
And they, in all my doubts and fears,
Are counsellors to me.'*

After spending a few days in her society, and seeing many things among her people and in her land, which would be well worth telling did space permit, she advised us to pay a visit to the other boundary of her kingdom than that by which we had entered it, and to see how her subjects bore themselves, when called from time to time to pass into Immanuel's own Land. We followed her advice, and the present imperfect sketch will be closed by a short recital of what we there saw and heard.

If the entrance into this Princess's domains is rugged and difficult, the Pass which leads from it into Immanuel's Land is tenfold more so. The cliffs so overhang the gorge through which the path runs as to entirely exclude from it the light of day. To the unaided eye it seems as if those who were passing through it were struggling painfully through ever deepening gloom into a land of utter darkness. Not a ray can be seen shooting through that thick night. Yet, on putting to the eye the telescope of faith, which every traveller should carry always with him, a clear and steady light is seen streaming from the further side, and this light is often seen reflected in the face of departing travellers, as they take a last farewell of their friends and go to meet Immanuel. The Valley, I need hardly tell my readers, who must have heard of it by report, and most of whom have accompanied friends passing through it, is named the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It is certainly a doleful, gruesome, and awe-inspiring gorge. The howling of the wintry hurricane through its shivering night is more in harmony with its scenery, than the stifling silence which fills it in the still summer, stupefying every sense; but it is hard to say which of the two is more terrible. Yet those who pass right through into the light beyond seem often less alarmed and oppressed than their friends who accompany them a little way, and then, bidding them a long farewell, turn back again.

As we drew near its gloomy portals, the guide appointed by the Princess to accompany us, told us of many well-known servants of his Queen who had passed through without shrinking or stumbling. One of these had said, 'When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' He told us that the person here addressed was Immanuel Himself, who is wont to come down to meet here his faithful servants, and to welcome them to His country and court. Indeed, said he, this is also a favourite resort of my own Princess. If it is a pleasure to her to give a personal welcome to those entering her country, much more does she delight in giving a personal convoy to those who are leaving it by this road. Indeed, she walks with them right up the dark valley, until she sees Immanuel receive them with His own hands. Every step of the road is known to her, and her fairy footfalls confer a grace on these grim rocks themselves, and on the graves that line the Pass, while the glad light of her eye needs no aid from lantern or torch to make even the night to be light about her.

As we gazed into the gloom, the Princess herself appeared (for she has the power of transporting herself in a moment to any part of her dominions), and we watched her accompany one and another of her servants down the defile. We also watched them bidding adieu to their loved ones, from whom they were to be separated for a season.

We first beheld a gentleman of dignified mien, who had devoted for many years his time and influence to commend Immanuel, his Lord, to his countrymen. As he departed, he said to his nephew, whose life was then and since devoted to the same holy work, 'I want you to give my message, whether I live or die, to those you preach to and to others. Tell them that I have proved it now in my own experience; the world fails, friends fail, the body fails, and the mind fails, and everything fails, but Jesus never fails. This is my testimony.'†

The next whom we saw was one who, after having wasted the first half of his life in folly and sin, had humbly dedicated himself to Immanuel, and lived to save his fellow-men, as formerly he had lived to injure or ruin them. To a dear friend who had hurried up to see him once more before his departure, he said, 'Jesus came to me and said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, and up to this time He never has. I used to have a great terror of death, but that is quite gone from me. I have no fear of it now, I am resting on Christ.' To a young officer standing by he said, 'You are young, in good health, with the prospect of rising in the army. I am dying; but if the Bible is true, and I know it is, I would not change places with you for the whole world.' His friend asked, 'Have you peace?' His answer was, 'Perfect peace.'‡

The next we saw was one who had spent

* Ps. cxix. 24.

† The late Hay Macdowall Grant of Arndilly. See Memoir.

‡ Memoir of Brownlow North.

his life in preaching the gospel of Christ to the perishing millions of the great Empire of China. A friend came to him to say farewell, and, among other portions of Scripture, repeated the 23d Psalm. Hesitating at the words, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,' the Christian hero, whose labours were now ended, took up and repeated the words in a deep, strong voice. His last intelligible words, which he uttered in a firm, strong voice, were, 'For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.'*

An aged lady next rose to thread the narrow valley. She had long known, loved, and in her private sphere served Immanuel. As I spoke to her, she told me that she derived much happiness from the sense that she was surrounded by holy angels, who were ministering spirits to God's people. 'Not,' she added, 'that this takes away my mind from the sense of the Saviour's presence. He is ever to me the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely One. But in my solitude, surrounded by this glorious company, I never feel lonely.' As she departed, Immanuel Himself drew near, and supported her with His everlasting arms. And as she leaned on Him, she said, 'It is very sweet to lie in the Lord's arms, and to leave all to Him. The love of Jesus is very sweet, and very good for counteracting the love of sin. It is sweet to have His presence here, and then to go to be in His presence above.'†

Another lady, who prepared to go, had peculiarly attractive features and a most winning smile, which kindled into the beauty of expression the beauty of mould in which her features had been cast. She was one who, during a long life, had brought up in the fear and love of God her children and her children's children, had lodged strangers, had washed the saints' feet, had relieved the afflicted, had diligently followed every good work. Eminently she had shown her love to her Lord by her love to her Lord's brethren. Ere she departed she prayed very earnestly for each of her grandchildren, sending her blessing to the absent ones by name. She said, 'I can testify that not one thing has failed of all the good things which the Lord spake unto me, since the day (forty years before) when I was left a widow with my fatherless children.' Turning to one of her granddaughters, she said, 'Tell it to every one you meet, and *tell it loud*, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' Thus she left her tabernacle, in which she had lived and laboured for Him whom her soul loved, a house of clay, but exceeding fair, with something of the glory of immortality upon it, to be re-occupied by her at the resurrection of the just.‡ And we could not but gaze long and wistfully on the form—

'Ere yet decay's effacing fingers
Had marr'd the lines where beauty lingers.'

The next was a man of noble and venerable mien, who had devoted a long life and natural faculties of the first order to herald Immanuel's gospel among the dusky millions of India. When told that the hour of his departure had nearly come, he replied, 'I am very low, and cannot say much, but I am living daily, habitually in Him. I never said with more calmness in my life continually, by day and by night, Thy will, my God, my God, be done! In my own mind I see the whole scheme of redemption from eternity more clear and glorious than I ever did.'§

The next to rise was one famous for learning in the colleges of his land. In the study of languages and theology he excelled among his contemporaries. The last book he asked for to read, when he knew that the hour of his departure was drawing near, was a Children's Missionary Magazine, for, he said, 'I like to learn Christianity like a little bairn.' He had said, 'I would be glad to go if the Lord would give me Simeon's dismissal, Christ in my arms.' And at the close, he asked a friend to sing the Scottish Paraphrase of Simeon's receiving the infant Jesus in the Temple, and himself joined with peculiar heartiness in singing the lines—

'Then fondly in his withered arms
He clasped the promised child.'

And so he passed into Immanuel's presence.‖

The last whose departure we staid to witness—and truly we could say that though we were abiding under the shadow of a dark cloud, it was good for us to be here—was another aged servant of Immanuel. His snow-white hairs were indeed to him a crown of glory. Faithfulness to duty had led him early in His service to surrender much of his means for his Master's sake. Such was the benevolence of his aspect that once when a feathered songster flew into the edifice where he was proclaiming the message of the cross, and could find no resting-place for the sole of its foot, after having wearied itself out in its terrified and bewildered flight above the assembled worshippers, it at last flew for refuge to the bosom of this minister of the Word, and strove to hide itself in his breast. His family gathered round their departing parent, and one of them inquired, 'Are you quite happy, father?' 'Oh yes,' he responded, 'quite happy. The work *for* me is all done, and the work *in* me is nearly so. Oh, to serve Him day and night! I long to be with Him! All the earth for Christ! Amen, amen! Let me go, let me go! Jesus is near. Having Christ, I have the light. I feel Jesus very near by me. The day breaketh, and the shadows flee away. O dear Lord, let me go! I see Jesus bright and clear. I'll flee away, and live forever with Him.' 'Now, my dear children, withdraw and leave me alone. Put down the light, and leave me alone with God; with God the Father, God the Son. I wish

* Memoir of Rev. William Burns.
† The late Miss Moody of Bothwell.
‡ The late Mrs Stuart, of Annat.
§ Life of Rev. Dr Duff.
‖ Life of the Rev. John Duncan, D.D., LL.D., &c.

to be alone with Jesus.' These were his last words. His family watched beside the door, and as the sun was rising over his favourite hills, and sending down its beams upon the bosom of the broad river over which the windows of his home looked, just at the time when he used to say, 'Open the shutters and let in God's beautiful light,' the earthly veil was withdrawn, and he saw the everlasting light.*

As these successively passed through, we heard them welcomed into the Happy Land with the sound of singing, and of harpers harping with their harps, and in the light surrounding the Princess Hope of Glory, or streaming from Immanuel's own glorious person, we got a momentary glimpse of that land and of that city which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. We knew that His servants serve Him there, and see His face, and that His name is in their foreheads, and that all that do His commandments and have washed their robes in His blood shall also at last enter in through the gates into that city.

As we turned away to sojourn for a little longer here, we could not but say, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' Our guide exclaimed, 'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ;' and, he added, 'Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'† To which we responded, 'Amen! and the Lord make us, and all dear to us, meet for this inheritance of the saints in light!'

THE END.

* The late Rev. Dr. Grierson of Errol.

† 1 Cor. xv. 55–58.

LILY MELVILLE AND HER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XIII.

'It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.'—LAM. iii. 26.

IN Mary Benson's frequent visits to Mrs Macalister, they had become very intimate and much attached to one another; but it was long before the national reserve permitted the old Scotchwoman to communicate much of her own history. Her visitor, however, gradually learned that she was the widow of a small farmer in a western county in Scotland, who had been long dead; that she had two sons—Alick, who had kept on the farm, 'a douce lad, who was made an elder o' the kirk, like his father afore him, for a' he was sae young, an' was weel likit an' respeckit by a' that kenned him, an' sair mourned when he died.'

There had been a late snowstorm one year, and he had gone out to the hillside to look after the poor sheep, when he found one lying dead under a snow-drift, with its little lamb feebly bleating by its side, its life, too, almost gone. Taking it up in his arms, and wrapping it in his plaid, he had struggled through the snow, and carried it safely home to the kitchen fireside, but he himself had caught such a cold that he never recovered, and passed away, calm and peaceful in death, as he had been in life; a man of few words, speaking of the rest in his heart more by the look in his face than by any utterance of his lips; but yet not departing without giving loving counsels and needed warnings to his younger brother Hugh, over whom he had always silently but longingly watched.

'Hugh wasna like his brither—a steerin' lad, an' foremost at a' ploys, an' aye winnin' prizes at the games: an' a bonnier lad ye wadna hae seen in a' the country-side than my braw Hugh. Hech, sirs! may be I was ower prood o' him. Him an' me carried on the bit farm weel eneuch for a while, but he began to be restless, an' sour, an' discontented wi' a' things. I aye jaloused that a lass i' the glen, wi' a bonnie face, but nae heart an' a fause tongue, had muckle to do wi' my Hugh's trouble o' mind; but, whether or no, it was just when she was cried i' the kirk wi' the loon she married, that Hugh telt me he could bide nae langer at Gowanbrae, that auld Jock Todd was mair use aboot the farm nor him, an' that he wanted to see mair o' the world. But I doot it wasna the Lord's bonnie world he wanted to see; for whaur could he see a bonnier bit o't than our ain braw loch, wi' the heich hills stannin' roon aboot sae firm an' solemn, an' the winsome glens rinnin' up among their feet?

'I kenna what ye may see oot o' this garret. Likely nocht but taps o' houses an' reekin' lums; but lyin' here, wi' my dark een, I see mony a bonny scene; the settin' sun refleckit i' the loch, an' garrin' the very water look as gin it were a fire, or like the street of the city of pure gold, clear as glass; an' I look up to the mountains an' see the white mists curlin' aboot their taps an' comin' doon their sides, an' syne pairtit, an' sailin' awa', an' clean dispersed; an' I mind me that He has blotted oot my sins as a cloud; it can nae mair be found or gathered up again; it's nae gate to be seen ony mair.

'Wae's me! but that awa' gaun o' Hugh's was a sair, sair grief to me, a hantle waur than when they carried awa' Alick an' laid him i' the auld kirkyard. I kenned he was safe for ever frae a' trouble an' a' temptation, an' I feared Hugh was just rinnin' intil't. I

was never the same woman after it—sae they telt me—an' lost heart to my work, gaed greetin' to my bed ilka nicht, an' girned, I doot, at the Almighty's dealin's wi' me, as gin I could hae dune better my lane!

'I got a letter frae Hugh ance or twice, but they telt me little aboot himsel', an' I cud see he wasna doin' weel. I never got an answer to ony I wrote him, an' i' the last ane he said he was gaun abroad, an' wad never be back at the loch-side a' his days.'

The old woman went on to tell that some one had brought word to the glen that he had heard from some one else that Hugh Macalister had enlisted, had been abroad, but was believed now to be in the neighbourhood of London, and that an uncontrollable desire to see him, and an unreasonable hope that she should be able to find him out, had taken possession of her; and getting the remainder of her lease taken off her hands, she had 'roupit the plenishin'' of the farm, and taken her journey to the great city. All her inquiries, however, had proved fruitless. She was too insignificant a personage to get a hearing at the Horse Guards, and she had walked herself weary many days, catching at straws of hope, but never finding anything more stable to lay hold of.

At length, finding her health, and strength, and sight giving way, on partially recovering from an illness, she had gone to a Scotch lawyer and told him her story, and intrusted him with her money to put in the bank or invest for her (or rather, as she said, 'no a' for me, but pairtly for Hugh'), letting her have from the interest the smallest monthly dole on which she could subsist. Hoping to buy Hugh off if he really were in the army, she had continued her weary search till a shock, partially paralysing her one side, had brought her wanderings to a close, and laid her on the bed to which she was now confined, and very soon she had become quite blind.

'I'll never *see* my braw lad in this world again; but, oh, to fin' the grip o' his hand, an' hear his voice afore I dee; an' muckle mair nor comin' back till his puir mither, to ken that he had been brocht back till his heavenly Father.'

Benson was full of sympathy for the old woman, as she thus gave vent to her feelings with broken voice, and she hastened to tell her of her recent discovery of her long-lost brother in India. Almost forgetting her own grief for the time, Mrs Macalister rejoiced with her friend in the great joy that had been granted to her; and when Benson told of her mother dying in the undoubting confidence that her son would be found of the Lord, whether or not her prayer should be answered that she might be permitted to see him again in this life, the old widow sighed out—

'Ah, weel, here or abune, it's a' ane, for surely there's nae doot but we'll ken ane anither. Some folks think there'll be nae recognition o' freends yonder.'

Benson remarked there was very little told about it in the only Book that could tell. But were there no recognition or special friendships in the life to come, it would seem to be the loss of a good we enjoy on earth, whereas in heaven, surely, all will be gain.

'Ay, an' when the Lord raised the dead, He didna tak them frae their freends, but restored them. "He delivered him to his mother," the widow of Nain, an' Lazarus was aye at Bethany, as we read in John xii. Of course, we ken it'll be Christ first an' chiefest, but I canna help thinkin' that gin we win to heaven our love will be made perfect, so that we may ken an' loe oor ain folk, as we've never been able to do here.'

'And Moses and Elias were recognised when they appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration with Jesus.'

'Ay, it's wonderfu', the great desire an' prayer o' Moses to be allowed to enter the land o' Canaan, that it should be granted sae mony hunders o' years after he was dead! But wad he see ought o't, think ye, or only Jesus? May be, after a', it may be the same wi' us, an' oor fellowship wi' ane anither in glory may just be in kennin' that they're enjoyin' the very same bliss as oorsels, in bein' hale ta'en up wi' Christ; we canna tell.'

Both agreed in believing it must be for some wise purpose that so little positive description of our life beyond the grave was revealed, and that our wisdom was to trust all to Him who gives grace and glory, and 'will withhold *no good thing* from them that walk uprightly.' However, when they came to think of individual loved ones gone before, their hearts assured them there must be recognition and intercourse of the most blessed kind.

Benson went on to say that there seemed to be several of those unanswered prayers recorded in Scripture for our consolation, such as that of Moses, just mentioned, and Paul's, for the removal of the thorn in the flesh, &c., &c.

But Mrs Macalister said she never liked to call them *unanswered* prayers, for that seemed to imply they had not reached the ear of God, or had been thrown aside, or overlooked by Him; while she believed every prayer of faith was heard and considered, and got its answer from God; and we were to be as sure of having been heard when God withheld the boon we craved, as when He granted it. God could easily give it if He liked, and would not refrain from doing it, if it were good for us, or, at all events, *best* for us; therefore we know that the withholding must be the wisest, kindest answer to our petition. Jesus says, 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them' (Mark xi. 24). We do believe that we have a direct, personal answer from God about the things asked for, whether granted or withheld; and one of the purest joys is to find ourselves giving thanks to the Lord for *not* granting something we had longed and prayed for, feeling assured, as we

do, that He has heard our prayer and considered our case, and not only done His holy will concerning us, but also graciously taken our will and turned it into His, which we recognise as a far better gift than the one we had been asking—spiritual blessing, it may be, instead of temporal, or higher spiritual for lower; teaching us something of what He offers us when He says, 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.' And giving us to know that the real desires of a renewed heart are, to have no will but God's, and to rejoice in being conformed to it.

Yes, and we rest in the assurance that even if our heart condemn us, 'God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things' (1 John iii. 20). If our hearts go after wrong things in prayer, God knows what our inmost, strongest desire really is—conformity to His will; 'And whatsoever things we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments' (verse 22). 'This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him' (1 John v. 14, 15). When we receive what we ask, we know that we must have asked what was according to His will, otherwise it would have been graciously withheld.

Very often those two women, meeting together in the London garret, found their conversations turning on the inexhaustible subject of prayer. In the course of one, Benson said she had been struck by a line she had heard the young ladies read from a poetry book ('Morte d'Arthur')—

> 'More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of.'

'Very true, whaever said it,' replied Mrs Macalister; 'but we maun aye tak care no sae muckle to expeck to get onything *through prayer as from the Lord;* no because we've askit it, no because it's oor will to get it, but because it's God's will to grant it.' And that prayer should be like faith, nothing in itself, yet able to remove mountains. The more powerful, the less tangible it becomes, so to speak, because the more the medium is lost sight of, the more immediate becomes the contact between the soul and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

The old woman often said she thought the chief reason of her being left so long in the lonely dwelling must be that she might be one of 'the Lord's remembrancers' (Is. lxii. 6, margin), praying day and night to Him. And she often felt the danger, she said, of occupying herself too exclusively with intercessory prayer, for she found herself sometimes asking fervently and continuously for spiritual blessings for others of which she had as much need herself, and which she yet seemed to desire more earnestly on their behalf.

Benson had no doubt of that being the special good work . . . . before ordained, that her bedridden old friend should walk in it (Eph. ii. 10), and felt grateful to God, who ordains the means as well as the end for giving such an important place to prayer in His plans of government, and for the assurance that 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much' (James v. 16).

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

> 'Life is too real to dream our hours away;
> For every one there's earnest work to do.
> So let us toil, that at the last we may
> Be welcomed home, as servants good and true.'

Several years have passed by, and brought a number of changes to Lily Melville and her friends.

To the grateful joy of themselves and their children, Colonel and Mrs Melville have come home from India, with no intention of again returning to that land of separation from loved ones. After looking about for some time for a suitable residence, they had at last heard of a delightful house in the parish of Thornley, which they were only too glad to secure; and accordingly we find them happily settled down under the ministry of the Rev. Mr Pemberton, whose acquaintance the girls made on their visit to Westcliff.

The good clergyman finding this family at one with himself in their views of all important truths, soon valued them amongst his best parishioners, and could always count upon their ready aid in every good work. Much sweet counsel did they take together, and many varied and extensive schemes of Christian usefulness were originated or promoted at Thornley Lodge, for Colonel Melville and his wife had met with too much vital religion amongst all denominations to feel any difference between Christians, because of the section of the Church universal to which they might belong. They felt one with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

Edith was most active in visiting the sick and teaching the young, and her visits were welcome as sunshine in the cottages; for now her service was rendered in a spirit of love, with no thought of it as a meritorious duty ever entering her mind. When she remembered at all those things which were behind, it was with meek acknowledgment of divine grace, to contrast the hard bondage of working to win life, with the sweet privilege of working because of having got life, a free gift from the Lord who bought her, and to rejoice in the glorious liberty of the children of God; liberty to render heart service to her chosen Master. Truly she found that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace; a truth which, as a family, the Melvilles brightly exemplified. No one could take up, from their walk and conversation, the grievously erroneous notion of real religion being a gloomy thing, a re-

nunciation of all enjoyment in this present life, with a doubtful hope of better things in the life to come.

Edith might, indeed, find some modes of confessing Christ before men to be more difficult than others, because more trying to the natural man; that is, when she failed to realise that one thing *ought* to be as easy as another, since there are no degrees in divine strength; that strength in which alone we can rightly perform the most trifling act of service to Christ.

> 'Man's wisdom is to seek
> His strength in God alone,
> And ev'n an angel would be weak
> Who trusted in his own.'

Lily had got much stronger under the watchful care of her mother, and had attained one of the most cherished desires of her heart in being permitted to be a Sunday-school teacher, as her mamma had been in her young days; and much time she spent, with great pleasure and profit to herself, in her preparations for her class, who were all devotedly attached to their young teacher. On summer Saturday afternoons she might often be seen seated in the porch of the summer-house with her books by her, engaged with her happy work; and frequently she invited one or two of her Sunday scholars to come at that hour for a little serious talk, and she made those visits attractive by showing the children Bible pictures, objects of interest from the Holy Land, &c., brought home by her parents, such as cedar cones from Lebanon, shells picked up on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, which thus became more than a mere name in gospel narrative to those permitted to handle a very part of its banks, as it were, on which so many of Jesus' mighty works were done, where His blessed feet had so often trod. Those incidents in the life of our Saviour connected with the lake were ever favourite subjects with Lily for her lessons.

A constant attendant upon her, especially when seated out of doors, was a fine cockatoo, who sunned himself upon his perch near where she sat, and made his observations on things around. He was a well-known individual to all the children who came, from whom he received a large share of attention, showing a marked aversion to boys, unless very small ones, but often holding up a claw as a sign to be taken on the finger of some little girl.

This was little Susie Shipton's bird, for she had been obliged to part with it, to her great and bitter distress, when she was placed in an industrial home, where she was now being trained for domestic service. With tears she had entreated Benson to give her favourite a kind home; and could Susie have seen how proud and contented her cockatoo looked on his tall perch standing on the lawn or gravel at Thornley Lodge, she would have been well satisfied with his lot.

It was a great blank to the old bedridden Scotchwoman when her young friend Susie left, but she was too well aware of the great advantage to the girl selfishly to mourn her own loss, and she was gratified to find her former pupil making such good progress in her education, as Susie showed herself to be doing each time she had an opportunity of visiting her friends.

No one came now daily to read a chapter to the blind woman, as Susie had done; but Colonel Melville had mentioned her case to one of the Presbyterian ministers whom he knew, and he or an elder, or some lady of the congregation, frequently visited her, and felt it a privilege to have a talk with the aged and experienced Christian. Colonel Melville and others, too, had exerted themselves in making inquiries in every direction concerning her son, but as yet no tidings had been obtained.

Mary Benson, the faithful maid, was more then ever attached to her young mistresses, and was held in much regard by their parents; while the unexpected joy to her was great of finding herself part of the happy household of her first Sunday-school teacher. She had also the comfort of knowing that her reclaimed brother was leading a consistent life in a humble situation which had been found for him.

And what change have the years brought to our friend Ben, the donkey-boy? His grannie, as he called old Mrs Turner, died a year or two after we last saw her; and Mr Pemberton, who had kept his eye on the lad, through the clergyman of Westcliff, immediately, on hearing of her death, sent for him to Thornley. And if we fancy ourselves there listening to a certain conversation, we shall learn something of how he has been getting on.

'It really is a pleasure to watch that young servant of yours at work, Mr Pemberton,' said Mr Huntley, a neighbouring clergyman, and frequent visitor at Thornley Parsonage, as he stood with his hands behind his back, looking out of the oriel window. 'With what a will he goes at his work! He does not know that any one is watching him just now, and see how thoroughly he is rooting out those dandelions.'

'I rather think it is because he does know that One above sees him, and rejoices to know that He sees him, that he does his work as well as he possibly can,' said Mr Pemberton with a pleased smile.

'Ah, well,' said Mr Huntley, 'that is the best safeguard against eye-service. And certainly I never saw the Parsonage grounds so trim as since he came; and as for your old nag, he never wore the coat he wears now, or stepped out as he does now, in old Anthony's time.'

'For all that,' replied Mr Pemberton, 'Harding might not have been so well up in his work, but for Anthony's training in steady, methodical ways. I cannot have my old man disparaged; at the same time, I consider that

I have a treasure in Harding. I remember you were struck with the lad's intelligent look the first time you saw him at family prayers.'

'Yes, I remember,' said Mr Huntley; 'and a well-informed fellow he is. I had a talk with him in the garden this morning before breakfast, and did not know which to admire most, his intelligence or his modesty.'

'He has a healthy thirst for knowledge,' said his master, 'and improves his mind by solid reading. I am often surprised at the kind of books he requests from our library, and the amount of information he gets out of them. And, then, he is a most efficient help in the boys' night-school. His whole heart seems to be in that sort of work.'

'A capital fellow altogether,' said Mr Huntley; 'and so cheerful and bright, as if his work were all pleasure. Do you know, when I see one like him, he reminds me of those model servants at Cana of Galilee. The Master bade them fill the waterpots with water, "and they filled them up to the brim." Here was prompt, unquestioning obedience. No half-work, but thorough performance; "*up to the brim*," and because *Jesus* bade them. Nor were they without their reward; for when the ruler of the feast was ignorant, it is said, "but the *servants* knew whence the wine was."'

'Yes, and how much such servants add to the comfort of families,' said Mrs Pemberton, who had entered the room, and heard part of the conversation. 'Harding is so ready, with a cheery word and helping hand, that he is loved by every one in the house. And I cannot but admire his way with old Anthony, who, you know, has now retired to the Almshouses on the Ridge. Ever since age began to creep upon him, it was his ambition to have a small dwelling for himself in that Foundation, and as often as Harding can spare the time he goes to see him, and tell him all the out-door affairs of the Parsonage; and when the old man is inclined to grumble at new-fangled ways, introduced by the younger man from gardening books, he has the knack of talking him back into good humour, and interesting him in the success of his experiments, and making him feel that he has still an interest in the scene of his daily labour for so many years, and that he is not forgotten.'

'I only wish there were more such servants amongst us,' remarked Mr Huntley.

'Valuable as he is to us,' said Mr Pemberton, 'we should not think it right to stand in his way of rising to something higher, if a way should open to him.'

'Certainly; it is those who have been found faithful in lesser things that may expect to be intrusted with greater,' replied Mr Huntley; but it is a great pity when good, clever servants take it into their heads that their work is beneath them, and try to thrust themselves into posts for which they are not so *well fitted*. However, I hope you will not *have to* regret the loss of that young man for *some time* to come?'

And, meanwhile, our old friend Ben Harding, the donkey-boy, is certainly quite contented with that state of life into which it has pleased God to call him. More than that, he remembers his ignorant, neglected, unloved boyhood, and is deeply grateful for his present happy lot—that of a conscientious servant to a good and kind master. And that master, seeing how Ben serves him, takes from him many a lesson in unwearied zeal and cheerful alacrity in the serving of his own heavenly Master; for true it is that 'none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.' The lives of even the humblest tell for good or evil. If dead while they live, their corruption taints the air for those around them; while he that has drunk of the water of life, out of his inmost heart shall flow rivers of living water, refreshing the thirsty ground, as we have seen exemplified in Lily Melville and her Friends.

This little story will not have been written in vain, if it leads any one who reads it to think more adoringly than before of God's wondrous grace in Christ, of what it can do for one and all. Oh, sing of His mighty love in going after the wandering sheep until He find it, and bring it safely home; in dispelling the darkness of ignorance and unbelief by the bright shining of the Holy Spirit on His own Word heard and read; in accepting and owning a child's feeble attempts to serve Him, as He accepted the lad's little store of loaves and fishes, and blessed them, to the feeding of thousands; in breaking down the barriers of self-righteousness, and letting the captive go free; in comforting His people in their tribulation, and giving them songs in the night, enabling them to cast all their care upon Him who careth for them, and to rest in His arms; in appointing our every-day work, and guiding and upholding our steps, so that—

> 'The trivial round, the common task,
> Would furnish all we ought to ask;
> Room to deny ourselves; a road
> To bring us daily nearer God;'

and giving us to see in our common 'half-hourly' mercies the tokens of a risen Saviour's loving-kindness; in graciously making use of His saints as channels of blessing one to another, drawing them together, and permitting and enjoining them to 'love one another with a pure heart, fervently,' thus making Christian intercourse on earth a foretaste of the joys of heaven.

Is there anything that His almighty love cannot do except make a sinner a partaker of everlasting salvation against his own will? And, blessed be His name, He has promised that those for whom He died shall be *willing* in the day of His power. 'Unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, unto Him be glory in the Church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.'

THE END.

IF HE HAD BEEN A MAN, HE WOULD HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE.

'If he had been a man, he would have committed suicide,' I accidentally heard one say the other day of a poor wretch who suddenly had been discovered to have been appropriating considerable sums of his employer's money. But would he not rather have been a coward? Would not suicide have implied that he had not the courage to face the exposure of his crimes, and to bear the punishment his crimes deserved? And it really is so. The suicide is a coward of the lowest and meanest character, who has not the manliness to own his crimes, to submit to the consequences they have brought upon him, and to strive to do what he can to make reparation for the wrongs he has committed. There is nothing about him worthy of commendation, but the very opposite.

Suicide, however, is something far worse than cowardice. It is self-murder. It is rushing into the presence of the Judge of all with the crime of self-destruction added to the transgressions of the past. It is a despising the long-suffering and forbearance of God, and a refusal of the gift of time for repentance that God is offering the guilty.

Holy Scripture never presents suicide as a lawful or a becoming close to human life. Job, David, Elijah, Daniel and his three companions either suffered, or had the prospect of suffering, afflictions far more severe than those on account of which the suicide takes away his life. It is a very different class of men that the Bible records as having committed suicide. It is Saul, a murderer in intention of David, his son-in-law, and Jonathan, his son; it is Ahitophel, a traitor to his king; it is Judas, the betrayer of Christ, that are represented as suicides. And they were men that had no fear of God before their eyes, and whom scripture, so far from presenting as worthy of commendation, evidently sets them forth as meriting reprobation.

The law written on the heart of man has been quite in keeping with the teaching of the Divine Word. There has been no crime that the mass of mankind has held more in horror than that of him who wilfully takes away his life. *H.*

Acrostics.

(Genesis iv. 23, 24; v. 21-24; Heb. xi. 5, 6.)

L ist, Lamech's wives, unto my speech,
A dah, Zillah, hear my song:
M y sword shall vengeance take on each,
E v'n young and old that do me wrong.
C ain's vengeance, was it sevenfold?
H a! mine shall be his ten times told.

E rect in soul, see him whose faith,
N ot sense, gave ken of things unseen,
O f God who is, and what He saith
C onfirms. With God he walked serene;
H e was not found, for God had borne him
from this earthly scene.

C ain-like Lamech's cruel boasts
O f pride, of will, and strength of arm;
N o law but self—to Lord of hosts
T urn blind defiance, work mankind's harm.
R ather, my soul, choose Enoch's path;
A ttend His will whose name is Love:
S erenely walk with God by faith,
T ill, bless'd below, reach heav'n above.

J. J. E.

A Daily Portion.

DECEMBER 9.

'But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.'—2 Cor. iii. 18.

Study the gospel. Look upon Jesus Christ in that glass; this transforms us into His image; as the beholding the light of the sun in a glass paints an image of that light in our faces; so doth the beholding Christ in the gospel: 'But ye all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image.' The gospel is the cause of our first change, and of our growth in it, 'from glory to glory,' but by the Spirit of God in the gospel, 'as by the Spirit of the Lord.' Study the promises of the gospel, and the end of the blood of Christ, which was to purge our conscience from dead works. It is by believing the promises of pardon in the blood of Christ that 'the conscience is purged from dead works.'—*Charnock.*

DECEMBER 10.

'Eye-witnesses of His majesty.'—2 Peter i. 16.

The Apostle saw not with such eyes as the world. The world saw neither form nor comeliness, nor anything desirable in Him. The Apostles saw His majesty. The world saw Him as a dejected, rejected man: 'Behold the Man!' the Man laden with sorrows, and overwhelmed with miseries. The Apostles saw Him 'white and ruddy,' of the purest complexion, 'the chiefest among ten thousand,' whiter than the lilies of the valleys, redder than the roses of Sharon. Were our eyes opened to behold the incomparable virtues of our blessed Saviour, as Plato said of virtue, He would ravish our souls with an unexpressible love. He is a spiritual, intellectual sphere, whose circumference is everywhere, His centre nowhere. His majesty is infinitely puissant, the chiefest of ten thousand. His majesty is infinitely great, His mercy is infinitely sweet. His looks dispel all darkness,

His power delivers our souls. Come, now, and behold Him 'with the crown wherewith His mother crowned Him in the day of His espousals, and in the day of the gladness of His heart.' There is no peace but from Him, no life but by Him, no bliss but through Him, no comfort but for Him, no joy but in Him. O blessed eyes that see the Lord Jesus!—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 11.

'LOOK UNTO ME, AND BE YE SAVED.'—Is. xlv. 22.

Learn now to make Christ the object of all our eyes. Our carnal eyes cannot now see Him; we must wait for that day when with these our eyes in our very flesh we shall behold Him. Our spiritual, intellectual, faithful eyes may now see Him. As the Israelites, when they were stung with those fiery serpents, looked upon the brazen serpent, and were healed; so we that are stung with our sins, must look upon the Son of man lifted up to His cross, that we may not perish, but have life everlasting. No contemplation of Him, no benediction from Him.—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 12.

'BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD.'—John i. 29.

As Peter said to the cripple, 'Look on us: and he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them;' so we must look steadfastly on Christ, or shall receive no alms of comfort. Behold Him in faith, that God may behold thee in Him. When Elijah was to be taken up, Elisha begged of him that a double portion of his spirit might be upon him: he answered, 'Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so.' A sinner doth desire of Christ to be made a saint, and to have His Holy Spirit put upon him: Christ answers, Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou canst see Me with the eye of faith, thou shalt have thy request, thou shalt be saved.—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 13.

'BLESSED ARE THE EYES THAT SEE THE THINGS THAT YE SEE.'—Luke x. 23.

We cannot now, with Zaccheus, see His face; ye we may behold His mercy. We cannot, with the sick woman, touch His hem; yet we may touch Him. We cannot hear the Word, God; we may still hear the Word of God. We cannot behold Him dying on the cross; yet we may contemplate the efficacy of His cross, and the price of His sacrifice. His blood is like the widow's oil; enough to pay all our debts, and to spare, for ourselves to live upon, besides. 'Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see.' Blessed eyes, that with faith and love see the Lord Jesus! 'Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day: he saw it, and was glad.' He ***saw it in hope,*** we see it in faith. He saw it and rejoiced: who can behold the day of Christ—that is, the day of salvation—and not rejoice?—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 14.

'BLESSED ARE THEY THAT HAVE NOT SEEN, AND YET HAVE BELIEVED.'—John xx. 29.

Indeed we are naturally born blind, how, then, shall we come to see? Only Jesus must open our eyes, that we may see Himself. 'Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' Our faith shall have so much the more commendation, as our eyes have been permitted the less vision. It is held by divines a principal part of our glory in heaven, to see Jesus Christ. They that are in the courts of princes behold gorgeous apparel; at rich men's tables we see costly delicates; on the sea men see strange wonders; on the land, glorious palaces: yet the eyes shall be stopped with dust, and the objects burned with fire. The most blessed sight is to see God in peace, though we lose all the spectacles on earth; Lord Jesus, let us see Thee to our eternal comfort. Bless us, O Father of lights, with that everlasting vision, where no clouds nor darkness shall hinder our speculation. Oh, may we spend that eternity, never to be spent, in the joyful sight and peaceful enjoying of Thee our Maker, Thy Son our Saviour, and that Holy Spirit our Comforter, to whom be glory forever.—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 15.

'MY SON.'—2 Peter i. 17.

This flesh that stands before you is the natural Son of God; which gives us to understand the infinite honour that belongs to Jesus Christ. Though our nature was once poor and wretched through our degeneration, yet now it is made noble and blessed through this personal union. And the Lord Jesus did habitually honour it, even above the nature of angels. For Christ in His very birth was the most excellent and noble Man that ever was; and that both by Father's side and mother's side. By Father, being the Son of Almighty God; by mother, descending of the patriarchs and renowned kings of Judah; a truly great Prince! Wherein consists a kingdom? In authority? He doth whatsoever He will 'in heaven, in earth, in the sea, and all deep places.' In power? 'The winds and the sea obey Him.' In multitude of subjects? Angels, saints, and all kings are His subjects; either voluntary or against their wills: He 'standeth in the congregation of the mighty; He judgeth among the gods.' In abundance? 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy.' In continuance? 'He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end.' In amplitude and largeness? The heaven is His, and the earth is His, and the fulness of them both. In subduing enemies? Bring those Mine enemies, that would not have Me reign over them, and slay them before Me.—*T. Adams.*

THE TRUE IDEAL SAINT.

BY REV. JOHN ALEXANDER, A.M., SYMINGTON, BIGGAR.

(PHIL. i. 21–30.)

IN these verses we have the true ideal Christian saint; he is not his own; he is the slave of Jesus Christ. His life is not his own; it is at the disposal of his Master.

Paul, in justification of his preceding statement, that his earnest expectation and hope was, 'that in nothing he should be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so then also Christ should be magnified in his body, whether it be by life, or by death,' appeals to his aim in life. All his powers and abilities were consecrated to Christ's service. He entered upon this most richly endowed, in possession of much learning and wisdom, and he has laid the Church of Christ under the deepest obligation to him, for his writings so clear, so full of divine truth. All the energy of his nature was thrown into the Christian cause, and he has set us the example of a man consumed with love for his Master, burning with zeal for God's glory. To him 'to live was Christ,' as is evidenced in the many persecutions, sufferings, and trials he endured in following his Lord. And so devoted was he to Christ, so constrained was he by the love of Jesus, that to die was gain; not in the sense that he would then be freed from much bodily pain and mental anxiety, but death would usher him into the presence of his Saviour, whom he loved with all the possibilities of his nature. He would then see, face to face, his own Redeemer, and would enjoy to the full the sweetness of holy fellowship and communion. If he consulted his own desires and longings, the sooner he was removed from this earthly scene the better, but, unintentionally emphasising his devotion to his Lord, he checks the feeling of selfishness that comes up, and declares his willingness to remain here a little longer, if he can thereby do work for Christ. He thinks on how much the Church at Philippi depends on him for counsel and advice, and considers the probability of his being the means of turning more to believe in Jesus, to find rest for their weary souls, and become heirs of eternal life. From his success in the past, he is encouraged to expect like, if not greater, results in the future; and as his Master's cause was as dear to him as his very life, the duty, or, rather, the privilege, of gathering precious souls into his Lord's kingdom weighs heavily upon him. He is perplexed, and abruptly exclaims: 'But what if my living in the flesh will bear fruit? In truth what to choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two (*i.e.*, between to live and to die), having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better.'

The first clause of verse 22 is not easily understood, and at first sight is rather perplexing. The three principal interpretations of it are—1. 'But if my living in the flesh will be fruitful through a laborious career, then what to choose I know not.' 2. 'But if it (be my lot) to live in the flesh, then my labour will be productive of fruit. And so what to choose I know not.' The third interpretation, which seems to be in keeping with the abruptness of the context, and to present less difficulty than those generally adopted, is that of Bishop Lightfoot's, which we have given above. 'But what if my living in the flesh will bear fruit?' A question to which the answer is suppressed. 'In truth, what to choose I know not.'

The Apostle, however, sinks his own desires and longings, and acknowledging the necessity of abiding by the flesh for a time—*i.e.*, clinging to it with all its inconveniences and trials—goes on to comfort them by saying, 'And having this confidence, I know that I shall abide and continue with you all for your furtherance and joy of faith; that your rejoicing (*i.e.*, matter of boasting) may be more abundant in Jesus Christ for me by my coming to you again.' He here speaks of his expected release from imprisonment, and feels confident that he will, by his teaching and preaching, lead them into more truth, and thus give cause for the exercise of their faith. His presence among them will increase their joy,

for he knows how highly honoured, how deeply loved, he is by these Philippians. Their 'matter of boasting' was the possession of the gospel which they had received from him, and through which they had become Christians, the redeemed of the Lord. The knowledge of this, then, gave them great cause for joy, and it would be more abundant in Jesus Christ, for He would, through the presence of His servant, furnish them with more material for glorying. This, however, is in the future. For the present, he goes on to exhort them—

1. *To walk worthily of their high calling.* 'Only let your conversation (or, more correctly, your life as citizens of the heavenly kingdom) be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.' The word 'conversation' we now apply exclusively to oral discourse—to talking. It is not so used in Scripture. It refers to the whole life, including thoughts, words, and deeds, but especially the latter; in short, our conduct in general. The Apostle uses the metaphor of heavenly citizenship further on in this epistle. 'For your citizenship is in heaven' (iii. 20), and in Ephesians (ii. 19), 'Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.' 'It was natural that, dwelling in the metropolis of the empire, Paul should use this illustration. The metaphor, moreover, would speak forcibly to his correspondents, for Philippi was a Roman colony, and the Apostle had himself obtained satisfaction while in the place by declaring himself a Roman citizen' (Lightfoot).

Paul reminds his converts that they are members of a heavenly state, that they have been rescued from the thraldom of the prince of this world, that they 'have been delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son.' The laws of this new state are widely different from those under which they were brought up. These were given them by their Lord Jesus Christ, and, for their encouragement, He had embodied them in Himself. His example was to be followed by all. They were, though in the world, not to be of it; they were now to live for God, doing everything to His glory. They were to honour their King, the Lord Jesus, and, under His banner, fight their many spiritual foes. They were to remember that much was expected of them, for they had received much. They were to live so as to commend the gospel of Christ, and bring others to share in its benefits.

The Apostle then continues, 'Act worthily of the gospel, so that whether I come and see you, or stay away and obtain tidings from others, I may learn that you maintain your ground bravely and resolutely, acting by one inspiration—that, with united aims and interests, you are all fighting in the ranks of the faith, on the side of the gospel.' 'The Apostle is here comparing the Christian life to the combats of the Roman amphitheatre. Like criminals, or captives, the believers are condemned to fight for their lives; against them are arrayed the ranks of worldliness and sin; only unflinching courage and steady combination can win the victory against such odds' (Lightfoot, *in loco*). In his Epistle to the Corinthians, he uses the same metaphor. 'For I think that God hath set forth us the Apostles last, as it were appointed to death; for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men.' There was much to be done. Heathenism was strong in the city, and many artful attempts would be made to quench the little Church, in which beaconed forth the true light that revealed the only living and true God. Doubters would try to shake the simple faith of the believer. The lawless and the ungodly would chafe at the restraint and rebuke of those who believed so confidently in the God of justice and holiness, that they, too, would try to destroy the band of Christ's followers. The spirituality of their worship, in contradistinction from the sensible forms of heathenism, would also rouse up enemies.

In a town, too, of so great importance as Philippi, where the emperor's image and superscription on coins and other things were objects of worship, the Christian religion would have a struggle. Its adherents were comparatively few, and, therefore, there was all the greater need that unanimity should prevail among them. Where disunion prevails, nothing is gained, much is lost. It would never do for the children of the heavenly King, whose name is Love, whose ruling law is 'Love one another,' to play into the hands of their deadliest enemies by being divided. They were not to feel discouraged, nor to give way to fear, because they had enemies. This was part of their inheritance. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation,' was their Master's words, but coupled with the hope of ultimate victory. 'But be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' And His ambassador likewise says to them to be 'in nothing terrified or startled by your adversaries, seeing that your fearlessness, when menaced by

persecution' (Lightfoot), is to them an evident token of perdition, 'because it will show that all their arts are of no avail against your union, and firmness, and hopefulness; and thus their own ruin in hopelessly contending against you is pointed out to them if they choose to perceive it' (Alford), but is the sign of your salvation, and this from God, for unto you it was granted in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for His sake; having the same conflict which ye saw in me, and now hear to be in me.

This is our third point. He here exhorts them to look away from the sufferings to the One on whose behalf they are endured, and to realise the privilege of being persecuted for Christ's sake. And, besides, in this they were fellow-sufferers with himself. He calls upon them to remember the cruelties to which he was submitted while he was among them, how that he was beaten openly, and, uncondemned, thrown with bleeding back into the dark and loathsome dungeon, and his feet made fast in the stocks, so that there was no rest for his wearied body. But that was only a little compared with what he had come under for Christ on his missionary journeys. And even now he was suffering a wearisome imprisonment, along with terrible anxiety, for he knew not what a day might bring forth in the way of more severe treatment. They are to joy in tribulation; with the disciples of Jesus, they are to rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer shame for His name. For this was a proof that they were Christ's. It was His followers who were punished, those who were living godly lives, and yet suffering persecution, therefore this was a sign to them of their salvation.

The verses suggest the following lessons:—
1. The true follower of Christ willingly and deliberately sinks his own desires, provided only that his Saviour is glorified and exalted. As the Christian motto, 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain,' will require much fuller consideration than is at our disposal just now, we shall consider the Christian as self-denying, as willing to remain here, though his heart's desire is to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. It is often hard to deny ourselves some longed-for pleasure, and when it is the seeing eye to eye One whom we love very much, and whose glory we know we shall share, it is very hard; but we must clearly reveal our devotedness when we are willing to forego that pleasure for a season for the sake of *our Saviour*. The desire of the Christian to get away from this earth springs from a higher motive than the motives that often actuate unbelievers. Many long to get away simply because they are wearied with their life; for, sad to say, that in which they should rejoice becomes a burden to them; others wish for death because they have had to go through many trials, and their path has been dark and thorny; others, again, yearn to be freed because they have long repined on beds of suffering; and others wish for it quite indifferently. Of these, many flatter themselves that they are truly God's children, from feeling resigned; and friends buoy themselves up in this hope. This is often a delusion and a snare, for such feelings are not always a sure indication of their having received Christ.

The Christian is willing to be used when and how God wills. Often there is the desire to be free from earth's labours, and to enter into the presence of Christ, but our thoughts are to be directed as to whether we can still glorify our Master here, whether we shall yet be successful in our work. There is much to be done in the world. Many are in darkness, and know not the Lord. These are to be enlightened. The knowledge of His power to save has not spread over the earth; that end is to be hastened. Weary ones are to be cheered by kindly words of sympathy and hope; ignorant ones to be made wise; erring ones and wandering sheep to be brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd; prodigal children to be brought back to their heavenly Father, and the lost ones found. Ah! when we consider the work yet to be done, we check our selfish feelings, and say unto our Lord that we are willing to stay here in this world of sin and sorrow, though it has its joys too, for His sake, because we perceive that it is needful for us. And in this the Christian displays true nobleness and true devotedness.

(*To be continued.*)

Bring Them Hither to Me.—The way to have our creature comforts comforts indeed to us is to bring them to Christ; for everything is sanctified by His word and by prayer to Him. That is likely to prosper and do well with us which we put into the hands of our Lord Jesus, that He may dispose of it as He pleases, and that we may take it back from His hand, and then it will be doubly sweet to us. What we give in charity, we should bring to Christ first, that He may graciously accept it from us, and graciously bless it to those to whom it is given. This is doing it as unto the Lord.—M. Henry.

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST.

BY MRS MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

NO scene in the life of our Lord on earth appeals to a mother's heart like that tender and touching one, where He set the child in the midst of the grave and bearded men and said, 'Except ye become as little children,' &c. It can do us only good to ponder on those beautiful words, and to ask ourselves what the Master meant by them.

The dear little children, how much nearer to God they seem than we! In their gentleness and trust, they are nearer the thought we have of what is heavenly, than men who have been hardened by contact with the world. When you talk to them of Jesus, of unseen things, of eternal life, they give you instant belief. Their eyes fill with tears, their cheeks flush, their lips tremble, as they listen to the 'old, old story,'—the story of Him who lived and died for us. It is easy for them to love, easy for them to trust.

Yet these little ones are not perfect. Even babies begin to show 'temper' very early. Mothers have to believe sometimes—though reluctantly—that their little cherubs are screaming with passion, since they are neither in pain or cold, nor pricked with pins. Yet the maternal instinct is right in the main; and often the baby is blamed for a naughty temper, when he is simply very uncomfortable. Perhaps he has been creeping about on the floor, with the floor of a very different temperature from that of the room a little higher up. Perhaps his pretty dress is so tight that it compresses the tender ribs, and nature moves him to utter a protest. Perhaps he is trotted, and rocked, and jumped, when he is aching to be let alone. And the pins in ambush—how long they may be sticking their points into his soft flesh, before it occurs to anybody to think of looking! Babies are wonderfully good, considering all that is in the way of their being good at all; and a home without one of the tiny, crowing, chirruping, cooing things in it, is not half so sweet as a home that has one.

The baby in the midst teaches love and patience to the older children, brings out the great stores of unselfish sweetness that lie in the mother's heart, develops the rich funds of manly strength and pride that are abundant in every true father. Each vies in helping the other to care for the wee thing, that is so dear and so helpless. When mother's arms ache, father rests her by gathering the little blossom up in his stronger ones; they take turns in the night, that neither may fail of getting some restful sleep; they learn new love for each other, as to-day the baby looks like this one, and to-morrow like that one. The dimpled hands are tying love's knot tighter, and the baby smile becomes the reflection of true love's smile in wedded hearts.

How is it, then, that so often, as these little ones grow older, they become less lovely? What painful error must there be in much of our home-training, since the tiny boy or girl, so lately entirely dependent on us, begins to be despotic, insubordinate, or selfish? What wrong do we perpetrate on the child in the midst, when we suffer it to become that abomination—a spoiled child?

In travelling, one has an opportunity to observe how widely different are the ideas of people with regard to the bringing up of children, and how totally opposite the results. A well-behaved, obedient, pleasant child, is the delight of a car full of people. A cross, crying, whining child will make everybody feel uncomfortable and out of sorts. Making all due allowance for fatigue and irregularity of meals, and the many features of a journey which weary a child away from home, there is still no adequate reason to be given for the dreadful way in which many children behave in public places, hotels, cars, and boats.

Insist, dear young parents, so glad and proud with your first baby, upon prompt, cheerful obedience, from the time the little one is old enough to understand a wish of yours. The process about which so much has been said, of breaking a child's will, need never be undertaken if you only *train* the will from the first. A will should never be broken—but gently, patiently, and firmly guided till the child learns the true end of all control—how to control himself. A very young child understands the shake of the head, the loving but steady 'No, no!' and the consistent rule—which alone is the right rule. Trouble taken with the little one in the first two years will save trouble by-and-by, and make harshness unnecessary.

Don't laugh at the pert speeches which the lisping child makes, because they are 'cunning,' unless you would be willing to have just such things said when he or she is ten or twelve. It is unfair to pet a baby for that which you will one day punish it for.

If God has given you a child, or children, look upon them as treasures not only, but as lent treasures—trusts held for Him. How solemn the responsibility! The child in the midst is an heir of immortal life, not simply a pleasure and a plaything.—*New York Christian Intelligencer.*

YOU HAD BETTER SHIFT TRAINS.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

I TOOK my seat in a certain train. The iron horse began to cough and spit, the wheels

began to turn, and off shot the cars, rattling, rumbling away. At the very first stopping-place I was surprised when the conductor looked at my ticket and said in a very significant way, 'You are on the wrong train. You'd better get off here.' I took his advice and left at once.

The affair set me to thinking, for it was an interesting fact that I had supposed I was right, and yet was going wrong. May not others be on some train thinking they are right, and yet are in the wrong? You may be young. You do not fancy yourself seriously at fault. You are a bit careless, you might allow, but it is nothing alarming, you say. You might be a little more attentive to your studies, a little more dutiful at home, a little more particular in out-door habits, you concede. But these 'littles' indicate a present divergence from the right, and may grow into a serious departure. You are in the wrong train, and had better leave at once.

You may be in the habit of using intoxicating beverages. It is a mere matter of tastes, sips, occasional drinks, you say. And yet the dirty tenant of the miserable gutter was only a taster, sipper, occasional drinker, once. You are in the wrong train, and had better leave at once.

You may be pursuing some wrong course towards your neighbour. You do not openly recognise it as wrong. Indeed, you try to flatter yourself that it is right, at any rate of little consequence. It is something that has a long root, goes back to a far-away beginning, an old grudge kept up, a prejudice continued, a suspicious advantage of another once taken and never dropped. You varnish it over under a fair name and let it go. Still, it is a fault. The train is really going in a direction that is wrong. You had better change at once.

Once more. The general course of your life towards God is wrong. How many culpably give little or no thought to this subject. They are honest, they are diligent, they are peaceable, they are good citizens, they go to church, they claim that they are 'about right,' and yet they may give as little thought to God as people do to the sun when he has dipped below the western hill-tops. They are not only in the wrong train, but they have gone to sleep over the fact. It is a kind thing to disturb one's ease, to prick one's self-conceit, to remind self that it is needy in the sight of God. Take it as a word spoken in love, a deed done in love, when a rough hand is laid on that sleeping conscience, and the cry rings out, 'Wrong train! change here!'—*American Messenger.*

HARRY'S EVENING PRAYER.

(*Continued from page* 574.)

'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.'

It was Harry's bedtime; but the bright May evening was so warm that his mother had let him play out a little later than usual after supper. She went to the window now to call him, for his voice was heard raised rather loudly, and she was afraid he was in trouble.

'I'm coming, mamma,' he called up to her, and in a few minutes she heard him on the stairs, stamping a little more noisily than he was accustomed to do. He came in, his face all red with anger, as well as exercise.

'Mamma,' he said, throwing himself on the floor, with his head on her lap, 'I can't bear Johnny Ellis. He is the *meanest* boy! I'll never speak to him again as long as I live.'

'O Harry,' replied his mother, sorrowfully, 'don't talk so. Tell me what is the matter. What has he done?'

'Why, he's been pulling up all my Sabbath-school flower-seeds. I was telling him how the teacher gave us each packages of them last March, and how you were going to buy bouquets from me for the supper-table every day, and I was going to put the money in the missionary-box. And he only laughed, and said they were weeds, and he snatched at them, and—O mamma ——' Here Harry cried so hard that his mother could do nothing but try to comfort him for several minutes.

'Never mind, dear,' she said, when he had become a little quiet. 'I know it's very hard to bear, but I will give you more seeds of a kind that will be likely to bloom sooner than those you had planted. Some of those may come up yet. Now that the weather is getting warm, they will soon catch up with the others.'

'Yes; but mamma, that will be so long to wait, and these were so big, and—I'll *never* love him again.'

'O Harry!' said his mother sadly, 'remember that in a few minutes you will say, "Our Father," and then you will have to ask God to forgive you *as* you forgive others. If you don't forgive Johnny, you are asking God not to forgive you.'

'But, mamma, I *can't*,' Harry sobbed out. 'How *can* we do that, when people are so mean, and do us so much harm?'

'Think what the wicked men were doing who crucified Jesus,' said his mother; 'such a great harm, that nothing done to us seems anything by the side of it, and yet He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." What must He think of my little boy, who can't forgive such a little thing as that?'

Harry, as usual, when he was thinking hard, sat very still for a while, leaning his tired head against his mother. 'Well,' he said at last, 'perhaps Johnny didn't know just what he was doing, either. He is so little, and I guess he *did* think they were weeds. I'll *try* to forgive him.'

'Suppose we pray together about it,' said his mother, tenderly. So they knelt down and asked the dear Saviour, who forgives us so freely, to help Harry to keep his word.—*N. B., in New York Christian Intelligencer.*

A Portion for the Aged.

USELESS ANXIETY.

BY MRS MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DID you ever lie awake half the night, worrying lest something should go wrong the next day? And then, when the morning came clear and beautiful, were the troubles all removed, the difficulties smoothed away, and the perplexities relieved, as if by magic? This has been my own experience, and I am sure that some of you have had the same.

When we carry a burden to the mercy-seat, we ought to leave it there. Our Father has promised us help, yet too often we practically behave as though we did not expect to receive it at His hands. No matter where the help is needed, He is able to give it, just when we most want it, and just *where we are.*

Perhaps your health is a source of anxiety to you. You think that it is failing. You know that you are not so strong as you used to be. Little things tire you. You have not much to draw upon, and your nerve-force is soon exhausted. It may be that you, a mother, have reason to fear that your life may be a short one. It is not that you dread dying, which for yourself would be but going home, and dwelling forever with the Lord; but what would become of the children, if you were taken from them? Who would understand Mary,—the fretful, nervous child, *who still* has a warm, loving heart, *and* needs such gentle training? Who would restrain Claude, the bold, eager boy, generous and true, but reckless and indiscreet? What hand would guide Edith, the baby, dearest of the household because of her dependence? The terror of leaving these beloved ones looms before you, like a spectre. Did you ever think that it is a terror of your own invoking, and one which should not be permitted to shadow you for a moment?

It is quite probable that, notwithstanding your present feebleness, you may live many years. Numbers of people live to old age, and are never very strong. If it be God's will, He can strengthen you day by day, and make you able to undertake each day's duties as they come. There is a sweet promise in the Psalms, which you may take for your own: 'With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation.' That has been literally fulfilled in the experience of a great multitude, who are now rejoicing at God's right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore. It is in God's power to keep you with your dear ones, just as long as you are necessary to them.

It is in His power to do for you a much harder thing. If He sees that it is best for them and for you that He should take you to himself, He can make you perfectly willing, and perfectly happy in the prospect of going. He can

lift you to a region where there is nothing but peace in waiting on the Lord, and where there is fulness of joy in submitting to His will. This He has done to others, and He can do it for you. The best way is to have no anxiety about it. Leave this care at the cross.

It may be that you are distressed at change of fortune, loss of means, or some impending evil dimly seen, and alarming as it is vague. Or, you have friends away on a journey, and you are impressed with the idea that they will meet with an accident, or be taken ill on the road. You brood over it, till every ring at the door sets you trembling and quivering, with the fear that it is a telegram announcing disaster. You suffer in fancy ten times what the reality would make you suffer once. In most cases, you and those like you have all your anxiety for nothing.

We lose the joy of thankfulness when we consume time and strength in needless foreboding. Let us trust in the Lord, not only for the great thing which is far off and may never come nigh, but for the little thing which is at hand, and which must be met and settled this very day.

'MILLIONS OF WORLDS.'

A MILLION of pounds sterling is a great sum. A millionaire is an envied man. Many a man has toiled long and hard, and encountered many difficulties and dangers, that he might attain to such an eminence. But there is something better, and something that the poorest, as regards worldly good, may possess. Dr Gill says, and truly says, 'There are some promises which the saints would not have out of their Bibles for millions of worlds.' Millions of worlds would not induce them to part with their interest in them. There are in their Bibles 'exceeding great and precious promises,' which are a source of greater comfort to those that trust in them than all the worlds that God has made could afford. Not all these could satisfy the wants of their souls. In the possession of them they would still hunger and thirst.

But the divine promises meet their souls' *desires*, and afford them a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Such promises as the following no child of God who has tried them would be willing to part with for all created good: 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms.' 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' 'I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself: that where I am, there ye may be also.'

He who trusts in these and the like promises that abound in the Word of God is rich. To him gold and silver, houses and lands, and all those things that worldly men esteem, are but trifles, unworthy of anxious care. God and heaven are his everlasting portion, and what more can he want?

H. S.

KENNETH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was impossible to live with Rexy without being impressed with the beauty and simplicity of her character. If there had been blots and blemishes, they were all washed away.

'How good God has been to me, and how much cause I have to love Him and to work for Him,' she often said, as she went from room to room, with intent to do all in her power to serve those who had been so kind to her. 'And, what is best of all, it grows upon me. This love in my heart colours all outward objects. A strange peace folds me in. I am satisfied to be where God would have me be, and to do what He would have me to do. It is easy work now to speak of Christ, because I feel that it is my work, and I must do it faithfully. It makes all the difference. Do you not think it makes all the difference, Mrs Kew?'

The latter was looking at Rexy, and thinking how changed she was in look and manner.

'It is so in my case,' she said at length. 'It is God's work, and we are permitted to help, just as children are permitted to help their parents, and do help them by simply doing the things they are told to do. And this obedience becomes easier as they go on; or, as you have said, this love for God, which leads to work for Him, grows in the heart, and strengthens by successive acts of obedience until it becomes easy. We cannot well see how it could do otherwise. It is the growth of grace in the heart; the merging into His likeness in whom we live, and dwell, and have our being.'

'I can never get beyond thinking it is a precious privilege to love Jesus. It smooths the way for us. I do wish that I could bring all the poor and neglected ones to feel as I do about it. There is so much that might be brightened, and this world would be a place of positive enjoyment if there were more love to God in it,' returned Rexy, in a meditative mood.

Wherever she was, the heart of the orphan girl was always going out after the children. Walking home from Mrs Frazer's one evening, cries issued from a building she was passing. Making bold to enter, she found the monster of a husband had struck his wife to the floor with a blow from which she would never recover. The children, terror-stricken, were crying helplessly. Seeing the intruder, he flung down his weapon, and attempted to escape. Too late; strong hands bound him and led him away. At this the children cried only the more; the brutal act did not obliterate the fact that he was their father, and kind *and loving* when not under the influence of *strong drink*.

'What shall we do with the children?' the question, as neighbours gathered to form the last act for the dead mother. will be cruel to leave them here.'

The women were mostly poor, and large families; there was no hope for father, it was murder. In the few mon before an answer was given, the poor lived it all over. Then she said slowly firmly—

'If they will come with me, I think I make them comfortable.'

'Mother made me promise to care for Ga and Denver,' said Annis, the oldest. ' father! I am sure he will be sorry whe knows what he has done. I think I oug know about him; don't you think I ought am the oldest, and mother leaned upon She often said I was a help to her,' spea to Rexy.

'You do right to think of your fathe will not take you far away; and if the comes when you can be of use to him, I help you all I can,' said Rexy, still thin of her own desolate childhood.

'Teazlewood was a hard customer. wife was a nice, cleanly body, as you see, and she brought up her children t real good,' said a weeping woman, pre close to Rexy's side. 'If you've childre your own, you have nothing to fear. likes of 'em are not to be found in this st

'A thoroughly bad man, everybody all Teazlewood was. But his wife stuck to I think she really expected he'd jine reforms some time,' said another, as smoothed the sheet over the white, dead

'He's got his desarts this time.'

'And she hers, poor woman,' was the e

Meantime, Annis was dressing Garnet Denver in their best. Her own dress coarse, but clean.

'I did change mine to-day,' she whisp to Rexy. 'Mother washed it; she like have us look nice,' kneeling beside the bed on which lay the mother to whom come such a cruel death.

'We will come in the morning to see said Rexy. 'It is right to go now,' doing best to speak encouragingly.

Rexy knew that the number already t the capacity of Mrs Frazer's house. Stil resolved to take them there. Doubtless plan could be devised for a few days, possibly this terrible act would open the of the people to the permanent establish of the school.

Mrs Frazer met the little group at the Rexy explained briefly.

'I cannot turn away the bonny ba answered the good Scotchwoman. 'In providence they are come to my door, a will do what I can for them.'

'I was sure of it,' was the reply.

now we must draw more interest to the school. We must have a larger house and a well-organised plan. It is for the good of the community.'

The result was, Pastor Kew brought the claims of the children before the people, and so effectively, that funds were collected, and the school made ample and sufficient in every respect to meet the wants of that fast-growing community.

When Rexy learned this, she exclaimed with delight, 'God is pleased to take our small work, and it grows in His hand to a mighty power. How different it will be with the children! They will not be left to wander about the streets; but they will be taught to love God and to keep His commandments.'

CHAPTER XII.

Before the spring opened, a letter came from Kenneth Kline, with the old Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us!' Crofton was in many respects very different from Truro; not as far removed from eastern centres, with a less floating population, and customs that held more of old usages, and less of the wild, riotous life of the plains.

'Throughout the year a most commendable self-sacrifice and zeal have been manifested, and a willingness to work; but the field is too great for the men employed. The hardest experience we have to meet is not being able to occupy places in answer to the cry that every day comes to us. A larger outlay of men and means is indispensable to the work. Zoe's hands are full. The small boy who came to us in the first of the winter demands all her care,' Kenneth had written.

However full the day, there was always a little respite when the mail came in. It was the bond that held them to the old life. Not unfrequently Trestrail brought it from the office on his way home.

'It saves your going,' he would say to the pastor, as he came down to the door to receive it. Nevertheless, he invariably shook himself clear of his bear-skin coat, and came in for a little chat, that was sure to end with singing. Especially did he come when there were letters from Brentford and from India. Ardent and sympathetic in the home field, he was eager to learn what he could of foreign work; so that Mrs Kew took it upon herself to copy every incident connected with individual life, in order that he might carry it home.

'It's a good thing when folks gets tangled up a little, and feels they're badly used, to know somethin' outside. It helps 'em to make the best of things,' folding the paper, and stowing it away carefully in his breast-pocket.

On this occasion it was Trestrail who brought Kenneth's letter, and, as usual, he stopped to hear it read.

'If I may be so bold, I think yer'll have to go this time,' he broke forth, as the pastor folded the sheet and sat quite still and white; while his wife *slipped her handkerchief* to her eyes with a little shy, womanly movement, not willing that her husband should see how really moved she was by it. 'You see it comes of asking. We are told to ask, and then, if the work does cum just straight along, we feel it's not fur us but somebody else; onthinkin' that it was brought to our door, and God never makes mistakes.'

'Can you do more than you have been doing in the way of keeping the regular meetings up?' demanded the pastor.

'Wouldn't wonder if I could; and there's Rexy,' looking over to the comely faced girl sitting at the table sewing.

'Yes, there's Rexy, and Mrs Frazer, and the Teazlewood children,' the pastor returned, with a slight laugh.

Quite unconsciously Rachel crossed the room and stood with her elbow resting on the back of his chair.

'Carey, I think it is quite as Trestrail says. Kenneth would never have asked us to come if he had not thought it would push forward the work.'

'If thar is anything special, I can git Bob Lustrum to drive in my place; and thar's Mr Arles to cum in on Sunday, and Rexy,' said Trestrail, determined that the pastor and his wife should avail themselves of the invitation.

This second appeal induced Rexy to let fall her work. Why Trestrail should appeal to her she was not sure. In any event, what she could do she would do, and it might make it easier for them to hear it from her lips.

'Mr Kline speaks of the work to do, and the few to do it,' she said at length, with a look so calm and restful, that uneasiness was banished from the heart of the pastor. 'A few notes struck in harmony from one to whom the people are not so much accustomed may light a flame that will be known and felt for miles around.'

'I've heerd of such things; fur instans, a pretracted meetin',' said Trestrail, 'with prayers, and singin', and talks—somethin' a little out of the common course.'

That evening the pastor made the plan known to his people, and a vote was taken for him to go to Crofton.

Three days later Zoe crossed the hall to the parlour, in obedience to the call of her husband, with her baby in her arms. So quickly the journey had been made, she was hardly prepared for the shock. Still the greetings were soon over, and Rachel, with a lingering thrill of girlhood, was looking into Kenneth's eyes, and passing her hand over his hair, touched even now with a silvery hue.

Afterwards, when the pastors withdrew to the study, in order to talk over and arrange the work for the week, the wives drew their chairs nearer the grate, and Rachel, nestling baby Karl in her arms, counted his pink toes and kissed his round cheeks, and turned him to the light to see if he was very much like Kenneth. And did they name him for Karl Lubeck? And how was Christine? And when had Zoe heard from her father? And

was Miss Crownley alive and well? And was Mr Gordon going in and out of the pulpit still. A perfect avalanche of questions, to all of which Zoe answered by bringing out a package of letters, and while the baby fell asleep in his aunt's arms the reading went on, bringing up pictures of the past, the home and the garden, until time and distance were annihilated, and the actual present was lost in what had been, from which they were recalled by the entrance of the pastors, chatting and smiling very much as they had done in their youth.

Dropping kisses on the dimpled cheeks, Rachel gave her charge to the nurse, and then stood in an easy, listening attitude at the right of the fireplace, with one elbow resting lightly on the mantel. There was so much of the old manner in it, Kenneth smiled over to Carey, and said—'You remember, in the old time, it was Rachel's way of saying "Good-night."'

Zoe opened the Book at the 23d Psalm.

'Before we separate, tell us of your plan,' she asked Kenneth.

'We have not decided upon any particular method. We will have meetings, with prayer and singing, and quiet, straightforward Bible teaching, depending for results upon the divine power,' was the reply. Then, after a pause, 'When the Apostolic Church prayed, God gave signal answers. We have access to the same God. The same power they wielded we may wield. The same results they achieved—yes, and results far more glorious—we may achieve. We have the promises for our stronghold.'

'The promises give wings to faith, and hope to prayer,' Carey said. 'I should have no strength to go forward, but for the promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."'

It was Rachel, not Zoe, who led the singing, and Kenneth could not help thinking how greatly she was improved; while, in the prayer that followed, her thoughts ran out to the old home, and to the mother who had dedicated her boy to the Lord in his infancy.

'Thou hast promised to pour upon Thy people the spirit of grace and supplication. Grant unto us, this evening, grace to come unto Thee in the spirit of true prayer, resting upon Thy tried and unfailing promises. For this is the confidence we have in Thee, that, if we ask anything according to Thy will, Thou wilt hear us. Give us full measure of Thy Spirit, and make us more and more like Christ, and so work in us, and through us, that our labour may prosper in the Lord, and souls may be brought to acknowledge Him as their Lord and King.'

A thrill of joy ran through her being. This was the brother to whom she had looked in her homeless childhood for protection; now a man strong in faith and courage, a true and a loyal heart, full of love to God and good-will to men—a power in the world for good.

To cross the room to the fireplace, Rachel must of necessity pass the window. The silvery radiance outside led her to draw back the curtain. A beam of light darted across the room. Instinctively she laid her hand on Kenneth's arm.

'It is the star we used to know and love in our old home. After mother died, and you left me with the hope in my heart of one day being your housekeeper, I used to sit and follow it in its course, and think of it as looking down upon me, then slipping into your chamber, and across your pillow at the same time, bending the grasses and kissing the white daisies on mother's grave. The same star, and so bright and large it looks to-night. Does it seem the same to you, Kenneth?'

'The same star, Rachel, and the same God to lead us now that we had then. Will it comfort you to know that it glides into my study, slips over the Bible, and touches with its pure light texts that lift me up when I am weary, and give me strength and comfort, and the abiding presence of Christ, as a dear Elder Brother, just as it was in the small room at Karl Lubeck's.'

'Yes, I remember,' lifting herself and reaching out a hand to Carey. The text it was sure to find was this—

'"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."'

Zoe was going up-stairs, saying 'Good-night' as she went.

Rachel crossed her hands in the old, quiet, dreamy way.

'I seem to be living my life over again. And to-night I feel strangely like the little girl you used to know,' once more kissing Kenneth. Then it was 'good-night,' and all was still.

CHAPTER XIII.

Crofton had never known such an awakening. Still the means were nothing unusual. Of them it could be said, as of the Church of old, 'And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness.'

Thrilled by the singing of old hymns set to new music, the people were prepared to pray, with new interest and purpose in their hearts, and with a frank sincerity, feeling that God Himself was there to hear, and judgment would be given against them if indifference longer marked their service.

Carey Kew had the natural grace of a practised orator; added to this, it was his chief concern to persuade men to become reconciled to God through Christ. Going back to the Apostolic Church, he said—

'Its members were few; its enemies many and powerful. Against it were arrayed the riches, the learning, and the traditions of the world. To this little company of one hundred and twenty persons was given the work of

winning a rebellious world back to God. This work they were to accomplish by making known the glad tidings that atonement was made through an earth-born Saviour. They were to take no weapons; but everywhere they were to say, "Repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

'Obedience was the result of their faith. Their success was beyond their imaginings. In a few weeks the one hundred and twenty had increased to five thousand men, besides the women. It is not my purpose to follow them; neither to question the secret of their success, farther than to say that the power was not in the ministry, neither in the earnestness and fidelity of the laity, but in the confident faith, expecting God's power to operate through their feeble speaking.

'We find the parallel of the world at that time in the age in which we live. The powers of darkness are raised against us, our numbers are few, our resources small; but God has given us the work of saving this people. Prayer is our only weapon; the prayer of earnest and abiding faith. Shall we use it? Not one, but all? In respect to the spread of the gospel and the cry of the sinner, "What shall I do to be saved?" I affirm that we have a right to expect an answer, and God will give us to see the desire of our hearts as freely as He did when the Church at Jerusalem asked Him for Christ's sake to have mercy.

'As Christians, we must look away from ourselves; we must not mourn over our weakness, and bemoan our few numbers; but, looking unto God, we must go forward, bearing our standard into the very face of the foe, strong in God's strength, and the righteousness of our cause, and crying mightily to heaven, as Knox cried for Scotland, "Give me this country for Christ, or I die."'

Then followed singing, with prayer, brief but earnest. The heart of the pastor was encouraged. The church had put on her beautiful garments, and scores of the young were eagerly asking, 'What must I do to obtain this great salvation?'

Zoe and Rachel proved efficient helpers, and at night, as they gathered round the hearth, many interesting incidents were related, calling for gratitude on the part of the pastor, who had thus far laboured alone and faithfully, stimulating him to go forward with more of hope, realising that in His own good time reaping would surely follow.

On the last evening of Carey Kew's stay, the parsonage was filled to overflowing with those who came to do honour to the pastor's friend, and likewise to thank him for helps and suggestions whereby they attained a fuller and sweeter experience of the joy that belongs to a life hid with Christ in God. Later, a lady entered with a friend, whom she begged leave to introduce as a person already acquainted with Mr and Mrs Kew. It was Mrs Lowledge. Rachel was charmed to meet her. She had been *in San Francisco*, and had seen Mrs Severance and Belva. The face wore the same sweet, calm expression that made Rachel consider her so beautiful the summer previous, and her voice had the joy in it of one satisfied—a child who feels the pressure of a Father's hand, and therefore is not afraid.

Rachel asked after Paul, and Zoe ran away to bring Karl. It was a pretty picture, and won Kenneth and Carey to come over and talk to them.

'I am glad to know that you live in Crofton,' Kenneth said, after the few words of greeting.

'We do not live in Crofton,' smiled Mrs Lowledge. 'We are on our way east. But I am interested in this work, and I want to have a part in it. It is a beautiful thing to live and work for Christ.'

A clear light shone in the dark speaking eyes, and the whole attitude mirrored the richness of grace in her heart. Karl put up his dimpled hand and touched her face. The action led her to ask after Rexy, and the work among the children in Truro. In answer, she continued—

'Mothers have a work that angels may envy. It is theirs to fashion the immortal spirit, and fit it for a life of usefulness here and for happiness hereafter. It is the mother who writes upon the tablets of the heart more enduring words than can be chiselled in marble. Time may crumble the shaft, and the elements may obliterate the inscription. Eternity will witness, but can efface not one iota of the mother's work.'

'You give mothers responsibility hard to be borne,' said one who had been drawn to listen.

'True,' smiled Mrs Lowledge, 'if the mother depends upon her own wisdom. But a Christian mother must feel, I think, that the work exalts her position, and is the crowning of her womanhood. The lessons she learns from her heavenly Father she teaches her child. The source of her strength becomes his strength; her wisdom, drawn from the Book of Life, becomes his wisdom, and thus from lesson to lesson she is lifted upward into the clear calm of a soul stayed on God. Herself led, she is able to lead others, and at last, through the daily influences of her lot, she stands with folded hands before the King, "Behold I and the children, which God hath given me."'

It was pleasant to listen to the young people as they talked of the new life, the new hopes, the new ambitions, the faith in God made plainer and easier to grasp by reason of baby Karl's presence. Shy and timid with strangers, his fear was all gone when his mother reached forth her arms and nestled him to her heart.

When the visitors were gone, and only the family to gather about the hearth, Rachel asked Zoe what she thought of Mrs Lowledge.

'She reminds me of auntie,' was the reply.

'In what respect?'

'We used to say of auntie that it was easy to be good when she was with us. Something in Mrs Lowledge's face made me feel that it would be easy to be good where she was.'

(To be continued.)

A Daily Portion.

DECEMBER 16.

'FOR HE RECEIVED FROM GOD THE FATHER HONOUR AND GLORY.'—2 Peter i. 17.

The Apostle might seem to have delivered a wonder, a paradox, an incredible mystery. He must now stand to it, and declare the wonder, explain the paradox, unfold the mystery. What was it? that they had seen the majesty of Christ. His majesty? This is that wonder, that paradox, that mystery. The world had seen His pain, His contempt, His poverty; but His majesty? It had seen Him come thirsty to the fountain, hungry to another's table, weary to His repose, desiring entertainment where He found it not: but His majesty? It had seen Him crowned with thorns, bleeding with scourges, forsaken on the cross: but His majesty? It had seen Him in the form of a servant, full of ignominy, full of misery: but full of majesty? It never saw that. Well, then, this majesty doth our Apostle declare: he hath said it, he will prove it. 'For He received from the Father honour and glory.'—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 17.

'WERE EYE-WITNESSES OF HIS MAJESTY. FOR HE RECEIVED FROM GOD THE FATHER HONOUR AND GLORY.'—2 Peter i. 16, 17.

We say that honour conferred by the king is dyed in grain, and will hold colour; yet it hath the change, for though the colour hold, the garment itself will wear out. Now when the garment is tattered to rags, farewell colour; so when the body is consumed to dust, farewell honour. But when the King of heaven gives honour, it will hold indeed. As Isaac said of Jacob, I have blessed him, and he shall be blessed; so God saith of that man, I have honoured him, and He shall be honoured. 'He received from God the Father,' &c. You see, the form of the words is receptory, He received. The parcels are five: Who, Christ; He received. Of whom, God; of God the Father. What, Honour and glory. When, When the voice came from the excellent glory. How, This is My beloved Son, &c. There could be no testimony more perspicuous or more glorious. Honour requires reverence. God hath honoured His Son, let us honour the Father, and give the devout reverence of humble hearts to the whole Trinity.—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 18.

'OUR LIGHT AFFLICTION, WHICH IS BUT FOR A MOMENT, WORKETH FOR US A FAR MORE EXCEEDING AND ETERNAL WEIGHT OF GLORY.'—2 Cor. iv. 17.

The cross is light, the crown weighty. The cross but for a moment, the crown forever. The pleasures of sin are but for a season; therefore nothing, being compared with that infinite weight of eternal wrath. But as the seven years of famine in Egypt did quite eat up the seven years of plenty, so the reprobates' endless pains shall eat up their short pleasures. On the contrary, there is a time to weep, and a time to laugh. The good man 'shall not much remember the days of his life; because God answereth him in the joy of his heart,' not much remember it, not at all. Therefore, let us not seek for that in our journey, which is only to be found in our country. Let the world take these shadows; it is a portion my soul desireth not, only may she be sped of this substantial glory through Jesus Christ.—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 19.

'IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS: I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU.'—John xiv. 2.

We see commonly that high glories here waste themselves, and go out in stench, like great candles in windy houses; that can be no excellent glory. If we love this life, which we feel to be miserable, and know will end, how should we love that life where is no fear either to die or to live in trouble! nothing but happy eternity and eternal felicity. 'In My Father's house are many mansions;' here we have no abiding city, but dwell in tabernacles, set up to-day and pulled down to-morrow. Our best houses on earth, let them be never so glorious; if it were possible, let their walls be of gold and their windows of sapphire, yet they are no better than inns for strangers. But our mansions in heaven abide forever. 'I go to prepare a place for you,' saith Christ; but it is said, 'Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' These were prepared before; how, then, did Christ go to prepare them? St Augustine answers, They were prepared from everlasting, but the men that should inhabit them were unprepared. He went first to take possession of this kingdom, and there sets open the doors of those prepared mansions for us.—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 20.

'INHERIT THE KINGDOM PREPARED FOR YOU.'—Matt. xxv. 34.

Here is, then, the figure of heaven. It is a kingdom, and a kingdom that cannot be moved. It is an inheritance, and an immortal inheritance; all excellent. It is excellent, and a glory; yea, 'the excellent glory.' What wouldst thou have? Is anything better than life? Is any life better than a life of glory? Is any glory better than a kingdom of glory? Is any kingdom surer than the kingdom of heaven? Yet this kingdom, this life, this glory, this excellent glory, is prepared for us. The Lord hath prepared this excellent glory for us; the Lord prepare us for this excellent glory.—*T. Adams.*

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

BY MRS MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A WORD fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. To say the right thing, at the right time, in the right way, is as graceful and beautiful and good a thing, as would be a golden harvest apple lying fair and round in a basket of frosted silver.

It does not seem an impossible task. Indeed, if every one were possessed in equal measure of tact, common sense, and conscientious desire to be right, no other words would be spoken. But there are so many motives, complex and often unconscious, at the springs of our words; so many of us, possessing other graces, do not possess tact; and so many fail of the common sense which is to character as salt to food, that of all difficult things the most difficult for us is to say always the word 'fitly spoken.'

Some people are quite too ready to speak. They are like the boiling springs we read of in northern latitudes, ready at any moment to send forth a quick, quivering foam of speech. Others are too slow. They know what ought to be said, but while they are hesitating and preparing another takes their place, and their opportunity is gone. Like the man who lay for years by the pool of Bethesda, waiting for the blessed hour when the angel should step down to the waters, their continual complaint is, 'While I am coming, another steppeth down before me.'

The soul is wounded perhaps by a slight, goaded by a sense of injury, stirred by the thrill of anger, and out comes the passionate word which will be regretted to-morrow.

Close by our side there is a friend suffering under the weight of some calamity, groping in the dark, grieving over the dead; and we want to say a word of comfort. Is there anything so hard to say just right as a tender word to the sorrowing? If said sweetly, delicately, and lovingly, it may ease the pain and direct the friend to Jesus. If spoken bluntly, or intrusively, the well-meant words may do more harm than good. They may only tear open the wound that had begun to heal. There is a wonderful grace in a word fitly spoken in the ear of the mourner.

I was visiting in a rural community, when one fair summer Sabbath morning the place was shocked by the report that an old man had hanged himself. Past three-score and ten, poor, a hopeless drunkard, he had been the by-word of the village for several years; but no one had suspected that he would at last violently end his own life. When any one had spoken of him kindly, or pityingly, the people had been used to say, 'Why, he has only himself to blame, he has brought it on himself;' or, 'He started out in life with as fair a chance as anybody, but he took to drinking, and has ruined his character.'

So, unhelped and scorned, he kept falling a little lower, a little lower still, till, abject, discouraged, and starving, he rushed into the presence of his Maker. Then, one and another thought with a vague self-reproach, 'I might have spoken to him. I might have tried to save him. I might,—but I did not.'

> Of all sad words of tongue or of pen,
> The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'

The fitly spoken word might lift many a tempted soul out of danger and despair; but, like priest and Levite of old, we see the wounded man, who has fallen among thieves, lying in the dust of the road; and we pass by on the other side. It is only now and then that the good Samaritan pauses, pities, pours out oil and wine, and never leaves the victim till he sees him safe and well.

Strong in our own innocence and honour, we should not turn in conscious pride from the erring. He is weaker than we, but we may lend him a hand. He is degrading his manhood. Let us help him to restore it to the lost dignity. By gentleness, by respect, by kind words and timely aid, let us allure to the right way those who have wandered into the wrong. Let us lead them to Christ.

A few years ago a Christian merchant in

one of our great cities had reason to suppose that one of his clerks was stealing from him. He waited till suspicion became certainty; then, kindly taking the lad apart (he was very young), he set before him the guilt and danger of his course, told him where it would end if persisted in, and finally knelt with him in prayer. The conscience of the boy was awakened; he repented truly; and by years of after fidelity showed that his penitence was genuine. He remained in the employment of the generous man who had shown a Christ-like spirit, even to one who was robbing him, and having by systematic self-denial restored what he had taken, he became an honest and useful citizen. The word fitly spoken had been to him an apple of gold.

To the little ones, too, the dear children, how necessary that we say the gentlest words. We little dream how often children are misunderstood, how often hurt, because we are too busy to attend to them. If tact and thoughtful care are good anywhere, they are good where the interests of children are concerned. A crooked tree was once leaning over a wayside. 'How did it grow so, father?' asked a boy, looking curiously at the gnarled and twisted trunk. 'Somebody stepped on it when it was little,' was the reply.

There are men and women, morose, twisted, and hopelessly soured in disposition, because *somebody stepped on them* when they were young. Some ruthless hand bent the slender twig; some heavy foot crushed the growth of good impulses. The mischief was done that can never be undone. A word fitly spoken might have saved it all.

KENNETH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY L. BATES.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Pastor Kew and his wife reached home, Trestrail was waiting. True, he was talking with Rexy of her plans for the improvement of the children; but, in reality, the 'Ingy letters' troubled him. One of them was bordered with black, and he was afraid of sad intelligence with regard to the missionary and his family. Purposely, he had arranged them on the table, so that this particular letter would be the first to catch the eye.

Rachel was enthusiastic with regard to her visit and its result. She was sitting with her bonnet still in her hand, looking pleased and happy to be at home; but a little careworn.

Carey went through to his study, and was now come back. Standing by the table, the black-bordered letter caught his eye. He raised it in his hand, and scanned it closely, as if in doubt.

'What is the matter, Carey? a letter from Brentford?' cried Rachel, springing up, as she saw the white pallor creeping over her husband's face.

'From Calcutta,' opening it with trembling fingers. 'It is from Hinckley French. His mother has left him,' said the pastor, dropping the hand that held the letter, and with the other covering his eyes. When he spoke again, his voice was broken.

'"You will be glad to know that mother developed a beautiful Christian character,"' reading from the letter. '"She was possessed of the true missionary spirit, and was of great use to me in the work. Caste is all-powerful. As a woman, my mother and my wife could go where I could not follow. Her easy, fascinating manner opened the doors of the women's department, and everywhere there are signs of better days. It is sometimes said that the rich and the learned do not favour our coming among them. Women of rank were pleased with my mother. I think it was that she was one with them. She sympathised with them, and she taught them many things—dear mother! we shall miss her, and these heathen women will miss her. If it were not that God knows best, I should rebel. As it is, I trust God will raise up another to take her place."'

Rexy's head dropped lower. Did she really desire to go? Trestrail thought so, for he said in a strangely tender voice—

'God doesn't mean His servants to leave a good place when they are in it. Leastwise, 'twould seem to me wrong for Mr Kew to go out to Injy, when he's building up the Master's kingdom here; leastwise so it seems to me.'

'God gives us each a place and a work. We do not drift into it,' said Rachel, feeling that Trestrail would be troubled if his remark were allowed to pass unnoticed.

'It's getting nigh onto spring, and the men are showin' it's a real gay day they have on God and His promises. That's Asbris wants ter jine the church 'fore he goes out to the plains. He calculates 'twill be a help to him.'

If the intent was to draw the pastor's thoughts from the letter he still held in his hand, it was successful. The latter folded the sheet, and slipping it into the envelope, rested his head on his hand in a meditative mood. There must be no returning: the work must not stop because God had removed one of the workers. In looking at another part of the harvest-ground, he must not neglect his own

sheaves. God had been gracious. This man Ashris had a praying mother. Far as he had wandered into the depths of sin and indifference to God's just commands, mercy and loving-kindness had followed him, and brought him back. What encouragement for the Christian who feels that he has a covenant-keeping God!

'Thar's Maitland and Dashwood; I wouldn't wonder if they'd jine. It beats all what a change! and things look different to a man when he's brought face to face with God's truth. I kin remember when I made nothin' of swearin'. 'Twas kind of smart, I thought, and things went easier. I couldn't do it now; 'twould choke me, it would.'

'How different things look! Yes,' said Rexy, taking up the thread, 'and every day, as we learn more, they look different. Every time I open the Bible I find a new picture; His loving-kindness and His tenderness strike me differently. And there comes a feeling of enfolding, the strength of the Everlasting Arms, the voice of the beloved, "Fear not; I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit; which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go."'

By an easy gradation, conversation turned upon the rapid growth of the country, and the many families coming in; above all, men who came out as adventurers, and had won for themselves the character of desperadoes, were now clothed and in their right minds, still loving the wild life of the plains, but with praises on their lips, instead of curses.

'A great change since the first year I was here,' said Trestrail, not inclined to allow the thoughts of the pastor to go beyond his own field. 'A great change. I remember, when a lad, hearing my father talk of the prairies and the wild flowers in what was then termed the "Far West," but left behind us years ago in our march westward. And it's still a long way to the Pacific, but we are sure to reach thar, and what we want is to see the whole country taken in the name of the King.'

Rachel went to her room to make herself ready for supper. When she came down, Trestrail was on the point of leaving. He knew the 'Ingy' letter would make them sad, and he had done his best to concentrate their thoughts on the home work. There was still a request. He had waited to be sure that he might with propriety ask it, and now he was in doubt.

Possibly Rachel, with her quick, womanly instinct, saw this, for she followed him to the door. It was a favourable moment.

'If yer please, Mis' Kew, I would like to bring Ashris round fur a little; 'twill do him a deal of good, I know, and then, if he jines, you'll want to know about him.'

'Certainly. Come, and bring Ashris with you; and Maitland and Dashwood, if you like.' A bright idea dashed through her brain. 'Stop,' she cried, running back to the table, where her husband was sitting. When she returned, she held out a folded paper to Trestrail. It was an invitation from the pastor and his wife to one and all of the men who would come.

'Thanks, Mis' Kew. I might have known it, and not beat round in this way; but Ashris was afeared perhaps ——'

'We will talk it all over, and have a good time,' said Rachel, throwing a smile after the man as he shuffled away.

CHAPTER XV.

Ashris was a man with the sound judgment and practical good sense that showed in his New England ancestry.

His frame was spare, but muscular. Trestrail said of him that he could as easily crush a silver tankard with his right hand as some men could an egg-shell. His hair was dark and abundant, with shaggy, projecting eyebrows, from under which fire flashed when he was angry.

Maitland was short, with an open, frank face, high forehead, and slightly bald. A man to impress one as a good liver and a popular associate. With a good memory, he was always ready with a story or an anecdote, and the life of the camp was stripped of half its pleasure if he was not near.

Dashwood was of a different make-up. Tall, willowy, slight, and with features regular and somewhat feminine, with a certain dash in look, manner, action, that won for him the sobriquet by which he was known in Truro. To see him was to know that in whatever he undertook he was leader.

The evening of his visit to the parsonage, however, he was subdued and quiet, without being passive. With Ashris and Maitland, he had come to speak of the new life, and his desire to enlist under the Captain of his salvation, Christ Jesus.

The pastor's heart was too full to question; he could only listen while each made known his desire, and gave his reason for wishing to be enrolled as a member of the visible Church.

'You see, I think it's manlier to come out square and fair, and not be sneaking into the kingdom; besides, I want to do some good work on the plains. I've struck rock, and I can't feel I'll slip again; but I want to have some kind of a document to show that I've a right,' Ashris said.

'I see,' said the pastor, with a smile. 'As a member of the church, you will be privileged to speak in the name of the church. It will give you assurance.'

'Yes, and as a member of the church, I shall be more careful to maintain a good walk before others.'

'You are quite right, and I am glad to know that you are preparing to speak for Christ wherever you may be. There will be, no doubt, times and places when a few words from you will do more good than a dozen regular sermons.'

'It beats all how much I remember of the

Bible now I want to remember it. It seems like going back to the house where I was born, and finding things just so; only mother isn't thar,' covering his face with his hand and trying hard to suppress a cry. The pastor made no reply. He was longing to know more of this man who had come to a decision for the right, and was anxious to maintain it before the world.

After a moment's pause, Ashris continued: 'I have learned what made mother seem so pure and beautiful to me. It was communion with Christ. She was Christ-like. She lived near Him. It was His presence that kept her calm, even when she sorrowed most over me. If she could only know! Do you think it possible for her to know?' once again burying his face in his hands.

'Christ knows. and you believe that your mother is with Him,' said the pastor. 'If it is a comfort to you to think of her as knowing, I do not see that there can be any wrong in cherishing such a thought,' was the reply.

Rexy was talking with Dashwood, and listening to incidents connected with his life. His word-painting had the effect to bring out pictures that, for the time seemed so real, she could hardly keep back tears.

Rachel, with Trestrail and Maitland, was sitting a little apart.

'You see there's no stoppin', Mis' Kew, when one begins,' Trestrail said in reference to Maitland's remark; 'thar's beauty enough and stir enough to make a big book, if all the 'speriences could be got at. It beats all! Every year changing. Why, a few years ago they'd thought a man was crazy if he'd talked of going to 'Cisco by rail. It will be done, tho', and then this country is made, and all countries fur that matter.'

'Not in your day nor in mine, maybe; but it's sure,' added Maitland in an undertone.

'Yes; and villages and towns will be planted all along the line, and here will be found the schoolhouse and the white church. Why, it's only a few years since you came out, Mis' Kew, and what a change in Truro! Give up my old stage last year; no use for't. Changed it a little, put on a new coat of paint, and it's good for road wear, hotel, and depot.'

It was late. The pastor bowed in prayer, and was followed by Ashris. His words were broken; but his manner was like that of a child talking face to face with the father whom he loved and trusted. Maitland followed, then Dashwood, his fine enthusiasm toned down to the tender pleading of a heart that had just learned to appreciate the good for which it craved.

Rexy's face was shining. Some one was singing. It was Rachel. The visitors were gone; only the pastor standing before the fire.

CHAPTER XVI.

The softening influence of spring was felt in *the wind* as it swept across elevated plateaus, shook the tree-tops into brisk activity, knocked at the doors of the flowers, and set the golden streams flowing down the mountain-sides, through gulches and canons; tingling the veins of the miners, and inciting adventurers to branch out and discover the rich argentiferous quartz and fine timber land sure to be found in the valleys. Ashris, Maitland, and Dashwood said 'good-bye,' the day following the one they met in the church for the first and the last time as members. Even Trestrail was thinking of another location. Truro was no longer the boundary-line between civilisation and the great unexplored country beyond. 'Westward!' was the cry. The pioneer—that would still be a pioneer—must fold his tent and take up his march.

With the increase of population there was need of corresponding activity with regard to Christian effort. Mr Arles was still at his post: his few numbers, greatly augmented during the winter, were pushing on the work in neighbouring localities. Isolated settlers were hunted up, miners were visited, leaflets and books were circulated. Still the pastor's heart was often sad. Many times, and every day, did he cry out for patience. The field was so broad, and the labourers so few. At such times Rachel's cheerful, hopeful spirit did much to encourage him.

'Turn your glass and look behind you, and you will perceive to what heights you have come,' she said to him one evening as he entered the parlour, weary and unstrung. 'The little that has been done, like the leaven, will in time permeate the whole mass. The fault with us is, I think, that we limit the Almighty. His promises are ours. He will give us what we ask for. This country for Christ is our cry. He hears us. He knows our heart's yearning, and He says, "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."'

Rexy's plan for Bible reading reached out until every ward and neighbourhood had its reader and its sewing-teacher.

Not unfrequently she encountered old associates, at times passing without recognition; at other times meeting their taunts with forbearance, and doing her best to show them the 'better way.'

Coming in later than usual one evening, she walked directly into the study, and not finding the pastor, held out to Rachel an open letter, and then ran away to her room, looking flushed and excited.

When she returned, the pastor was sitting by the side of his wife, with the still open letter lying on the table between them. As she met the earnest, eager eyes of her old friends, she said humbly—

'You have often said to me that we do not drift into our places. I have asked, and thus it has come about. Do you consider me presumptuous?'

'Not that; but we shall miss you, Rexy,' answered Rachel, breaking down and weeping like a child.

'And I shall miss you who have taught me the way to a new life. But who so well able to go down into the darkness of sin and ignorance, as the one who has, through God's mercy, been lifted out of it? Since the letter from India with the intelligence of Mrs French's death, I have longed to take her place in the Zenana work. You remember it said the heathen women would miss her. With so much at home to do; so many needing to know God and to be taught by Him, I did not presume to rely upon my feeling with regard to it, but humbly, as I trust, asked God to guide me, and to raise up another to take my place, if it was His will to have me go. I have tried to be patient and wait His time. To-day, when Mrs Frazer handed me this letter, saying that her sister was coming to Truro, and asking a place in mission-work, I felt that God had opened the way, and I could go to India.

'When did you first incline to this work?' the pastor asked.

'It came to me with the reading of the letter. This was the work for me. The home field is easier supplied. I felt that God would raise up some one to fill my place, and do the work that I was trying to do, even better than I was doing it.'

Before Rachel slept, a letter was written to Kenneth with reference to Rexy and her desire to go to India in order to take up the work where Mrs French laid it down. A week later the answer came.

'We have been praying for some one to send out. If, in your opinion, this young woman is fitted for the work, we will send her name to the board at once.'

There could be but one mind concerning this application, and the appointment was unanimous.

Mrs French had gone out as a traveller, to see her son, and to live near him. The position of women, so different from that of Christian countries, enlisted her sympathy. With her it was a work of love. Rexy went in behalf of missions, and with a heart burning with zeal for the cause. Since that time other brave, beautiful women have cheerfully followed across the sea, going into the jungle and cabin homes for the purpose of bringing to the joyless, hopeless heathen mothers the beauty of regenerated lives, and the quickening hope of future blessedness. But no one with more simple, earnest faith than Rexy, counting it her highest joy to lead up through the darkness of superstition the poor, fettered souls for whom Christ died; counting it her highest gain to be permitted to have part and lot in the great work of a world's restoration through the pardoning love of a divine Redeemer.

CHAPTER XVII.

Years passed, and again Kenneth and his friends met in that grand old church by the sea; not this time *to say* 'Good-bye' to the band of young missionaries, but to welcome, with songs of rejoicing, the return of one who had come back to tell of the hundreds and thousands baptized in the name of Christ. For years had he studied, and laboured, and prayed, as had others, and in God's own time and in His own way was it brought about.

'India to-day is not the India it was,' and his voice rang through the house, while his face was lighted with joy. 'The night was dark, but the morning has come. Light from the cross streams over jungle and cabin homes; the name of Jesus thrills hearts and vibrates from hamlet to hamlet. Caste is broken, and suttee prohibited.'

'Praise God for what He has done,' sang the congregation. 'Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of His, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness. Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing; thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness.'

Then a woman, with form slightly bent, and bands of soft, grey hair waving back from her forehead, spoke of the Zenana work—picturing with rare accuracy the condition of her heathen sisters, the shy timidity with which they met her advances, the ignorance, the superstition, and degradation; and at length the joy when they came to know Christ and the power of the gospel to save the burdened and heavy laden. Gazing over the assembled crowd, while tears dimmed her beautiful eyes, she said that she was not come so much to rest, as to persuade her Christian sisters to come to the help of giving the gospel to entire India.

It was Rexy, calm, beautiful. In her youth, straying away and nearly lost. What joy when the Shepherd found her! With His own hand He led her over the rugged way and past the pitfalls into which she would have surely fallen, bathed her wounds, and for her rags gave her the garment of righteousness. In memory of this she had done what she could for others. Supported by His right hand, she had won her way to the hearts and homes of the heathen women; she had wept with them over wrongs that pressed them down to the condition of slaves, and she had rejoiced with them when the shackles were broken, and Christ made them free.

It was a grand jubilee, with but one theme—Christ; His kingdom in the world the key-note. What a glorious privilege to be permitted to share in this great work of winning souls to Christ!

Once more happy voices sang out—

'Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

'Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.'

THE END.

LUTHER IN THE CONVENT AT ERFURT, UP TO 1508.

BY JULIUS KOESTLIN, PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE-WITTEMBERG.

(*Continued from page* 567.)

WITH great diligence Luther now applied himself, so far as the other convent duties gave him time, to the study of theology. He worked through the writings of the later scholastic theologians, with whom he already in his philosophical course had to some degree occupied himself. The writings of some of them, as, for instance, the Englishman Occam, whose acuteness he greatly valued, might have led him to take up a special position regarding questions of external church order, if he at that time had been inclined thereto. These questions were directed against the absolute power of the Pope in the Church, and his encroachments upon the territory of the Emperor and of the State. But such a direction was foreign to the order of monks which Luther had joined, and the theologians whom he there received as his teachers. John von Paltz had distinguished himself by honouring the indulgences dispensed by the Pope. The entire order, and peculiarly the German convents, were, by various favours granted to them, devoted to the Pope. Luther himself anxiously held fast to all the ordinances of the hierarchy, in connection with which he sought to use the ecclesiastical means for the salvation of his soul.

The question, How a sinner could reach eternal salvation, which, in his learned theological studies, called forth his warmest personal interest, always continued a grave matter with him. What he read about this question in the writings of these theologians, and came to hear from the learned masters of the convent, only led him to multiply his vain inner contentions, distresses, and anxieties. The great father of the church, after whom the order was named, and to whom the rules of the order led back, had once, upon the ground of the experiences which he himself had passed through in contest with sin and the flesh, with great emphasis and in victorious contest with adversaries, presented the doctrine that it does not, as the Apostle says, lie in man that runneth, but in the mercy of God; not in man that willeth, but in the grace of God to change the sinner, and to grant him the power and the will for good. But his order, as well as these schoolmen, were lacking in the understanding and knowledge of this theology of Augustine. It was, indeed, taught that the heaven is too high for us men to win it in any other way than by the grace of God; but, at the same time also, that the sinner, by his natural strength, can and ought to do much before God, in order thereby to merit the grace which may help him further onward to heaven. Whoever has obtained grace should feel himself able and impelled to do more than the commandments of God require. Direction to the bitter sufferings and dying of the Saviour Christ was not neglected by the theologians to whom Luther had attached himself, and, for example, by Paltz, his teacher, Christ was often presented to the heart in language full of feeling. But the emphasis fell not upon the redeeming love as a source of comfort, but that they, on their side, should offer themselves for Him who had offered Himself for them, and, in imitation of Him, and for the blotting out of their own guilt, they must take the pains of death upon them. But Luther always more and more saw the demands of God upon him, as demands which he never could satisfy. His worst temptation had entirely prepared him for the thought that God, once for all, had willed that he should perish under his vain efforts, and finally let him drop into hell. And with these later scholastics he found a theory, not that God had beforehand absolutely determined a part of men to condemnation, but a conception of God which, instead of presenting Him as love, made His being rather consist in arbitrary unlimited will.

Luther spent two long years in the convent amidst these strivings and sufferings. His spiritual life, as men then called it, in stern discipline and renunciation, was boastingly presented as a pattern in other convents. Meanwhile, he also felt himself inwardly highly exalted; indeed, placed among the choir of angels—'a proud saint,' as he at a later period called himself. But the opposite feeling reigned with him. At a later period, he often depicted his circumstances in order to warn others of similar ways. Thus, he speaks of the scholars of the law, who wish to try by their own works, always working, wearing hair-shirts, mortifying the flesh, fasting, applying the whip, all, in short, that they may at last satisfy the law. Such an one he himself also had been. But he had also experienced how it was when a man was tempted, and death or other dangers terrified him; how man then despairs; yea, indeed, would flee from God as from the very devil, and had done so, as if there were not a God at all. He had inner attacks, in which he thought soul and body would perish. He, at a later period, when he was speaking of the pains of purgatory, tells of a man, under whom, doubtless, we are to understand himself, who had often, while in this life, experienced such pains for short moments of time, but so violent that no tongue could express them, and no pen describe them. Had they continued to the end, or even only for half-an-hour, indeed, only for the tenth part of an hour, he would have perished, and his bones

must have been reduced to ashes. He himself afterwards saw in these visitations chastisement of a special kind, which God does not suffer to come upon every one. And it was received by him as a certain and an indisputable result of these experiences that this school of the law, as he names it, could just as little bring any one to happiness as it brought himself; that man would much more likely by it learn to despair of himself and of all his own pretensions. It was not, as we know, from all hitherto learned of him, merely the evil formalism of the ecclesiastical and monastical ordinances, and his own fulfilment of these, that were the cause that he never came to peace of conscience; but what pained him most deeply, and pursued him most of all, were those inner emotions by which he knew himself to be in opposition to the eternal demands of God, while he himself thought he must reconcile himself to God by his own efforts to meet those demands.

Thus, those experiences through which he passed gave him the profound knowledge that afterwards appeared in his preaching as a Reformer. . . .

The ecclesiastical ordinances, dogmas, and theories of the schoolmen, relating to the way of salvation, never entirely dislodged from within the Catholic Church the thought of the simple, Biblical testimonies and ecclesiastical confessions regarding the forgiving love of God, and His redeeming and reconciling grace, and never prevented humble, pious Christians from, in their inmost heart, seeking refuge therein. It was just so with Luther. The Erfurt convent, where Luther's development, according to the prevailing theories then current in the Church, reached its highest point, was also the means of bringing him hints full of significance relating to the evangelic thought yet existing in the Church. These hints had difficulty in finding an entrance into his mind, and only by degrees led him into the course which he ultimately so energetically followed out.

Luther's convent tutor, under which name we will have to understand his novitiate master, made a deep impression upon him, when he reminded him of the words of the Apostolic Creed: 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins.' And when Luther did not dare to apply these words to himself, he held out to him that the Lord Himself commanded him to hope. The same instructor pointed him out a passage in the sermons of the saintly Bernard, where this earnest preacher, whilst he moved with his learned theology entirely in the ecclesiastical conceptions of the Middle Ages, pleads for this belief in the forgiveness of sins, and appeals to the saying of the Apostle Paul, that man by grace is justified through faith. Single sayings of this nature sank into Luther's mind, and abode with him, although their fruit only by degrees ripened in him. He also gratefully spoke of his teacher Arnoldi, on account of the consolations *which he knew to give.*

But John von Staupitz, the vicar-general of the German convents, exercised by far the greatest, the most wholesome, and most enduring influence he experienced while in the Erfurt convent. Staupitz was a man of great weight of character, of a noble, pious spirit, and of an acute, far-seeing mind. He had been educated in the forms of the school theologians; but he had gone deeply into the study of the Holy Scripture, and, above all, he drew from it for his inner life, and knew how to direct others there also. He strove after an inner and practical life in God. He turned aside from sharp conflicts and contests; but he gently and considerately sought to plant in his own circle of action, and to cause what had been planted in the name of God still further to increase.

In his visits to Erfurt, the young, gifted, learned, and industrious, deep-thinking, and disconsolate monk attracted his notice. In a paternal manner he entered into confidential conversation and correspondence with him, and Luther, as to a father, opened his heart with his cares to him. When Luther sought to confess to him all his many small sins, he would have him, above all things, distinguish what was really sin and what was not; but of sins devised by himself, or of such bungling workmanship as Luther brought before him, would he hear nothing. They were not the reality that God desires. Luther troubled himself with a repentance which essentially consisted in pain, in chastising himself, and in efforts after expiation. Staupitz taught him that repentance, according to the mind of the Holy Scripture, was an inner conversion and change, which would act from love to righteousness and to God, and not in his own good resolutions for a better life, for which he lacked the strength, or in his own performances, which, at best, did not come up to the requirements of the law of God. He enjoined him to seek peace with God, and to wait upon and trust in the grace of God; and in Christ, whom God had sent to suffer for our sins, to see not the threatening Judge, but much rather the Saviour. And it was to Christ he pointed him, when Luther was racking his brain in striving to search into the secret, eternal will of God, and thereby was about to despair; in the wounds of Christ, the eternal counsel of God towards us shone forth. Should attacks still continue to trouble him, he taught him to recognise in them an educative means employed by the divine love. He thought of the temptations to pride, against which these attacks might be salutary; and, at the same time, of the great tasks for which God might, indeed, be preparing him. In a simple, practical manner, and out of his own experience, he was wont thus to speak to him and with him. In his continued confidential intercourse with him, during later years, his own theology further formed itself, and his earlier help-needing scholar himself became a guide for him. Luther, at that time, and for the rest of his

life, with grateful love called him his spiritual father, and thanked God that He had delivered him out of his temptations by means of Dr Staupitz, without whom he had been overwhelmed and been in hell.

Sure ground for his own convictions, and for his inner life, and the foundation for all his later teaching and working, Luther first found in his own continued study of the Holy Scripture. Even to this study he was led by Staupitz. But Staupitz was soon astonished at Luther's unwearied industry and zeal. For the interpretation of Scripture there were then only very slender means of assistance at command. Luther himself everywhere went to the centre point of the Christian truths relating to salvation, and to the highest questions of moral and religious life. A single important sentence might occupy his mind for a whole day. Important words whose meaning he was not able fully to realise, sank deep into his mind, and he silently pondered over them as he went about. This was the case at that time, for example, with the words of God in Ezekiel: 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked.'

It was the last and the third year of his stay in the convent at Erfurt that first brought the decisive turn for his inner contest and labours.

In his second year, May 2, 1507, he, according to the decision of his superior, solemnly received ordination to the office of a priest. Whilst Luther brought matters thus far, his father saw him for the first time since, against his will, he had gone into the monastery. A suitable day was fixed for the ceremony, in order that he might be present in person. The father came riding to Erfurt with a goodly company of friends and relations. But in his opinion as to his entrance into the monastery, he remained stedfast as at first. At the festive entertainment, which was held in the convent for the young priest, Luther sought to draw from his father some friendly words about it, while he asked him why he was so angry, when there was a simple, godly life in the convent. But his father, in the presence of all, said, 'You learned men, have you not read in the Holy Scripture that a man should honour his father and mother?' And when he was reminded how his son had been called and led thither by heaven, he replied, 'Would to God that it were no imagination of the devil!!' He gave them to understand, 'I must be here in order to eat and drink, but I would rather not have needed to come.'

For Luther, the high honour to which he that day saw himself raised still brought him new fears and anxieties. He was now to come forth before God as a priest, to put upon the altar the body of Christ, indeed Christ Himself and God, through his words of consecration in the mass, and to present the body of Christ as a sacrifice to the living, eternal God. Then there was a multitude of forms to be observed, in which an omission was a sin. Indeed, when he held his first mass, all this so overpowered him that he could scarcely remain at the altar; he was, he says at a later period, almost like to fall down dead.

The careful service which he devoted to his saints he now united with his priestly duties. Whilst he read mass each morning, he called upon three of the twenty-one special saints whom he had chosen for helpers, so that he went round them all in a week.

In his study of Scripture, Luther now gradually pressed onward to the light that was to decide the most important questions of his life. Indeed, the words of the Apostle, which he found specialised by the saintly Bernard, pointed him thereto. When he, at the close of his life, looked back upon his inner development, he said that he had been especially influenced by the words of Paul regarding the righteousness of God, which is revealed in the gospel (Rom. i. 17). For a long time he was not able to bear these words, because, with the entire prevailing theology of that time, he had thought on the property of the righteousness of God, in virtue of which God punishes the sinner or the unjust. Day and night the meaning and the connection of the words of the Apostle occupied him. At last God, in His compassion, let him know that Paul and the gospel announce a righteousness which is given to us by the grace of God, in which God forgives the sins of those who believe in His gracious word, makes them righteous, and bestows upon them eternal life. By this the gates of paradise were opened to him, and from henceforth the whole of the other contents of the divine word of salvation became clear to him. But it was by degrees, in the last period of his sojourn in Erfurt, and in the years that immediately followed, that he got so far.

On ordination to the priesthood the monks received the honourable name of father. The duty of going out with a brother for alms was not taken from Luther. But he was now employed in important business relating to the order, as, for instance, in negotiations with a high official of the archbishop, in which he showed great zeal for a spiritual life and for his order.

Whilst following out his own way of study, he had now, with his acute understanding and retentive memory, largely made the learning of the schoolmen of his time his own. But he was hardly twenty-five years old when Staupitz, commissioned to provide for the newly-founded University of Wittemberg, recognised in him the right man for a professor's chair.

OPPOSERS OF THE GOSPEL.—Opposers of the gospel are not always either candid or honest. Doubtless they persuade themselves that they are; for few persons, either within or without the Church, are conscious hypocrites. Our answers to them must depend upon their spirit. It is useless to undertake to satisfy a dishonest mind. It is sometimes helpful to turn upon them with a few counter-questions. Let them try their skill at answering.—*H. M. Grout, D.D.*

Tel-el-Kebir.

Lord God of Hosts! Thou once again
To British arms success hast given;
Let humble hearts before Thee bow,
And grateful thanks ascend to heaven.

We thank Thee for the gallant chief,
So wise to plan, so brave to dare;
A nation's homage shall him greet,
And may he yet Thy glory share!

That midnight march we seem to see,
Beneath the starlit Eastern sky;
And to the hope we fondly cling
That Thou didst look with pitying eye.

And now they sink into repose—
One little hour of fitful rest:
Oh! who can tell the tide of thought
That rushes through each manly breast!

Great God! be near to shield them now—
The call to arms they quickly hear;
Like mountain torrent on they rush—
The foremost ranks a pathway clear.

Embracing death, with victor's shout,
They scale the ramparts of the foe;
While scarce, to greet the early morn,
The sun's first rays are seen to glow.

And then in wild confusion fly
The flower of Egypt's gather'd host;
One passion strong—life to preserve—
Their leader's cause they fear is lost.

But, ah! where fiercest conflict rag'd
We'll softly speak and lightly tread,
For there, of Britain's bravest sons,
Some lie, now number'd with the dead.

Their requiem shall be our tears,
Our hope for them—departed brave—
That they, *in life*, the sceptre touch'd
Of Him who mighty is to save.

And by the weary couch of pain,
Where suff'ring ones now lowly lie,
May that same mighty Healer stand—
Divine compassion in His eye!

M. A.

EDINBURGH, 28*th September* 1882.

Intelligence.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND. — The Quarterly Statement of this fund contains the Report prepared for the Prince of Wales by Captain Conder of the Prince's visit to the Holy Land. It contains an account of the visit to Hebron, with a plan of the Haram or Mosque of Hebron, which differs in many important details from any previously published. It identifies the outer walls with the time of Herod. The masonry is of the same character as the older masonry of the Jerusalem Haram. The chief feature of the Haram is the great cave beneath the floor of the inclosure made by the Herodian walls. It was not entered by the royal party, because it was found that the only known entrances are three in the floor of the church that occupies part of the inclosure. These entrances are never now opened, and could only be reached by breaking up the flags of the flooring. The cave is described by the sheikh of the mosque as being double, in accordance with the meaning of Machpelah, 'division in half,' given to the cave in which the patriarchs were buried (Gen. xxiii.). The Statement gives an interesting account of the cave during the Middle Ages, when it was always described as double. Several new discoveries are also described. What now remains to be done on the occasion of any future visit is to obtain access into the cave itself. The cave is never visited by Moslems, and probably has not been entered for seven hundred years at least. A hope, however, is held out that ere long, on *account of some* needed repairs, it will require to be entered. The Statement also contains an account of the journey through the Holy Land. At Banias, the sources of the Jordan, the site of the town of Dan, where one of Jeroboam's golden calves was set up, a large number of dolmens, which, it can hardly be doubted, were places of sacrifice to a local deity, were discovered. In all probability Dan had been a religious centre of the Hittites or Ammorites, and Jeroboam, in setting up the golden calf at Dan, only reconsecrated what had been, long before his time, a centre of religious worship. The Statement contains sketches of four of the dolmens discovered. The war in Egypt deprived the committee for a time of their officers. It is hoped, however, with the peace, that work in Eastern Palestine will speedily be resumed.

THE AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS. — This venerable Missionary Society held its seventy-third annual meeting at Portland, Maine, United States, on October 3 to 5. The receipts were £92,456. The expenses beyond this sum were taken from the Otis legacy, which has put into the Board an annual average of £38,949 for the four past years. The year shows a net increase in the number of missionaries of 26; a gain of 23 churches and 1700 members; an increase of 80 native pastors and teachers; and a total of 20 missions, of 84 stations, and 708 outstations, 456 male and female missionaries sent from America, 148 native pastors, 438 native preachers and catechists, 1328 native school and other helpers—total labourers,

2368; church members, 19,755; pupils, 36,805, In regard to Japan, the report says the work continues to be of unrivalled interest. 'When we recall the fact that the first evangelical sermon ever preached in Japan was preached by a missionary of the Board at Kobe, only ten years ago, to an audience, besides the domestics of the missionary's family, of one person, it is hard to realise the situation of to-day, as we read of 18 churches, with a membership of nearly 900; of a collegiate theological institution with 120 students; of 3 boarding-schools for girls with 150 pupils; of hospitals and dispensaries in charge of mission physicians; of the unlimited opportunities for woman's work in the homes of the people; of a Young Men's Christian Association, and a Home Missionary Society, active in disseminating gospel truth; of a Christian literature reckoned by millions of pages, a part of it issued by a native publishing house; of crowds numbering from 3000 to 5000 listening hour after hour to the discussion of Christian themes; and last but not least, as expressive of the changed thought and sentiment of the people, of an expenditure of not less than £2000 by the people themselves during a single year for religious literature and the support of religious and educational agencies; and this is but the record of the mission of the American Board, to say nothing of what other societies have accomplished.'

IGNORANCE IN INDIA.—The last census of the North-Western Provinces of India gives some appalling statistics of the ignorance and degradation of womanhood in heathendom. Out of a total of 21,195,313 women and girls, there are only 21,500, or one-tenth of one per cent., who can read and write. Of widows under nine years of age there were 4673, and under fourteen, 23,543.

HOW TO REACH THE LAPSED CLASSES.—At the meeting in Berlin of the Friends of Positive Union in the Evangelical Church, on September 25–27, this question, that has so long occupied the Churches in this country, was introduced in a lengthened address by Professor Christlieb. He spoke of three points. First, The insufficiency of past ecclesiastical exertions to overtake the masses; second, of what had been done in other countries; and, third, what they in Germany might learn from these efforts. Much had been done in Germany in recent years. Home missions, city missions, a society for Christian publication, a society for fallen women, had all been instituted. But the necessity for further exertions was still great. In Berlin, with a million of inhabitants, there were only 30,000 of church-goers, and twenty-seven ministers to the whole. Dr Christlieb referred also to Hamburg, to the large villages in Schlesia that were drifting into practical heathenism, to the increase of crime, &c. Ministers had no longer the mass of the people under their control, educated people no longer cared about the church, and the truly pious were leaving the State Church to join Dissent. Dr Christlieb next asked, What can we do to reclaim the lapsed masses? We must go to them; they must be drawn to meetings elsewhere than in a church, by the right men gifted with the art of popular speaking. The speaker must speak from the heart to the heart. The living word must be accompanied with tract distribution. Those laid hold of should be put under the care of a regular pastor. In the addresses at the meetings care should be taken not to raise points of controversy. The beginning was the chief matter. Let them do so before it was too late, and the Lord give His blessing. H. Schlumbach, from America, gave an account of the methods there followed. H. Stoecker, the Court preacher, spoke of the causes of the falling from the Church. He said, We must blame ourselves, then the modern theology, then the sins of those in authority, the post service, the labour in government offices, &c., on the Lord's-day. They, as preachers, must labour to present the truth to the people in a popular manner. With H. Stoecker the discussion closed. Nothing was said in it but what we are familiar with in home mission operations in this country. We miss in the report of the meeting a reference to house to house visitation on the part of Christian workers, that has been so effective a means of evangelisation in our large towns. No doubt it would be equally effective in Germany.

SABBATH SCHOOLS IN GERMANY AND IN ENGLAND.—At the Sunday-School Convention in Berlin, on September 27 and 28, it was reported that there were 50 Sunday schools in Berlin, with 1000 teachers and 13,000 scholars. There is still room here for large increase for Berlin, as a city containing at least 600,000 Protestants must have a school population of 100,000. The Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-School Union gives a much more encouraging report. The number of their Sunday schools in Great Britain is 6489, an increase of 63 on the year; of teachers, 122,999, an increase of 1506; of scholars, 829,666, an increase of nearly 20,000. The average morning attendance is 333,100, and the average afternoon attendance is 533,020.

BRITISH CONTRIBUTIONS TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.—Canon Scott Robertson, of Sittingbourne, has recently published the annual summary of British contributions to seventy-four societies for foreign mission work during the financial year 1881. The total is £15,381 less than that of the previous year. Church of England Mission Societies, £460,395; joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists, £153,320; English Nonconformist Societies, £313,177; Scotch and Irish Presbyterian Societies, £155,767; Roman Catholic Societies, £10,910—total British contributions in 1881, £1,093,569. This amount does not include interest on investments, nor balances on hand at beginning of the year, nor any foreign contributions.

A Daily Portion.

DECEMBER 21.

'To Him be glory.'—Rev. i. 6.

If we would be honoured, let us honour Christ; for in Him is, and from Him comes, all honour. The most noble deriving of ourselves is from Christ; the best nobility is the nobility of faith, and the best genealogy the genealogy of good works. Men's earthly glories are like their shadows in the sun; the body's shadow is at morning before us, at noon beside us, at night behind us. So their honour is at morning before them, in a goodly lustre; at noon in the full beside them, with a violent heat; at evening in the wane behind them, with a neglected pity. Only some differ in their noon or meridian of greatness; for instead of having their honour beside them, they are beside their honour. 'Them that honour Me I will honour, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed,' saith the Lord.—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 22.

'Them that honour Me I will honour.'—1 Sam. ii. 30.

He that shall seek the Lord's honour, and neglect his own, shall find his own honour in the Lord's. A man, while he hunts after his own shadow, flies from the sun, and his shadow is still unovertaken before him; but when he turns his face to the sun, and follows that, his shadow will follow him. He that seeks honour, and turns his back upon Christ, cannot reach it; it is too swift of foot for him. Let him turn his face to Christ, and follow Him; behold, honour waits at his back, and will never fail to attend him. Now, seeing we look for all honour and glory from Christ, let us ascribe all honour and glory to Christ, singing that heavenly hymn, 'Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen.'—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 23.

'Was made in the likeness of men.'—Phil. ii. 7.

This gives comfort to us; for Christ being so royal, and taking our flesh, conveys part of His nobleness to us. Men stand much on their blood, and the pedigree of their ancestors; as if nobleness consisted in that which descends from man to man. All true and weighty honour is fetched from Christ. Not my birth, but my Christianity, makes me noble, said that noble martyr, Romanus. To as many as received Christ, He gave power to be the sons of God. This ingrafting to Jesus is the dignity, true blood royal of God Himself. Not generation, but regeneration, is truly noble. Sanctification is the best ornament of blood, the worthiest part of the honourable scutcheon, the fairest flower in the gentleman's garland.—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 24.

'Joint heirs with Christ.'—Rom. viii. 17.

It is no discredit to men's honours to honour Him. We love to peruse the genealogy of princes, and succession of states; but what are these to us? we are not heirs to those honours. But if Christ's title be good, ours is good in Him. Thus we are enriched with the whole world. 'Whether the world, things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.' But because the wicked have this world, that have no right unto it; therefore, 'Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 25.

'He is not ashamed to call them brethren.'—Heb. ii. 11.

Be we never so poor, even the contempt of this world, rich men scorning our acquaintance; yet He that is the only Son of God is not ashamed to call us brethren. An earthly prince may honour much by enrobing a subject with princely apparel, investing his head with the crown royal, and mounting his person in the king's own chariot. But Christ doth honour infinitely more by adorning us with white garments, palms in our hands, and crowns on our heads, and that before the angels in heaven. Such honour have all His saints.—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 26.

'This is My Son.'—2 Peter i. 17.

This is He which the prophets presignified, the types prefigured, the Lord Himself promised, the gospel presented, and is now universally preached; this is He. Elias was a great prophet, but not He: John Baptist was more than a prophet, but not He: he was not that Light, but a witness of it. This is He. He that fulfilled all the prophecies, performed all the promises, ended all the ceremonies; this is He. Hagar and Ishmael were kept in Abraham's house till Isaac was born and weaned; so were ceremonies reserved in the Church till Christ was dead and risen. They were like a mould whereinto we cast a bell; when the metal is run and the bell made we throw away the mould. He that was crucified Himself, crucified all these. The Philistines ask for Samson: Who is He that hath given us so many overthrows, triumphed in our ruins? This is He. So, who is that strong God, that could say to the gates of death and hell, Ephphata—be ye opened? This is He. Who is He that conquered the devil, foiled death in his own throne, led captivity captive, overcame sin that overcame the whole world, that pacified an infinite wrath, that made way to an infinite glory; who? This is He; this is my beloved Son.—T. Adams.

DECEMBER 27.

'BELOVED SON.'—2 Peter i. 17.

God's love to His Son is eternal, infinite, inexpressible. 'The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into His hand.' 'Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world.' He 'translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.' 'His dear Son;' the Son of His love. 1. Because He is most worthy of all to be loved: as Judas is called the son of perdition, because he was most worthy to be destroyed. 2. Because He was begotten of His Father's love from everlasting. 3. Because He is infinitely filled with this love. So they are said to be children of the bride-chamber, that are full of joy in respect of the wedding. 4. Because He makes other sons to be beloved. 5. In respect of His human nature; for God poured His love upon Him with gifts beyond measure, wherewith that nature is admirably qualified. 'Beloved:' here are two scandals taken away by this word. First, that we may not think Christ to be sent in the flesh from God the Father being angry; for He is His beloved Son. Next, that when we are afflicted we should not think ourselves to be the less beloved of God; for He loves the son whom He scourges.—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 28.

'FOR WE HAVE NOT FOLLOWED CUNNINGLY DEVISED FABLES, WHEN WE MADE KNOWN UNTO YOU THE POWER AND COMING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, BUT WERE EYE-WITNESSES OF HIS MAJESTY.'—2 Peter i. 16.

This was, then, the most magnificent demonstration of His majesty, where heaven was brought down to earth to illustrate it. He rose from the grave to the earth of the living; there was majesty; for in this He declared Himself to be 'the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead.' He ascended from the earth to heaven; there was majesty. But here He commanded heaven to come down to Him; this was the greatest declaration of His majesty. Now He sits in heaven with majesty, 'On the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens.' He shall one day come to judge the world with majesty. The Lord hath given Him this honour and majesty; 'a name which is above every name.' Let us ascribe glory to that majesty, and blessed be His Majesty forever! —*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 29.

'FOR HE RECEIVED FROM GOD THE FATHER HONOUR AND GLORY, WHEN THERE CAME SUCH A VOICE TO HIM FROM THE EXCELLENT GLORY, THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED.'—2 Peter i. 17.

Here now it is plain what the Apostles saw: the world was eye-witness of His misery, they of His majesty. The world beheld Him in the form of a servant, they as their Master and Maker. The world, as a worm, not a man; they, as the King of glory. The world, as a thing not desirable; they, as 'fairer than the children of men.' Blessed eyes admitted to this vision! It was St Augustine's wish to have seen three things—Rome in her glory, Paul in the pulpit, Christ in the flesh. That is now past hope here on earth, our labour must be to see Him hereafter in heaven. 'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.' Lord, give us this vision, this fruition, and we are then blessed forever.—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 30.

'GOD ALSO HATH HIGHLY EXALTED HIM, AND GIVEN HIM A NAME WHICH IS ABOVE EVERY NAME.'—Phil. ii. 9.

The faithful do not hold Christ in small account, because of His poor estate in this world; but prefer Him to nobles and kings. They had no such herald to blazon their arms as He; even John the Baptist, not a greater born of women. Yea, here even God Himself with a voice from heaven proclaims it. They have no such memorial of their antiquity as He, whom St Luke lines from Adam, St Matthew derives from David and Abraham. It is impossible for them; for there is no such instructor of antiquity, or recorder of genealogy, as the Holy Ghost. Great monarchs have long and tedious titles; Christ's is short in sound, but eternal in sense; 'This is My beloved Son.'—*T. Adams.*

DECEMBER 31.

'TO THE ONLY WISE GOD OUR SAVIOUR, BE GLORY AND MAJESTY, DOMINION AND POWER, BOTH NOW AND EVER. AMEN.'—Jude 25.

It is common in the Scriptures to ascribe power, dominion, and glory to God, expressing the feeling that all that is great and good belongs to Him, and the desire of the heart that He may reign in heaven and on earth. With the expression of such a desire, it was not inappropriate that this epistle should be closed—and it is not inappropriate that this volume should be closed with the utterance of the same wish. In all our affections and aspirations, may God be supreme; in all the sin and woe which prevail here below, may we look forward with strong desire to the time when His dominion shall be set up over all the earth; in all our own sins and sorrows, be it ours to look onward to the time when, in a purer and happier world, His reign may be set up over our own souls, and when we may cast every crown at His feet and say, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.—Alleluia; Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God.'—*A. Barnes.*

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

A FLOWER SERMON.

COME, dear young friends, let us fancy that we are sitting down together on this mossy bank, to have a little talk about the flowers, and see if we cannot find out what are some that should be blooming in our hearts. I am sure you must all love the daisies. Look at this one growing at our feet; how it turns upward its yellow eye and pure white petals. See how steadily it is looking straight, straight upward into the heavens. Of what does it remind you? It makes me think of that sweet, trustful faith that is always looking up, away from the little difficulties and temptations that often surround us, to the place where help and strength are always to be found. The daisy that we know and love so well has often to hang its pretty head because the dark clouds gather above; but to the upturned eye of faith there is ever a spot of brightness to be seen, a ray of light to gladden the darkest day. Dear child, have you such a daisy in your heart?

Look a little further, and you will see our old friend the buttercup; there it is, nodding its sprightly head in every breeze, so common and well known that few stop to notice it; yet living its own happy life and fulfilling its own little mission, just as faithfully as the oak-tree or the rose. It seems to be an emblem of a contented, useful spirit, often not much noticed, too often but little admired, yet filling its own place in the world, and making that place the brighter for its presence. Are the flowers of usefulness and contentment growing in your hearts?

The sweet, modest violet has followed the retreating footsteps of spring and we seek it in vain among the hedgerows; but the fragrant violet of humility may always bloom in our heart's garden, if only we will tend it with patient care.

There is one fair flower I must not forget, for no true summer has come to the soul where it is not found. I mean the lily of a holy life. Now, do not think, when I speak of a holy life, that I mean anything that is gloomy or sad. The happiest, brightest boy or girl may be holy, for holiness just means to hate what Christ hates, and to love what He loves; and to live a holy life is to live pleasing Him each day. Summer has never really come to you unless this lily is found blooming in your heart. Every one who loves the Lord Jesus has some of these lilies. With some, alas! they are small and poor; but that heart is most like Christ where they grow fairest and purest.

There is one blossom of which I must be sure to remind you. Its name is Joy. But, oh! I can compare it to no earthly flower! The most beautiful we see here droop their heads when the bitter winds blow, and are battered to the ground when the storm is raging; but this heavenly blossom is ever most bright when the clouds above are darkest; strongest and most vigorous when all around it dies. It is a plant that springs from no earthly seed; it can be planted by no human hands, but One has power both to plant it and to keep it blooming. Has it taken root in your heart?

Just one more flower, and then I have finished my list; but, like the last, I can liken it to nothing on earth. It has the beauties of all other flowers, and the imperfections of none. We call it Love, and of its wondrous beauty we can never say too much, for it can make radiant the plainest face; it can make fragrant the most homely life. He who carries it in his heart will be blessed himself, and be made a blessing to all around. Boys and girls, it is icy winter, and not summer with you, if you are neglecting to cultivate this sweet flower.

Roses, violets, and all such lovely children of the sunshine and the dew, cannot, you know, grow on the hard, bare rock; no more can the blossoms of grace grow on your hard heart and mine—they will only droop their heads and die. Will you not ask the Great Husbandman to plough up the hard ground,

to water it with the gentle rain of His Spirit? Will you not ask the Divine Sower to sow therein His own heavenly seed? Will you not ask the Sun of Righteousness to shine upon the tender buds, and bring them to perfection? Will you not do all you can to clear away the weeds that would hinder their growth? Then your heart will be like a fair garden, in which the Lord will walk, and bless it for ever with the smile of His love.—*Early Days.*

THE TRUE IDEAL SAINT.

BY REV. JOHN ALEXANDER, A.M., SYMINGTON, BIGGAR.

(*Continued from page* 592.)

2. *We are to live here as citizens of the heavenly kingdom, walking worthily of the Gospel of Christ.*

WE Christians are members of the kingdom of Christ. It is by the grace of God that we have been brought into this position. He has had mercy on us, and called us with this holy calling. His Spirit has led us to understand and believe His Word, to accept His offer of salvation, and deliverance from the bondage of sin. We are children of the light, soldiers of Jesus Christ; and it is our privilege and our duty to live so as to bring the greatest honour to Him who has done so much for us. And the world—those who will not have Jesus to rule over them, who will not accept His free offer of eternal life, and prefer to serve the devil, willing to be used as tools for the undermining of the kingdom of truth—although this is a vain endeavour—these, the enemies of our Lord, are to know that we are the servants, the slaves of Jesus Christ, the King of Saints. We are bound to show that we are so. We cannot but do this, for the end of our life is opposed to theirs. We are to wage war, and a fierce one, too, with sin in all its forms. We are to exalt the name of Christ at the expense of His enemy. And this we are to do, we can only do, in our daily walk. We are to live in deeds, not words. The new laws under which we have come are to be obeyed. The duties they impose are not easily complied with, for many of them strike at the root of some cherished vice, go against our natural inclinations. He that would be great is to become a servant, 'even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.' We are to deny ourselves as our Lord denied Himself, to be kind and gentle, loving and good, daily becoming purer and holier, more and more conformed to the image of Him who was 'holy, harmless, and undefiled, separate from sinners.' Realising, then, our position, we are to be glad, joyful Christians, having always a song upon our lips, shedding light and happiness wherever we go, and yet throwing dismay into the enemy's camp, through our valiant stand against, and uncompromising hostility to, everything that is sinful and sensual and devilish. 'No quarter to sin, ungodliness, and iniquity,' is to be our cry, and courageously are we to do battle for our Lord. And as we journey we are to sing sweetly to our Saviour's praise for His merciful and gracious dealings with us. We are to think and muse on the happiness that will soon be ours, for these are some of the means by which we are refreshed and encouraged to go on following our Heavenly King.

3. *We are to stand fast in our spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel.*

This we cannot do unless we appreciate and value the benefits of the Gospel. But this is taken for granted. We are to be in one spirit in this important duty, because we are all members of Christ, and therefore members of one another. We are all necessary to one another, and along with Christ make a grand whole. We are united by the law of a common love, and a common salvation, and we cannot but have one aim. All true followers of the Lord, though they may differ as to the means, yet have the same end in view. Circumstances, however—the different human temperaments and dispositions, the shortcomings and failings of life, for we are all at the best fallible—often present to the enemy anything but an unbroken front. The breaches are to be filled up; this we can do by drawing nearer and nearer to one another. We are to join together in our defence of the Gospel. We are to prevent a brother from falling into temptation, and so not give the enemy any cause to exult. We are to show the beauty of the Christian religion in what it has done for us, ennobling our natures, filling us with true peace and joy, and cheering our hearts with the sure prospect of future glory and blessedness. We are to show its power to comfort us in times of affliction and sorrow, to bear the burden of our life, and go through its trials nobly and patiently. And we are to do this on all occasions. We need truly to pray to the Lord to set a watch on our lips, so that we may not sin against our Lord by our hasty and unkind words. For, great and unspeakable harm is done to the Gospel through the ill-advised words of the tongue. Yes, we need to be exceedingly careful what we say, flippant and irreverent talk is to be avoided, unholy words to be loathed, religion not to be brought into contempt. But do we realise that we are the defenders of the faith

delivered unto us? Do we realise that on us depends, in a certain sense, the spread of the Gospel of Christ? Infidelity, in all its various subtle forms; hypocrisy, with its many accompanying evils; ungodliness, with its attendant lawlessness and wickedness, are all united to take away from us, and from men, the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And as half the victory in any fight is to show a bold united front, let us who are on the Lord's side stand up bravely, and try by all the means in our power—by our words, but most of all in our deeds, in our every-day life—to defend our faith, and having done that, carry the war into the ranks of our opponents, and utterly destroy all that is opposed to Christ and to His kingdom.

From what has gone before many questions rise up which we may profitably put to ourselves. Have we Christians resigned ourselves so completely to our Lord that we are willing to deny ourselves much for His sake? Are we working away, trying to bring honour to our King, ever ready for His coming, and yet not letting our work suffer from such an expectancy? Are we living as citizens of the new kingdom, obeying its laws, and so commending the Gospel of Jesus? Are we fighting for the faith we possess, doing battle for the truth, joining with one another in hastening the time when Jesus shall reign supreme in heaven and in earth, for

> 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Does his successive journeys run;
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
> Till moons shall wax and wane no more.'

SOME NEW BOOKS.

'The Reformation,'* by Dr Lindsay, of the Glasgow Free College, is one of the best of the handbooks yet issued by Messrs Clark. Dr Lindsay has evidently made the Reformation the theme of special study, and he is familiar with the recent literature on the subject. His style is nervous and finished. He is in full sympathy with his theme. The result is that his book is one that, if begun, it is hard to lay aside until the last page is reached. It is intended for Bible-classes, and no doubt it is highly suitable for such classes; but it is equally suited to the cultivated reader who wishes a fresh study of the Reformation, made by one who has gone to first sources, and can present his thoughts in the language of our time, in a way that will not be readily forgotten. After a vivid history of the Reformation in Germany, France, England, and Scotland, the book closes with an admirable statement of the principles of the Reformation. It is to be hoped that this will not be the only book of Dr Lindsay's on Church history. A writer of such rare power will not do himself justice if he do not ere long make larger ventures in the same field.

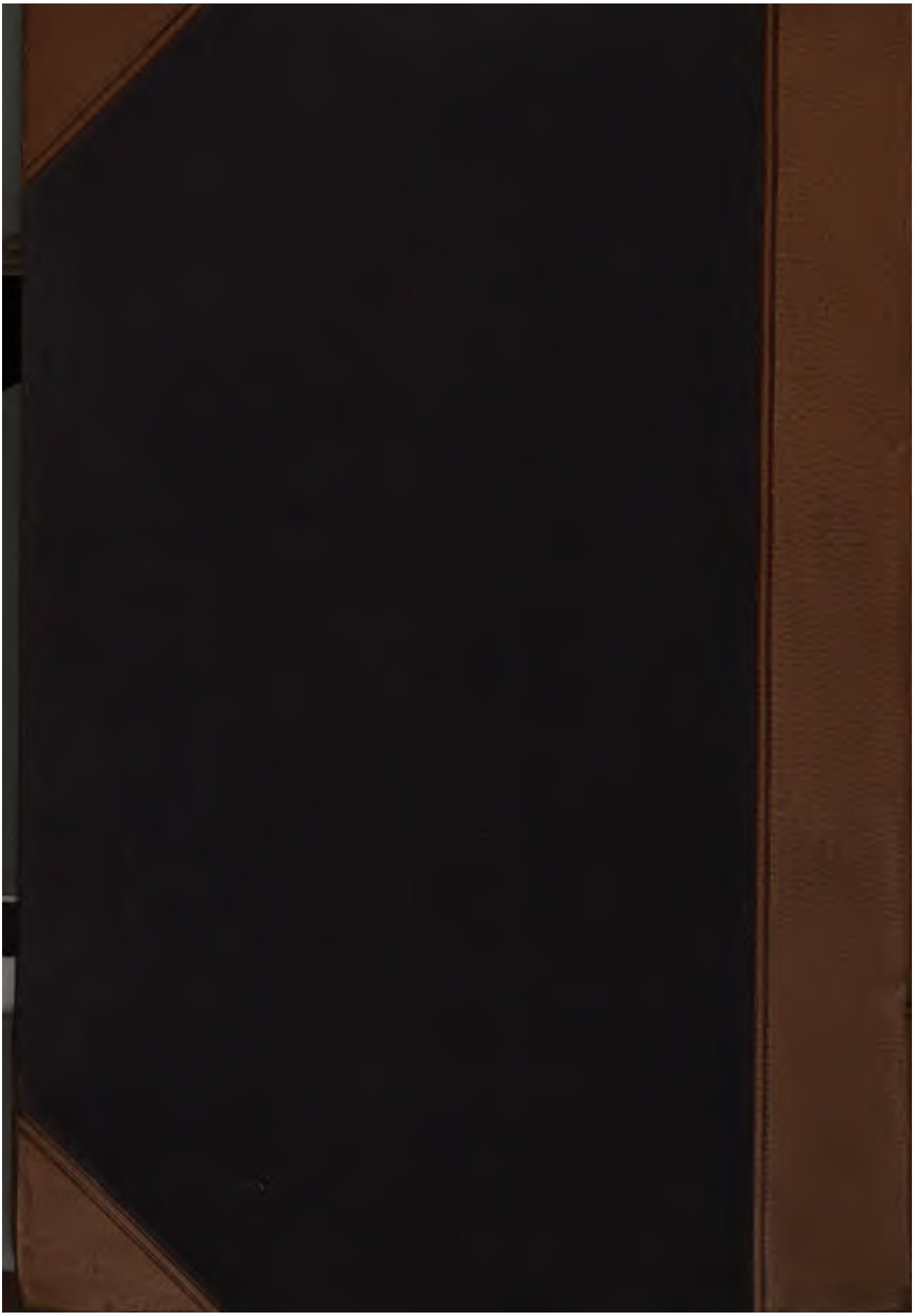
'The Treasury of David.'† Mr Spurgeon's Commentary on the Psalms has with this volume now reached its sixth instalment, bringing the work down to Psalm cxxiv. The great part of this volume is taken up with Psalm cxix. In another volume, Mr Spurgeon hopes ere long to finish the whole. This volume shows no falling off on the former ones. It has the same spiritual insight, is expressed in the same pure English, and shows the same wide acquaintance with the library of books written upon the Psalms. Indeed, it is perhaps the most valuable of the six. The introductory preface to Psalm cxix. is one of the best things Mr Spurgeon has yet done. Those who have studied the Psalms most will most readily sympathise with him in what he says in favour of the Davidic origin of the 119th Psalm, and of the suspicion that attaches to every view that emanates from the schools of Rationalism.

'The Success of Christianity, and Modern Explanations of it,‡ by Principal Cairns; 'Christianity and Secularism Compared, in their Influence and Effects,' by Dr Blaikie; and 'Agnosticism a Doctrine of Despair,' by Dr Noah Porter, President of Yale College, worthily continue the 'Present-Day Tracts,' whose first numbers we noticed in October. Principal Cairns presents the argument for the Divine origin of Christianity, from its early, wide, and, within certain limits, absolutely irresistible diffusion, from the inward and radical transformation it has effected, from its power of revival and restoration after every declension and decay, from the resistance it has been able to offer to successive assaults, from the way in which it is specially armed with means and motives for self-propagation, and, lastly, from the harmony of this success with its own predictions and anticipations. These propositions are set forth with great force and eloquence. In the close he successfully sets aside some of the recent explanations, that ascribe this success entirely to mere natural principles.

Dr Blaikie does not write with the same eloquence as Principal Cairns, but his comparison of Christianity and secularism is not less valuable and effective. His quotations from secularist writers are happily met.

Principal Noah Porter is the first the Tract Society in this new enterprise has enlisted from America. His tract is a powerful statement of what Agnosticism really is, a doctrine of despair. Other tracts of the same high

* The Reformation. By T. M. Lindsay, D.D. Cr. 8vo, pp. 224. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1882.

† The Treasury of David. By C. H. Spurgeon. 8vo, pp. 464. London: Passmore & Alabaster. 1882.

‡ Present-Day Tracts. Numbers 6–8. Cr. 8vo, pp. 54, 62, and 32. London: Religious Tract Society. 1882.